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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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NO 15

LOVE

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

"Love, what is it?" an anxious whisper said, And thus my kindly muse she answered—

"Love is a fountain pure and clear That washes out all dross and fear; A flower of growth and beauty rare The sweetener of grief and care.

Love is the choicest gift of heaven, To lighten all life's burdens given; To wounded hearts a healing balm, To hatred's storm a gentle calm.

Love is the light that, slanting wise, Darts from the tender maiden's eyes, And thrills the youth with pleasures new, Ennobling all his nature true.

Love is the real attracting pole That draws soul to its kindred soul, The holiest passion of the heart, That does the greatest bliss impart.

Love is the strong fraternal tether That binds humanity together; The kindly influence that we feel To work for one another's weal.

Love is the poet's grandest theme, The radiant genius of his dream, The inspiration of his song, That leads him by truth's banks along.

Love is the part the spirits play, When, coming from the realms of day, They minister in mission kind To those that lie in tears behind.

Love is the impulse so benign That moved our parent God, divine, When, carrying out His perfect plan, In His own type, He modeled man."

When had my kindly muse thus far replied, "Love is enough," the voice, said, satisfied.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE NIGHT.

Account of Seances that Required Darkness in Olden Times.

Bro. Jones.—I thought not to write again on the above named subject after concluding my last article published in the RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; but having it so frequently remarked to me, by my good Christian brethren, that "We can go your Bible Spiritualism; Mendehall; but your Modern Spiritualism is all performed in the night." I concluded to resume my pen once more for the special benefit of those unenlightened souls who, I have often wondered did not object to being born in the night. You will allow me then, a little more space in your excellent columns to show those tender creatures who read their Bibles with their eyes closed, that nearly all the important spiritual phenomena of Biblical notoriety occurred either in the night or in some secluded place where the glare of day was shut out by artificial means, as in tent, ark or tabernacle. The few exceptions however, have generally been of rather an unpleasant, if not of damning character in their teachings and influence. To begin this "pleasing Christian lesson:

It was in a secluded place in the wilderness where the angel from Heaven found and ministered to the wants of Hagar, the Egyptian fugitive.

It was in the tent (darkened room) where Abraham fed and conversed with the three angels at his table.

It was in the night that Lot entertained the two angels during the godly devastation of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It was in the night that Jacob had his wonderful vision of the "Ladder upon which the angels were ascending and descending."

It was during the living night that the same old patriarch performed his celebrated gymnastic exercises or Biblical tussles; but it was in the day light, and one of the Holy Fathers says: "About noon, when the 'evil spirits,' in the guise of that nasty old snake come into the beautiful garden of Eden, laid the foundation of death, hell and the grave, and played the devil in general.

It is quite probable that it was night when the angel made his appearance to Moses in the "burning bush," as he (Moses) was guarding the flocks of his father-in-law.

It was in the night when the angel went before Israel when performing the perilous act of crossing the Red Sea.

It was under a great cloud and thick smoke (therefore dark) that the angel appeared to Moses on the notable Mt. Sinai.

It was in a secret place, where M. sees received instruction of his guide concerning the keeping of the feast. When Moses with Aaron and the seventy disciples ascended the Mount to witness one of the greatest phenomena, perhaps, that ever occurred to the Jewish people, the angel made his appearance under a thick cloud, lasting many days and nights, and from the position they occupied, they undoubtedly must have been holding dark candles. Read the story, but it was in broad day light when that wonderful phenomena occurred wherein Balaam's ass was one of the guests.

It was at night when the spirit of Samuel, the prophet, made his appearance to Saul.

It was during the hours of sleep that the angel appeared to the weary prophet Elisha, and yet more, it was in a cave (undoubtedly dark) when a whispering conversation took place between Elisha and the Invisible.

It was in the night when a "spirit passed before the face of Job," and held with him—a instructive controversy.

It was in the house with doors closed, where Ezekiel was instructed to retire to witness his own mediatic powers in levitation, the ring tests and fire tests. Read the story. But it was in the glare of day, (therefore a Christian phenomena) when the evil spirit, Satan, tempted David to force Joel to number the people with a view of destroying all Jerusalem.

It was in the night that the angel preserved Daniel in the lion's den.

It was in the night when the angel instructed Habakkuk to minister to Daniel's temporal wants.

It was in the night when the handwriting was performed on the wall of the king's palace.

It was in the night on the four occasions that the tall angel Gabriel and others visited Daniel to teach him lessons of wisdom when in great need thereof.

It was in the night when the prophet Zechariah saw all of his wonderful materializations, among which were those of animals of various hue, articles of gold, etc., etc., together with human spirits. He was always awakened out of his sleep to witness them, showing thereby that it was in the dead hours of night, when they appeared.

It was at midnight when Sampson performed his wonderful rone feats in the presence of his Dillish and the Philistines. But it was in the broad sunlight when the Lord contracted with the "log spirit" to enter into the propheet to deceive Abah before R. math Gilead. (Another Orthodox phenomena)

We believe it was early in the morning when Satan's evil spirit presented himself as a proper associate among "the sons of God," on a certain occasion. Also when he was seen standing at the right side of Joshua in the celestial region.

It would seem from the foregoing contrasts of the night, (therefore anti-Christian), and the day light seance (of course, Christian), recorded in the Bible that the purely Christian had decidedly the worst end of the string "every pop." But as we also noticed in our former articles, the New Testament phenomena, it may be well for the Christian, to call his attention to a few facts therein, which it is said occurred in the night.

This Christian document begins with the history of Christ, the Christian's Savior, together with the testimony of the angels, and it is strange enough that the very first account we have, is that of an angel appearing to Joseph when a sleep, of course in the night, to inform him of a little circumstance which might not set well with him without said information.

Well, it was in the night that the birth of this notable personage was announced to the shepherds: It was in the night, that the angel instructed Joseph to flee with the young child and mother for safety. It was in the night that the angel ministered to his strength when in prayer for his own deliverance. It was while it was yet dark that the angel rolled away the stone from the sepulchre containing his body. In short, it was in the night in nine out of the ten mentioned occasions, that the angels made their appearance in the behalf of the gentle Nazarene.

It was in the night when the angel came to Paul to protect and guide him through his perilous voyage on the raging sea.

It was in the night when the angel released Paul and Silas from their prison bands; and it was in the night when the same guardians opened the prison door and released Peter and others from the lathouse cell.

It was in the night when Herod had killed James and imprisoned Peter, having him guarded by soldiers, that the angel came to his rescue and delivered him safe from the hands of his would-be murderer.

We might prolong our testimony in favor of dark seances, or the angels of Bible notoriety making their appearances and performing their labors of love and kindness to man in the night; but enough has already been said to show the Christian how little he knows of his Bible. Would it not be well for the Brother Christian to read once more the Bible with open eyes, and unprejudiced mind, on its angelic teachings, and there prepare himself to become a Spiritualist from a philosophical standpoint as well as a modern phenomenal fact.

Cerro Gordo, Ind. J. H. MENDENHALL.

New York Correspondence.

LETTER FROM J. F. SNIPES.

ED. JOURNAL.—The Gospel according to Spiritualism, seems never to have been more living than at present in New York; and verily it is a Gospel in its literal sense. The Sunday newspapers have usually three or more notices of Spiritualist meetings; at the Howard Rooms, Sixth Avenue and Forty-second street; Republics Hall, Broadway and Thirty-third street; McParsons's Hall, Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, and other places.

Last Sunday I took up myself and walked to the Redenborg course, and heard the pastor, Rev. Oronoco Giles, a progressive mind, on the subject of the reappearance of Moses and Elias. In the course of his discourse he used the following truthful thought which I noted literally, and which every Spiritualist, with his personal evidences, can heartily endorse:

"It is one of the logical and comfortable doctrines of the New Church that our spiritual senses are as much superior to our natural senses as the mind is superior to the body. While we live in the material bodies our spiri-

ual senses are veiled by the material. We see and hear, and touch only material things. For this reason it is very hard for us to think of anything or believe in anything that is not cognizable by the senses. But when we are raised up out of the material body we shall come into the conscious perception of our spiritual senses; shall see spiritual forms; we shall hear spiritual sounds; we shall touch spiritual objects; our spiritual senses will be much more acute and delicate than the natural senses. We shall become transfigured; our senses will be transfigured, and that change in us will transfigure everything. The faces of our friends will shine with a new light. We shall see in them and they in us a new body, and more attractive loveliness. We shall be divested of the soiled and worn earthly garments and clothed with radiant corresponding with our intelligence.

"Moses and Elias were then living as personal beings. They had been in the Spirit world many centuries. They were still near the people whose fathers they had of old instructed. They were present and talked; they were, however, in the Spirit world. If Moses and Elias are allowed to come and talk with Peter, James and John, when they were in a state to hear them, why may not all who have lived upon the earth, and been taken up into the other life, preserve their identity, and be living now as men and women? Why may not those who are dear to us, but who have gone before us, be near us to-day? And if our spiritual senses are opened, why may they not talk with us, and why might we not see their shining faces, and hear their glorious voices? Do not all these things follow as a logical inference?"

Verily, temporal materialism, and churchly dogmatism about Mr. Beecher, who at heart, and in practice and profession, as far as he dare announce it, like our late Vice President Wilson, and his predecessor Lincoln, is a Spiritualist in its fundamental idea, and says there is no harm in telling his great congregation that he believes he is inspired by his angel mother; and very lately has boldly advocated the dismission of the Bible from the public schools. If its retention should cause his brother to offend, an announcement which certainly would, in former fearful days, have visited him with holy horror. His reasons are reasonable—that the public schools are not for private religion; liberty of conscience attends a free country; we would have as much right to compel the reading and attempted explanation of the Protestant version before Jewish and Catholic and unsected children, as these unbelieving and majority sects would have, if precedent in political and ecclesiastical power, to compel the Protestants to accept unwilling instruction from the Duss version, which the former believes to be the only correct edition of the word of God.

Prof. Proctor, also, in his recent lectures battles and batters the contradictory and irrational accounts of universal creation as stated by Moses (7), and compared with astronomical science and progressive thought, luckily doing so in this age, and not in the face of facts.

Dr. E. P. Miller, of the Water Cure, 89 and 41 W. 26th St., who offered \$5000 to any committee of respectable academics who would prove the fallacy of his confidence in the mediumship of Mrs. Houston, sister of the Eddy boys, through whom he conversed and shook hands with his "divine" brother, while the medium sat in full view, flinging upon me the interest in following back their opinions with their money, after several weeks publication of the challenge withdrew it, when a notice-seeking notice misconstrued the act, and offered another of a different nature, viz: that he could do everything that everybody else did, and the money should go to B. John's Guild. Dr. M. informs me if his original challenge, that the money shall go to the worthy medium who submits to the test, be accepted, he is still ready to offer the challenge; but that he has no money to give to the devotees of a false theology. If the latter, like the plate-bearer who insisted that the Gospel was free, it required money, desires to win by facts, not fancy, they can now do so. If the afore said young man can do all the "tricks" of mediums, his fortune is made, and his name immortalized, and if he accepts the original offer he will have killed immortality—perhaps!

Would it not be a good plan to keep permanently and prominently in your paper some few plain rules for forming circles and developing mediums in the home circle? A large number of your readers are anxious to know. Such a standing notice would do much good, and constantly, in thousands of families who are anxious to be assured of the presence and converse of their waiting angel friends. Mediums of various phases, rapping, writing, speaking and materializing, are often unexpectedly developed by patient conformity to the rules best understood by the happy believer.

I have just received information of the progress of family spirit circles among former friends in Richmond, Va., in homes & before unconscious of the possibilities of the spiritual philosophy. They are on the bright road.

The New York Medium's Protective Committee has survived the fearful malversations of unenlightened critics, is working quietly and beneficially in the interests of mediumship and truth, and it is now better understood that said Committee are not self-appointed or malevolent, but that their office is to assist the deserving, and commend them, after repeated observation of the character of their mediumship, to the kind notice of the resident Spiritualists and the public, just as other professors in medicine, music, or any other science, may be more safely commended to trial by others after personal experience. Inquiries from visiting mediums desiring introduction to the so-

cieties of the City, may be addressed as heretofore to Dr. J. B. Newbrough, Chairman, 128 W. 34th St., or J. F. Snipes, Secretary, 200 W. 42d St.

I conclude with a late personal test, which may interest others as a fact. Some years ago, in ante bellum times, my father (now a communicating spirit) among others, owned an aged colored woman, Dinah by name, and called "Aunt Dinah," who a spirit a dozen years or more. A few weeks since a letter was addressed me by Mrs. Mary A. Charter, 125 London Street, E. Boston, Mass., a perfect stranger, who stated that at the instigation of an old colored woman, calling herself Aunt Dinah, who had come to her as a medium eight years before, she had written me for information on certain matters, with which we did happen to be personally acquainted. Happening in the company of a well tried medium here soon after, the veritable sable friend reported the facts as written. In like manner, and in various and more remarkable ways, have I been the recipient of tokens of spirit identity for the last three years, my thoughts and acts, and those of my father's family in Virginia, being accurately derived and repeated, distance no barrier. Faithfully yours, J. F. SNIPES.

New York City.

Combined Special Prayers About Charlie Ross.

At the regular meeting of the Methodist Ministers' Association of Philadelphia held in this city on Monday, September 13th, 75, the following resolution relating to the loss of Charles Brewster Ross was adopted:

"WHEREAS, the parents of Charles Brewster Ross have been kept for over fourteen months in heartrending suspense in consequence of the abduction and uncertain whereabouts and conditions of their darling child; and, whereas, the exhaustive expenditure of their means and crushing anxiety, together with the cooperative sympathy of the nation manifested in personal effort, detective research and legal investigation, have thus far failed to lead to the desired discovery and relief; therefore,

"RESOLVED, That believing in the power of prayer and in special Divine interposition, this preachers' meeting request the pastors of the various churches of this city to devote some portion of the services of next Sabbath to a specific petition that some successful clue be disclosed leading to the child's speedy recovery if alive, or conclusive information of the circumstances of his fate if dead."

