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NOTED BY AL PHILOS

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth fears no Clash, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only asks a Hearing.

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Biographical Sketch of Robert Dale Owen.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Robert Dale Owen inherited and intensified many of the peculiar qualities of his father, one of the most extraordinary self-made men, in the noblest sense of the term, of the age. Although Robert Owen sometimes in his powerful speeches and writings on social problems, reasoned in circles and came to erroneous conclusions, his fame as a pioneer of social and intellectual progress, will probably outlive that of any or all his contemporaries. He was the son of poor parents, but accumulated an immense fortune in Scotland, and later in life became a communist and devoted himself wholly to the realization of his theories. He believed in the absolute extension of all rights and duties and the abolition of all rank, including that of wealth as well as birth. He found insurmountable difficulties in his way in his native country and came to this, purchasing twenty thousand acres of land at New Harmony, Indiana, and erecting dwellings for one thousand persons. It is needless to say that the plan failed. He went to London to try it again, and failing, he went to Mexico, failing there also. He then desisted from further experiments, but gave his life to the advocacy of his peculiar views. He published a book wherein he outlined a new system of religion and society based on reason. When entering his old age, still strong and vigorous, he became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism and was at his death a firm believer, thereby showing the falseness of Comte's philosophy. For Robert Owen revered in his character the theory of progress of that philosopher, passing from the positive to what he calls the theological contrast of the universe.

Spiritualism shed its light over the depths of his atheism and he became a zealous convert. In the last year of his life he addressed the writer a letter expressing his implicit belief in an absolute knowledge of the future life, and his soul was all aglow with the splendor of the prospect before him at the close of his life.

Robert Dale Owen was born Nov. 7th, 1801, in Glasgow, Scotland. At this time his father was manager of large cotton mills at Lanark, a small village on the Clyde, about twenty miles from the metropolis of Scotland. His early school days were passed under the care of a private tutor. At the age of seventeen, he was sent to Fallenberg school in Switzerland, where he remained three years.

At that early age he published a small work on Education. In 1825, when his father founded the community at New Harmony, he accompanied him. Madame D'Arumston, better known as Frances Wright, the same year came to Tennessee and purchased two thousand acres of land including a portion of the present site of Memphis, where she established a colony of emancipated slaves.

The elder Owen came, "consumed" as he expressed it, with the purpose to realize his socialistic theories, and Robert Dale sympathized with his father. Both together continued fearlessly and heroically to advocate the most radical social views, and the utter failure of the enterprise did not deter them of their error. The father returned to London and attempted to carry his views into practice by establishing a "Labor Exchange," and from thence he introduced his scheme into Scotland, in both instances with disastrous results. While he thus repeatedly failed, it must be acknowledged that he is the father of the co-operative efforts which have in England assumed such gigantic proportions.

In 1828 Robert Dale, in connection with Frances Wright, began the publication of the *New Harmony Gazette*, which afterwards was removed to New York City and changed to the *Free Inquirer*. It attained during the nine years of its publication a wide circulation and notoriety, and in its columns the abuses and corruptions of government and society were unsparingly attacked. Mr. Owen returned to New Harmony, and was elected to the Legislature in 1838. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1845. In politics he was a Democrat. He took a leading part in the dispute growing out of the Northwestern boundary line. At the same time he was greatly absorbed in social reforms. He was the prime mover in the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution, with which his name will ever be most honorably associated. He watched over the foundation and erection of that institution with all the ardor and unselfish zeal of a true friend of humanity, and was for some years one of its regents. In 1850 he was chosen a member of the Indiana Constitutional Convention, and both there and afterwards originated measures securing independent rights of property to women. In 1853 he was appointed Charge d'Affaires at Naples, and two years later minister, remaining in Italy until 1858.

Mr. Owen has written a great many books, pamphlets, and magazine articles, some of which have had a wide circulation. Readers of the *New York Tribune* have not forgotten the discussion he had with Mr. Greeley in the spring of 1860 on the subject of Divorce. His letters originally printed in the *Tribune*, afterwards appeared in pamphlet form, and obtained a circulation of sixty thousand copies. Various letters to President Lincoln and members of the Cabinet which he published during the civil war, and in which he advocated the emancipation of

the slaves, are also among the best known of his minor writings. In 1863 he wrote an address to the citizens of Indiana, taking ground against the notion then current of a reconstruction of the States with New England left out. The exalted patriotism shown in that address, gave him an immense hold upon the hearts of loyal men of the country, and probably nothing he has ever done secured him so much of the esteem and kind tolerance which he has lately received from men to whom his social and religious views were repulsive. Although a Democrat, he appeared in that time of war and dissension, a man who thought his first duty was to his country. No man ever questioned long his sincerity and honest intentions. That address was reprinted in the East, and the Union League Club of New York and Philadelphia published seventy-five thousand copies of it for distribution. His principal books are the following:

"An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark" (Glasgow, 1824); "Moral Philosophy" (New York, 1831); "Discussion with Origen Bachelor on the Personality of God and the Authenticity of the Bible," (1832); "Pocahontas," a historical drama, (1837); "Hints on Public Architecture," with 113 illustrations, (1838); "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," (Philadelphia, 1860); "The Wrong of Slavery and the Right of Emancipation" (1864); "Beyond the Breakers," a novel, (1870); "The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next," (New York, 1873); and "Thread-ing My Way," being twenty-seven years of autobiography, (1874).

Of these works not already specially mentioned, the "Footfalls" and "Debatable Land" are perhaps the most noteworthy as concerning his religious views. The former treats of the spontaneous character and manifestations of Spiritualism; the former, opening with an address to the Protestant clergy on the attitude of the religious world, proceeds to the subject of Spiritualism in general, and sets forth the evidences of its phenomena.

The story of Mr. Owen's first marriage is a remarkable one. His wife's maiden name was Mary Jane Robinson. They were married in New York April 12, 1832. No one performed any ceremony; simply a contract was drawn up by Mr. Owen which Miss Robinson and he both signed in the presence of friends as witnesses. It said:

"We contract a legal marriage, not because we deem the ceremony necessary to us, or useful in a rational state of public opinion to society, but because if we become companions without a legal ceremony, we should either be compelled to a series of dissimulations which we both dislike, or be perpetually exposed to annoyances originating in a public opinion which is powerful, though unenlightened, and whose power, though we do not fear or respect it, we do not perceive the utility of unnecessarily braving. We desire a tranquil life in so far as it can be obtained without a sacrifice of principle. * * * The ceremony, too, involves not the necessity of making promises regarding that over which we have no control—the state, of human affections in the distant future; nor of repeating forms which we deem offensive, inasmuch as they outrage the principles of human liberty and equality by conferring rights and imposing duties unequally on the sexes. * * * Of the unjust rights which in virtue of this ceremony, an iniquitous law tacitly gives me over the person and property of another, I cannot legally, but I can morally divest myself. And I hereby distinctly and emphatically declare that I consider myself, and earnestly desire to be considered by others, as utterly divested, now and during the rest of my life, of any such rights, the barbarous relics of a feudal and despotic system, soon destined, to be wholly swept away, and the existence of which is a tacit insult to the good sense and good feeling of the present comparatively civilized age."

This covenant was kept with religious fidelity until the last. Mrs. Owen died in August, 1871. "All grief which convulses the features," says Ruskin, "is ignoble." Robert Dale Owen, who had deeply loved his wife for forty years, had the heart to conduct the funeral services at her grave. He said on that occasion:

"I do not believe—and here I speak also for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in these trees that spread their shade over us, in this hill on which we stand, in those sepulchral monuments which we see around us here—than I do that human life, once granted, perishes never more. * * * She believed, as I believe, that the one life succeeds the other without interval, save a brief transition slumber, it may be of a few hours only. * * * Again, I believe, as she did, in the meeting and recognition of friends in heaven. While we mourn here below, there are joyful reunions above."

The aggravating circumstances connected with his investigation and subsequent exposure of the fraud he had unsuspectingly endorsed as genuine, was said to have been the cause of his loss of reason. This, however, was not the principal cause, although it may have contributed to the sad result. To a letter of enquiry of Dr. Crowell, on this subject, Ernest Dale Owen replied under date of July 20th, 1878.

"The cause of my father's illness was this: At Danversville, N. Y., he suffered a very severe attack of nervous fever. While yet in so weak a condition that he was unable even to sit up, he insisted on beginning a

book, 'The Unity of God'—the introductory chapters of which required very intense mental application. This severe labor, under the circumstances, proved more than the brain could bear; and so the mental faculties broke down. It is almost beyond hope but that the malady is softening of the brain."

The case of Mr. Owen was not however, so hopeless as it then appeared, and after a brief period of partial confinement his strong mind rallied, and his faculties gained their normal state.

In June, 1876, he married Miss Lottie Walton Kellogg, and lived on his wife's estate at Lake George until his death.

Of his last hours, the following letter written by his intimate and appreciative friend, Dr. Eugene Crowell, shows how deep and abiding was his faith in Spiritualism, and how strongly he leaned on this staff down to the very brink of the grave.

THE LAST DAYS OF MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN. To the Editor of the "Banner of Light."

SIR.—Having received a number of letters from Spiritualist friends making inquiries respecting the state of Mr. Owen's mind, and of what occurred during his visit, of two weeks, at my house a short time previous to his passing away, I have thought it best to reply through the columns of your journal. An additional reason for my doing so is, that my account may be a contradiction of the false report which has been circulated by the *New York Times*, and two or three other papers, that previous to his death he repudiated Spiritualism.

On the 25th of May last, Mr. Owen wrote me apprising me of his intended visit, and after stating that his principal object was to procure medical advice, he added: "Aside from the immediate object, I shall be very glad to have another chance of a few long talks with you on the great subject which interests us both." I give this extract to show his continued interest in Spiritualism. He came to my house on the 1st of June, and remained with us until the 15th. I soon became satisfied that his case was hopeless, and called to my assistance Dr. Kenny, the mesmeric physician. The controlling spirit of the latter examined Mr. Owen, and told him to have no misgivings as to the result, for he would soon be well, but in a private consultation with me afterward—the same day—he told me that he would soon pass away, and it was that he meant when he said he would soon be well.

When Mr. Owen had been with us about a week, Mr. and Mrs. B., of Boston, visited us, and remained three days. Mrs. B.—is one of the most interesting private trance-mediums I have met, and we held seances each morning and evening, Mr. Owen being present at most of them, and at one of these the presence of his father, Horace Greeley, and Daniel Webster, was announced, and each had a kind word of greeting for Mr. Owen, who had formerly been personally acquainted with them, when the controlling spirit said that Commodore Stringham was also present, and Mr. Owen and I both accounted with Mr. Owen across the water, when he and Mr. Owen were there. "Yes," Mr. Owen replied, "I became acquainted with the Commodore when I was Minister to Naples, and he was in command of the Mediterranean fleet, with its headquarters at Naples, and we were in each other's society much of the time, often dining and visiting together, and we became much attached. Has he anything to say to me?" The reply was, "Old friend, you cannot stand at the helm much longer. You have sailed a good ship, and your course has been well kept; the voyage is nearly ended; you are in sight of port; you will soon come to anchor, and it is now time for you to retire to the cabin and let other hands take the helm. All your friends await your coming on the other shore, and will be glad to greet you there, and I will be glad to help you to understand?" Mr. Owen replied that he did.

The few present were saddened; they knew but too well the import of what was said, and Mr. Owen himself comprehended it equally well, but did not seem to be cast down, and remarked that he was prepared and willing to meet the change at any time. When we met for the next seance, Mr. Owen was resting himself in his own room, and we did not disturb him; then the intelligence informed us that his earthly course was nearly run, that very soon he would rejoin those of his friends who had passed on before him, and who now were impatiently awaiting his coming. The previous seance was the last at which Mr. Owen was present.

In one of our first conversations after his arrival at my house, when the possibility of a fatal termination to his disease was referred to, he expressed a hope that his life and strength might be spared until next winter, so that he should be able to write three more articles for *Scrivener's Monthly*, which would conclude the chapters of his autobiography, he having already written three and placed them in the hands of the publishers of the magazine. But in a day or two he seemed to have lost this desire, for he did not afterwards refer to the subject.

While with us he suffered severely, but not intensely. Perceiving from the first, that his case was hopeless, I gave him slight encouragement as to the final issue, and led him to infer, rather from what I did not say than from what I did, my opinion of the result. When Commodore Stringham addressed him in such significant language, he construed it directly as declarative of approaching dissolution, and when, the fol-

lowing morning, I questioned him as I had done before as to his willingness to lay down the burden of earth-life, and enter upon the spiritual, he emphatically declared, as he had done before, his readiness and desire to meet the great and final change whenever it should come. His only apprehension was that his sufferings might be prolonged and increased, but from this he was mercifully delivered, for he passed away on Sunday, the 24th of June, nine days after he left my house for his home at Lake George.

His mind, during the time of his visit was clear and unclouded, and his interest in everything relating to Spiritualism was unabated. On the day he left us he promised to communicate with me at the first opportunity which should present after he had passed away. The mediums upon whom I principally rely being absent, the opportunity has not been furnished, but when it is, I have no doubt, I shall receive joyful tidings from him—if not from his own lips, at least from his dictation.

As an author, Spiritualists best know him by his contributions to our literature. His *Footfalls* and *Debatable Land* have not been excelled by any works on the subject, in ability and usefulness, and they have had a circulation unequalled by any others. They will always deservedly remain standard works on Spiritualism.

All Spiritualists knew Robert Dale Owen, either personally or by reputation—they knew him, also, either from the good he had done them, or humanity in general; and as I am writing for Spiritualists, it would seem to be a superfluous task to eulogize him, his character and works. His mind was comprehensive and logical, and more than simply intellectual, for in the highest sense he was intelligent. He not only possessed a vast fund of information, gathered largely from observation and experience, but with a tenacious memory and keen perception of the relations of things, he without apparent effort could draw upon it to an unlimited extent, and, through the exercise of his descriptive powers, impress clearly and forcibly upon the minds of others the ideas which were so real and tangible to his own mind. His conversation and manners charmed both old and young, learned and unlearned, and, while interesting, he instructed all. All who knew him esteemed him, and those who knew him best loved him. An atmosphere of sincerity, gentleness, kindness and purity surrounded him, and every earnest, aspiring soul, when brought within its influence, felt spiritually and morally invigorated and strengthened. His presence was truly a benediction.

Robert Dale Owen has fought the good fight, has nobly accomplished the work assigned him in his earthly life; he has exchanged the corruptible for the incorruptible, the mortal for the immortal, and has received the crown of righteousness; but he has only passed to a higher, a brighter and purer sphere, with his interest in the good cause undiminished, and from whence, with increased power and energy, he will assist the advancement of the great work to which he was so faithfully devoted, and which he so ably and untiringly prosecuted while here. He is not dead, neither is his mission to humanity ended. The crystal gates are ever open. Death to him is immortal life.

EUGENE CROWELL, M. D.

MR. POWELL'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Spiritual Conference at Lyric Hall, No. 254, North 9th Street, April 27th, 1879.

Report of the Committee appointed by the Keystone Association of Spiritualists to investigate the phenomenon of dancing mediums, written in Wm. E. Powell.

The committee was appointed on Sunday, April 6th, 1879, and consisted of W. Paine, M. D., chairman; Reuben Garter, M. D.; B. T. DuBois, H. H. Claston, Francis J. Kaffer, John P. Hayes, A. Lawrence.

According to arrangements, the committee, in connection with Mr. Powell, met at the office of Dr. Paine, No. 260 South Ninth street, on Thursday evening, April 8th, 1879.

Mr. Powell passed into a state of somnambulism or catalepsy, that he demonstrates spirit control, when his pulse became more full; respiration increased from 18 to 25, face flushed, the carotid vessels throbed, and the heart had a labored action.

In the course of three or four minutes he signified the want of a slate, and commenced to write with his index finger. This finger was then washed with strong soap and water, and the entire committee examined it to see that there was nothing on it previous to the effort to write.

After writing messages on slates, this abnormal condition disappeared, and Mr. Powell, conscious, talked as freely as before. In order to make a more careful test of this peculiar phenomenon, his sleeves were rolled up, his hands, arms and face were washed in strong soap and water, then in a solution of muriatic acid of sufficient strength to destroy any calcareous substance that might be secreted about him. His finger nails were paired and carefully scraped; perfectly new slates were furnished, and in a brilliant light, every possible precaution was taken to detect fraud or deception. In a few moments Mr. Powell passed into a similar condition as that pre-

viously mentioned, and with his finger extended, in view of all, there appeared a soft pulpy mass with which he could write with perfect freedom.

The experiment was repeated seven (7) times, and in every instance with the same results. He also took hold of the index finger of a member of the committee, and there appeared upon the end of his finger a similar substance, with which he could write with this finger, as well as with his own. The moment he let go of the finger the substance would drop off, but in most instances was retained as long as he had the finger grasped between his own.

The finger nails of the member of the committee through which he wrote, were also washed and scraped, and carefully observed; the committee are positive they did not come in contact with any substance after the washing and scraping, until they were applied to the slate, where the substance exuded, and writing was executed.

The slates were marked with acid water and also every precaution taken, so that no substance was on the slate at the time of the application of the finger. This substance could be seen exuding from the finger while Mr. Powell was in this state, and several pieces were obtained and subjected to careful chemical and microscopic examinations.

The microscopic appearance was that of albuminous cells filled with a pigment. There were also fragments of cuticle and epiphyllal structures. The chemical analysis showed the substances were composed of albumen, starch, phosphate of lime and phosphate of ammonia, with an amorphous pigment matter without any traces of lead, slate or other substances ordinarily used for writing on slates. During the experiments the hands were covered with towels, handkerchiefs, etc., and yet the substance would appear through them.

The committee have also resorted to all other accessible means to account for this phenomenon, on other principles than those claimed by Mr. Powell, and their efforts have been entirely unsuccessful, so that they are perfectly satisfied that there is no deception or fraud, and that Mr. Powell is not conscious of the production and nature of the phenomenon.

We therefore submit that it is one of those peculiar physiological manifestations that we cannot account for, and as such respectfully present it.

WM. PAINE, M. D.,
B. F. DUBOIS,
JNO. E. HAYES,
ALFRED LAWRENCE,
REUBEN GARTER, M. D.,
FRANCIS J. KAFFER.

MR. EDITOR.—In connection with the above, I am authorized by those who have had thorough tests as to this phase of mediumship of Mr. Powell, to state that his control is "Pecumsel," the Indian chief, who signified himself in the Florida war. Under control, there are presented upon slates, written in the manner as stated in the report, messages to persons, recognized by them, and from some unseen intelligence.

JOS. WOOD,
President of Association.

The above report reached the JOURNAL office on the 7th inst. Before we had any knowledge that such a committee had taken action, we addressed a letter of inquiry to Dr. Paine, whose name appears above, we having heard that he had been giving some attention to the matter. Dr. Paine replied, under date of April 27th, as follows:

"In reply to your inquiries as to Mr. Powell, I hardly know what to say. The phenomenon that he claims as spiritual, consists of his writing with small particles on the end of his finger, but it certainly manifests no more intelligence than he himself possesses, nor have I, as yet, been able to detect a fraud, if it be a fraud. I do not myself think that it has anything to do with Spiritualism, and if it is not a trick, it is one of those freaks of nature that sometimes occur."

COMMUNICATION FROM S. B. NICHOLS.

Knowing that Mr. Powell was giving manifestations in Brooklyn, we telegraphed to Mr. S. B. Nichols for information. The following reply explains itself, and affords us pleasure to publish:

We had Mr. Powell at our home in Brooklyn last evening; he gave a free test seance. Our committee was Prof. H. M. Parkhurst, the astronomer; Capt. Davis, conductor of Children's Lyceum, and B. F. French, secretary of Brooklyn Spiritualist Society. He came alone, and the committee, as one, were all satisfied as to his honesty and integrity, and the genuineness of the phenomena through him. Prof. Parkhurst will write out a report, and it will be signed by the committee, and I will send you a detailed account, but probably not in season for next week's issue.

S. B. NICHOLS,
New York, May 7th, 1879.

A Cincinnati clergyman named Rhodes is preaching on fraud. One of his sermons was on the people who cheat the merchants by purchasing goods for which they do not pay. The next was on the storekeepers who cheat the people by selling goods which are not worth paying for.

THE INTEREST OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS TAKE IN US.

Notes from a Sermon Delivered by Rev. William P. Corbit, Before the Beekman Hill M. E. Church, New York—The Language and the Place Make it Very Significant.

REPORTED FOR THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, BY J. F. SNIPES.

As we have a peculiar subject, and some may have some doubts with regard to its orthodoxy, and as we profess to be wonderfully and desperately orthodox, we will read four or five passages of Scripture which we think bear upon the subject, and demonstrate the truth of the doctrine that our departed friends in heaven have an interest in us on earth.

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold a host compassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my Master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that are with us are more than they that are with them."

Now we read from the 15th chapter of Luke, 10th verse:

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Next we read from Luke, 10th chapter, from the 27th to the 31st verses:

"Then he said, I pray thee therefore, Father, that thou wouldst send him to my Father's house; for I have five brethren, that he might testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, they have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, Father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Next we read from the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 1st verse:

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

And then we came near to the close of the book, the 22nd chapter of Revelations, 6th and 8th verses:

"And I, John, saw these things, and heard them. And when I had, and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then said he unto me, See thou do it not; for I am of thy brethren, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."

Now, these five passages of the Bible we have selected; we might select ten or more, as well as five, but we think these five quotations of Scripture clearly and emphatically teach the deep interest that heaven takes in the transactions of earth. Here, in the first place, is the King of Syria, surrounding the old prophet and his servant, that he might destroy him, because he thought the prophet had prophesied falsely concerning him, when he had only spoken the truth. That is the way a great many people at the present time think we prophesy evil because we tell the truth. We do not like to be told of our faults. Here they were alone—the prophet and the servant of the old prophet, with all this host round about them, and the servant said: "What shall we do?" He supposed they would be cut to pieces; but the old prophet said: "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

The prophet knew that, and the servant did not; so he prayed, and he saw the chariots, and the horsemen of the King of Syria, God's artillery, God's cavalry, all around them. Then he said, "I perceive my Master, that we are all right, for there are more for us than against us." Then we go on to the passage in Luke, and I want you to pay special attention to this quotation: "There is joy in the presence of the angels." Now we have no doubt that the angels rejoice when sinners repent, but it does not say there is joy among the angels, as we sometimes quote it, but it says there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Then we come to the case of the rich man, which some call a parable, but we unhesitatingly believe it to be a narrative of what really and positively took place; that is our idea about it, and here we find a man in torment, a man in perdition, communicating with Father Abraham, and desiring him to send to his father's house and warn his five brethren lest they should come into the place of torment which he occupied. Now, there was a departed spirit interested in the welfare of his brethren—that is evident; he did not want them to come there and charge their misery upon him.

Then we come to the great cloud of witnesses: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight." Paul here refers to the games and different athletic sports of the Grecians to which thousands and tens of thousands of people came to witness. So here a great cloud of witnesses, spirits, all around about us. This was the motive why we should lay aside every weight, and the sin which so easily besets us, and run with patience the race set before us; and then we come to the last one we refer to, and I want to call your special attention to this. I want you to read it when you go home, because it proves the doctrine positively and absolutely, and not by mere inference. When John was going to fall down and worship this angel, the angel says, "See thou do it not; for I am of thy fellow servants, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them that keep the sayings of this book; worship God. I am not God; but I am one like you; I am your brother." Don't you see? Now there is the doctrine as clearly and plainly set forth as the doctrine that "he that believeth shall be saved." I am of thy brethren the prophets. I have come down here to the Isle of Patmos on this holy day of God, to comfort you in the midst of your exile and your loneliness. Now, how any man can doubt this doctrine with that simple statement before him, I can not comprehend. But I must go on and proceed to my argument. I could stand here and preach until to-morrow morning on this subject, there is so much matter in reference to it. My first position is, that the good of earth, our departed friends, our fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, parents, children and friends, take an interest in us who are in this world, even if we are sinners.

My first thought is this, that in this world they began to be; they had their birth-place in this present state of existence. We all know that the beginning of a thing is a matter that is not readily and easily forgotten. A man goes to work for the first time, for example. I remember when I went to work for the first time. I was about seven years old; I sat under a lathe and turned a wheel for a man, and I got one dollar a week for it. So we can remember the first time we saw our wives, or the first time we saw any friends. We can remember when our first child was born. We can remember when our son went to college; we can remember when we first went to learn a trade or went into business.

The first thing—the beginning of a thing—makes an impression upon the mind, which is never wiped out. Now just imagine a being like a man beginning to live for the first time he comes into this world—he soon becomes conscious, soon he comprehends what the eye, ear, tongue and feet are for; soon he begins to know father, mother, brother or sister, or the nurse, or the one that takes care of him, and do you suppose that he can forget such an existence as that—that it can ever be wiped out or ever be forgotten? Why, you would have to dash yourself out of existence for you to forget such a thing. You would have to destroy yourself and destroy your soul, because memory is a part and parcel of the soul, part and parcel of the spirit. It is one of the concomitants of my memory, that it may fail for a time, because the agency through which it operates may fail; but take your soul when you have lived to be eighty years of age—take it and put it in another body of twenty-one, and you would find that memory goes on just the same. It is the brain, the power through which the soul acts, that fails in the memory, but not the soul; it never fails in any constituent part.

How deeply many of us—the most of us—are absorbed in our birth-place. I remember a gentleman in this city who accumulated a fortune of 800,000 or 400,000 dollars, and he was so desperately in love with the place where he was born, that he went over to Newark, bought the property, paid one-third more than it was worth, that he might pull down the shanty and build

a house in accordance with his means and present position; and he built a house and stocked it with elegant furniture, and I was there when he had what we call a "home warming" and it was a very pleasant one.

When I go to Philadelphia to the house where I first saw the light, I petition the occupants to let me go into the room where I was born, and there I have knelt upon my knees, for I was never refused. The neighborhood is low, mean and contemptible, though once it was the most elegant part of the city; but low as it is, vulgar as it is, I love to go to that old house where I first saw the light, and there I lived until I was a child of five years of age. There is a charm about it; something I cannot banish, and it seems to me that I remember with more tenacity to-day than ever I did in my whole history, the place where I was born. I doubt whether there is a person to-day in this company, but what feels the power of this—these early impressions are always the strongest; you can remember things that transpired in your childhood while you forget occurrences that transpire now. You may take a boy; he may become wayward, and wander away from the paths of virtue, truth and righteousness, and there may be a parenthesis in his existence between his early life and his later years, but you will find that the impressions that you made, no matter how hardened the man may be, no matter how deeply he may steep himself in crime, yet you will find that there will be times and seasons when the past, the childhood associations, will rush upon him with lightning speed, and with thunder tones to tell him of the past.

I remember years ago, I lived in the city of Trenton, and among others I had an appointment to preach to the prisoners in the city prison, and of course our sympathies were excited for the poor prisoners, and we talked to them about the love of God, about a sympathizing Jesus, and the principles of morality, but the very moment I began to say, "Mother," the very moment I pointed them to the time when they were little ones, when they put their little hands in their mother's lap and clasped them together and said: "Our Father who art in Heaven," or "Now I lay me down to sleep," the tears began to flow, and their emotions were such that I had sometimes to stop until they subsided. They were all in a cell, the door of it was open, but the grate was fastened, but I heard no response until I revived these memories. They could not forget mother; they could not wipe from the tablet of memory those holy and innocent days and associations when they were as pure as the snow, and God, Christ and the angels were with them. That was what touched them more than all other things I could say or do; mother, childhood! innocence! innocence! If we have, then, such a fondness for our birth-place, if the early impressions are the strongest, if the roots of the soul strike the depths in the recesses of the past, and no more us here, as it were, then how can these spirits that have gone home to heaven, forget their birth-place where they grew up from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to manhood or womanhood, and where they once made their business engagements, and breathed the rude storms of life? Why, such a thing could not be.