I have waited until this date, December 1st, for the result of their wholesale arrangement of prayer. The prayer it seems was all in vain, as nothing has been revealed of the lost little boy, nor has any information been received of the "circumstances of his fate if dead." The above proceedings took place during the trial of William Westervelt, who was convicted on counts in the bill of indictment charging him with being accessory to the abduction of the boy. At this time there seemed to be a disposition to convict him, and give him the full penalty of the law, but to restore him to liberty if he would "peep," that is tell where the child was or could be found. Westervelt is or rather was, a kind of Ishmael of the 19th century. Every man's hand was turned against him. The very atmosphere was infectious, even in the court room. It prevailed the jury box, it poisoned the judge, and Westervelt, though an innocent man, entirely so, as time will surely show, fell under its power. He was convicted on September 20th, just one week after the wholesale prayers by the Methodist Association were ordered, but was not sentenced until Oct. 11th. In passing sentence the judge made use of this very remarkable language:

"I had hoped ere this that I should have been appealed to for a light sentence by some merciful cry revealing something of the fate of Charles Ross, but I have not heard even a whisper, nor behold one ray of hope, and if (mark the little word) the knowledge of his fate rests with you, then you become your own executioner."

Previous to this Westervelt exclaimed in the court "before God I am innocent."

You will observe from the remarks of the Judge that he was overcome by the noxious atmosphere already alluded to, and if you will please compare dates as above given, you will see that it is very probable the Methodist Ministers, did not escape the infection, but with thousands of others in this enlightened community, believed that a conviction of Westervelt would be the means of restoring the lost child. But when a man's liberty is taken away from him under any such pretext as that, it is high time to "halt" and give the subject some consideration.

The Methodists felt sure the child was to be restored by the aforesaid conviction, and therefore blazed out before the world their "belief in the power of prayer and special Divine interposition." Had the child been restored by the conviction, then, Hallelujah, Amen, etc., would have echoed every Methodist Church building in the whole country.

But the expectation has not been realized. The churches are on this subject as silent as the tomb. The little vacant chair in the Ross household attests the want of power of any such prayer. Jesus of Nazareth rebuked just such prayers, and gave the model for such devotion. The Methodist Ministers or any other Ministers of the gospel can not improve it.

Moody and Sankey are now in full blast at the Pennsylvania Freight Depot, 13th and Market streets. Up to the present time they have prayed for every thing under the sun excepting for little Charlie Ross. These Evangelists draw large crowds of curiosity loving people and while uttering prayers in the most incoherent style, they are praying up-

on the credulity of their listeners, but so far have not proved much upon their pockets.

In the mean time Spiritualism is working its way silently and having good effect among learned ladies and gentlemen. The little circles which are gathered together by the hundreds in this large city can fully appreciate the saying of Jesus, where two or three are met together in my name, there will I be in their midst. Religion like every thing else in this world, must come under the laws of nature and of nature's God, and the sooner the Moody's and Sankeys of the 19th century, learn this important fact, the better it will be for the people; bloodstained Christianity will then be numbered with the dead things of the past, and the Gospel of Christ, Peace on earth and good will to man, will loom up and brighten the pathway of all wanderers in the wilderness of life.

Philadelphia, Penn. OCCASIONAL.

A SEANCE WITH FOSTER.

The Evidence of Our Senses Against the Education of Youth.

If any one desires food for thought, to awaken memories that will not soon sleep; to arouse longings that will not be easily satisfied; let him try a seance with Mr. Charles H. Foster, the spirit medium, or whatever you may please to call him, who is now residing at the Southern Hotel. If he but get out of the most solidly unimaginative or stupidly obstinate men, he can not fail to be convinced that there are more things in heaven and earth than his philosophy and ever dreamed of. He can not help admitting that he has witnessed something wonderful, and will also confess that it is unaccountable unless he chooses to account for it on the spiritual-hypothesis. If he be willing to admit that theory all is plain and clear; if not, he floats himself adrift on a sea of wonder and speculation. He may, if he choose, form no hypothesis, but simply receive what is given to him, without questioning its source. This is the easiest way and the visitor may gain much interesting information and need not prize his brain. As to the credibility of the communications he can have but one opinion.

Last night, two gentlemen, not remotely connected with the newspaper profession, called upon Mr. Foster. They were reasonably cool and sagacious people; skeptical in all things, but large believers in possibilities; given to requiring mathematical demonstrations of truths; but receptive and absorptive, with no aversion closed against facts, in whatever shapes they might present themselves.

They saw a quiet, good humored and sociable gentleman, who answered questions which he could not possibly have read, and answered them in a manner that indicated a perfect acquaintance with the dead persons of whom they were asked. As he could, have had no personal acquaintance with these dead people, he must have received the answers through their spirits; or by means of impressions which he derived from the minds of the querists. There were circumstances that induced them to believe that all the answers could not have been reflected from their own consciousness.

This is a brief summary of the facts and conclusions, the latter not being in the shape of an absolute verdict, but liable to alterations by further evidence. The answers were all entirely satisfactory, were received by means of raps, and in other manners, and were evidently dictated by some consciousness outside of Mr. Foster.

A third entered an acquaintance of these two, a man of great vitality and personal magnetism, but who, although anxious to do so, had never attempted communication with another world. It became an interesting question what information would be given him, and how he would receive it. In accordance with directions, he wrote a few names on a piece of paper, threw them on the table, and Foster, after his usual fashion, took them up, one by one and pressed them on his forehead, and the spirits were present. He held a piece of paper under the table, and one of the names were written upon it. At this the visitor's eyes opened, and they spread yet wider when he was told he had called for Sperson who had been shot. The visitor asked several questions of persons with whom his relations during life had been most intimate and peculiar, and received answers which not only seemed to be entirely satisfactory to him, but affected him visibly. Mr. Foster gave the year and month of this gentleman's birth, and enlightened him concerning the age he would die and the manner of his death. To one question he found it difficult to get an answer. The visitor had asked a deceased friend concerning his last dying request. With this Mr. Foster struggled somewhat, but finally came forward with the information that the request was concerning a piece of gold, which proved to be correct, and the gentleman related the circumstances which was quite interesting. The question, whether the answers to those questions might have been reflected from the mind of the querist seemed to be answered by this instance. Mr. Foster tells the third visitor that a person with reddish hair, one of those for whom he had called was present; but the questioner could not for some time remember any person with reddish hair. At last the recollection came to him, and the name was spelled correctly by means of the alphabet.

Mr. Foster claims to receive some of these answers by means of raps; others are spoken in his ear, and others are impressed upon his mind. He believes that they are given by the spirits of those who have left the world, and it is not too much to say that it is not easy to maintain the negative of this proposition.—St. Louis Times.

MRS. COMPTON.

Interesting Incidents Connected With Her Mediumship and Life.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—It was my good fortune to spend four weeks of the last Summer, at Havana, N. Y. Within a few rods of the hotel, where I was stopping, could be seen a plain unpainted wooden house, with a flourishing garden of corn and cucumbers, surrounding it. This I ascertained to be the home of the famous medium, formerly known as Mrs. Compton, now Mrs. Markee.

Calling upon her, one evening, for the purpose of testing some of the wonders of which I had heard, I learned to my great disappointment, that she was not then holding materialization seances, but was invited with the cordial homely kindness, which characterizes this phenomenal woman, to remain to an ordinary "circle."

Mounting a pair of uncarpeted wooden stairs to a plain close shuttered room above, we stood in this spiritual Mecca. "Can it be," I thought, "that in this humble room so barren and stripped of all sensuous luxuries, men behold that which prophets and kings, praying for have yet died without the sight; that here they stretch out hands across the chasm they call death, and grasp the garments of those who come warm, living, breathing, from the other side?"

We proceeded to sit for purposes of harmonization, as is the custom of this medium. Our group consisted of Mrs. Markee, the four little girls, Mrs. Beardsley, a medium, who was stopping at the house, and our own party of two. Raps immediately came under Mrs. Markee's hands with a curious thumping sound as if generated by machinery. This led us to satisfy ourselves by a close examination of all surroundings, that no cords and pulleys were at work, but the raps, as if to mock us, fell blithely to the ceiling, and to the most distant corners of the room. As the circle began to strengthen magnetically, I felt a peculiar drowsiness settling down upon me. Not that my brain was jerked off from me, but what seemed two enormous pairs of hands, my silk overcoat followed, and was flung under the bed. I was lifted shrieking from the table and dragged toward the cabinet, cold air was poured over me, a deathly terror, which I can not describe, took possession of me, body and soul seemed separating, while two immense Indian forms, whom I dimly perceived, feathery and all, had hold of me. I felt I was losing consciousness, and struggled to retain it, though being left to make me believe they were really going to scalp me and woman like to scream with all my might.

The circle could not resist my agonized cries for help. Mrs. Markee rushed toward me to aid of course, all conditions at once destroyed in the confusion. I perceived my captors regarding me with disgust for a pale faced coward, (I don't blame them) and heard a contemptuous Ugh! The walls of the cabinet into which I had been dashed began to dawn around me, in the dim light, and Mrs. Markee sat beside me, both of us normal and comfortable as anybody.

Of course this Havana medium will be proved a fraud, with all the rest of them, one of these bright days. (The Chicago Tribune has just settled the E'days in a brief paragraph of the issue of Nov. 30th,) but it will be no use to talk "humbag" to me, about those Indians. Katie Kings may come, and Katie Kings may go, but I shall still, at the bare mention of them, put up thankful hands to grasp my scalp-locks.

Notwithstanding this very peculiar reception every day found me a guest at the head quarters of these defunct and somewhat unorthodox Christians. Mrs. Markee utterly refused to sit for materialization; not so much on account of the wear of the thing, though her health was precarious, as through dread of sudden and improper breakage of the circle, which I believe all materializing mediums fear worse than death itself, for death is a natural, and usually comfortable process; the other is not. Mr. Markee, who usually conducts the circles, was then temporarily absent in Colorado. But one evening our opportunity came. Mr. Hibbard, of Watkins, N. Y., was in town, and having formerly acted in the capacity of moderator, Mrs. Markee, trusting to his generalship, consented to sit in the cabinet.

We did not go into the test business particularly that night, several gentlemen from different parts of the country were present, but none of them appeared to be Thomases. A thorough examination of the solid walls and floor of the cabinet sufficed them. For myself, I cared little for surlings and sealings wax. I had been in the house at all hours, expected and unexpected, had seen every crevice and corner, had staid there a whole day alone with the four simple innocent little girls, when the medium was away, had imbued as it were the tone of the place, and had "experienced" not "religion" exactly, but Indians, which was first class "internal evidence" to me.

I consider Mrs. Markee truthful to rudeness. She is one of those people, who tell all the good and bad indiscriminately, about herself or anybody else. The idea of polly never seems to enter her head. On this occasion, she went into the triangular cabinet, formed by simply walling off one corner of the room, and we began to sing "John Brown." There was no mortal outlet or inlet to that cabinet, except the door, that I know. This door was about four feet away, directly in front of me, and plainly visible in the dim light of one partially turned down lamp. Mrs. Markee went into the cabinet in a plain black alpaca dress. She is tall and slim. In less time than she could have taken it off, the door opened, and a figure short, thick, dressed in white, with a flowing veil came out, and walking up to me, laid very tangible hands upon my head. Do you want to know what I thought? I said to myself, "It's humbug." Why? Because I simply could not take it in. It was the only refuge I had to keep from being my wit. Such a sudden collapse of common sense as might be expected, must have some let down. I saw it could be by no possibility be Mrs. Markee. I knew no one except her who was in the cabinet, when the door was shut before my eyes a minute since. I was sure nobody could have got in there. It was all right at my finger ends, the whole thing compressed within a few feet of lighted space around me. Yet out of that door did come in spite of me, a tangible, ponderable living being. I saw the glitter of her heavy veil, the outlines of the figure within it. I marked the gliding, unearthly step; more than all I perceived a peculiar corpse-like odor, which I am positive nobody could have gotten up, who hadn't kept house in a grave-yard some time. I received the same intuitive apprehension of the ghostly lady's character, which I do of unghostly people every day. They call her Katie, and say she is a young lady—the spiritualistic appetite for youthful Katie's is immense—she may be so, but in spite of her veil and snowy attire, to me she appeared a squaw. I thought her about sixty years of age, rude and uncultured, but with a few tender, gentle traits. I felt she stood rather in awe of our company, and was in a hurry to get out of it. We were not those with whom she would be particularly at home in any case, yet I was made aware that a feeling of good will predominated in her mind toward us.

Once after that, when I was standing at the gate, before Mrs. Markee's house at twilight I casually glanced up at the window of the circle room, and saw the same figure at the window. Mrs. Markee was beside me at the gate, and the little girls, the only other mortal inhabitants of the house, were all in sight through the door below.

At the circle Katie retired as she came after greeting each one. This was the only materialized form which I saw at Havana. Many others, I have every reason to believe from testimony, appear there, and under strictest test conditions, also that Mrs. Markee is actually and completely dematerialized, but of this I can not speak.