Our departed ones can never be forgotten. Why, my wife said to me just before she died, "I want to be loved a little when I am gone." If she wanted to be loved a little when she was gone, do you suppose that she does not expect us and care for us? Why, I believe this is the very essence of orthodoxy. I should sooner doubt the existence of God Almighty, or my own existence. Can you suppose that I can forget the mother who said to me, "Don't forget such a one, will you? No matter what your future condition, do not forget my rosebud." Forget her, or that mother with such a charge? The time was when that mother could not well be with that child; but she can now. If that child had crossed the sea, and the mother stayed at home, she could not be with her; but now as a spirit, she can go to that child and stay with her and do more for her than she could while in the body. But I must hasten on, and will give you one or two more thoughts. I want to come to the pit of the argument, and my next thought is this: that this world is open to the inspection of departed spirits and accessible to them. You want to remember this. This is the leading point of the whole thing, and I want to demonstrate it now; the others were inferential. I say that this world is open to the inspection of departed spirits and accessible to their presence. If we can go out on a clear night and look up and see thousands of worlds, don't you suppose that spirits from this earth can visit them? Further, we are told that St. Paul paid a visit to heaven; and if he can visit heaven, cannot spirits visit earth?

The Bible is full of evidence to show that spirits can return to this earth. Jesus Christ clearly teaches the doctrine by implication, if not positively, that spirits do visit this world. You remember on a certain occasion the disciples were out on the sea, toiling and making no headway, and Christ went out to them in the midnight air, in the darkness, and when they saw him they thought they saw a spirit, demonstrating that the Jews believed in angelic visitation. Furthermore, you remember when Christ went to that upper-room where his disciples hid away for fear of the Jews, after his resurrection, when he went there and appeared before them, they thought when he entered, the doors being shut, that they saw a spirit; and they were full of pain and trouble. "Why," said Jesus, "stand ye here, for a spirit hath not flesh and bone." If there has been no such thing as the visitation of departed spirits to this world, Jesus Christ would have said that it was impossible, that there is no such means of spiritual communication with this world; but he simply says, "Handle me, for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see." This case to me demonstrates the great truth that angels or spirits have communication with this world.

My brother, my sister, sometime ago you were tempted to do something very awful, very terrible—it would have ruined your character, it would have blasted your reputation, and disgraced your family; and you were just in the act of being overcome, and something seemed to pervade your nature, and whisper in your ear. You remembered the promise you made your mother, your father, your wife, your sister, or some other dear one before dying; or, perhaps, some loving friend called your attention to some token—the ring on your finger, the bracelet composed of your mother's hair, or the little breast-pin that you wear in your front bosom—ah! that blessed one who went home, who cared for you so much while on earth, cares for you still, and administers to you these consolations and warnings, though you see them not, and hear them not.

When I left my home in Philadelphia in the spring of 1844, to become a Hibernian minister, after my mother kissed me good-bye, and walked with me to the door, she said, "Now, my dear boy, remember every Sunday morning when you go into your pulpit at half-past ten o'clock, and every Sunday evening at half-past seven o'clock, that your mother is praying for you." Though I have come to the pulpit with fear and trembling hundreds and hundreds of times, yet I never felt that I could fail. I felt I had my mother's prayers, and hence could not fail, for those prayers had been heard in heaven and answered on earth. I thought I could not be damned while my mother prayed; all the devils in hell could not make me believe it. While my mother lived to pray, I had faith in her prayers. Well, then, if that mother was so interested in me and prayed for me then, do you suppose she is not interested in me now? Ah, you might as well say that the man who has been saved from shipwreck and got to land, does not remember his comrades who were on the sea, nor feel any interest in them.

Ah! brothers and sisters, you are not alone. You may think you are, you may think your best friends are gone, but they are about you still by day and by night. Their interest is unabated—their spiritual being cannot be destroyed. The energies and the powers that linked them to you then link them to you still.

A poor soldier in the late war was dying, he said to his nurse, and he thrilled her with alarm, "Please bring a couple of cups of water and put them on the stand by my bedside."

"What do you want with two cups of water?"

"Well, there is my friend, he has come to take me home."

"Why, I don't see anybody," said she.

"But, ah, I do; there he is by my bedside, and he must be tired, for he has come a long way."

And she went for the cups of water, but before she could bring them he went home to glory.

We learn also from this subject that the good are all well watched. There is a cloud of witnesses all over us. They are present, ever near; they press us like the air we inhale. They are more numerous than the stars of heaven. And, dear brothers and sisters, remember they have had the same trials that you have; they can feel for you, and they will never leave you. I believe my mother goes with me wherever I go, and my little one, my little boy, and my brother go with me wherever I go, and stay where I stay; and I believe I have waked up thinking my mother was talking to me as suddenly as you hear me talking to you. And blessed be God, they are riding in chariots that can go through mountains without the need of a tunnel. Jesus Christ with his glorious body could go anywhere; bars, bolts, dungeons and darkness were as nothing to him, nor to the angel that went down to let Peter out of prison. Then what are mountains, what are dungeons doors, what is Egyptian darkness, what are these to resist them as they cleave their way through the skies, or climb up to some snow-capped Alps to cover with their glory one of their dear ones that is battling for life and heaven? Oh, then comfort yourselves with the glorious thought, that while you cannot see or hear them, they can see you; while you are loving them they are loving you, and if God could open your spiritual eyes as he did the eyes of the servant of old Elisha, you would see a universe of spirits all around you. Do you think this fancy? When you go home, get a piece of glass and put a drop of water on it, and you have got a microscope out of the drop of water, and you will see a universe of wonders. Give up all of your ideas of the senses teaching alone; give higher, spread your wings, get out from your caves, rise above the sun, and every system in which a sun is possible. Go up into the palace of Jesus and the home of God, and cleave the skies, and try and get there by the grace of God, and meet the dear ones that are gone before in a land of life and joy.

A Wonderful Illustration of the Spiritual Philosophy of Progress, and of Spirit Communism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I had known George C. Clary for many years. He was a genial, jovial man with a large circle of friends; a liberal in sentiment, inclining to be a Spiritualist. His father is a wealthy farmer, occupying a conspicuous position in the politics of the county and of more than ordinary influence. That Mr. Clary and his wife enjoyed domestic harmony was the general opinion, though it appears from the subjoined letter that for reasons of his being untrue to his marriage vow, he not only had caused estrangement, but his noble wife had repeatedly forgiven him. In the case in this drama which brought it to so lamentable a close, he was accused (probably unjustly) of a more dreadful crime than simple infidelity, and fled from the home he held so dear, it appears, with the fixed determination to end his life, and thus escape the infamy and humiliation his conviction would bring upon him. He fled to Windsor, Canada, in order to gain time to think over matters, and prepare for the event. He had adjusted all his business, before leaving, and arriving at the hotel in Windsor, he registered under an assumed name, and devoted himself to writing letters to his mother, his father, his wife, and to the general public. In these letters he gave the reasons for his course of conduct. They were such as only could have force in a noble heart. He purchased presents to be sent to his children, a little boy and girl, left directions for the disposition of his remains, and having completely finished his work, he took morphine, and the next morning was too far gone to be restored.

I was called upon to give the funeral address. The audience was the largest I ever saw gathered on such occasion, and I read the letter he wrote for the public, as my text. This letter is the voice of the dead, pleading with the charity of his fellow men. The church was filled with the sound of weeping as I read, and there was but one judgment. Yet, according to the popular dogma, there is not the least ray of hope for him. He is absolutely and irreparably doomed to hell forever! Through that discourse I was conscious of his presence by my side, and so strongly, and so much did he desire recognition I could but say so, and in his name thank the friends for their sympathy.

When I came home I could not shake off the sadness and the depression he threw over me, even when I knew he was not present. It seemed so needless for him to make the sacrifice, for the sin which, to him, appeared so irretrievable, was no greater than many others common with scarce a quail of conscience, and had he bravely met temptation, he could in the end have overcome it.

The following letter written only a few hours before his death, shows how keenly he felt the lash of conscience, and how heroically he resolved to meet his fate:

WINDSOR, April 13th, 1879.—My name is George C. Clary; my home and family are at Birmingham, Erie Co., O., U.S.A. My father, George W. Clary, also lives at Birmingham, O. The deed I am about to commit is to prevent greater crime; my life has been a complete failure. I am possessed of passions and appetites that I am unable to control, and all through life I have caused all my friends untold trouble. I have committed crimes growing greater, and these damnable passions of my flesh more hard to control, and to prevent greater crime I have resolved to seek rest in oblivion and death. I have a wife and two sweet children as pure and undefiled as any work of God, and my last prayer is that they will forgive me and that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon them through life. You who know a father's love, I claim your tenderest consideration in this hour of greatest sorrow. And can you wonder that, knowing how unworthy I am to teach them or to be loved by them that I should seek to prevent them being deeper disgraced by me. And I think even now I can hear my little ones saying: "I want to kiss papa good night!" Oh, what sorrow! How I long once more to clasp them to my heart and bless them for their pure love. But no, I cannot; I have brought too much disgrace upon them and I feel it my duty to terminate so miserable a life as mine. I am about to take a leap in the dark—to plunge in the great eternity. What there is in store for me I know not; but I feel that my spirit will be better freed from this tenement of clay that is so burdened with debasing and anguishing passions. I ask forgiveness of all whom I have wronged, and ask God, our Heavenly Father, to forgive my sins and have mercy on my spirit, and give it a better place and more favorable opportunities to be better. I have wanted to do right, and have strangled to reform; but I could not, and I am resigned to die. And now, farewell all who have loved me; forgive me and forget the bad and remember only my few good qualities. And my children—God care for them and bless them, for their poor heart-broken father could not do his duty. And my dear wife—she has been to me everything that a pure, noble-minded woman could be; forgiving sin after sin and trying to lift me above my degrading passions, but all in vain! And now I must terminate this miserable life to prevent greater crime. And my mother, Heaven bless her! My last breath shall bless you all. Oh my dear wife and children, to God's care and the terrible miseries of this cold, cruel world I leave you, and with my last breath I bless you and ask your forgiveness. GEORGE C. CLARY.

This mournful letter explains itself, and I will not occupy the reader's time with comments, but hasten to the sequel. The following Saturday evening, at a late hour, I felt the presence of Mr. Clary, and received from him by writing the following communication: "When I met you in Cleveland, I little thought that I so soon should approach you in this manner, or that you would be called upon to speak the final words to weeping friends under such dreadful circumstances. Oh, am I awake or asleep? Tell me if I am not dreaming a dreadful dream? I cannot realize anything about the terrible affair. I was mad, frenzied, desperate, and rushed to death as to a relief from the known. You said I was mistaken when I said in my letter: 'oblivion'; I did not seek that. I expected to live, but I hoped my life would be better surrounded, and free from the hell of passions which made existence miserable. You know nothing of it, nor can know. Have I escaped?"

Oh, God, I have not! My soul is rent with regrets. Had I to do this over, heaven knows I would face the worst, and not seek to avoid the known, by taking the risks of the unknown. My punishment is more than I can bear. It is the death penalty, and a thousand times more. I have escaped human law, but the Divine Law I have not escaped. I look back on a blasted ruined life; on broken vows, on disgraced friends; on a dishonored family; on wicked hopes, and the failure of all my plans of life, and the only gain has been the pleasure of a beast! I could not endure the torture of spirit. I thought it would be better here. But no, for I now see where I might have succeeded; I am appalled by my course, and oh, the bitterness of regret! Who will look after my dear little ones? If their father prove recreant and forsake them, who will take their place? Oh, my dear, dear little ones, you will soon forget your dishonored father, and his name will have no sound of love in your life! But, oh, my wife, if you will allow me to call you by that honorable name, as your mother taught them sometimes to think of me, and I pray you not to tell them how bad I was and am. And dear mother I hope your pillow has been wet with tears for the last time for this son all unworthy of your tenderness. I have sealed my fate, and henceforth my ways are no longer with those of men. Bound with my mad regrets I cannot leave the earth; I cannot go away from my family! Every word they utter is reproach. I have thought the angels from a higher sphere would come and take me up, and sustain me until I could sustain myself; so far they have forgotten me. I am in night, there is no break in the darkness. Oh, how shall I escape? Tell me! Though I be crushed in hell, better this than tortured on earth! I feel there is goodness in me, and sometime it will assert itself.

To-night I might have sat with my wife, and my children playing on my knees, and I remember it as now, the hour when I have seen them so often in sweet slumber as I turned out the light, how proud I was of the treasures—and yet, how proud I was, how light I cast them aside! I am a thief, an eyesdropper in my own house now. I am unrecognized, a skulking unreality, an intangible form, which has but one purpose, and that of suffering.

This communication tells its own story of the terrible condition in which the spirit of the wrong-doer awakes on the other side of the grave, and renders the fires of hell unnecessary for punishment.

The next Saturday I received from him another communication, which also practically illustrates the method, and possibility of advancement out of the most abject conditions:—

"I have found rest, and am at peace; whatever may come, I am assured it will be for the best, and work for my advantage."

"The day I came last to you, I was just going away, where I did not know, for I was lost, when I met a pure and noble spirit, who took my hand and looking directly into my mind, in accents of love spoke to me as one who knew every thought of mine, and overlooked all my faults—my soul went out to him as never before to any being. Can I arise out of this hell of passion?" I cried, for I had lost nothing as yet, and I felt no spiritual purity penetrating my soul as I had hoped were the shackles of the body, and its cursed desires once cast off. He did not speak, but I felt that I must follow him, and with my own senses gain the answer. What I saw I can never tell; this only that before me were pure and spotless spirits, with only noble aspirations, loving, trusting, glorious in beauty, from whom every trace of evil, of sin had disappeared; emancipated souls, and these, oh, I dared scarcely think it—these had been once like myself. Some of them had been criminals of darkest dye, and in prison cell or on the gallows, paid the penalty of rakes sin! I could not believe, yet I was compelled, and then all my thoughts turned to one great inquiry; how were they changed? not by death, for I was the same, and I learned that they arose by cultivating pure and noble thoughts, and the constant association with exalted beings.

Now my friend, the cloud has lifted. I am not regenerated or born again, but oh! the path is clear, and with the promised help I am going forward. I must cast aside my useless regrets, and make the most of what is offered me in the present. The prospect lifts me from earth, and I shall soon be able to go away. Remorse, how long I shall feel I know not, but do you think my friend, that I ought to suffer forever, and was all my better nature cried out continually, and was borne down, and now that better nature must suffer for the fault of my depraved appetite? No, it would not be just—Remorse I am told, will yield to the love which will work for others without reference to self."

Geo. C. Clary.

The influence he exerted at this last visit, was hopeful and jubilant, and we rejoice that he has so soon begun the ascent towards the great fountain of light and truth.

The Ethics of Spiritualism.