But who shall grasp the subtle law of "vicarious atonement," which is foreshadowed in the fiery path all mediums seem ordained to tread? Mrs. Markee's life, as you know, has been one of severest toil and much sorrow. Mother of eleven children, only five of whom may to-day, break bread at her table. She, herself was the twenty daughter of the seventh daughter, only two removes from the pure aboriginal blood, her grandmother being a squaw. She was an unwelcomed, unloved child. Sent to work out at the tender age of six years, in a neighboring town, and never having a pair of shoes until she earned them. During all her youth she "saw sights," and considered it a matter of no moment whatever to run against half a dozen unexpected people, during a five minutes tour to the spring for water, taking them for "folks" until she found she walked right through them.

This woman's love story is equal to anything in the realms of romance.

Separated from the man she loved in her youth, by the tyrannical whim of her father, she was induced, by a pressure of circumstances, to marry a Mr. Soule, a widower, much older than herself, and with whom she lived twenty eight years, and who is the father of her children. During the last fourteen years he was bed ridden, and his wife supported the family by the most severe toil. People in the village tell me nobody could "do such a day's washing and cleaning as this Mrs. Soule. After her husband's death, a Mr. Peter Compton, promising to take good care of her and her children, tried to persuade her to marry him. Sick, weary and discouraged she yielded to his proposals, and as she supposed married him, but after a time it was discovered that he possessed a long neglected wife in California, and upon learning this, Mrs. Soule refused instantly to have anything more to do with him. He persecuted her, and continues to do so, circulating stories against her mediumship and character; these last reliable persons in the town tell me, are the vilest fabrications. It would be difficult, however, to imagine the inflections of petty spite to which she is subjected in various ways, on account of her mediumship, in the little village where she resides, her children being so tormented that they can not attend the public schools.

Before her last marriage, she went one day to dig some potatoes in a little lot which she had secured with her scanty savings. A constable was sent by Mr. Peter Compton, who has some real or supposed lien upon the property, to prevent her removing the potatoes. She had toiled with the little girls from early morning at the digging. Toward night she saw some men with the constable approaching. "There's the old witch," shouted one, "take her along." "Leave those potatoes alone," yelled another.

This wild daughter of the red skins, not having the paleface law vividly in reverence at that moment, screamed back, "Let's see the man that would make me," and dug away. At this the constable approached to take her. Dragging the potatoes in whole handfuls by the roots from the ground, she slashed him roundly about the head and shoulders with this hitherto peaceful vegetable, but this gentlemanly officer of the law, conquered, by throwing her and sitting down upon her. As fast as the hand cuffs were put upon her they were mysteriously unloosed, until after some difficulty they succeeded in getting her into a wagon, where seated between two men she was carried to jail, but soon released on bail. How it turned out legally, I did not learn, but I know she dug her potatoes from that lot, in peace, when I was there last Summer.

After exhibiting our medium, with flushed angry face, and grimy hands bravely pushing for "woman's rights," in a contest which should go down to history under the name of the "Battle of the Potatoes," let me not leave you without some other limning of the picture.

Seen in her own home, Mrs. Markee has a countenance, when lighted, beaming with intelligence and good feeling. Though she never learned to read or write, she yet displays in her every day life, a vast amount of good sense and keen judgment as well as much general information.

She is unconventional, but courteous in her manners, and she is to me, and I believe to most who meet her, independent of her mediumship, an exceedingly attractive person. During the height of her trouble with Peter Compton, a gentleman from the far West, Mr. E. M. Markee, one of the big-souled, whole-souled miners of the Rocky Mountains, came to Havana to investigate materialization. Being interested in the forlorn fortune of this forlorn woman; he made her his wife, a strong affection springing up between them. Thus to this poor medium, in the latter days of a racking, rugged life, after the blighting of all the young growth of her affection, seems to have come at last, as must come to us all sometime, the new and beautiful spring tide of a real and passionate attachment.

Yours Truly,
MERCY CLARK
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Uriah Clark and his Charlatanism Exposed.

In the early part of October, Dr. Uriah Clark with his wife, and a young man signing himself a member of the Y. M. C. A., came to our little town and devoted two evenings to the exposure, and as some hoped the destruction of Spiritualism. For this purpose he engaged the Opera House, and had a good audience on both evenings.

Dr. Clark came upon the stage on both occasions and implored Divine aid in his efforts to present the truth, but from the close of his invocations to the end of the lectures, we could not discover that he uttered a single word of truth, so far as his remarks referred to the nature or character of the phenomena he was endeavoring to expose. If he had Divine aid, it must have been of the kind God made use of in his dealings with Ahab.

A few of his hearers, who were too superstitious or prejudiced to look the subject square in the face, were satisfied; intelligent people were disgusted. Instead of destroying Spiritualism, his efforts resulted in producing a strong desire among the people generally for information on the subject. To meet this demand, Mr. O. B. Beala, an inspirational speaker of very rare merits, gave by request, two lectures to crowded audiences in the same hall. We then opened correspondence with Dr. Hen-

ry Blade, of New York, with the view of obtaining his services, which was successful. Agreeable to arrangements, Dr. Blade came here, and during two days gave 21 seances to 43 persons.

We kept a tabular statement of the manifestations, of which the following is an abstract: 43 persons heard raps; 43 saw ponderable objects moved; 10 sitters and their chairs were moved along upon the floor; 85 persons felt touches of invisible hands; 2 material s' hands were seen; 83 persons heard music, accordion held by Dr. Blade; 4 heard music, instrument held by the sitters; one tune called for mentally; 23 witnessed writing, slate held by the sitters; 23 witnessed writing, slate lying on the table; 23 witnessed writing, slate under the table, partly in sight; 23 witnessed writing, slate lying on a sitters' head; 23 witnessed writing, slate held by the sitters alone; 60 names and faces were written unknown to Dr. Blade; 23 persons saw the table suspended without contact except fingers on the top; 6 saw it suspended entirely without contact; 8 had the table placed upon their heads; 10 saw a chair suspended without contact; 6 saw the chair suspended by request. The cover of a dressing case was seen and heard to open twice; feet from the medium and pebbles taken out and thrown at the sitters. The reports of the sitters were taken with great care, as they left the seance room each one being cautioned not to mention anything of which they doubted the genuineness. In that way we have secured, as we believe, a correct report.

The falsity of Mr. Clark's explanations of the phenomena having been proved by the wonderful mediumship of Dr. Blade, the self-appointed expounder of natural law have, with few exceptions, changed their cry of "humbag" to that of "electricity," but they do not condescend to tell us how electricity can intelligently guide a pencil, or play a tune, or even to tell us what electricity is. Had they any knowledge of the long and patient investigations of those English scientists, Mr. Crookes, editor of the "British Quarterly Journal of Science," and Mr. Varley the Royal Electrician, extending over several years, in their endeavors, among other things, to discover some relation between electricity and the so called physical manifestation, I feel sure that they have modesty enough to keep them silent on that subject.

The lectures of Mr. Beala and the manifestations in the presence of Dr. Blade brought down upon us another exposure, from the pulpit, but this time, not an exposure of Spiritualism, as the most prominent feature of the discourse, and the only thing exposed, was a total want of information on the part of the would be public teacher, upon the whole subject.

In his opinion, mesmerism was a sufficient explanation of all spiritual phenomena. According to his teaching, it is mesmerism that makes the believers "in the communion of saints" think they see portions of the dresses of materialized spirits cut out; that makes them think they still have possession of such pieces; that makes the most experienced dealers in fabrics fail to recognize the material; that makes the microscope fail to represent it. He would have us believe that mesmerism makes us plunge our hand and faces, with eyes open, into melted paraffine, and think all the time that it is materialized spirit form that makes the molds; that it is mesmerism that prevents our eyes from being burned out by the molten bath; and mesmerism still that makes those who see the castles recognize in them the features of loved ones long "gone before."

Among several interesting incidents of the visit of Dr. Blade, I will mention one. A gentleman who for many years was in the confidential employment of Mr. Singer of Sewing Machine fame, took with him to Dr. Blade's room a double slate, which did not leave his possession for a moment, nor was it once touched by Dr. Blade; a bit of pencil was put between the slates, which were then laid out of the reach of the Doctor. As soon as hands were joined the slates began to move, they opened a little and closed several times, and then writing was heard upon them. On opening them they were found to contain a communication from Isaac M. Singer, of a very interesting and personal character.

Later in the afternoon, two gentlemen were sitting with Dr. Blade, one of whom had taken a new slate with him, and both had noticed particular marks upon the frame, so as to know it again if it should leave their sight, but it did not for a moment leave the possession of one of the gentlemen, nor the sight of either, nor was it touched by Dr. Blade except with his thumb to assist in holding it partly under the table leaf. As soon as hands were joined writing commenced, the result of which is shown as follows:

"My friends, can you understand how a rich man can be unhappy in the Spirit-world? If you would like to know, live the life I did. I would give all my fortune if I could come back and reform; but I must suffer until I can do something in my way to make good my past dark life of shame. I hope you will bring this truth to all souls, and teach them what true life is.
I am Truly,
ISAAC M. SINGER"

It is a fearful admission to those who are living a life of selfishness regardless of the rights of others.
It is the cry of the "rich man" for a drop of water to cool his tongue. It is the wall of a lost soul.
E. W. H.

"KATY DID OR KATY DIDN'T."

The Slaughter of Mediums by Spiritualists.

ED. JOURNAL.—I am not in the habit of replying to anonymous libelers. But this one habitates himself among the immortal six, and so brings himself within the possibility of discovery. In fact he exposes himself as effectually as the ears and braying of a certain other animal prevents it from successfully playing the lute.

Hitherto, opposition, slander and hypocrisy have come from the church and the outside sinners; but now we have reached a new phase of phenomena. Spiritualism finds its foes within instead of without, and we are forced to record a crusade against mediums, by a class of persons who have assumed a sort of censorship over mediums, and guardianship over the cause of the Angel-world. The press and platform have both been prostituted to the purposes of these protectors and investigators (I), and because forsooth a few of us have the courage to hold them to account, we are characterized as accomplices and dishonest—as gaggerers of free speech, and all-wise in our own conceit.

The controversy, coming out of the defenses of these mediums, strip of its personality takes a wider range than the limited theatre of its origin. Underlying it all are the questions of the right and value of endorsement or condemnation—the propriety of any man or committee of men to set themselves up, or to be set up, as authority; and the justice of condemning mediums on mere suspicion or limited and partial investigation. With this in-

roduction I proceed to the facts in the present issue:

1. Four mediums have been publicly attacked and denounced in press and on platform.

2. In no case has there been positive proof, to satisfy any reasonable mind, of actual fraud in any one of the four.

3. The only semblance of proof was in the "Lithmus test," made by the so-called scientists, which shall be presented in its true light hereafter.

4. The adverse criticisms of the Committee, on the facts, in the case of Mrs. Beala were puerile and sophistical in an eminent degree.

5. At Harvard Rooms, there are a number of so called Spiritualists, augmented by out-siders, who stamp and clap their hands loudly whenever there is a seeming proof of the detection of fraudulent mediums.

6. In the case of one of the accused, the most disgraceful persecution has been instituted, and when the investigators were compelled to admit her mediumship, after doubts had been expressed, they resorted to the meanest and most cowardly means of destroying her social standing, in order to discredit her mediumship.

7. A sad feature of the facts in these cases is that mediums have joined this crusade, and are doing all they can to mar the work of others, whose manifestations are at least as good as their own.

Now I object to the use of press or platform for such purposes and in such manner, and this is the front of "our" offending. What I have said is capable of proof in a court of justice.

Now for the scientific test. The Doctors did their work so bunglingly, that they left the impression in the public statement, that lithmus was applied to the thread. On the strength of this statement Dr. Cooley produced the "lithmus test" in public, and showed that according to the Doctor's own statement he did not understand his business. Subsequently to this exposure and denunciation, numerous letters were submitted to Mrs. Lindly and I in these several instances, it was proved beyond a doubt that there was independent writing in the letters, which was not done by Mrs. L. With all due respect to these learned Doctors, I am not satisfied with their methods or logic; particularly in the face of the above facts, which they have not had the candor to relate in their onslaught. Now I do not deny that in some instances the convictions of these people may be well founded, but I claim that they have no right to make accusations until they can prove them. Catch and then hang.

I have no liking for fraudulent mediums any more than for cowards, who attack under cover, or by insinuation, or pretenses who undertake work for which they lack normal or acquired fitness.

It is simply not true that I attempt to gag those who express a contrary opinion; I only demand that they shall adduce proof that reasonable minds can accept. It is not true that I persist in telling the most marvelous stories of phenomena occurring under conditions which no reasoning mind can accept; on the contrary, I always carefully test every medium before I endorse, and in the cases I now defend, I am fully satisfied that all the phases ridiculed by your anonymous correspondent, occur.

Any sane man who will read our papers must know that these "phases" are constantly occurring, and the presumption is, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that they are genuine, and they are not to be condemned on mere suspicion.

It is not true that I have said that spirits materialize flowers, pots, dips, birds or reptiles. But they do materialize the human form divine, and why not other forms? Nor do these mediums claim that spirits make these material things; only that they bring them. It is not our business to know or care where they are found. But we assume that no one is seriously wronged, and the intelligence and power of the spirits are demonstrated, and they are responsible; we are not.

Now I will add, that I have witnessed with one of these persecuted victims of these blind virtuous impulses, this fine test, which admits of no doubt to any well poised mind. The light was so strong, produced by the spirits, that the person and face of the medium could be plainly seen, and the light as large as a man's hand, rested on the brow for some seconds, then broke into fragments and encircled the head. Then the spirit organized a head, over the medium's, and placed the light on its own face, six inches above the head of the medium.

In conclusion, I repeat, that out of all this smoke, there has not come one live coal. Every one of the three mediums here is not only good, but extra good for phenomena; and I protest in the name of reason and justice against the murderous conduct of those false friends of our cause.

The personal insinuations can go for what they are worth. I am 81 years old in this cause, and if any who know me can believe that I would conspire to deceive myself or others, I don't want their faith or friendship, in this world or the world to come.