A gentleman who has perused the Ethics of Spiritualism, writes:

The publishers will please accept our thanks for a copy of the above work, which we have perused with interest, because we were slightly acquainted with the author a good many years ago, and have always held him in high esteem, as a gentleman of moral purity, and possessed of intellectual culture of a high order. Starting with the proposition, that "a correct system of morals must be founded, not on any supposed revelation or ancient form of faith, but on the constitution of man," he shows the fallacy of the dogmas that would attempt to contradict that statement, and reasoning from evolution as a basis, demonstrates that "Man never having fallen, needs no redemption." Man is then considered as an individual, his susceptibility of infinite improvement is shown as residing in his moral faculties, and his position and destiny pointed out. The growth of the body and subsequent advancement of the mind are presented, and matter and force defined as the foundation upon which Spiritualism is based. The origin of life is traced to the primordial cell, and man shown to be the outgrowth of the ages. The aim of the creative energy is held by Mr. Tuttle to be the conferring of immortality—that the body was made to serve the mind, not the mind the body. We are not prepared to accept this conclusion, but must concede that the author handles this very important question in a masterly manner.

The chapter on appetites shows the benefit of being natural, temperate and judicious, to insure happiness. The province of the Will is carefully examined, and shown to depend upon action of the faculties.

The duty and obligations of society to individuals are well presented in the "Fable of the Wheel." One of the very best chapters is on the duty of society to criminals.

On the whole the book is one that will interest and instruct the thoughtful reader.

Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken.

E. Fortesque Ingram gives the following account of a seance with Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, of London:

The table was an ordinary oval one. On my left sat Mrs. Jencken, on my right Mr. Jencken, and I still continuing our conversation and cigars. At the request of the spirits we all placed our elbows on the table, so that each could see the other's hands, which were not joined. After sitting for a few minutes, we heard the scratching of the pen and a noise as if some one were writing rapidly. I was now told to place my hand under the table, which I did without any handkerchief over it, and a hand as warm and natural as any I ever clasped gave me not what I expected—namely, a message written on the sheet of paper we had placed there—but the identical piece of card, recognized by private marks corresponding with marks left on the sheet from which it was cut, and had been taken away some four months ago, and now returned closely written over on both sides. During the whole time we sat, twenty minutes perhaps, all elbows were on the table, and all hands clearly visible by the light of the fire in this room and of the lamp in the other. As the message was of a private character, and as I fail to see any good that would be done by publishing it, I forbear.

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Mr. Kiddle's "Spiritual Communications."

This is a book that is likely to be of little immediate service to Spiritualism. Like all collections of facts illustrative of a hidden truth, it may be of use in the long run.

Mr. Kiddle will, we think, live to wish that he had waited a few years, and profoundly studied the great and complex subject, which in perfect sincerity he assumes to handle, before venturing to write a book on it.

Mr. Kiddle will, we think, live to wish that he had waited a few years, and profoundly studied the great and complex subject, which in perfect sincerity he assumes to handle, before venturing to write a book on it.

Mr. Kiddle, from his own account, seems to have given less than a year to the investigation of Spiritualism. The phenomena of medial writing (not independent writing—not "psychography") appearing in his own family, all suspicion of fraud or even of delusion seems to have been debarred from entrance into his mind; so that if a communication comes to him as from Shakespeare, Columbus, Franklin, Lincoln, Judge Edmonds or Bonaparte, Mr. Kiddle accepts it as in some way, or in some sense, a veritable utterance from the person named,—not perhaps in exactitude of words, but in the essentials of substance and thought.

We regret to say that the communications are generally of a character to prevent a man of ordinary literary or scientific culture from accepting them, as reasonably attributable, in any sense, to the persons named. It is not the style to which we look in passing this judgment. We will suppose, if you please, that the style is graduated by the ability and intelligence of the medium.

While differing wholly from Mr. Kiddle in our estimate of the value and importance of these communications, and while wondering greatly that a man of his robust intellect can see in them "what is not to be seen," at least by ordinary eyes, we cannot but respect him for the manly earnestness, courage and loyalty to truth, which have prompted the publication of a work which is likely to raise up against him many enemies and revilers.

Of the stilted and nebulous style, so utterly void of simplicity, in these communications, we will say nothing; but the thought is not only wrapt in obscurity, it is such stuff as dreams are made of when you get at the little there is of actual thought enfolded in the words.

Shakespeare is made to give utterance to this false and foolish sentiment: "My poetical character is gone. It was only meant to serve me to get a simple living, and I need it not now, except as far as I may use it for you, my kind hearers."

tical character is gone. It was only meant to serve me to get a simple living, and I need it not now, except as far as I may use it for you, my kind hearers."

The case of Mr. Kiddle's children is that of hundreds, nay, thousands, of similar mediums. Books and pamphlets without number, containing just such utterances, are on our shelves. Cases of automatic writing where consciousness does not seem to accompany the act, are of daily occurrence.

The solution of Mr. Kiddle's puzzle will, we think, be found in the articles on psychometry and trance mediumship recently put forth in the JOURNAL. There is nothing in the communications through Mr. Kiddle's children that might not have been written in a state of mind where a certain psychical faculty is abnormally exercised by the individual himself or herself.

Wm. M. Wilkinson, one of the earliest Spiritualists, and once editor of the London Spiritual Magazine, testified in court as follows:

I have at the same time and for many years formed and constantly expressed the opinion that it was wrong to believe in, or act upon, what might appear to be communications from the unseen, on their own evidence merely. I have never, however, in any of my communications should be received as if it were told by a friend in this world, inasmuch as you know something of your elements, and cannot know the identity or origin of the communication.

Mr. Epes Sargent, one of the earliest investigators of the modern phenomena, and who, for more than ten years previous, had studied the facts of somnambulism, has repeatedly given out warnings to prevent precisely such mistakes as Mr. Kiddle has given way to.

Undoubtedly, many phenomena referred by inexperienced observers to the agency of spirits, do not require a supernatural solution. Whether in or out of the corporeal form, the human spirit may have certain powers; and its phenomenal manifestations, whether in its embodied or disembodied state, (and when we speak of body we mean only the visible body) may have many points of similarity. It may sometimes be difficult to trace the origin of facts occurring along that mysterious border-land, where the visible and invisible seem to blend.

It will be seen that while admitting that a worthless communication may be spiritual in its origin, Mr. Sargent at the same time contends that the abnormal powers of the medium himself are, in a large majority of cases, amply sufficient to explain the phenomenon of such medial writing as Mr. Kiddle seems to have got through the members of his domestic circle.

Mr. Kiddle would explain the inferiority of the communications from great names, such as Shakespeare, Byron, St. Augustine, by telling us that "when spirits get into the new light they are confronted with a different order of conceptions. Intellectual splendor becomes as nothing compared with spiritual experience. They do not come back to earth to pose as rhetoricians or poets, but to convey thoughts and emotions through a necessarily imperfect medium. When you really understand mediumship, its imperfections disappear, and you stand face to face with the spirit."

These suggestions by no means explain the fact that the thought in these communications is often feeble, pointless and flat; that they not only do not convey any new truth, but entangle old truths by their ineffectual way of presenting them.

While differing wholly from Mr. Kiddle in our estimate of the value and importance of these communications, and while wondering greatly that a man of his robust intellect can see in them "what is not to be seen," at least by ordinary eyes, we cannot but respect him for the manly earnestness, courage and loyalty to truth, which have prompted the publication of a work which is likely to raise up against him many enemies and revilers.

If Mr. Kiddle had taken the precaution to inquire a little into the experiences of those who had devoted years of study to these phenomena, he might have been spared the deplorable mistake of accepting as genuine spirit communications the automatic writing of his children.

The title of Mr. Kiddle's book, published by the "Author's Publishing Company, New York," is as follows: "Spiritual Com-

munications, Presenting a Revelation of the Future Life, and illustrating and confirming the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith. Edited by Henry Kiddle, A. M."

CORRESPONDENCE WITH S. S. JONES.

Through the Mediumship of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of Number Sixty-one West Forty-Second Street, New York.

Our readers will remember, that by some strange and most fortuitous circumstance, Dr. Mansfield was the last person who clasped the hand of Mr. Jones, and this only a few minutes before the latter's sudden departure from his physical form. The circumstance was apparently of great assistance to Mr. Jones, who, before his body was cold, was able to fully control Dr. Mansfield, and for a week gave daily messages of cheer and counsel to his bereaved friends.

The letter to Mr. Jones which we print below, was carefully closed and sealed against inspection, and was returned to us apparently intact with the reply which follows. We shall offer no comments, but expect every reader to exercise his or her own judgment in determining the identity of the writer.

MR. STEVENS S. JONES—Dear Sir:—Two years and more have now elapsed since I was called upon under peculiarly distressing circumstances, to assume editorial charge of the JOURNAL. Having had entire charge of the counting-room of the paper for ten years, I was of course possessed of the experience essential to successful financial management. How I would succeed with the important additional responsibility was at first a source of great anxiety to thousands of our old friends, and supporters of the paper. So far as my own mind was concerned, I must say that I had but little doubt. I seemed to be upheld, guided and supported by wisdom from the Spirit-world; whether my confidence was well founded is not for me to say at this time.

Very sincerely and frankly your true friend and co-worker, JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, May 2d.

Dear Sir:—Yours of May 2d, at hand, and for such respectful notice, accept my thanks. No one of my dear family has it afforded me more real pleasure to talk with since my departure than with you. Scarcely a day has passed since you buried from your sight all that was mortal of Stevens S. Jones, but I have been near you, doing all I could to sustain you, under the great weight of responsibility resting upon your shoulders.

I am aware your course of action has by some been severely criticised and condemned,—while by the majority of your readers it has been approved; for my part I have no fault to find, and never have expressed any, however much has been said to the contrary. I only regret I had not taken the same course a year before my departure from earth. I will here say, I had far more than two years been impressed that such a course was necessary,—in order to root out the evil and purify Spiritualism which had been so choked by matter detrimental to its growth.

You have been wise in your selection of advisers, or those who have been ready to lend their aid in support of the course which has been marked out by the JOURNAL; to all such extend my sincere thanks. I have nothing to say condemnatory to the course the JOURNAL has taken, save that it has been severe in its criticism of other papers. I have been pained to see the feeling exhibited by spiritual journals towards each other. I know that while I lived, I was wont to give and take, but it is all wrong for exponents of one common cause, to thus uphold each other. Deal with facts, but do it lovingly and brotherly! Stop this scolding each other! If in your mind your brothers or sisters err; go to them and show them their error in a friendly spirit, and ninety-nine times in every hundred, they may have fallen into, and they will bless you forever for so doing.

Dr. N. B. Wolfe has a small (?) advertisement on our eighth page, in which every family is interested. The Doctor is a timorid Spiritualist and will take special pleasure in hearing from our readers.

Mrs. H. H. Crocker, the Medium.

A reporter of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, desiring to have an interview with Wild Eagle, an Indian spirit, who has been in the Summer-land for over a hundred years, having at the time of his death, reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and eight years, he repaired to the residence of Mrs. H. H. Crocker, 416 W. Washington street, the lady Wild Eagle controls, and who cheerfully granted him the interview he so much desired.

In her younger years, Mrs. Crocker was highly mediumistic and at the age of eleven she was inspired to sing, though at the time she was not aware of the influence that seemed to permeate her nature, imparting to her new life and energy, entirely foreign to herself. The spirit influence now controlling her organism so successfully, rendered her somewhat skeptical when attending Sabbath schools in her youthful days, and the questions she would propound to those who were so earnestly endeavoring to make a devoted Christian of her, could not be answered to her satisfaction, hence she developed into womanhood, without being crippled with the dogmas of a false theology.

At least five years before the first tiny raps were made at Hydesville, N. Y., Wild Eagle states positively that he could produce them through the mediumship of Mrs. Crocker, though she at the time was entirely ignorant of their source or the agency that caused them. Her life has not been without some stirring events resulting from the practice of her heaven-born gifts. Twenty years ago, at Richmond, Ind., eggs were thrown at the door of her residence, in consequence of the opinions she entertained; but she bravely withstood the sneers and insults of the opposition, and to-day is one of the best and most successful mediums of this city.

Mrs. Crocker is an unconscious trance medium. While Wild Eagle is giving tests, messages from loved ones gone before, or unraveling some intricate question of business, she is totally oblivious to what is occurring. He claims that his control is merely psychological; that he is simply an invisible operator at the "other end of the line," transmitting the information for which the mortals of earth are constantly seeking, and while he sustains control in this manner, the spirit of the medium does not leave her body. He asserts, however, that it is possible for the spirit under certain circumstances to leave the body, visit the Spirit-world, and hold communion with friends there. Most emphatically does he assert that such power exists. He says that on one occasion the spirit of Mrs. C., was temporarily separated from her physical organism (save a magnetic cord uniting the two) and allowed for a season undisturbed freedom in the spheres. She visited Wild Eagle's wigwam, saw the picturesque scenes of the spirit realms, and feasted her senses on the varied and charming pictures that were spread out before her like a panorama. So enchanting were the scenes she witnessed; so loving, charitable and kind were those with whom she was brought in immediate contact, that she desired to remain and Wild Eagle was compelled to force her to return to her physical organism again, to fulfill her mission on earth.

From the hour's conversation the reporter had with Mrs. C.'s controlling influence, he believes that she is a most excellent trance, test and business medium.

A FISH STORY.

A Wonderful Achievement Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Simpson.

Having occasion to visit Chicago about the 1st of May, I was invited by Dr. E. W. Stevens to attend a séance by the renowned flower medium, Mrs. R. O. Simpson. At 10 o'clock sharp on the first day of May, I took my seat in Mrs. Simpson's séance room. The persons present were Mrs. Simpson, her husband and her daughter, Doctor E. W. Stevens and myself. There was no furniture in the room but a chair for each and a plain board table with cloth over it, and two small flower pots on the window. The day was clear and the sun shone brightly in at the window, within two feet of the table. Mrs. Simpson's control, "Skiwakee," had promised Dr. Stevens eight months before this period, that he would bring him a living fish at a future time, if the medium would comply with directions given her. On taking our seats at the table, Mrs. Simpson inquired of Ski if he would try and bring her the promised fish. He replied by writing on the slate (which was held under the table) that we must sit one hour first and that he would then bring the fish.

The medium then held the slate under the table with a goblet half filled with water. In a few moments, on removing the slate and goblet, we beheld a beautiful wild flower, purple in hue and as delicate as the narcissus. The next flower brought was a magnificent white lily, very large and tender, which the medium could not have secreted in the folds of her dress without bruising its delicate petals. Then two lovely red rosebuds with many green leaves on one stem, were produced. The flowers were all for me, and oh! how I prize them. Soon a white rosebud is procured for the medium. By this time, it is five minutes of 11 o'clock, and we are all anxiously awaiting the ex-

pected present. Ski requests that the vase or globe (which has previously been purchased by Dr. Stevens) be held under the table. It is filled half full of pure water from the tank, and placed on the slate under the table to receive the living fish. Within five minutes the slate and vase are removed, and lo! there is to be seen sporting in the water, a bright and beautiful gold fish, about two and half inches long. Ski writes to the Doctor this message: "This is Adam, and sometime I will bring Eve. And thus ended our séance with the wonderful flower medium. I gather up my treasures, my precious flowers, and with strong and heartfelt emotions I exclaim: "The dead live; our beloved ones can return to us."

Wateaka, Ill. [As a subsequent séance that Dr. Stevens had with Mrs. S. Ski brought another fish, the Eve he promised. The well-known reputation of all the parties concerned and the conditions under which the manifestation occurred, would seem sufficient to remove all question of fraud or deception, however incredible the phenomenon may appear. We shall have more to say about this new phase soon.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Mr. Graves informs us that the fourth edition of Bible of Bibles, is now in press. Mrs. Matt Baker thinks that Tama City, Iowa, would be a good place for a good test medium to locate.

D. J. Mandel's name appeared in a late JOURNAL as E. J. Mandel. Mr. Mandel is a Universalist clergyman, residing at Athol, Massachusetts.

"SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS," by Henry Kiddle, A. M., is a 12 mo. book, cloth binding, and contains 350 pages. Price, \$1.50. For sale at the office of this paper.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Atlanta, Ga., unanimously passed a series of resolutions commendatory of the services of J. Madison Allen.

The Era, published at Berrien Springs, Mich., comes out with a fine poem dedicated to the widely-known Liberal, Hon. Worthy Putnam.

A man by the name of Freeman, residing at Pocasset, Mass., cruelly murdered one of his children, a sweet little girl, believing that he was acting under divine authority. He was probably insane.

Hon. Alexander Akaakof writes us from St. Petersburg, under date of the 22nd, and among other things says: "I am exceedingly pleased with the JOURNAL and read it with delight. You are in the right way. God bless you!"

Dr. H. H. Jackson has removed his office to No. 89 Randolph street. Mrs. Jackson treats patients at her residence, No. 363 W. Monroe street. She may be found at the down town office on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the afternoon.

Mr. J. P. Allen and wife accompany Dr. Peebles in his lectures through Ohio this month. Mrs. Allen is a fine singer. Dr. Peebles spoke in Dayton on the 11th, and goes from there to Columbus, Springfield and Cincinnati, for the remainder of the month.

Dr. Daniel White, of St. Louis, again has our thanks for valuable extracts from current newspapers. We wish more of our readers would imitate the example of Bro. White, who never allows an interesting item to escape him, but carefully treasures it up for us.

Willie L. Davis, a son of our old subscriber, C. C. Davis, formerly of Onarga, Illinois, can fill orders for some very choice specimens of quartz rock, crystal etc. These specimens are sent securely by mail. Those desiring specimens can write him at Virginia City, Nev.

Mr. Simmons called at our office last week and informed us that Mr. Slade was in San Francisco. We hope this fine medium who has made the circuit of the globe, carrying evidences of the great truth with him, will spend some time in this city on his way East.

Mrs. Clara A. Robinson has returned from her trip to Texas greatly rested and invigorated. She is quite enthusiastic over that State and its people whom she met. She had a pleasant interview with our old friend Col. Bremond, and reports him as full of life and love for Spiritualism as ever.

In broad light Mr. Home was floated in the air in the presence of many witnesses among them Lord Dauraven, Dr. Davies and Lord Lindsay; he was elongated, contracted; in his presence objects are moved without contact, and music is played, but on no earthly instruments; he handles red-hot coals and is not hurt.

Capt. H. H. Brown speaks the Sundays of May in Phoenix Hall, Brooklyn, E. D. forenoon and afternoon. He has decided to make Brooklyn his home, and may hereafter be addressed at 704 Monroe street. Engagements can be made for the week days of May in the vicinity of New York, and after June first, he will accept engagements anywhere, but the West preferred.

Dr. Slade has arrived at San Francisco, Cal. from his European trip. Shortly after leaving Australia, he was paralyzed, and remained so during the entire voyage. Immediately after his arrival at San Francisco, he was called upon by the Psychopathic physician, Dr. J. D. McLennan, who immediately relieved him, and he is now able to walk.

MR. KIDDLE'S book has excited so much comment that many have their curiosity excited, and desire to see it. We will mail the book on receipt of the retail price, \$1.50.

After printing a telegraphic dispatch that "Sister Marie Benard died piously last night," The Paris Univers said that the dead woman was no other than "Bernadette Soubrier, the little girl of Lourdes, who, in 1858, was honored by the Holy Virgin with numerous apparitions, which became the origin of the celebrated sanctuary known to-day throughout the whole of Christendom."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Rensselaer, Indiana, Sunday, April 27th; at Colby, Indiana, May 9th and 4th—three lectures—where he is reengaged for May 17th and 18th, and where he may be addressed until further notice. We hope the friends in that region will keep him steadily employed in sowing the seeds of truth. Grove meetings will soon be in order, and no Sabbath of the summer should be allowed to pass without public meetings in behalf of our cause.

A. J. Fishback and M. C. Vandercook have formed a co-partnership, and will soon commence an extended work. Mr. Fishback will lecture on Spiritualism, ethics, temperance, and all important subjects. Mr. Vandercook is now holding sances daily, and receiving stirring new inspirational songs. His repertory now includes about seventy-five superb compositions. They are now open for engagements at La Moody and Sankey. Write for dates, route, etc. Address Allegan, Michigan.

Richards, who was hung in Minden, Nebraska lately, after confessing that he had murdered six persons,—among them a sleeping woman and her three innocent children,—asked the crowd to unite with him in singing the familiar hymn commencing, "There is a fountain filled with blood." An exchange paper well says that, of all travesties on religion which often make scaffold scenes so repulsive, this appears to be about the most horrible. Richards expressed no remorse nor contrition for his bloody crimes, but thought he should go to heaven.

It appears from the Ithaca Journal, that a farmer at Collamer, New York, named Bostwick, some little time ago lost his wife, and being a devoted Spiritualist, anxiously waited for a message from her, but none came. The idea that his own taking off was near at hand took possession of him. With this solemn thought in his head he contracted with the sexton of the cemetery to dig his grave, paying ten dollars for the labor. One day last week he made a trip to the nearest undertaker, and on paying ninety dollars, closed an agreement with that personage to properly inter his bones. On the way home, strange to say, Bostwick fell from his wagon and died.

J. Madison Allen has been lecturing lately with considerable success at Atlanta, Georgia. On one occasion he was controlled by a spirit giving his name as Olo, and claiming that he was formerly a resident of the planet Jupiter. He said that his world bore a striking resemblance to ours, only, of course, upon much larger scale. It is diversified by mountains and rivers, valleys and oceans, like the earth, and inhabited by souls in human bodies. But there are no crowded cities there, plenty of room, no crowding, no jostling. The civilization is built upon a system of fraternity, while that of the earth is founded on selfishness. The Jupiterian architecture is the hexagonal system. The houses are hexagonal and the towns and villages are laid off according to the same plan. The villages are adorned with fruit and shade trees, but there are no fences there for the inhabitants are all vegetarians and do not eat animal food, hence the lower races of domestic animals have become extinct. Jupiter has passed the era of war and strife; she has no armies and navies, and no political government. The spirit Olo presents a very beautiful picture of Jupiter.

Hon. Isaac G. Wilson.

To all our readers in Northern Illinois, Judge Wilson's name is more or less familiar. For many years he presided over the circuit court of Kane county, and for the past few years has practiced his profession in Chicago, being at present the partner of Hon. Sanford B. Perry, whose name is favorably known to our readers in connection with some important contributions to our columns, published last year.

Judge Wilson is a resident of Geneva, the county seat of Kane, and as the judicial election to occur next month draws near, there is growing up a strong movement in the district to which that county belongs, having for its object the election of Mr. Wilson as one of the judges for the ensuing term. This movement seems to be spontaneous, and is not confined to the Republican party, but is apparently the voice of the people regardless of politics.

The editor of the JOURNAL has from boyhood had a personal and professional acquaintance with Judge Wilson, and considers him pre-eminently fitted both by nature and experience for the responsible position.

To the Spiritualists and Liberals of Michigan.

Through the energy and perseverance of our sister and co-worker, Mrs. R. Shepard, the well known and highly esteemed inspirational speaker, there has been formed and organized a society that is known as the "Michigan United Benefit Association of Spiritualists and Liberals," which is now in good working order. The object of this association is the adoption of such means as shall tend to mutual aid in sickness and death. Any Spiritualist or avowed Liberal in the state, man or woman, in good

health, between the ages of eighteen and sixty, desiring to become a member thereof, will receive upon application to either of the undersigned, a gratuitous copy of the constitution and by-laws of the association.

"A STARTLING BOOK."—That is what the publishers of Mr. Kiddle's book call it. We have a supply in stock, and will send a copy to any address on receipt of the retail price, \$1.50.

How to Magnetize, gives important information on a vital subject to all Spirituallists. Every one should read it. Price 25 cents.

Annual Spirituallist Re-Union.

The Spirituallists and Liberals of Central New York will hold their second annual re-union in Music Hall, West Winfield, on Saturday and Sunday, May 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 p. m. Frank Baxter of Boston, Mass., the celebrated public test medium, speaker, and singer, is engaged. Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, of Rochester, N. Y., is also engaged, and other speakers are expected.

Quarterly Meeting.

Mr. E. Brown: I am requested by the Committee to send you a notice of the next quarterly meeting of the Spirituallists of Western New York, to be held at the corner of Orleans Co., on Saturday and Sunday, May 17th and 18th. Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., and others are expected to address the meeting. We extend a cordial invitation to all who are desirous of gaining knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Pennsylvania State Society of Spirituallists.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting of this society will be held for the election of officers and such other important business as may be properly brought before it, at Academy Room, 316 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, on Saturday, at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m.; also on Sunday at 2 p. m., May 17, 1879.

Spirituallists and their friends, not only throughout the State, but in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and other States, are respectfully invited to meet with us, as our Convention does not confine us to this State for its members or officers, but provides for the friends of the cause everywhere, that they may come and partake of its benefits. Those expecting to meet with us will please consider the following: We extend a cordial invitation to all who are desirous of gaining knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy.

We shall be pleased to receive letters from such friends as cannot be with us, so we may have their thoughts that we may read them together. There are thousands of Spirituallists in this section of the State who would be glad to have the opportunity to meet together, that we may know each other better, also to compare our thoughts and ideas that we may more closely be drawn together in brotherly love and good will.

Business Notices.

THE BRILLIANT sheen of the peacock's tail is not more attractive than the brilliancy of the Dyes of Leamon's, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. They are used in almost every economical family for renewing faded garments. No dyes give greater satisfaction.

SOMETHING OF VALUE, free, is not commonly offered. But our readers will find such in the case for once, if they read the advertisement of Dr. N. R. Wolfe, of Cincinnati, in our present issue. It will interest all afflicted with diseases of the Nose, Throat or Lungs.

BUSINESS FAILURES.—Lack of judgment causes fully 80 per cent. of all business men to fail, earlier or later. Do not an equal proportion of physicians fail to cure from the same cause? At the Grand Invalid's and Tourist's Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce, through the skill attained by his several specialties, each having devoted years to a special department of medical science, is able to cure a large per cent. of cases hitherto considered incurable. Many physicians, in view of the superior advantages of this model sanitarium, bring there their stubborn, obscure, complicated, and surgical cases, for examinations, treatment and treatment. Full particulars given in the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. Price, postpaid, \$1.50. Address the author, R. P. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

A TOMACOD ANTIDOTE, manufactured and sold by J. A. Helmsch & Co., of Cleveland, O., is advertised by the proprietors in another column. The firm, we believe, is responsible, and the remedy is highly spoken of by those familiar with its effects.

SPENCER'S Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. Price, \$1.00 per box. 24-14.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., continues his Office Practice at No. 2 Van Nest Place (Charles street, corner of Fourth), New York, making use of Electricity and Magnets and other special means in the cure of chronic diseases. Dr. Britton has had twenty years' experience and brilliant success in treating the infirmities peculiar to the female constitution, by the use of painless methods and the most efficacious remedies. Many cases may be treated at a distance. Letters calling for medical advice, and professional advice should enclose Five Dollars. 24-36-36-36

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, 25 E. 14th street, N. Y. Terms: \$3 and three 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. 21-38-21

Mrs. CLARA A. ROBINSON, the well-known "Magnetic Healer" is now located at 1039 Washburn Ave. Chicago, where she will be pleased to see all her old patrons, and as many new ones as may require her services. Will answer calls to treat at private residences.

A PERMANENT EXPERIENCE.—After years of depression and misery W. H. Westworth, a traveling insurance agent, writes: "The Kidney-Wort cured my terrible piles. My back feels strong, and is now free from pain, and I sleep well. It is wonderful discovery in medicine."

GIGANTIC OFFERS.—Your attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, in this week's paper. Mr. Beatty's celebrated "Nerve-Vitalizer" and "Kidney-Wort" are well known throughout the civilized world, that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship, and complete satisfaction have brought this house prominently forward, until to-day he stands the only man in his trade who dare to ship his products on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price but all freight paid. No farther offer can ever be made or even suggested. His sales now amount annually to several millions of dollars, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only poor plough-boy, it must be evident to every reader that Mr. Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation.

DR. KAYNE, Surgeon and Eclectic Physician, Merchants Building, Cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., examines Disease Clairvoyantly; adjusts Electric Trusses for the cure of Hernia, and furnishes them to order. See his advertisement in another column.