J. B. WOLFE.
New York City.

Letter from John Collier.

I would like just to remind all friends of Spiritualism and free-thought, that I am still "West," and that I propose lecturing as often as circumstances and health will permit. I greatly desire as an Englishman, to visit all districts, where there are Spiritualists, as I want to become intimately acquainted with our American brethren and sisters. Will societies or individuals get up meetings all along the road, and engage me to lecture, if only for once, so that I may visit the country and see the people? As to my qualifications as a lecturer, my past work in this country is a sufficient guarantee. The English and American press uniformly speak highly of my ability and power on the rostrum. Of course in the West I am an unknown man, but I wish to be known, and those who have the arrangements for lecturers in their hands, had better try me, on the recommendations of their Eastern friends. I have given general satisfaction wherever I have been, and have been useful in creating a newer interest in the movement by my lectures. I have spoken in New York, Boston, Springfield, Mass.; Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, among the principal cities of the Union, and in numerous smaller towns east and west. I am especially desirous of obtaining engagements for Sunday services, but I am willing to accept offers for week-day lectures on liberal subjects.

I am in earnest in my efforts to promulgate the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, and will readily adapt myself to the matter of terms, to the circumstances of the locality to which I am called.

To the end, that I may be usefully employed, I solicit correspondence from all persons who can aid me in my lecturing work. Please address: Lock Box 157, Springfield, Mass.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23 1876.

William Fishbough.

Following this article through Bro. Fishbough, upon a subject which we feel confident will soon agitate the public mind from center to circumference.

Bro. Fishbough is the gentleman who was selected by invisible intelligences as the amanuensis to receive, record and compile for publication, that most valuable work given through A. J. Davis, thirty years ago, known as Nature's Divine Revelations and a Voice to Man kind.

The fact of spirit communion is daily becoming more and more firmly established in the minds of all classes of society. Devout church members are visiting mediums and receiving tests incontrovertible, of a power controlling outside of the medium.

Nothing is more natural than the opposition which is daily manifesting itself, from the priesthood, whose craft is thus endangered. The cry "It is all the works of the devil" through his evil spirits, is the only real weapon, not to say potent argument, used by the church dignitaries.

The Catholic Church has always claimed that they held communion with the so-called saints.

The Church absolutely forbids the holding communion by the common people with spirits, under pain of excommunication here, and purgatorial torments in the after life.

The Priesthood assures their devotees that the Church holds communion with the Saints, and that if they wish to know anything about the dead, it is their duty to go to the Priest, who is duly commissioned by the Church to impart all knowledge proper to be communicated upon the subject.

When the Protestant Churches became organized, they determined, and have ever taught that the days of miracles are past, and that the so-called dead all sleep in their graves, to be awakened only, when at the close of time, Gabriel shall sound his trumpet, then the dead shall come forth from their graves to their final judgment!

Hence it will be seen that in all Christian countries the doors and windows have been hermetically sealed against spirit communion, to all true believers.

Free Thinkers alone, fearing not his Satanic Majesty—an angry God, nor evil spirits, opened their doors and windows and said come in, and let us reason together.

The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and now it seems that the very flood-gates are wide open, and as a learned Catholic Priest said to us, "Out of very spite to the Protestants, who have so long claimed that spirits slept in their graves, and denied communion with the saints, now spirits are flooding the world with their real presence."

The cry is now being uttered throughout all Christian lands, by the bigoted priests and their blind followers, "It is all the work of the devil. He sends elementary spirits, evil spirits, gnomes, and witches, to deceive the people and drag them down to hell."

It is a wall of despair. The very pillars of the Christian fabric, as expanded, is found to

stand upon myth—mere creatures of the imagination. Intelligent spirits know of no devil, no hell, no personal God to get angry with his children, hence no necessity of such a God's incarnation in the flesh, as a Christ, to make a vicarious atonement for the sins of the world, by the shedding of his own blood to appease his own wrath.

Such revelations as these will never do, say the priesthood, from the Pope down to the deacon, who sneezes everytime his priest takes a pinch of snuff. Hence all the powers of opposition are summoned to the rescue.

The fearless independent souls, in and out of the churches, disregard the summons, while the timid slaves shriek, "It is the Devil and his Imps!"

The Catholic Church for eighteen hundred years has been fortifying itself by erecting not a Chinese wall, but a wall of superstition, more impenetrable, to exclude general intelligence from the laboring masses, who erect the temples, the palaces, and the churches, who manufacture the fine fabrics, cultivate the soil, and pay tithes of all they produce, to support a corrupt priesthood.

Well do the church leaders know that this wall of superstition would crumble to atoms, through the disintegrating powers of the light of intelligence—hence such light is to be shut out at all hazards. The captives of their walls for excluding the light of intelligence, is the "infallibility of the pope." His edict has gone forth throughout the Christian world, "Down with the common schools," and they must tumble, is the sentiment of every true Catholic.

The Protestant mode of warfare is simply that of the alarmists. The devil will catch you, and bell yawns for you—exercise him from him, and have naught to do with elementary spirits, evil spirits, gnomes nor witches, for Christ's sake, say they. Obey our commands or be damned.

As damning has lost its potency, even when administered with all the sulphurous conditions of the pope's bull, the independent thinker replies, if I must be damned for seeking communion with my dear child, or a dear mother, wife, husband, or other friend—damned be it, and straightway, he visits the mediums or attend seances for such communion.

But in this particular Catholics and Protestants agree. Say they with one voice, it is all the work of the devil and his imp—"elementary spirits" are the servants through which the devil works, and it is they who compel old women to ride broomsticks. They must be exorcised. Books must be written, few in number, but sufficient for the High Priests; and by no means to be open to the gaze of the common herd, who like the blind bats of the Catholic Church, must go to the repository of these sacred books, as their High Priests, when they wish for knowledge about the after life.

It is said the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. Wisdom may be near at hand, when Spiritualism is capable of arousing an agitation which unites Catholics and Protestants in determined efforts to hermetically seal the doors against all spirit communion except a licensed priesthood, under the general cry of devil and his imp.

MAGIC AND "ELEMENTARY SPIRITS."

Bro. Jones:—In a personal letter received from you a few days ago, you point to a storm-cloud which is now brooding over the Spiritualistic ranks. Though that cloud is at present no bigger than a man's hand, you seem to apprehend that it may yet spread over the firmament, rain down great hailstones of occultism, black and white magic, confusion and darkness, all of which will in some way work mischief to the cause of Spiritualism. True, you say you "fear not the storms; they are purifiers,"—but you add that "Wisdom dictates the necessity for shutters to be used while the storm rages." To this end you call upon me to furnish such a work as, published in the nick of time, will tend to bind up the tempest, and save much weary labor to ourselves in correcting a great mischief. I see by the BANNER OF LIGHT, and by indications in other quarters, that there are many sincere and intelligent Spiritualists who fully participate in your apprehensions as to the effect of certain publications which are now promised, or rather, as I would say, threatened.

In replying to your letter I must begin by saying, I fear you honor me too much by supposing that I am capable, just now at least, of writing such a work as you suggest. The fact is, I was, by causes acting both from the exterior and interior, lashed out, many years ago, from the ranks of the visible workers for Spiritualism, and between that period and this my attention has been mainly, and most of the time violently, diverted to the solution of the bread and butter question. In consequence of all which I have, as a Spiritualist, become so thickly covered over with rust, that the "pot-sherd" with which old Job scraped himself, would, I think, be a very good instrument for me to use if I knew just where Job felt it, so that I could put my hand upon it. But during the last few months the spirits have got after me, run me down, captured me, regularly ensnared me, and though I have floundered like the wild moustang under the check of the lasso, almost breaking away from them three or four times, I have been obliged to surrender, after being melted down with their blessed love, and carried through experiences such as I am pretty sure have never occurred to mortal man or spirit since the foundation of the world. They assure me that I have a great mission to perform. Well, so has my friend Squibbs who happened one day to hear the spirits "knock three knocks," so has every Spiritualistic soap bubble who has heard a whisper or two from the invisible realm, though that mission often proves to be that of exploding with an instantaneous report, and dissolving into invisible gas. The fact is, I hate "great missions" unless they are attended with "great results." My response, however, to him and her and those who have called me is, "Here am I for whatever work, great or small, I may be used in behalf of truth and righteousness, God and Humanity—always with the unspoken proviso that I can get something to eat while doing it." But in respect to the subject of your present anxieties, my dear brother, I wish to say, with great emphasis, this is the battle of the great day which was prophesied of old. It is the day in which all error and all truth that have ever found lodgment in the minds of mortals

or spirits, and which may be now entertained either in this world or any other, must meet face to face for the final conflict. It is the end of the world, age or aeon—the end of the annus magnus or world's great cycle, and the dawn of an entirely new dispensation. It is therefore the day of the resurrection, and the day of judgment. Then let the sea give up her dead, and let death and hell deliver up the dead that are in them. Let old philosophies, and follies, and truths, and lies—let old necromancies, and sorceries, and witchcrafts, and magical wonders, whether "white," "black" or "green"—good, bad, or indifferent—come forth from their secret lurking places, and from the crypts of forgotten lore in which they have been hiding for ages. Invite them to come—say challenge them to come forth and do their very worst or best as the case may be; but O! my brother, never fear for God's Truth, for that is omnipotent, and such trials will be the very means by which it will be made to shine as the sun in the firmament forever and ever.

Fear not for Spiritualism; it is a fixed fact which neither man nor devils can blot out. But it needs to pass through tribulation; it needs to have a strain put upon it, in order that its strong and weak points may be discovered; and thus tried and purified, it will stand amid the general wreck of all things beside. It must stand because it is needed, and the world will die without it. For three hundred and fifty years the Roman church, and for more than one hundred years the Protestant churches have, as institutions, failed to receive life and renewal of vitality from heaven. The only use they have served during that time is that of ratchet wheels to prevent the Car of Progress from becoming inverted in its motion, and roll back to barbarism. But instead of doing anything for progress, they have been holding back, fighting science at every step, and moving along with the rest of the world only as they were dragged along by it. They are moribund and must pass away as being totally inadequate to meet the higher wants of this age. To what power shall we look for the supply of these deficiencies, if not to Spiritualism? True it has passed through some unpropitious phases, causing great pain to the minds of the better portion of its disciples. But it must needs have commended at the bottom of the ladder, so that in rising, it might pervade all things from lowest to highest. The period of its regeneration has now arrived, or is near at hand, and if trials come upon it, it will be all the better, as ensuring that necessary purification by which it will yet stand forth clothed in garments white as snow—the new and universal religion, and as such the powers by which this whole planet will yet be organized in harmony and peace. In the faith of this conviction, and in renewal of the pledge given to my students, to work for it with all my best powers till the end is accomplished, I subscribe myself, Fraternally yours, WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

\$750 REWARD. Is the Devil Dead?



[I wish the Devil was dead. Here I am in prison. I got into bad company, and in a fit of anger, killed my companion. You, under similar circumstances, might have done the same. If God would, kill the Devil. I could be liberated. I am old, can walk with difficulty, and must soon die; but if Devils or Diablos are allowed to exist, I must remain here as long as I live.]—The words of E. Hyatt, an old man in prison.

NUMBER VI.

This (at this writing), indeed, is a beautiful Sabbath morning. The sky is cloudless, save a thin mist, which looks like a veil drawn across the fair face of heaven. The voices of the newboys and boot blacks—the street Arabs—sounds off on the breeze in reckless strains of defiance at the hardships and cares of life, Lake Michigan, with its bosom untroubled with the breath of the wind demon, lies spread out before us, calm and serene, with an innocent expression scintillating on its waters, as if it had not been a few months ago, a very devil, grasping in its capacious jaws, Donaldson and Grimwood. The great City, with its towering steeples, palatial residences and capacious warehouses, stands proudly forth, an evidence of the enterprise and ingenuity of Man! Everything, this beautiful morning, bears upon it an invigorating, hopeful expression, and our spirit feels joyous as we glance around us in this Garden City of the West. Really, with these surroundings, our mind illuminated so that we can grasp the outlines and shades of creation, we are led to look at the interior as well as the exterior of things. The prospects are fine as we gaze at the palatial residences of those who are luxuriating in wealth, and surrounded by all the comforts of life that art or science can devise, or money purchase. But when we look at the "other side" of life, a different state of affairs is presented to our vision. For instance, compare the description of the Will County (Ill) Poor house, as set forth by the Joliet Republican, sometime ago, with the homes of comfort and ease, and note the difference. According to that paper, the building is old, dilapidated, in fact a mere shell, and the accommodations are entirely inadequate. Last winter the house contained fifty-two paupers, which so crowded the limited quarters that they were obliged to sleep three in a bed. There are 89 paupers on the place now, at this writing, which is a larger number than can be decently accommodated. The

floors of the building are full of great holes and cracks, through which the penetrating blasts of winter find a ready admission; and large patches of plaster broken from the walls afford convenient and thorough ventilation. It was with difficulty that the inmates, including the keeper and his family, managed to keep from freezing during the extreme cold of last winter. But, perhaps, the quarters provided for the insane are the most shameful features about the place, and a deep disgrace to the county. There are 19 insane and 3 idiotic paupers, and there not being room for them all in the main building, ten of them, of both sexes, are herded together like a lot of swine in the calaboose, a low, dark, miserable hovel, 12x24 feet, partitioned off with board slats into several narrow apartments or cells, and located in the rear of the house. During the day time the insane males are confined in a corral.

Is it possible for any one, after viewing such a heart rending, sickening pen-picture of abject misery and suffering, to claim that in this world of ours there is no disturbing influence that is continually interfering with the happiness and comfort of man? For example, look at that majestic steamer; it starts out from port, loaded with a precious cargo of human lives. See it move grandly along, as if the waters of the ocean and the winds of the tropics and polar seas were its obedient servants! The passengers seem to sense no danger. The weather is fair, and the prospects are favorable. Suddenly, however, after a few days out the wind suddenly rises, and blows a terrific hurricane, as if all the demons of hell had been let loose in order to wreck that boat! The tornado's blasts beat against the massive timbers of the ship, and they snap as if angry at the powerful enemy that had so suddenly invaded them. Then the rain pours down in torrents, and the waters of the ocean needed more moisture, and to render the scene more horrible, flashes of lightning seem to form a devilish circle of electric lights around the ill-fated steamer! Then it thunders terrifically—such peals, as if the universe had been bursted in fragments, and then to add more fully to the terror of the scene, a well directed passage of hell fire, a flash of lightning, strikes the floating castle, and makes the wreck complete!

There is a power on the land, as well as on the ocean, constantly making wrecks. Wrecks are not confined to the raging waters of the sea—greater ones can be found on land—in saloons, poor houses, dens of prostitution—in fact there is a devilish influence permeating every nook and corner of this Universe of ours, that delights in making wrecks of enterprises, blasting the hopes of the young, and sending down to the infernalous vice, the best and fairest of our land.

Our greatest disaster are land wrecks! The tornado's blast, the lightning's flash, the fierce cutting cold storms on the seas, are as nothing compared with those influences which permeate society, and make a wreck of that beautiful little girl, who, bereft of parents, is trying to earn an honest livelihood. But that which should have made her so attractive, caused her ruin. The wreck of that little girl,—her downfall—was a greater misfortune than the destruction of the Schiller through the instrumentality of the deception practiced by nature through the aid of mirage.

Was it God who caused the wreck of the Schiller? or was it the Devil? or was it the action of nature's laws? Who is the supervising intelligence? Who controls the fierce storm-clouds, the cyclones, the water spout, the lightning's flash, the cold fierce torrents of rain? Tell us who ordered the wind to rise when that wreck was made? Who opened the windows of heaven for torrents of water to flow into the ocean when it was not needed? Who opened the magazines of destruction and aimed a fierce thunderbolt at that brave steamer?

War is not confined to hostile armies, or to maintain bands, or to religious zealots. England with her massive gun, shooting a ball weighing hundreds of pounds, can sink a ship by firing that piece of ordnance once. But think of those appliances of destruction that some One has at his command, in the atmosphere. Why, those bellicose engines have caused more wrecks and destroyed more lives than all naval battles together!

The Christian world deplores the existence of war; but they do not stop to think that there are engines of destruction in the air we breathe, and permeating matter, far more detrimental to the interests of man. Nature, you may say, caused this. But where is the power of man confined? To this insignificant earth? Does Nature take care of herself? Is there within her, infiltrating itself into every molecule of matter, an intelligence that builds worlds, generates earthquakes, epidemics, tornadoes, etc., independent of personal agencies? Is anybody, or anything responsible for that ocean disaster, caused by a stroke of lightning alone? Who formed this earth? Did he, she, or it? Or did natural laws accomplish the gigantic undertaking alone?

One thing, all will acknowledge, that there is evil in the world—such as we choose to designate as such. There must be an author for it. According to Prof. Sontag's narrative, the religion of the Esquimaux is, of all curious systems of theology, the most curious. Nevertheless they are not polytheists, demon worshippers, nor even idolaters, in the common acceptance of that term. They believe in one supreme deity, whom they call Toongaroon; likewise in a Devil, who is of the feminine gender. Their god is supposed to reside somewhere in the sea. His occupation, according to their notion, is a very benevolent one; for he is said to keep large herds of seals, sea-horses, etc., for the express purpose of providing entertainment for the souls of good men, which are transported immediately after death to the apartments assigned to them in the ma-

rine palace where his godship resides. A large apartment of this palace is said to be fitted up with cooking apparatus, on the most extensive scale; pots and kettles of such dimensions that walrus, sea unicorns, seals, etc., in large numbers are boiled or baked therein every day, to furnish a perpetual banquet for the happy spirits of deceased Esquimaux hunters, or such of them as behaved themselves with tolerable propriety while in the flesh. Hence it will appear that the Esquimaux heaven consists of an never ending feast of fat things, an eternity of well cooked walrus meat and seal's blubber.

The devil (a female one, remember!) is supposed to be an unworthy sister of the divine Toongaroon. She resides at some distance from her brother's palace, on an island, where game of all kinds is very scarce; who she takes charge of deceased sinners, who, under her domestic management, fare worse, if possible, than the inmates of some of the cheap boarding houses in New York. In fact, these delinquent spirits suffer the pangs of starvation, and their cries and shrieks of agony are often heard above the howlings of the Arctic gales and the angry roar of the mountain torrents.

This belief in an evil influence exists among the Esquimaux even. Their ideas are vague, of course, and to a great extent imaginary, yet they show the current that permeates all human nature, and manifests in thousands of different forms. They seem to have a She Devil, which, every one will acknowledge, is the very worst kind; but under whatever form they choose to consider this antagonistic evil influence, it is only an index that the unseen is indistinctly impressed upon human nature, and takes a thousand different forms. A decaying stump with phosphorescence in the night time, will seem to look like a fiend, a man, woman, panther, wolf, ghost, etc., to different ones that gaze upon it. It is there in the dark, and makes a vague impression on those who stand frightened, gazing intently at it.

Evil exists in all of its damning, naked deformity; it is in every department of this life; it permeates certain spheres of the next. You can't see it distinctly enough to tell its true nature, to correctly define it, and like the boys gazing at the stump illuminated with a lambent phosphorus light, you give it a well defined form, or ascribe it to certain laws. The poor negro, in some cases, has a white man for a Devil, while the Devil of the Christians is as black as ebony. The evil or Devil of some harmonical philosophers, is simply Undeveloped Good.

The spirit philosopher standing on the lofty pinnacle of knowledge and surveying matter, sees it a festering mass. The earth to him is enveloped in darkness, and when he gazes at our large cities, he sees the reeking pools of licentiousness, and human beings wallowing there like pigs in a mud hole! He sees in matter conflicting forces; one constantly appropriating another; when animals spring therefrom, the strong subdue the weak, and eat them for food. Finally human beings appear—at first cannibals, eating prisoners of war and engaging in constant strife; eventually omnibalism ceases altogether (not yet through) but feuds, wars, and internal strife exists continually. Human beings are constantly passing to Spirit-life, and the principal of rebudding and appropriating is not banished there in the lower spheres. It still exists in all of its devilish deformities; there is a pandemonium there far surpassing the infernal orgies of a band of fiendish Africans making a repast of a missionary. The very founts of things is dark, wretched, filled with all manner of unclean things, and a sight that an angel will turn from in sorrow. You well know, however, that beautiful flowers have sprung up from the debris of our backyards; so from these deplorable conditions, angels rise in all their majesty to crown the glory of creation.

Among the Persians you find a strange view of the conception of God and evil; the reverse to some extent of the idea advanced by the learned Boddists, the great Auras being the representation of God, and devils being the evil spirits.

According to Zoroaster, as set forth by the historian, the Persian system made the principles and personifications of evil nearly an equal balance and eternal parallel; with the good principle, and its personifications. Ormuzd created six resplendent angels of love and holiness, called Amshaspands, himself being the seventh and highest; Ahriman then created the six archdevils to oppose the Amshaspands. Ormuzd created 28 Iads, or beneficent spirits, who presided over the heavenly bodies, and showered good gifts upon men; but Ahriman made the 28 devils to cause all manner of turmoil and distress. The most powerful and pernicious of the devils was the two-forked Ash-mogh. The next series of Ormuzd's creations was an infinite number of Fervors, spirits representing the archetypes of all things, and which became the guardian angels of men, animals, and plants. Ahriman made an equal number of corresponding evil spirits, so that every man and thing has its attendant bad as well as good genius. To arrest the progress of evil, Ormuzd made an egg filled with spirits of light, but Ahriman made an egg which contained an equal force of spirits of darkness, and then broke both together, so that good and evil were only the more confounded. Ormuzd created the material world, but could not exclude Ahriman and his ministers from its deep opaque elements. Ormuzd created a bull the symbol of life, which Ahriman slew. From its blood grew the original plants and animals to harass and destroy which Ahriman made wolves, tigers, serpents, and venomous insects. From its bleached elementary particles grew the ribbed tree, into the stems of which Ormuzd infused the breath of life, and they became the first man and the first woman; but every human being is tempted through his whole career by Ahriman and his devils, which slip into the body and produce all diseases, and into the mind and produce all malice. It is declared that ultimately Ahriman shall be overpowered, driven through torrents of melted lead, purified, and forgiven, and Ormuzd shall reign supreme.

All classes of people feel the presence of an evil influence, and each gives expression to it in some form. This principle holds good throughout the whole human family, and manifests itself in millions of grotesque forms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

In Death We Are in the Midst of Life.

An Affectionate Son Returns from the Mystic Shore and Imprints a Kiss Upon the Brow of His Aged Mother.

It has been said that "whom the Gods love, die young," but if we are to judge them by the favors they grant us mortals, we would say they manifest a kindly feeling toward many who have lived beyond the age to be called young.

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

corner Adams and Fifth Avenues. First in order came the usual dark circle. On this occasion it was composed of twenty-five persons, among whom was the able and fearless editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, B. S. JONES.

Mr. Bastian was provided with a guitar, tin horn, and a music box weighing fifteen pounds. There had also been provided by a lady, a small work basket containing various colors of sphyra, a spool of silver wire, and all the necessary articles for the making of worsted flowers.

Johnny Gray, one of the "familiar spirits," added new pleasure to the scene by winding the music box and whilst it was playing, he floated around gently above our heads, at the same time the guitar was being played upon, and

the controlling spirit greeting us through the tin horn, and withal the scene was so enchanting that we thought it would be most beautiful to quit this tenement of clay and deplore our existence on earth. Upon entering the circle

MR. A. J. JONES

mentally asked the spirit of Johnny Gray to take his knife and carry it to the gentleman from Mexico. Said gentleman exclaimed "I have a knife." Upon hearing this Mr. Jones explained his mental request, and the knife was carried to different individuals in the same way, demonstrating the power of spirits to read the mind.

NO FALSE FACES

concealed therein. The reputation of these great mediums for honesty and truthfulness is world wide, and they carry in their countenance the insignia of truth. The cabinet seance was the grandest demonstration of spirit power ever witnessed by us.

The first to materialize was the husband of a lady present. He immediately recognized him, and was heard to exclaim, "That is Jim, sure it is." The spirit husband beckoned to his wife to come up to the cabinet, saying he wanted to talk to her. The lady advanced and when the hand was proffered she sank back terrified. She made several attempts to conquer her timidity but failed to do so.

Then the husband spoke in an audible voice, saying: "You did not used to be afraid of me," and continued to pleadly beckon to her. Mr. Taylor offered to accompany her to the cabinet and did so, when the husband again offered his hand and the wife shrank back frightened. The husband then told her if she would come near enough, he would talk to her but would not touch her.

But her attempts to regain her self-possession were fruitless, and after ten minutes of earnest entreaty on the part of the husband to talk to his wife as in the days gone by, he withdrew after kissing his hand and bidding her "Good Night."

This manifestation was visible to all present. He repeatedly thrust his hand and all the forearm out at the aperture and several times presented his head out in full view. We next had some gems of thought from the controlling spirit, Geo. F. X., through his tin horn. He spoke upon immortality and the pleasurable privilege of disembodied spirits to return to earth and demonstrate beyond a doubt that glorious truth.

Verily the earth but giveth to take back again, but the soul of man which grew out of eternity, shall exist forever more. I would say to the skeptic who has a desire to elicit new proofs of a state of futurity, do not fail to avail yourself of the opportunity that is afforded you every night at the seance rooms of these world renowned mediums.

Next in order came the materialization of two gentlemen at the same time, at the same aperture, sons of

MRS. VANDERBURN

who was present, and immediately recognized the individuals. She was called to the cabinet where she shook hands and conversed with her dear son.

FOUR HANDS

were visible at the aperture at once. The son affectionately caressed his mother, and in the presence of all, he placed his cheek beside hers and with a kiss set the seal of love upon her brow. He said in an audible voice, "Mother, I will be stronger after while." After other materializations of less importance, the audience reluctantly dispersed.

MRS. ANNATH W. W. COCHRAN

Chicago, Ill.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.

BY ROBERT CROWELL, M. D.

The second volume of this valuable work is now ready and is fully equal in all respects to volume one, which met with such general notice and commendation when published, and of which we now give a few

OPINIONS OF THE SPIRITUALISTIC PRESS

"This, one of the most important books on Spiritualism ever published, is receiving, as

it fully deserves, the encomiums of the secular and religious press everywhere. Columns of extracts from it may be found in the New York World, and other dailies. . . . It is very obvious that this is one of the few books that are of positive value for the times."

BANNER OF LIGHT

"No work published this season has been so extensively noticed by the press of the country as this, nearly all the leading dailies devoting from one to four columns in reviews and extracts. . . . We regard the work as most admirably adapted to aid in spreading broadcast the truths of the harmonious philosophy."—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

"The book is one that can be taken up and opened at any point, and any reader will find something to interest and instruct. The style is attractive, clear and concise. . . . The author has written carefully on every phase of spiritual phenomena. He writes from conviction, after a long and impartial investigation. . . . Any Spiritualist who desires to be stored with historical, scientific or theological arguments relating to the spiritual philosophy, will not only read, but study this volume."—Spiritual Scientist.