"A LIMB LOST" is a very sad spectacle, and one that often moves the sympathetic heart to tears. But in this age of inventions and new discoveries, the removal of man has been equal to the task of overcoming all the inequalities and short-comings of nature. Dr. W. G. LeRoy, is commissioned by the United States Government to furnish artificial limbs and apparatus on Government account, and has daily calls from parties who have lost a limb; and having had fifteen years' experience in his profession, he uniformly succeeds in giving perfect satisfaction to all who have placed themselves under his care. His work is perfect, and his charges reasonable. See his advertisement in another column.

Mrs. D. JOHNSTON, Artist, No. 26 Throop street, Chicago, Ill. Water Color Portraits a specialty. 24-1214

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address R. E. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES. 25-15

THE WONDERFUL HEALER and CLAIRVOYANT Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. MORRISON'S unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and thousands have been cured with magnetized remedies prescribed by her Medical Band.

DIAGNOSIS BY LETTERS.—Enclose lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name, age and sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada. Circular containing testimonials and system of practice, sent free on application. Address, MRS. C. M. MORRISON, M. D. P. O. Box 3519, Boston, Mass. 24-2014

New Advertisements.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 50 cent free. 26 11 23 10 Address H. HAZZETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Fictional Books and Novels, published by the National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 25 11 12

Ferns! Ferns! Ferns! Resultful Hardy Vegetables. We have an immense stock now ready for mailing. Will send you a set of 12 for \$5, or 25 for \$10, postage paid by mail, and guarantee their safe delivery in any climate. Write for our list of names and prices. Mountain Home Nursery, Strickler, Washington Co., Ark. 25 11 13

\$5 to \$20 per doz. at home. Samples worth 50 cents. 26 11 23 10 Address STYRON & Co., Portland, Maine.

WANTED—TEACHERS—Sept. positions. Six principals for Acad.; five "preceptors"; several Prof. of music; superior pianists and vocalists; assistant for City Acad.; many foreign teachers. Other vacancies. Central School Agency, 514 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo. 25 11

Sterling Chemical Wick Oil Stoves. No trimming. FOR No odor. 25cts a pair by mail postpaid for 4 or 5 inch wicks. Dealers send for price list. Every wick warranted. WOOD & CO., 83 Madison St., Chicago. 26 11

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIFE Whitefield of the Great Teacher, Rev. Geo. Whitefield. The Power of Faith Overtakes all powers save a source of all energy, the impregnation of all enthusiasm, he made prominent men of the world. He was a man with the hero moving as if endowed with more than mortal parts. Send for Circular and terms. Address P. W. 2180 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 26 11 12

VACATION EUROPE July & Aug. '79. PARTY TO EUROPE Third Year. Send for book "Two Months in Europe," and circular of Summer's tour. Unusual advantages at very reasonable rates. O. L. BURGHARD, State Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y. 26 11 11

A LIMB LOST CAN BE REPLACED BY AN ARTIFICIAL ONE! Fifteen years of practical experience; low price and good work. Send for Circular and terms. Address P. W. 2180 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 26 11 12

U. S. Commissioner, 183 Clark St., Chicago. 26 11 27 50

Spiritual Communications. BY HENRY KIDDLE, A. M., Superintendent of Schools, New York City. MESSAGES FROM THE ETHERAL WORLD! REVEALING AWFUL MYSTERIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL. 500 Pages. Price \$1.50. THE PUBLISHERS, 47 Bond St., New York. 26 11 12

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST. 350 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send us their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address: THE PUBLISHERS, 175 & 189 Elm St., Cincinnati, O. 26 11 14

VERBA SANCTA CATARRH This Marvellous Scent Compound cures Catarrh, Hay Fever and Colds, as if by magic. CURES NOTHING ELSE. Our certificates of actual cures are from some of the most eminent men of the West: Wm. D. Dan'l H. Hale, Banker, 80 Randolph St.; Jas. R. May, Pres. People's B'g'g and Loan Ass., 90 Washington St.; A. E. Bennett, Scottish Am. Loan Ass., 59 Dearborn St.; and hundreds of others. Ask your Druggist for it. FAIRBANKS & CO., Sole Prop'rs, Merchants Building, Chicago. 24-29

NERVO-VITALIZER. PAT. MAR. 12th, 1876. The great health restorer and medium developer. It has made cures and healers and nearly all other phases of development. It has done wonders in restoring the afflicted to health. Sent to all parts of the U. S. for \$1.00. Address, Dr. W. A. GARDNER, Bristol, Conn. 24-14

DR. W. A. GARDNER. It is now more than a year since my wife and I used your "Nerve-Vitalizer," and its good effects have not been surpassed or even equalled since. At any time when she becomes fatigued from over-exertion, she takes them in her hands and sits in some easy position and drops to sleep in a short time, awakes greatly refreshed, she has not taken a nap since, and her health is almost daily as good as the day she began to use it. It is a wonderful discovery in medicine.

DR. F. L. WRIGHT, Feb. 1879. I have been using your "Nerve-Vitalizer" for some time, and it has done wonders in restoring the afflicted to health. Sent to all parts of the U. S. for \$1.00. Address, Dr. W. A. GARDNER, Bristol, Conn. 24-14

THE LYCEUM STAGE. A COLLECTION OF CONTINUOUS, COMPILED AND ORIGINAL RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, FAIRY PLAYS, (With full Music Notes), adapted for Lyceum and School Exhibitions, by G. WHITFIELD KATZ. Price, paper covers, 25 cents. J. For sale wholesale and retail, by the Religious-Publishing House, Chicago.

CANCER INSTITUTE. Established in 1872 for the Cure of Cancer, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and Skin Diseases, without the use of knife or low of blood and little pain. For information, circulars and references Address Dr. F. L. FORD, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill. 26 7-13

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Voices from the People. AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Day We Celebrate.

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Waken again the harp of Love, And let its strings sweet music ring, Till, in the dome of worlds above, The echoes rich with gladness ring. We pause again within life's march, To gather up the priceless gems, That flash within this royal arch, Brilliant as valued diadems. The one and thirty years gone by, Have growth and beauty with them brought, Till, now beneath time's azure sky, We read anew the lessons wrought. The grand electric raps of yore, No longer sound like marvels strange, For science with exhaustless store, Has taught their telegraphic range. For just a moment—then, beyond All selfishness and bitter pain, The soul finds faces true and fond, And knows that death is life's great gain. Oh! wail revolving harvest years! We lean from out our cave of woe; Light shines thro' misty veils of tears: From one and thirty years ago. It turns us from the outer court, Guides far away from strife and din, To where high Reason "holds the fort," And gleams the kingdom fair within. There, revelations day by day, Unfold to sight gifts once unknown, By which Love's holiness hath sway, And Justice gains her rightful throne. Oh! gates, called Birth and Death below, How sacred now thy portals shine, Since one and thirty years ago, Has proved each change is more divine. We'll wait and labor, glad and strong, For faith and superstition's chains, No longer fetter us to wrong, But knowledge comes like summer rains. Like cablestretched from shore to shore, Or swift vibrating telephone, Calm, 'mid the earth's deep surging roar, True, 'mid its cry, and rush, and moan, Is heard the revelations sweet, That thrill our pulses, hearts and lips, As loving messengers repeat, That death is but an earth eclipse. Oh! holy day, thy fragrance sweet, We'll keep in memory elate; Our children's children shall repeat, With joy the day we celebrate. Hail! One and thirty years ago, Thy power of thought and mighty lore, Shall, like the golden sunlight glow, Thro' inner temples evermore.

Why I Became a Spiritualist?

One Monday afternoon, lying down and reading a book on Spiritualism, I said aloud, "If there is any truth in this, I wish my father would open the door." I had hardly uttered this when to my surprise the door slowly opened, and at my request to have it shut, it swung back but partially. As there was no wind, it being a calm, sunshiny day, not a breath of air stirring, I thought there must be something in this—I will investigate. Putting on my hat, I went to my office, and inquired of Dr. Kayner the names of some good mediums, which he gave me. From there I went to the first named on my list, but got nothing. She was honest enough, however, to tell me, "I can do nothing for you." Leaving her house rather disappointed, I went to the second on my list, Mrs. Crocker, who, before I had hardly sat down, described my father, mother, sister and brother standing by me, perfectly; and after she had passed under control, her guide said: "Your father tells me he opened the door for you, but could not close it; he had exhausted all the power." "What power?" I asked. He replied, "You are a medium yourself, and he drew enough magnetism from you to open, but not enough to close the door. Then he gave me the names of all my family on the other side, and the names of friend after friend, and told me of events I knew nothing about, which I verified by going to my office, and hour I talked with those who had passed from this world to the next, and who proved to my entire satisfaction that the return of spirits was a fact, and that we live a life hereafter. Since then I have had test after test; flowers brought between two slates, the slates lying on top of the table, the tips of Mrs. Simpson's fingers resting on one end of the slates, mine on the other; also writing on the slates when holding it beneath the table, while both of her hands were on the top. So it is not a matter of faith with me, but well established a fact as light and darkness. L. B. S.

What is the Bible?

I am glad to see that you advertise for sale this book by a scholarly and liberal Unitarian clergyman, J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich. We have had plenty of bold exposures of Bible errors, and they have done good, but we want what this volume gives us, a fair look at the book in the light of the last and best criticisms; for new knowledge of old languages and of other sacred books, has made the Bible lying on top of the table, the tips of Mrs. Simpson's fingers resting on one end of the slates, mine on the other; also writing on the slates when holding it beneath the table, while both of her hands were on the top. So it is not a matter of faith with me, but well established a fact as light and darkness. L. B. S.

Jonathan Keese, when receiving his subscription, and sending us several new subscribers, writes: "I have been confined to my home during the last year with an old standing disease, but am able once more to travel around among Spiritualists, and deliver lectures. If an opportunity presents itself, I still contemplate a visit to Chicago to exhibit some of my manuscript at your office, for inspection. I coincide with your numerous correspondents in giving my approbation to your management of the cause we so dearly love, through the priceless columns of the JOURNAL."

Henry E. England writes: "I endorse the policy of the JOURNAL: keep up a war of extermination against all frauds, especially those of our own household. Our cause is strong enough without being glorified. If not, the sooner it goes to glory (?) the better."

Henry Eastard expresses high appreciation of A. J. Davis' writings. In reference to the JOURNAL he says: "To me there is a marked improvement in the tone and correspondence of the JOURNAL."

Sam N. Curran, of Wilmington, N. C., thinks that if a good medium would visit that section of the South, that great good would be accomplished thereby.

Mediumship.

The prominence which has for some time past been given to the philosophy of Spiritualism through the largely attended lectures at the Melbourne theatre, has naturally caused inquiry as to how the alleged facts pertaining to that philosophy can be demonstrated. It is generally understood that a medium is necessary, but the popular idea of the nature of mediumship is generally hazy, and often very absurd. In its dictionary definition it signifies "something which fills in or bridges over the intervening space," and in this instance the "something" is a semi-spiritual aura, which is generated in more or less volume and intensity by the embodied spirit, and partaking of both material and spiritual essences, to fill in the hiatus between it and the disembodied one. Few know how widely diffused this faculty is, and it is consequently assumed that mediumship is rare and exceptional; but from experience, we are inclined to think that at least one person in three has some mediumistic power, which may be developed by application to a state which will enable them to commune in some manner with the Spirit-world. There are, however, many degrees of mediumship, the most common being the "impressive" aura, by which spirits are enabled to cause oscillations of a table or stool, and by an arranged system of telegraphy, communicate with the sitters. Through some media, this electrical force can be localized, and used to produce sounds like rapings upon the table or floor. Next comes mechanical writing, where the medium, sitting passive with pencil in hand, feels an unseen force controlling the muscles of the arm and hand, and producing more or less intelligible writing, apart from any volition of his. This often develops a difficulty for whereas, in the first instance, the medium is perfectly oblivious of what is coming, in the second the words flow into the mind more rapidly than the pen can write them, and an impression is conveyed that it is the individual mind that suggests the writing. The latter development, if only requires passivity of mind to overcome the difficulty, for though the communication will probably harmonize with the ideas of the person through whose organism it comes, the style and quality will, as a rule, be found to differ and exceed the copy which the sitters themselves are able to produce. The success of an investigating circle, enabling two persons, by the blending of their influences, to obtain mechanical writing, where one alone would not have the necessary power. Another common form of mediumship is France, and is called state mediumship, which is frequently manifested in the peculiarities incident to their earth-life. Any person who is susceptible to mesmeric influence may become a trance medium, for as certainly as an embodied spirit can bioligize him, so certainly can a disembodied one. The mediumship which is wider range than in any other, reaching from obsession by the low and depraved spirits, who wander about the earth's surface in search of means to gratify their low desires, to those bright and beautiful messengers of God, who descend with love to humanity to pour through human lips the wisdom of the spheres. But it is only through appropriate channels that such as these can communicate. The body must be free from grossness, and the mind clear of impurities, to enable the good and pure spirits to manifest themselves, and where the mind is untroubled, it can only be given through a mind capable of receiving it. The physical brain and human organism can only be worked up to its highest as such, or to the extent that the individual spirit would be able to express itself through it. It is cultivated and the faculty of the former being impressed, more or less vividly, with ideas that often guide their actions; the latter seeing spirits in the abnormal, and sometimes in the normal state. High-class physical and test mediums, such as those who are called "Ectics," are rare. The quality they possess is a gift which few inherit, and those who do so often fail to utilize it for the good of humanity. In ancient times the exhibition of such powers would have insured their possessor's reverence and dignity, because they would have been recognized as of and from God; but in these modern times the order of things is reversed, for whilst one day the community treats them as rogues and impostors, the other attribute their powers to the devil. Hence, this particular gift is rather a dangerous one, and renders its possessor's life anything but a pleasant one. Moreover, with some natures, where the moral principle is not strong, this constant lying under the ban of suspicion, and the knowledge that no one believes them to be honest, has a demoralizing tendency, making them careless of their own, and indifferent to the error of their ways. There is yet another class of media called "Materializing." This is merely the direction of physical mediumship into a particular channel, the medium being a passive agent, and allowing spirits to use the forces he generates, and the finer substance of his body, to clothe the material in invisible form, and give them a temporary materiality. This form of mediumship, although well developed in a few instances, is yet in its infancy, and is destined to become much more common as a manifestation adapted to this material age. We have not space to do more than mention the view of enlightening those who may deem the investigation of Spiritualism an arduous and difficult task. It is not so when entered into in a proper spirit. It may take time and application to arrive at an indubitable demonstration, but the first evidences leading to that conclusion may be obtained in the earliest period, and this to an earnest student will give interest and zest to his pursuit. To facilitate investigation, a primary knowledge of the philosophy of spiritual intercourse and the laws of mediumship is essential; but this may readily be obtained from books, which are to be had in the Boston office of the Public Library or at the reading-room of the Victorian Association.—Harbinger of Light.