"This is one of the most interesting books we have ever read on the subject. We can come nearer endorsing all the author says than any one we have ever read. Dr. Crowell has been most of his life a materialist. His investigation of Spiritualism converted him from his belief in materialism, and convinced him of the truth of the Bible. . . . We predict that his work will do much toward harmonizing true Christianity and true Spiritualism. We cordially recommend this book to honest inquirers after truth."—The Spiritual Magazine

"The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors."

BY KERSEY GRAVES

(From the Banner of Light.)

Permit me most earnestly to commend to your readers the pages of a work which should be in the hands not alone of Spiritualists, but of every thinking and reasonable being in this age of civilization.

By wading through fragments of literature diffused in every conceivable way, now cropping up in a magazine item, now occupying a column or two of some radical journal, now timidly peeping forth as an inference to be drawn from accounts of Oriental lands and antique monuments, and now forming the subject matter of some rare and scarcely heard of volume—from at least a thousand scattered sources which might tax the student half a lifetime to collect and collate, we might gain the same information, but never before, in the form of a well-digested and compendious volume, do we learn that the Jewish Messiah had at least fifteen rivals for Messianic honors, some of them far older and much better authenticated than the gospel biographies put forth in his name.

If the maintenance of Christianity, founded on the assumed authenticity of the New Testament, has cost the world millions of its best lives, and uncounted millions of its wealth—if it still drains the people to their last cent, and imposes its iron yoke upon the necks of nineteenth century civilized man, it is because it is a false religion, and its falsehood is a falsehood which should be worth while for that same civilized mentality to look into a small and unpretentious volume, which with the exception of truth cuts at the very foundation of all that they have held sacred, fought for, slaved for, bled and died for, and now swear and pray for, and only to find at last that they have fought, bled, died, sweated, and paid for a myth.

To gather together such amazing proofs of the world's insanity, idolatry and bigotry as Mr. Graves unflinchingly and bravely has done, such overwhelming testimony of the truth of his allegations, and save us from any more floundering in the realms of half-declared and confused mythologies, is a work which ought to command the gratitude of the entire age, and above all, of that class of thinkers who, like the Modern Spiritualists, can afford to give up the ropes of sand which vain theologians offer, having the cable of spiritual truth connecting them with the anchor of immortal existence. Mr. Graves's style is clear and perspicuous, and whilst his vast research and candid reference to authorities which can not be denied enables us to follow his statements in perfect security and good faith, we can not close the volume without a fervent expression of gratitude to the patient and industrious author for the immense burst of sunlight he has showered abroad on the age. Such at least was my impression on perusing this remarkable and invaluable work, and it is as a creed of gratitude and acknowledgment for good service done, that I herewith tender publicly my thanks to Kersey Graves for his "Sixteen Crucified Saviors."

It is quite possible that one out of the sixteen may chance to suffer death outright under the lash of such an excitement, but as we don't realize that any one will really be hurt if the whole number were to take the places to which they belong, namely, as different ideal incarnations of the Sun-God, we do not feel much concerned for the result, but end with our favorite and immortal motto, "The truth against the world."

EMMA HARDING BRITTEN.

206 W. 35th St., New York.

Letter from Thomas Cook.

ED JOURNAL—Lizzie Doten chose for her subject at the Silver Lake Camp Meeting: "After Spiritualism, What?" which provoked the query: "Is Spiritualism a finality," or will it die into a grander and more sublime truth or truths? And we are one who are satisfied that it will culminate in the Spirit of all Truth as foretold by Jesus, when he said: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye can not learn them now, howbeit, when he, the Spirit of Truth has come, he will guide you unto the ways of all truth," and as we understand it we are preaching it to the world; yet our pathway and efforts are so obstructed by self-righteous Christians and Spiritualists, as well as free-lovers and other dogmatists, that our opportunities to scatter the light of truth is very much circumscribed; and we, like Jesus, have to go to such as are looked upon as publicans and sinners, in order to obtain a hearing. So on Sunday evening, November the 21st, we spoke from the stage of Harry Hill's Theatre, to a respectable and quiet audience, and have an invitation to speak again at the same place on Sunday, November the 28th; Harry Hill managing the finances and paying us liberally. The New York Herald sent a reporter, of which the following is a synopsis of his report on Monday morning, the 23rd:

"Last evening there gathered in Harry Hill's Theatre, in East Houston street, one of the most respectable audiences that were ever seen in that place. . . . There were a large number of brokers and brokers' clerks present, who came there evidently to see how smashed and soured they, and they were astonished at the earnestness of the Rev. Mr. Cook, a long bearded, serious looking man.

The speaker then spoke of the necessities of individual religion, and stated that Jesus Christ came on earth and died for the same purposes that George Washington and his army suffered and bled at Valley Forge, and that every 4th of July the great mystery of the Christian religion, as understood by Jesus, the object of which is equal rights and justice to all mankind, were duly celebrated by the American people. The speaker did not come there to tell them they were a desperate band of bad characters as they might be told in a fashionable church. The Indian when he scalped his enemy acted according to his instincts, and being without information, he was not as bad as the Christian who, with better lights committed a much less crime. . . . Thus will arise the "new departure" and the spirit of truth be enabled to take root upon the earth, by seeking the channels of the humble and lowly and despised of earth, of whom your correspondent is the least.

THOMAS COOK

New York City

Wanted—Complete Work at Hudson Tuttle.

BY A. J. DAVIS

Allow me, Bro. Jones, to add my testimony to the admirable article by Dr. E. Crowell in your last issue. As a bookseller I can truthfully say that the works of no author in Spiritualism are more in demand than those of our hard working, truly inspired, and philosophically enlightened Hudson Tuttle. The loss of his stereotype plates by the great Boston fire, was a loss to the world; and not until that loss is made good, and the complete reproduction and restoration of his entire works, will the literature of Spiritualism be as rich as it was before that fire. There is frequently a demand for his "Arcana of Spiritualism"—of which Prof. Felix Bauf Baroni, now in Italy, formerly a distinguished Catholic Father in Chilly, S. A., said: "It is the best book on the facts, philosophy and teachings of Spiritualism, I had the fortune to find in America."

This comprehensive work by Mr. Tuttle is now and at all times in special demand, and let us hope that some capitalist in our ranks will assist our Brother in resurrecting it from the fire.

Another little work by Mr. Tuttle published by Charles Partridge many years ago, entitled, "Life in the Spheres," is also very much needed in these days of investigation. It is a wise little volume, and ought not to be left to die in the stereotype vault of some New York printer, who has the custody of the old publishing assets of Partridge & Bittan. Why can not you, Bro. Jones, prevail upon Mr. Tuttle to revise this work, enlarging it, perhaps, and so improving its contents as to entitle him to a fresh copy right and then issue it from your own RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE?

As I am a book trader pro tempore, and as my daily vocation makes me familiar with the prevailing tastes and wishes of book buyers, my conclusions are worth something upon the question of books. I am happy to say that Dr. Crowell's simple volume on "Spiritualism and Christianity," Owen's "Debatable Land," Wolfe's "Startling Facts," Danton's works and the volumes by Hudson Tuttle, (all that are now in print) are the best selling books on the average, of key in the Spiritualistic catalogue. After these may be mentioned the Standard Poems (two volumes); by Miss Lizzie Doten, Mr. Peabody's "Pilgrim," "Beers of the Ages," and just now his popular "Voyage Around the World," Olcott's "People" is still in demand, but foremost stands Wallace's "Defense of Spiritualism," Prof. Crooke's three pamphlets on "Tests and Experiments in Psychical Force, etc.," with which come the able works by Epes Sargent and following these there are a score or two of pamphlets and tracts which serve as side lights along the road of Spiritual Progression.

But please, Bro. Jones, hurry into existence Mr. Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism,"—a book that is complete in itself on all the subjects treated, and one most satisfying to all who have had or may have the good fortune to possess and read it.

New York City.

P. B. I am obliged to say that now and then we have a call for one or two volumes by your friend, A. J. Davis

On Organization and a Creed.

BRO. JONES.—My interest in the prosperity of Spiritualism induces me to ask the publication of the following remarks in your wide spread JOURNAL. They are called forth by the interesting remarks of Judge Holbrook in the last number of the Spiritual Magazine. The position he took will, no doubt, meet with a cheerful response from thousands of Spiritualists deeply interested in the subject. The want of expressed principles and a suitable organization among us, has not only arrested our progress, but discouraged thousands who would have investigated our philosophy. If any people under heaven have incentives to excel in every good word and work, they are Spiritualists. Our philosophy teaches, not only our continued existence after death, but that God's law, because it is founded in the highest wisdom, can not be set aside,—that every one must reap the fruit of his doing, and that, consequently, forgiveness of sin is a misnomer. We believe that our acts alone will entitle us to a high or low sphere when we enter upon our future life, and it is a part of our creed, that, for all, there is a progressive destiny. Is there no creed in these universally recorded sentiments among Spiritualists? The idea that subjection to suitable rules of moral order is inimical to individual liberty, is fallacious. They are the handmaids of progress and not burdensome to the honest inquirer after truth. Yet we are decrying rules of moral order and, with a few exceptions, have remained stationary. If we have not actually retrograded. We exhibit the anomaly of a profession without a practical principle,—a faith without corresponding works. How can we expect permanent prosperity while we oppose the necessary aids to individual and societal progress. Organization, under the discipline of law, obtains in every department of society, and throughout nature. Why not object to the establishment of law against the peace of the community, against theft and robbery? Is perishing property more valuable than purity, than virtue, than spiritual wealth? Are isolated individuals better qualified to promote prosperity than the united efforts of many?

The organization we need is, not a compulsory, but a voluntary one. In every community there are a few, at least, who believe alike on essential points, and who repudiate the social freedom principles contained in Moses Hill's confession,—who believe in the duty and benefit of devotion to God and the interests of humanity, who could unite on such a platform of faith and works as would make them mutual helpers, and with the understanding that they could retire from the compact whenever they felt the rules of union burdensome.

Now that this subject is agitated, it is hoped that the friends of order and progress will

come out boldly, and array themselves on the side of a faith that works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.

GEORGE WHITE.

Washington, D. C.

Voices from the People.

ROCKFORD, WIS.—Levi Freeman writes.—I would rather go without bread than the JOURNAL.

FAYETTE, PA.—Rid Sweetland writes.—We have taken the JOURNAL so long it seems we can not do without it.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—James C. Irwin writes.—I can not get along without the JOURNAL, and am thankful for its continuance.

ALBION, MICH.—O. H. Perry writes.—I like the JOURNAL for the independent stand it takes in exposing impostors and free lovers.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—F. Ehrhardt writes.—The JOURNAL contains too many good things for me to be without it.

ERESTON, MINN.—F. M. Trostad writes.—The light of reason and common sense are fast breaking the chains of superstition out West here, and I hope it will keep on breaking till the last link is gone.

FOREST CITY, IOWA.—Mrs. James C. Boar writes.—Please do not remittance to pay for the best paper in America, the old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and oblige a sincere Spiritualist. Spiritualism is not dead here.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—J. C. Smith writes.—I am of the opinion that when humanity cease to use means for securing the friendship and favor of Gods, and learn that the Spiritual world is just as natural as this, we shall be happier and consequently better than at present it is possible to be.

MIDDLETON, MASS.—F. J. Gage writes.—Are the articles called "Death, or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-life" published in a book form? Please let me know how I can get them. Your paper is the best one published. May you long live to distribute the light and truth.

The articles you refer to are only one-half finished. The remainder will be published in due time.

DECORAH, IOWA.—Mrs. H. S. Weiser writes.—Please do not remittance for renewal of my trial subscription for the JOURNAL, I find so much of interest in the JOURNAL, that I can't do without it. I wish you might send us a good physical medium. I think one would do well to stay with us for some time. We have circles and are doing the best we can with our material.

CHATFIELD, MINN.—M. F. Dunham writes.—I am so wedded to the JOURNAL, that it would seem like parting with an old friend, to part with it. I like the bold stand it takes in regard to free thought; it also sides in many little debates that I have, and they are plenty. I assure you, I challenge them in church and out on the street or in the stores. I am ready to meet them now or any other time and battle for the right, the truth and free thought.

NORTH LEWISBURG, O.—R. M. Davis writes.—Enclosed I send you \$5.15 to renew my subscription one year longer. I am not very happy without the JOURNAL. I loan it to my neighbors until it is worn out. Money is hard to get, and my wife says we need some bed clothes very badly, but I told her we would have to wait a little longer, as my time had already expired on my paper, and I would rather fret a little than do without it.

Not the least danger of you or yours, Frost, won't make severer loads into your habitation. The very next good thing you will do, will be the gratification of the wife by supplying all the "bed-clothes" she deems necessary. Good Spiritualists pay for their newspapers and see that comfort reigns throughout the home circle.

ORDAR FALLS, IOWA.—Chas. Clark writes.—The Spiritualists of Union Township, Black Hawk County, held a meeting at their School House on the 25th inst. We heard the many blessings ably pointed out by Mr. Chapman, of Beaver Grove, for which we ought to thank the Great Ruler of all things; among them the heavenly inspirations, to the furtherance of all general knowledge, so much needed by the inhabitants of earth. We have a few friends here that are not afraid to own the name, and I can safely say they are growing no less. The JOURNAL is a welcome visitor at our home.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—James I. Parrish writes.—My only object in sending you ten dollars, was that I thought it would look nice on your Ledger, placed to my credit; and I wish to publish you in return for your reminders to me. Only think ever since the 10th of last June, there has been a yellow strip of paper placed across the JOURNAL telling me it was not paid. Now, Friend Jones, I am in the habit of signing and sometimes mailing it to other parties, and I think it may do good, as these are often articles of earth. I am entirely too good to be kept all to one's self. When you are looking over your Ledger after delinquents, you may count me out, and others who see the paper may also know that I have paid up. Hoping that your other delinquents may be induced to follow suit, I'm prayer.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—G. H. Kreider writes.—The condition of the working classes in America to day is not an enviable one. It seems to me it can be made better, at all events the amelioration of their condition is an object any one may well engage in. The working classes of England have solved the problem of co-operation, and they are now on the high road to prosperity. Why can not the American working classes likewise, co-operate, at first, for the purchase of the necessities of life, and gradually extend their operations until every branch of industry is embraced in a Universal Brotherhood. We have the example of the Rochdale co-operators, and need not fear failure. The thing to be done is to organize and set the ball in motion. Would be pleased to hear from any of your readers entertaining similar views, and those wishing reply will please enclose stamps for return postage. My address is 870 West Jefferson, Street.