Dr. J. Burr writes: "Although a member of an Orthodox church, I am expressing my high appreciation of the general tone and character of both of the editorial, selected and contributed departments of the JOURNAL. Surely the mind that can grasp and appropriate the heights and depths of spiritual truths enunciated therein, is not very far from the highest and best. Of course, a free discussion paper will necessarily contain many ideas which seem crude to some, but each must bear in mind that 'error of opinion should be tolerated as long as truth is left free to combat it.' Actuated by this liberal principle, I must dissent from the position assumed by Prof. Payton Spencer, in the 'Notes on the Mediumistic.' 'The science that must supersede religion, might be termed the science of sociology.' In my fallible judgment, the 'science that must supersede religion,' is that which must first supersede the present race of mankind, and in its stead substitute a race which is, by virtue of its mental organism, entirely destitute of all religious proclivity. 'Out of nothing, nothing will arise,' and vice versa. Under the caption, 'Why are our Children's Lives a Failure?' Bro. Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, seems to regret the low tide of Spiritualism compared with that of Orthodoxy. By way of explanation, I refer him to an expression by Bro. Peables, viz: 'We Spiritualists need more religion.' Just so long as Spiritualists stop at the enjoyment of the mere phenomenal, and scoff at the banquet of love, and baptism of spiritual fire of which Bro. Peables speaks, and to which he so heartily responds, just that long will Orthodoxy gather in its hosts, whilst Spiritualism will be left to languish in despair. John Bessard writes: 'I cannot live without the dear JOURNAL.' Two years ago we commenced holding circles, and to our great astonishment we received correct answers from the spirits; we commenced the good work here, and now several families follow our example, and are holding circles with great success, getting rapid replies of tables and writings. We have our own mediums now, and have confidence that they are genuine and pure. S. S. Whannery writes: 'I have no language to express my admiration for your JOURNAL, and the noble, upright, bold and honorable course its editor is pursuing towards false and fraudulent mediums. Go on, brother, you have the backbone of all honest Spiritualists with you.'

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOLS.

Lecture by Mr. O. B. Frothingham Before the New York Liberal League.

We publish the following, that our readers may know the views of a prominent man in reference to the introduction of the Bible into the public schools. It is taken from the New York Herald: Mr. O. B. Frothingham delivered a very interesting lecture last night before the New York Liberal League, at Republican Hall, on "The Bible in the Public Schools." Mr. Courtland Palmer, President of the League, occupied the chair and read the platform of the National Liberal League. Then he gave a history of the efforts to reform humanity from Zoroaster to Jesus Christ and still later. Then he introduced the lecturer of the evening.

"If there is any one subject which the American people have at heart," said the speaker, "it is their public education for all the people in the intelligence and morality which qualifies them for the conduct of life as Americans. The Bible in the Public Schools must therefore be discussed. What if it were proposed to introduce into all the public schools the literature of England, Germany, France, Spain or Italy? It would be considered absurd. But what is it that is proposed? To make obligatory upon all public schools, the literature of the whole Jewish people. Can anything seem more preposterous? The argument must be conducted in the face of a Protestant community which believes that the Bible is inspired. Protestant Christianity believes that salvation depends upon supernatural grace which comes through the Bible. The Catholic Church receives the Bible but keeps it within its own limits—the Church is the all, instead of being anxious that the Bible be introduced in the schools, rather favors its being kept out. The Protestant, who was the victim, who believed that education has the power to save men. The Protestant Christian says it is absolutely indispensable to introduce the Bible into the schools. It is not necessary that it be read at all. Perhaps it would be a very good compromise if a shrine were erected in which a copy of the book should be kept, and the literature of the whole world come in, so that they will see it. There need be no understanding of it. The mere presence of the book sanctifies. Suppose, then, we had a wooden box. The pupils would be spared the deception of looking into the book, and trying to make up for lost time with their lessons while the teacher is mulling the chapter from the Bible. For a generation we have been doing our utmost to strain the intelligence to the conception of a Deity who carries on by his eminent presence in the universe all our operations. We open the Bible and we come upon the idea of a deity who is first of all the deity of a special people, who never presents himself without a miracle, overturning and destroying the established order of nature. We find moreover that this Deity has made the world all by himself, that afterward he has made the world, and that he has made the world by the exception of a single family. Sometimes he is described as just, other times as unjust. I can conceive of nothing more utterly demoralizing to the ideas of young people than that. Turn again to the morality of the Bible. There is a story of a man who was a very beautiful amatory poem. I can read it with pleasure. Put it where it belongs. Abraham allowed Pharaoh to take his wife Sara, whom he gave out to be his sister. Then the judgment of the Lord comes down upon—whom? Abraham? No. Upon Pharaoh, who was the victim, who was deceived, and who sent back the woman with an apology. Did you ever read the story of Jacob, how he cheated his noble hearted brother, his old father and his father-in-law, and made a bargain with God that if he would give him enough to eat and drink and all he wanted he would serve Him for seven years. He made a bargain with the devil, and that man is pronounced 'a man after God's own heart.'"

"The politics of the Bible are that the government is a theocracy—the government of Jehovah by means of His prophets. The Bible is the most beautiful amatory poem. I can read it with pleasure. Put it where it belongs. Abraham allowed Pharaoh to take his wife Sara, whom he gave out to be his sister. Then the judgment of the Lord comes down upon—whom? Abraham? No. Upon Pharaoh, who was the victim, who was deceived, and who sent back the woman with an apology. Did you ever read the story of Jacob, how he cheated his noble hearted brother, his old father and his father-in-law, and made a bargain with God that if he would give him enough to eat and drink and all he wanted he would serve Him for seven years. He made a bargain with the devil, and that man is pronounced 'a man after God's own heart.'"

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Charles Whaley, of Canaan, N. Y., writes: "By special directions of the controlling spirits who are carrying on a work very little known or understood outside the Circle meeting at Mr. Frothingham's residence on the corner of Broadway and Third St., New York, a number of the members of the Circle were present. It will be remembered by many, as the place made so famous four years and a half since, by the 'going out' of Miss Elna Bonny. She had been told for many weeks, that she would lie down at her bidding, (and had given her full consent to obey the medium when the time came), and pass out of her form and return to it again, telling other events and phenomena that would occur. As a full account has been given the public of this event, we simply allude to it as the place of our meeting. Although she has not returned to inhabit that form again, so much has transpired the day foretold, and so much is constantly occurring as a part of the history of that event, that Mr. Preston and his estimable wife, and all who are members of the circle, religiously keep their covenant, and hold their circles by special directions, changing time as indicated, and admitting new members as development as they are told by their invisible guides to do so. Faithful, true, and tried ones have there met under the conditions, and secretly and religiously keeping faith with those who have directed them, they have been rewarded with the baptism of spirit-power, and as healers, clairvoyants and inspirational mediums, they have progressed steadily in the instances there generated and held by forces seldom if ever equalled."

Interesting Suit.

According to the Rev. Mr. Scudder, a missionary in India, four men bought a quantity of cotton in copartnership. That the rats might not injure it they bought a cat, and agreed that each should own one of its legs. Each leg was adorned with beads and other ornaments by its owner. The cat accidentally injured one of its legs, and the owner wound a rag round it, soaked in oil. The cat by chance set the rag on fire, and being in great pain, rushed among the cotton bales, where she had been accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton was totally burned. The three other partners brought suit against the owner of the injured leg to recover the value of their cotton, and the judge decided that as the injured leg could not be used, the cat carried the fire to the cotton with her three remaining legs. They only were culpable, and their owners were required to compensate the owner of the injured leg for his share of the loss.

"The air," says Professor Babage, "is one vast library in which every atom forever written all that man has ever said, or woman whispered." What an incentive to a scrupulous morality would the facts of psychometry be, if duly pondered.—Sargents' "Planchette."

William Richards sends us a photograph of himself, and also one of a tombstone, for which he has our thanks.

I Want to be a Medium.

"I wish I was a medium," is often expressed by Spiritualists disposed to do good as agents for the Spirit-world and the cause they have espoused. Others desire to be mediums to obtain money to meet their own selfish ends, which has proved so disastrous the process of growth of Spiritualism. To be conscientious as a medium, and also competent to appear before the world, are the two main essentials in support of our claims favoring spirit influence and power, as proof of immortality. There are many questions that spring up in reference to the matter of personal habit, with the moral or immoral effect of diet, and the use of narcotics of any kind, affecting the power a medium may have to manifest. Spirits are attracted to mediums by their spiritual perception of his or her nature chemically, as well as spiritual growth. Mediums have their trials, as they meet the psychological influences of skeptics and the severe criticisms of the captious. Conscious mediums are continually in danger. A short time since we were invited to visit with materialists and orthodox friends. We proposed to examine photographs of their friends. A young college student was clad of the chance to test psychometry. We proceeded to satisfy him by holding the back of the picture to the forehead. As it was held, we failed to give a description of growth of Spiritualism on the instant it was received, with an unusual nervousness, and with it the abrupt remark, telling the gentleman that if he wished, he might describe it himself. The photograph was that of a spaniel dog. Some might ask, Why would the spirits describe the picture? The presumption is, they were aware of the materialist's trap, and quite likely provoked with the foul play assumed. To be safe in such cases, it is to be honest. I might have given an elaborate Websterian delineation of said dog, and the aesthetic dog would have barked at Spiritualists and his body would reach the goal where drops the body to uplift the soul. J. K.

M. P. Roscrans writes: I have taken the JOURNAL for some years or more, and have never been in debt for it more than a few days during that time, and then only occasioned by absence from home. I like the tone of the paper generally, but being nothing but an ordinary man, some of our contributors have much to say beyond my comprehension; their theories are too fine for the ordinary mind, which requires facts. It seems to me that a theory is worth nothing that cannot be demonstrated. The only reason that I am a Spiritualist is, because I am in the fact of such a result being capable of demonstration. I care nothing for the opinions of Col. Ingersoll, Prof. Swing or Henry Ward Beecher. If they have made any useful discoveries in nature, and can demonstrate that fact, I am ready to believe them, but to have to believe in such, and get so little or my pains for it, is not a useful, I have not the time to spend among such a useless pile of rubbish. One single manifestation of what we call spirit intelligence on matter, in such a manner as to reach the senses, I can lay up as reliable, while evolution, motion, Darwinism and a thousand other things, prove nothing further in my mind than that their authors, or the authors of those theories, could (like the Christian theorists) spend their time to better advantage to themselves and their fellowmen, if they would study something they could make useful to themselves and others, prove nothing further in my mind than that their authors, or the authors of those theories, could (like the Christian theorists) spend their time to better advantage to themselves and their fellowmen, if they would study something they could make useful to themselves and others, prove nothing further in my mind than that their authors, or the authors of those theories, could (like the Christian theorists) spend their time to better advantage to themselves and their fellowmen, if they would study something they 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LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE CHICAGO.

WE ARE ALSO PREPARED TO FURNISH MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AND... WE ARE ALSO PREPARED TO FURNISH MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AND...

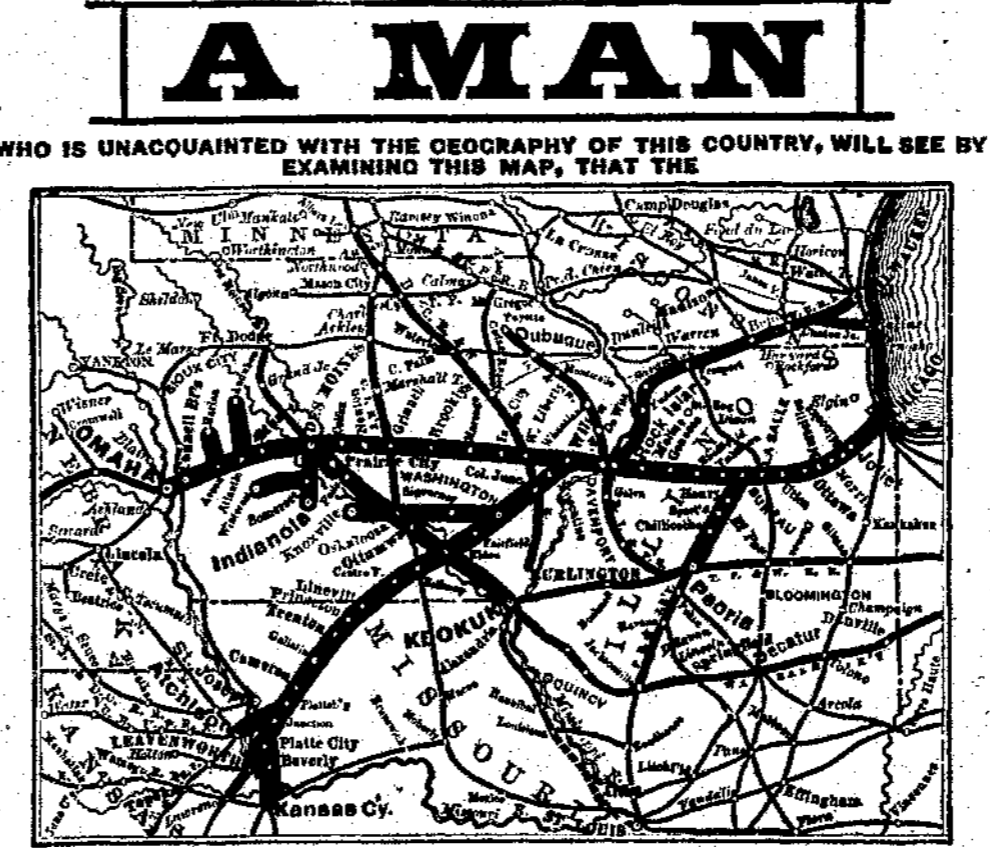
Table listing various books with titles, authors, and prices. Includes titles like 'Life of Thomas Paine', 'The Gospel of Nature', 'Childhood of the World', 'Poems of the Life Beyond and Within', 'Philosophic Ideas', 'Science of Spiritualism', 'A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy', 'The Arcana of Spiritualism', 'The Gospels of the World', 'The Bible and the Future', 'The Bible and the Past', 'The Bible and the Present', 'The Bible and the Future', 'The Bible and the Past', 'The Bible and the Present', 'The Bible and the Future'.

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Business Cards for FRANK BAKER, BAKER & OSGOOD, AGENTS WANTED, THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE, and various notices and advertisements.

Physicians, THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT, Psychological Practice of MEDICINE, WOULD YOU KNOW YOURSELF, "ELECTRICITY," Clairvoyant Healer, and various notices and advertisements.



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST! Its main lines from Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, Keokuk, Iowa City, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, are the most direct and best routes for passengers and freight.

THE SPIRITS' WORK.

More About the Recent Conversion of the New York School Superintendent.

The announcement that Mr. Kiddle had published a book claiming to be made up of spirit communications, has created considerable excitement. The daily papers of New York and all over the country have, as many of our readers already know, contained extensive notices of the fact with liberal extracts from the book. We condense from our exchanges as follows:

As was announced last week, Henry Kiddle, superintendent of the public schools in New York city since 1870, the first licensed teacher under the present system in that city, and for thirty-six years connected with the schools of New York, has prepared a book on Spiritualism, and has announced himself a believer in Spiritual manifestations. Mr. Kiddle says that, like the English and American savants who have similarly braved popular ridicule, he is fully aware of what he has to encounter. While admitting that he "expects to be charged with folly in entering upon a path as yet generally shunned by the respectable or fashionable, and thus impairing his earthly interests," he says that he is not moved by such considerations. He is familiar with the story of Prof. A. R. Wallace, the English naturalist and physicist, whose scientific attainments did not protect him against loss of caste as an authority when he announced himself a believer in the manifestations. Prof. Crookes, the eminent English natural philosopher, also presented to him an illustration of the distrust with which the scientific world regards the alleged spiritual phenomena. Besides, he had to deter him the example of Goldschmidt, the German astronomer, whose alleged communications with the other world were treated with

SCIENTIFIC SCORE,

and of Prof. Zöllner, whose indisputably accurate astronomical investigations of the sun did not insure his spiritual belief against being regarded with contempt. In this country, also, he had before him instances of prominent men whose belief in Spiritualism was considered evidence of declining mental power. Notable among these are Prof. Hare, professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania; Prof. Mapes, the noted agricultural chemist; Judge Edmunds, Epes Sargent, and a host of others, whose previous record was no bar to accusations of insanity the moment they announced a belief in Spiritualism.

Mr. Kiddle professes to have founded his conviction upon personal investigation. This process began in the accidental discovery that one of his children was a medium, and he records the results of investigation extending over a year, comprising interviews with what purported to be the spirits of many persons prominent in this life. Mr. Kiddle has not connected himself with any of the Spiritualist societies. He has continued to attend the Episcopal church, although not a member, and he confidently presents the results of his researches as "illuminating and confirming the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith." He professes to present, in his experience, new proofs of the

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

of Christ's existence and teaching, of future rewards and punishments. While he denies that he is a Spiritualist in the same sense that those comprising the organized bodies of that faith are Spiritualists, he says that he does not regard it as a religion, but merely as a truth; and he is a Spiritualist in the sense that he believes that he and others have held communication with the spirits of the departed. But he distinctly discommends the use of spiritual communications for the purpose of advancing material interests. He does not intend that men shall profit by the sale of his book, and he pledges himself to use the proceeds of its sale to advance the interests of Spiritualism by distributing cheap copies among the poor.

Of the genuineness of the purported messages from the dead, he says he has satisfied himself; but he could not describe the process to any one who had not investigated the subject step by step, any more than he could instruct in quadratic equations one who had not studied the multiplication table. His chief reliance, he says, is the consciousness that his children, who have been his principal mediums, would not lie to him; but he claims to have another evidence, mainly in the character of the communications themselves, that they are genuine. In some cases he has confirmed the report of one medium by that of another, approaching the subject with incredulity and skepticism, and finally reaching a firm belief that the spiritual communications have been sent to him for the purpose of benefiting humanity. One of his methods of preventing communications by lying and mocking spirits, he says, is by fervent prayer.

HAVING HIS ATTENTION CALLED TO SOME

INACCURATE QUOTATIONS

of Shakespeare and other poets in his book, he said that he had of course noticed them, and could easily have made them correct, but that he would not change them. Their inaccuracy was one evidence that they were genuine. Possibly the memory of the author failed him, or perhaps the communications were influenced by the brain of the medium. Although he was aware that some of the poetry attributed to Byron in his record of spiritual messages was very inferior, he remarked that the same might be said of Byron's published works, and he judged that, taken as a whole, the writings of Byron in the other world were quite equal to those produced by him here. He had no doubt that Byron really sent from the spirit lands the poems here attributed to him.

Mrs. L. M. Wiseman is the daughter of Mr. Kiddle. A little less than a year ago Mrs. Wiseman, actuated by curiosity, visited a friend, who professes to be

A CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM.

Soon after she entered the parlor, the medium astonished her by saying that she saw written over her head in clear letters the words, "We are glad you have come!" In a short time the medium declared herself able to see that Mrs. Wiseman would become an "inspirational teacher of a high order." Mrs. Wiseman had hardly any knowledge of the subject of Spiritualism. In a few minutes, it is said, she began to experience a peculiar sensation in her right arm, and her hand, into which a pencil had been placed, was moved by an external force, describing circles, one within another. A few days later she began to write sentences purporting to come from her sister Kiddle, who died twenty years ago, a little over forty years of age. The fol-

lowing are examples of the sentences she thus wrote:

"Joy! joy! This will be your joy—such joy as you long to have in your heavenly homes."

"Please be careful, and go to your father, and say we wish he would come here."

On the following Saturday Superintendent Kiddle went to his daughter's house, accompanied by his wife. Then and subsequently Mrs. Wiseman wrote communications which her father thought he recognized as a "veritable voice from the beyond." Up to that time he had not been a believer in the genuineness of the so-called spiritual phenomena. Not long after communications were received by Mr. Kiddle, through the mediumship of his daughter, purporting to come from the spirit of the late Judge Edmunds.

Robert Heller came without being called for, on the 2nd of March last, and said in familiar style:

"My reputation has gone with myself, but yours is growing and will last. I was a Spiritualist in the dark, but you are enlightened and open-handed, too, and will gain a bright day. Alas! the world is like a fool that throws down his bread upon the footed side. You can scarcely, except with halitones and a whole battery of grace, redeem Israel, much less the race of Gentiles, who walk God's earth, with a drowsy voice and a villainous 'trick!' Ah! the tables are turned now. I've tricked too many not to see 'how it is myself.' But God forgive me! I am what I am—and no worse. I did not elevate their character, but (God forgive me!) I amused the people and made a living for the humble man bearing the name in my sanctum sanctorum of R. Heller, a conjurer, but not now."

On Feb. 2nd a desire was expressed to receive a communication from the late venerable head of the Roman Catholic church, Pio Nono, and the following was written:

"I am Pio Nono.

"Pontiff of Rome?"

"Yes, in sorrow and repentance, but in harmony of thought with the souls and spirits of all—be they of heaven or earth. My Christian people, be no longer benighted in your creeds, but follow your Godhead, and become a united band of loving, of truly affectionate, people. Cast away all your wrangling, and be easy tempered toward one another. God is a potentate indeed, but I was not, except in name, as it seems to me now. No body of men be they priests, or brethren, or infidels, can ever find God other than supreme, and near them, in this world or the next. My good deeds were many, and I thank my Master I now receive good compensation therefor in heaven; but my powers were used not entirely for God. I had too much worship. Ah! the thought sickens me! I recur to the thought of it with disgust. So blind and black to teach the people bigotry! Many conditions of faith in God are given for man's good; but all are nevertheless misinterpreted. Our Roman Catholic church is quite wrong and unfaithful in its idolatry and sophistry; but God will suffer no man to lose if he does right, according to conscience. No man shall suffer for the king's or ruler's pride or mistakes. The head of the church must reap his wayward sowings. Amen, in heaven. Please inscribe my name with the blood that cometh from repentant thought for misdeeds and actions committed in false light.

Pio Nono, by God."

THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

"Napoleon Bonaparte [peculiar and obscure]—Heaven defend the cause. Save your souls. Love your Maker. Love one another. Follow no man. Flee evil. Do good. Aim for God. [Written with wonderful rapidity.]

"I am small—INSIGNIFICANT; as worthless in mind as I was small in body—contemptible in the feelings of a MAN.

"Man is a title to prize. Lift yourselves up to the dignity of your name. Great God! You are the image of your Maker. Would to heaven I had felt the spirit power stronger!

"Work for man, and in this you work for God. Battle and fight for freedom—not HERB; not hereafter; not for reptiles, not for heathenish follies. No, my dear people.

"My God! the judgment of death took me to the depths of despair. With so much applause for my actions on earth, should I not receive more, MORE, in heaven! Noble disappointment! I am—what I am!

"Remember not the Emperor Napoleon. He has flown. Fight for the kingdom of glory and peace.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, a spirit."

The Dangers of Vaccination.

M. D. CONWAY'S LONDON LETTER IN THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

There is steadily arising in this country a rebellion against the Compulsory Vaccination law, which is not unlikely to seriously involve the general faith in Jenner's discovery. By prosecutions and punishments of some respectable and intelligent families the authorities have been the means of the formation of an anti-vaccination society, with two newspapers (*Inquirer* and *Anti-Vaccinator*), and the country is flooded with facts resting on high authority which cannot fail presently to produce a panic. Peter Taylor, member of Parliament, who was one of the Parliamentary commission which nine years ago considered the subject and signed the unanimous report in favor of compulsory vaccination, has been convinced that he was in error, and on the bill just brought in by the Government to extend compulsion to Ireland, made a statement which convinced others of the impolicy of the law—notably Prof. Fawcett, John Bright has already opposed compulsion, and Gladstone has expressed himself as suspicious of the law. Since Mr. Taylor made his speech on the subject, I have had an opportunity of conversing with him. He informed me that the bill will be strenuously fought on going into committee, and he was good enough to let me freely examine the facts and evidences on which he means to resist the new bill and urge repeal of that existing. It is hardly possible that such facts as the subjoined, selected from a larger mass, can fail to excite alarm:

Dr. W. J. Collins, for twelve years vaccine physician in Edinburgh and London, writes: "If I had the desire to describe one-third of the victims ruined by vaccination, the blood would stand still in your veins." Dr. Stowell, with still longer experience, declares vaccination "not only an illusion, but a curse to humanity." Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, says "I have seen hundreds of children killed by vaccination." The *Medical Times* and *Gazette* declares that "consumption has widely spread since the introduction of vaccination." The physician of the great London Cancer Hospital declares that many of the cases of cancer which have

come under treatment in that institution have originated with vaccination. Dr. Riocord, a distinguished French surgeon, says: "At first I repelled the idea that syphilis could be transmitted by vaccination. The appearance of facts appearing more and more confirmative, I accepted the possibility of this mode of transmission—I ought to say with reserve, even with repugnance. But to-day I hesitate no more to proclaim this reality." Dr. Hutchinson has testified before a Parliamentary commission that out of thirteen children whom he vaccinated with lymph from a public institution, eleven exhibited the primary sores of syphilitic contagion two months after. Dr. Brudenell Carter declares that "a large proportion of the cases of apparently inherited syphilis are in reality vaccinal, and that the syphilis in these cases does not show itself till the age of from eight to ten years." Dr. Thomas Wilson, Officer of Health to the Acton Union, writes to the *Lancet* (and it is significant that so conservative an organ should have printed his communication): "It is useless to deny that vaccination by human lymph involves danger of syphilis, syphilitic and erysipelatous inoculation." Dr. Edward Ballard, Medical Inspector of the Local Government Board, one of the most important medical offices in the country, wrote a pamphlet of the utmost importance on vaccination. The Government when appointing him, may not have known of this pamphlet, and since he was made Inspector his essay has suddenly disappeared from all book-shops. Diligent search for a copy failed to find one except in the British Museum. Speaking of some case at Acqui, Italy, Dr. Ballard says: "Put the cases how you will, we cannot escape the inference that the child Chiabera had become constitutionally syphilitic at the time when his vaccination was performed. Forty-six other children were vaccinated from him. Of these thirty-nine became affected with syphilis. Among these thirty-nine was Louisa Manzoni; from her seventeen other children were vaccinated, of whom seven became syphilitic. She died; the nurse who sucked her got ulcers on the breast, and from the various other children who were syphilitic, the disease spread by contagion to eighteen mothers and nurses and to their other children." In October, 1856, M. Marone got some lymph in the tubes from Campobasso. A large number were vaccinated, of whom twenty-three, whose parents were known to be healthy, were infected with syphilis. "The nurses," says Dr. Ballard, "were infected in their turn with indurated chancres on the breast." The mothers imparted the disease to the fathers. One of the twenty-three infected served for new vaccination; eleven infants were contaminated, and they infected others. Several of the children died. Eleven nurses infected by the vaccinated children infected in their turn other children which had not been vaccinated. Several of the contaminated women were confined either prematurely or at full term, of children dead or living, but in every case bearing marks of congenital syphilis." Dr. Ballard further says that a latent syphilitic taint may be raised into activity by vaccination. The effort to suppress this pamphlet will be in vain. When the bill to extend compulsory vaccination to Ireland is fought, the Government will have to meet these statements, made by one of the chief medical officers.

One of the most remarkable facts is that since vaccination was made compulsory, the death-rate by small-pox in London has increased; in 1849-53, before compulsion, and when only ten per cent. were vaccinated, the death-rate from small-pox was 239; but since compulsion, 1869-73, the death-rate from this disease was 079. Since the agitation began, the support which it has received from eminent authorities abroad has been remarkable. Dr. Josef Hermann, head physician of the Imperial Hospital, Vienna, writes:

"My experience of small-pox during these six years of bedside attendance has given me the right, or rather has imposed on me the duty, of taking part in the bold and spirited onslaught on vaccination, which is now being carried on in Switzerland, Germany, England and other countries. * * * I am convinced that vaccination is the greatest mistake and delusion in the science of medicine; a fanciful illusion in the mind of the discoverer; a phenomenal apparition, devoid of scientific foundation, and wanting in all the conditions of scientific possibility."

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