NORTH LANSING, N. Y.—Samuel Davis writes.—Still the good work goes on, and that, too, with such wonderful rapidity, that the most incredulous are struck with amazement. The wonderful manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Lane, daughter of Mr. Samuel Davis, of North Lansing, Tompkins Co., New York, and have been witnessed by a highly intelligent and appreciative circle of friends. This medium is the latter part of August last, while under control, marked out on paper the form and size of a cabinet, and asked us to erect it immediately. In the early part of September the cabinet was erected according to directions, and sittings were commenced, holding them every Thursday and Saturday evenings. The first things in the line of demonstration were spiritual lights, and the curtain of the cabinet window was moved. At the third sitting, voices were heard telling us we were soon to witness wonderful things. Thus things went on in their usual course, the medium gaining in confidence, and the circle growing more harmonious, until at the date of writing, the manifestations are truly wonderful to behold. At the last two sittings, there were shown from the cabinet window several hands, and from their size and shape, they were instantly recognized to be those of friends, passed to Spirit-life. There frequently appeared a hand with one finger, and on the last sitting the hands and forearms of a young lady were shown; upon the left wrist was a beautiful bracelet, and a voice from the cabinet spoke to one in the circle, saying, that was for him, and which, after long reflection, he brought to his mind those of a friend, which proved to be correct. We have the promise of a glorious demonstration. The controlling George's manifestations are wonderful powers, and will equal, if not surpass, all the great mediums of the day.

READ, and don't forget that we very much need our dues. Money is now flowing into the pockets of our subscribers, many of whom are owing subscriptions long past due. We need it. Do well by us and we will be doubly grateful, and give you the best Spiritual paper published in America.

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PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY.

The Question Answered by the Spirits Themselves—What Dr. J. W. Westerfield and Wife Saw and Heard at Memphis, Mo.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Nawithstanding I have been a believer in modern Spiritualism for over twenty years, and have had what was to me conclusive evidence of its truth; yet I am always striving to learn more of its glorious philosophy, as it is being developed with the advance of our civilization, and the progress of general enlightenment. With this end in view, my wife and I made a visit in September to

MEMPHIS, MO.

to witness certain remarkable spirit manifestations produced by a medium named John Harvey Mott. Memphis is now a town of about 1,800 population, located in northeastern Missouri. It is a thrifty and apparently well regulated place. We arrived there on the 13th, entire strangers to every one, never having been in the town before.

JOHN HARVEY MOTT.

The medium, is a man of fair height and size, about 33 years of age, of average intelligence, and a poor man. He is married, has one child, a girl of five years. His standing in the community good, and his family connections excellent. His father is a Methodist preacher, and has visited his son's seances but once, pronouncing the manifestations produced "the work of the Devil." The mother believes in her son and is a regular visitor at the seances. The medium's child, though so young, has already displayed much capacity as a writing medium.

The Mott residence is a one story frame of five rooms.

THE CABINET

seems to have been formerly a part of the sitting room. It is about 4x8 feet, extending from floor to ceiling, with but one door which opens into the sitting room. Near the top of the door there is an opening about 3 ft. x 15 in., over which a black cloth curtain hangs suspended, with openings in the middle and at the sides. A careful examination of the cabinet showed that there was but the one way of ingress and egress, namely, through the door.

SEANCES ARE USUALLY HELD

at night. Troops of people are ever coming and going. They hail from all parts of the United States. Circles of new members, in whole or in part, are formed at every sitting. At the hour for the seance, the medium enters the cabinet, and seats himself in a large arm chair, the door is shut, and the visitors seat themselves in a half circle in front of the cabinet door. Mrs. Mott being one of the number. Two spirits seem to have the control of the medium, that Gen. Bedloe, who was a Confederate officer, and that of a Dr. Reed. These "controlling" spirits always appear first, and are introduced to the company by Mrs. Mott. Then they in turn introduce visiting spirits, who have come to manifest themselves, to members of the circle. The room is generally kept light enough to read with ease, during the sitting. A fee of \$1 is charged each visitor in the circle.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DECEPTION

This is the age of humbuggery, and there has been no small amount of it practiced in regard to spirit manifestations. But we went to Memphis determined not to be deceived. We were there truly as strangers in a strange land. We kept our own counsel. No one there knew us, our mission, or anything of our past history. We determined to accept nothing as genuine until it had proved itself. We thought that persons or faces appearing in the cabinet, or even coming out on the rostrum before us, would be no evidence that they were spirits of the departed, unless they were able to tell their own names. We resolved to guess at names or give them any chance to deceive us.

DEVELOPMENTS OF FIRST SEANCE

Fortified with this resolution to prove everything, we both went on the first evening of our arrival, to the residence of the medium to see what we should see. At the appointed time, Mr. M entered the cabinet and closed the door. There were six of us in the circle, including Mrs. Mott. After sitting "Home, Sweet Home," a face appeared at the aperture in the door, claiming to be Gen. Bedloe. Mrs. M called us up one at a time, and gave each an introduction to the spirit, after which we were all seated as before. Another face then appeared, claiming to be Dr. Reed. He called for my wife and myself. We went to the door, when he spoke to us, saying there was a young man there by the name of

JOHN WESTERFIELD.

and that he wanted to talk with us. I replied, "Very well, we will be pleased to see and converse with him."

The curtain then parted, and he appeared plainly to our view, and said, "O Mother! O Papi! I am so glad to see you. It makes me so happy."

The form which appeared looked like our son, talked like him, calling us by the same names he did in earth life. He then said, "Aunt Rachel is here." I had a sister of that name who died 37 years ago. Rachel then appeared and leaned forward so that

HER FACE WAS CLOSE TO MINE,

and said, "How are you, John and Mary? I am so glad to see you. Why didn't Elizabeth come? Mary (Mrs. Westerfield), tell Elizabeth I want her to investigate Spiritualism." (Elizabeth Jane is our sister and residing in this place).

The being who addressed us looked like my sister Rachel, talked and acted so like her that I could not doubt its being her. My son John appeared again, and spoke of his last illness, saying that he died of milk sickness. He then addressed his mother, correctly repeating some conversation she had about him after his death, saying that he was with her at the time. He then asked to see my watch, reaching out, not the medium's hand, but a boy's hand, looking as his did in life. I handed the watch to him, and he took it out of my hand, opened it, and said it was nine o'clock. He then said, "Papi, what did you do with my horse Fred. How his hip bones stuck up!" At the time of my son's death, I owned a horse named "Fred," that he claimed.

John then said that Trilla was present, and bade us good night. I had a niece of that name, a brother's daughter, 18 years old, who died about ten months since.

TRILLA

next appeared plainly to us, looking precisely as she did the last time I saw her in the flesh, which was a few days previous to her decease. She said, "How do you do, Aunt Mary and Uncle John? I am so glad to see you. Why didn't you and Mary come? I want to see them so bad." Uncle John, won't you telegraph to them to come?" I answered, "Your father is sick." She replied, "Yes, but he is better now." She then said, "Aunt Mary I want to repeat

my little prayer, so you can tell my ma." She then repeated the Lord's prayer, and added, "Tell ma, it is not necessary for me to pray now, but I want her to know that I have not forgotten my little prayer."

The style and manner of this being were precisely the same as that of my niece Trilla when living. No one could imitate so perfectly her voice or manner of speech.

We could give many other things if space would permit, which convinced us of the complete identity of the persons who appeared and addressed us as the spirits of our departed relatives.

We attended in all six seances, on many successive evenings. At all of them we received equally impressive and undoubted testimony that, "If a man die, he shall live again."

At the second sitting, Dr. Reed called for me, saying, "Your son says that you have had bleeding at the lungs." This was true, although it was over thirty years ago since I was so afflicted. Our son John appeared, dressed in white vest and black coat, dress and appearance precisely as his body was when

PREPARED FOR BURIAL AFTER DEATH.

After a pleasant chat in which he frequently indulged in laughing, he withdrew.

My sister-in-law next appeared three times, looking as she did in Earth life. She said, "Samantha is here." This was the name of her daughter who died some nine months ago.

SAMANTHA THEN APPEARED,

and after expressing her joy in meeting us, said, "I am so happy now, but when I had them fit, they hurt me so bad." She told us about being locked up in her room. Her disease had destroyed her mind so that it became necessary for her safety and that of the family, to keep her confined a part of the time.

Trilla next appeared, and after speaking of her joy in spirit life, I asked her to tell us the name of the disease of which she died. She said, "O Aunt Mary, they took knives and cut me all to pieces." Her disease was cancerous affection of the thigh bone, and her limb was amputated, after which the disease reappeared, when it became necessary to frequently use the knife.

At another sitting, our son again appeared, and said, "Mother, you know our calves that had the trembles? Pide's calf died but Brindle's didn't." All of which was true.

My mother presented herself, holding her hands and arms outside the cabinet, very much affected or overcome with joy. After several efforts to speak she said, in a loud voice,

JOHN, THANK GOD!

and then turning to my wife, said, "Mary, thank God." Her voice, gestures, and appearance were precisely as in Earth life.

My father also appeared and gave what to us was positive proof of his identity.

Our son asked us to try and get the "little girl" medium to let him write us a letter. I got the consent of the child the next day, and after washing a slate myself and examining it carefully, to see that all was right, the medium and myself went into a room by ourselves. I held the slate in my own hands, with two small pieces of pencil on it, and placed it under a Windsor chair set up against the bottom. The child placed her hand on the slate also, and almost immediately after getting it in position, I heard the sound of the pencil on the slate; and in about two minutes after wards I withdrew the slate, and the side next the chair bottom, was written nearly full with two letters, the first in a feminine hand and signed "Rachel," and the second in an entirely different hand and signed "John." Our son began his letter addressed to us with, "O! is not this nice?" And the closing sentence was, "If we had not moved on that farm, I would have been with you yet; but I don't care now. From your son, John."

My father in law appeared, and after speaking his name distinctly, spoke to my wife,

CALLING HER HIS DAUGHTER,

and after some conversation with us said, "Tell your mother that I am happy and would like to see her."

At the last seance, though the house was crowded, our friends appeared, conversed with us, and bade us good bye. Thus for six nights we saw and conversed with eight of our departed kindred, who were so anxious to speak with us that three of them would some times appear at once. While talking with us they would frequently pat us on the head or hands, using both their hands at the same time.

Others in the circle seemed to receive satisfactory tests as we did. There were no dark seances. There was light sufficient to see all that was going on in the room.

And now, in conclusion,

WHAT OF ALL THIS?

Did we, with our natural eyes, and with our natural tongues converse, with our friends who have preceded us to the realm of Spirit-life? If we did not, how are we to account for these manifestations? Is it possible for anyone to appear, wearing the same countenance, producing the same gestures, using the same style of speech, and speaking the same things, characteristic of persons now dead, extending over a period of from nine months to forty years ago? No one but my son, my mother, my father, and others manifested above, could have personated their respective characters. We are, each of us, unlike any other person, in speech, manner, or personal appearance, and in my opinion must remain so eternally.

If you doubt these things, that I have related, go and see for yourselves. You will see "signs and wonders," that you can interpret in no other way than the one I have pointed out. These truths are for all to know.

J. W. WESTERFIELD.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

Addresses and Resolutions Relative to the Late Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, a Well Known Spiritualist.

According to previous arrangements quite a large number of Spiritualists assembled Sunday at Temperance Hall to pay tributes of respect to the memory of Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, a well known Spiritualist and medium, who died in Madison, Ohio, last week and was brought to this city for interment. The meeting was presided over by Mr. James Lawrence with D. S. Critchley as Vice President. On motion Thomas Lees was made Secretary, and a committee was then chosen to draft resolutions of sympathy and respect, consisting of W. E. Preston, D. A. Eddy and T. Lees.

While the committee was at work a number of the persons present improved the opportunity to bear their individual testimony to the high character of the deceased. A few of the remarks we subjoin. Mr. Thomas Lees spoke as follows:

"It seldom was as a body formally meet to do honor to our dead, and although conscious of my inability to express as I would like to my best feelings on this occasion, I can not let the opportunity pass without adding my voice to those here assembled, to render tribute to the memory of one whom we all loved so well, Sarah M. Thompson, the good woman, the true wife, the loving mother, the kind friend, and

honest medium. Our acquaintance began in 1852 and whatever I have gained by being a Spiritualist—and to me its truths are beyond price—I feel under lasting obligations to the one we have just here to honor. She continued the work then met commenced, thirteen years ago by Mrs. Nellie Wilsey Brownson, now Mrs. Nellie Palmer, and mainly through her tests, and by her aid in my investigation, I became a Spiritualist. What grew? And here could one be under to another? And here could my sincere sympathies to her benevolent friendship with them I may never forget the sacred obligation I am under to her who has left us for a brighter home. If our philosophy is based on the solid rock of truth, which we all believe it to be, then indeed was a wasted one, life of Sarah M. Thompson herit was her constant effort to spread life-giving truths. She opened wide the gates to all who were hungry (I believe I might truthfully say thousands) of skeptics were brought to knowledge and of immortality through her instrumentality as a medium. The wave of address and tests that swept over the assembled friends at her funeral yesterday, showed the love and esteem felt for our departed sister and the warmth of our emotional stirrings; let us now prove our philosophy by the confidence we have in its truth, and rejoice that he physical troubles and sufferings are at an end."

Mr. D. A. Eddy next spoke as follows:

"Day before yesterday we were assembled together with one accord in one place to mingle our tears with the mourners and by our presence offer such sympathy and solace to the bereaved family of our deceased sister as the nature of the case afforded. I have attended a great many funerals, but never before to my recollection where the tears of joy went so far to neutralize those of grief as on this occasion; joy at the release of her physical sufferings and triumphant accession to meet and mingle with the angelic hosts and loved ones gone before, while the grief at parting with the material form in which her spirit had been developed, and in accordance with that natural and affectionate emotions of our nature. Although little emotionous of our nature. Although little to be said or done at such moments to yet soothe the keen anguish of the bereaved, yet that little is of a nature that takes away the dark and gloomy associations that formerly surrounded the belief in death, by imparting to the positive knowledge that there is no such thing in the economy of God's universe. It is written, 'In the midst of life we are in death,' whereas the reverse is the case. In the midst of death we are in life. By substituting the word change for death we get the true expression of what this original saying should have included. The word death is a misnomer, all nature repudiates the common accepted definition of the word. The leaves fade and fall to the ground in autumn, and give life and nourishment to new forms of life and vegetation. The rose loses nothing but its fading beauty; its aroma has gone out into the atmosphere, from whence spirits readily aggregate and condense the diluted particles into as perfect a flower as was ever created to the original branch. Nothing is lost. Matter and spirit both abide, just to their respective laws are indestructible, and, although closely and infinitely connected, have each their respective offices to perform in the grand working and dispensations of God's universe. Hence we affirm, and we speak advisedly, when we say that our departed sister is just as much with us here to-day in this room and is just as sensible and cognizant of the tribute we desire to offer to her memory as when she gave life to the physical form in which she was developed and with which she has just parted in obedience to the immutable law that revolves the physical back to its original elements, having performed its part in the grand laboratory of nature by producing and maturing as immortal spirit, which under favorable conditions can return and identify itself in many ways, even to materialize herself so as to be fully recognized by our outward vision. When Mrs. Thompson came to Cleveland many years ago to make this her permanent home, Spiritualism was then comparatively in its infancy. She continued her work at home where many hundred can now testify that she received the first evidence and conviction that the gospel of to-day is a truth, a glorious and conduct in accordance with its teachings will insure to our beloved end and aim, happiness here and hereafter."

Further remarks which we have not space to publish were made by Messrs. W. E. Preston, D. S. Critchley, Lewis Nichols, F. O. Rich and James Lawrence. The following resolutions were then adopted:

Resolved, In obedience to a natural law, our sister and co-worker, Sarah M. Thompson, has passed to a higher life, we deem this a fitting occasion to manifest the love and esteem in which we held her, and still hold her, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in her spirit flight we recognize the fulfillment of an immutable law, and point with pride to the fact of her having lived her earth life (as far as we know) in conformity with her highest convictions, regarding truth, purity, and charity, as the highest and noblest of virtues, the possession of which can not but strengthen her in her entrance to spirit life.

Resolved, That in her departure to the Summer land the Spiritualists of this city have lost one of their earliest and most earnest workers, a thoroughly honest medium, whose life and conduct as a medium, Spiritualist, wife and mother, in fact in all the relations of life, was worthy of our most hearty approval; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender our sincere condolence and sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives, with the hope that the glorious truths and teachings illustrated in the life of the deceased will prove the greatest of value in comforting them in their severe trials.—*Cleveland Herald*

Mind Reading.

THE FACULTY POSSESSED BY MR. A. E. HALL—LONG AGO.

It is an error to say that Mr. J. R. Brown, the mind reader, was the only person possessed of that power until the discovery by Mr. Moyer that he possessed the same ability.

In January, 1853, Mr. A. E. Hall, of High Point, Decatur Co., Iowa, was introduced to me as a Spiritualist medium that could answer mental questions, and I fully tested his ability to do so. We sat alone in a room 18x30 feet, at a distance of ten or twelve feet apart, and I wrote secretly on scraps of paper more than twenty questions, to which answers were given, in the following manner:

I was careful in writing each question, that Mr. Hall should not see what was written, then folding the paper closely containing the question, and holding it in my left hand I approached him, and taking him by the hand with my right hand, without speaking, I directed in my mind that if my spirit guide should answer the question affirmatively, the medium would lay my hand on a certain piece of furniture in the room, but if the answer should be in the negative, then on another certain ob-

ject, both of which were secretly chosen (and new objects were thus selected as the answering place of each successive question) and I was led by Mr. Hall, for an answer to my questions, each separately, to one or the other of the two objects thus chosen for the place to answer it in this manner.

Mr. Hall professed to not know what my questions were, with one exception a part only, and in that case he asked me after the question was answered, if I was not asking something in regard to a printing press, and said that was his impression, which was correct.

Subsequently Mr. Hall came to Albia and gave a public exhibition in the Court House of his power to answer mental questions, and also to find articles hidden by persons of his audience, by leading them and laying their hands on the concealed article. Next day while he was talking with gentlemen in front of a hotel, Dr. B. went into the hotel alone, and passed up stairs into a room, and finding a cigar box, hid a copper coin under it, unobserved as he believed, and coming down he took Mr. H. by the hand and was led by him to the place where the coin was concealed, and his hand laid on it. This the Doctor regarded as wonderful, because Mr. H. stood talking all the time, not knowing of his intentions to try his power to find anything hidden.

Some years later, when Mr. H. was here again, I went with him to the house of my friend Dr. E., and after introducing him to the Doctor's wife, I said to her that if she would go into a room apart from the one we were in and conceal some article, and then come out and take Mr. H. by the hand, and soon returned and taking Mr. H. by the hand, away they went together, and presently we heard her laugh heartily. On their return she told her husband she had hid the cream pitcher of her tea-set in the wardrobe, where she thought Mr. H. would not find it, but that he had laid his hand on it as readily as if he had seen her hide it.

We had scarcely departed from the Doctor's house when Mr. Hall said to me, "They have lost a small child there, have they not?" I replied that they had. Said he, "I saw the spirit of a small child there, but did not speak of it because I did not know whether it was their child or not."

Mr. Hall certainly is not the inferior of those who, finding themselves possessed of the same power, submit only to control of spirits in the form, for he permits the control of wise and loving spirits out of the form, and is not only a medium, but is said to be an able inspirational lecturer in behalf of the Harmonical Philosophy.

Albia, Iowa.

Holiday Books.

Our readers will find on scanning the book-list in another column, that we offer a line of works from which suitable selections can be made for all their friends.

Where all are good, it may seem invidious to particularize, but we will mention a few. Those wishing to make a gift of a book of Poems, can not do better than to select one of Lizzie Dotson's, either Poems of Progress or Poems from the Inner Life, or they may prefer that ever popular work by Prof. Denon, entitled, The Voices; we have one customer who has bought and given away over fifty copies of this book, he thinks it is the best book to break down superstition he ever saw. Then there is Prof. Hamilton's book of Rhymes, called Common Sense Theology, which is indeed good common sense, and strikes home. Radical Rhymes by Prof. Denton partake of the clear incisive character of the author, and are favorites with many.

In prose works we may name as among the best the works of A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Robert Dale Owen, Samuel Watson, Epes Sargent, and—well we must limit our space, and refer the reader to the list; only saying in conclusion, to the very large class of our readers who have dear friends that are creed-bound, whom they are desirous to aid, that they can not do better than to give them either or both of Mr. Watson's books, Clock Struck One or Clock Struck Three. The author is emphatically a "Christian Spiritualist," and as such, appeals through an experience of a third of a century in the Methodist ministry to the members of his own and other "Orthodox" denominations, and to this class his books are of especial interest. The second volume of Dr. Crowell's work Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, is just in time. The two large volumes—five dollars for the two—make a present that any one might be proud to give or receive.

Dialogues for Children, by Mrs. Sheppard, should be placed in the hands of every child. The History of Jesus of Nazareth by Paul and Judas through Alexander Smyth, is a book of the most thrilling interest from first to last, those interested make a note.

Will Not Attend the Social Freedom Gathering.

S. S. JONES.—I see in the Spiritualist at Work that I am advertised to act as a speaker at E. V. Wilson's Convention, to be held at Rockford. You were requested to copy his call. I shall not attend. I wrote to Mr. Wilson, that I should not. I will not take any part in the movement; not but that I would be glad to come before the Illinois public as a speaker, and hope to do so this winter, but I can not go in that direction. My spirit friend would not allow me to, even if I wished to.

Your Friend, MRS. H. MORSE.

Joliet, Ill., Dec. 18th, '75.

The above letter from Mrs. Morse, the eloquent trance speaker, discloses the means resorted to by the wire puller to get people to attend the proposed Rockford meeting.

After similar puffing and blowing, just six persons were found by Belvidere who would attend the last meeting of the so-called Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, officered and run by E. V. Wilson and Mrs. Morse in that city.

It is more than probable, that less than six Rockford Spiritualists will attend the gathering to be held at that city. The revolution in Chicago drove them to the country, notwithstanding the Spiritualists of country towns everywhere ignore them.

The plan of parading the names of speakers before the public, who would not affiliate with them under any circumstances, is an outrage that should not be tolerated.

Is the Devil Dead?

S. S. JONES.—As I have heretofore asserted my conviction that the Devil is still alive and kicking, please allow me to add that I feel equally sure that he is the legitimate Father of the ideas that Spirit and Matter, the He and She of all existence, are distinct entities, instead of interchanging relations. Nothing less than his Satanic Majesty could have invented a theory so well calculated to make a hell of this world as the effects of that belief. If you think the discovery entitles me to the reward you offer, please remit me the \$750.

Yours Truly, J. TINSLEY.

Westfield, N. Y.

We hardly think that our good brother has found his Satanic Majesty as yet; he has only discovered one of his many tracks, and has mistaken that for the creature himself. He must sustain his claims to the reward by discovering something besides a mere "imprint" of his "cloven foot." Mr. Tinsley is a deep thinker, and his views in regard to Spirit and Matter are worthy of careful consideration. We must decline, however, to send the \$750 to him on account of his simply discovering the trail of the Devil.

We would say in connection herewith, that the series of articles on this subject will continue through many numbers of the JOURNAL, and will, we believe, contain a mass of information on the subject of the Devil or Evil, that can not fail to be of interest to every reflective mind.

Mr. Tinsley can still strive for the reward we offer, and perhaps his efforts will be crowned with success.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

We have received through the kindness of Dr. Crowell, the author, six copies of the second volume of his "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," which is just from the press; price \$3.50. The proceeds of the sale of these very choice volumes will be used to carry the LITTLE BOUQUET into as many eager hands as possible. The generous act speaks for itself, and the donor will receive the blessings of poor children whose starving souls are crying out for more light.

Bastian and Taylor.

Bastian and Taylor's seances are still well attended, and the manifestations seem to be growing in strength. At nearly every seance a spirit appears in full size outside of the cabinet. Only a few evenings ago, a little girl walked out, and was recognized.

ENRAGED ONE on request, by letter or otherwise, anywhere in Chicago, on receipt of twenty cents. If purchases are to be made, send the money by postal money order, payable to M. C. Ashley, 374 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

[Mr. Ashley is prompt and honest, and may be trusted with confidence.—E. JOURNAL.]

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture at Canton, Mo., Dec. 13th, 14th, 15th, Brimley, Ill., Dec. 17th; Macon, Ill., Dec. 18th, and 19th; Wyoming, Ill., Dec. 20th.

Edwin Droad Slightly Damaged.

We have a few copies of Edwin Droad complete, cloth bound, with the covers slightly injured. We will sell them for \$1.25 cents per copy, at which price they are a bargain. 12

GILES B. STEBBINS lectures in this city, Sunday, Dec. 19th, morning and evening, before the First Spiritual Society, corner of Green and Washington streets.

ANCIENT BAND. Photographs of the Anderson drawings of these ancient spirits, are for sale at the office of this paper; also, the Descriptive Catalogue. Price of the latter, 25 cents.

Money.

We were never in greater need of our just dues than now, and we respectfully request all who have not renewed their subscriptions and paid up arrears, to remit the same without delay.

Annual Meeting of New York State Spiritualist Association.

The annual meeting of the above association will be held at Temperance Hall, Lockport, Saturday, Jan. 8th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in connection with the Quarterly Convention.

Reports of officers, the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of any other business relating to the interests of the Association, will be then and there attended to.

J. W. BRAVER, Pres. A. C. WOODRUFF, Sec.

Convention of Spiritualists at Lockport, N. Y.

The first Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualists of Western New York, for the Centennial year, will be held at Temperance Hall, 8. W. corner of Main and Pine Streets, in the city of Lockport, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8th and 9th, commencing at 10 o'clock, and holding three sessions each day.

A season of unusual interest is anticipated, as able speakers, inspired mediums, and harmonical musicians, will be in attendance to instruct edify and cheer with the thrilling truths relating to this glorious new dispensation.

Our Lockport friends join with the committee in extending a cordial invitation to all truth seekers to attend, and will cheerfully extend their hospitalities to attendants from abroad.

J. W. BRAVER, G. W. TAYLOR, A. E. TILDEN, Committee.

THOUSANDS OF INVALIDS testify to the wonderful cures performed through the mediumship of Mrs. A. E. Robinson. See her advertisement in another column.