

Mind



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THE SOURCE OF POWER.

[SELECTED].

The noblest lesson taught by life,
To every great heroic soul,
Who seeks to conquer in the strife,
Is self control.

Truth grants no sceptre to the hand,
Where pride and passion hold the sway;
He who with honor would command,
Must first obey.

An honest doubt is oft the seed
Of truth, that bright celestial flower,
And weakness through some noble deed,
Is changed to power.

The brave of heart, the pure in mind,
Will dare to see the truth aright,
While coward souls perverse and blind,
Will shun the light.

But though unnumbered eyes were closed,
Still would the sun as brightly shine,
And truth by all the world opposed,
Is still divine.

The servile reverence of the past,
Which marks the worship of to-day,
Before the truth advancing fast,
Must pass away.

And strength of soul and breadth of thought,
And inspiration from above,
Shall be by earnest spirit sought
In truth and love.

A voice, whose word of power sublimed
Transcends the might of human law,
Shall in the truth's appointed time,
The world o'er awe.

Then "Tyranny which oft unfurled
Her blood-stained banner to the sky,"
Shall from her throne of power be hurled,
And, helpless die.

The world is sick and sore at heart,
With patient hope deferred too long,
And seeks for one who knows the art,
To make her strong.

The man who dares to think, to live
True to his soul's divinest light,
Will to the world an impulse give
For truth and right.

The cross may meet his noblest deeds,
The faggot blaze at every word;
Yet o'er the angry strife of creeds
He will be heard.

Thus through the fire and through the flood,
All bruised and scarred, and battle worn,
Baptized in sweat and tears and blood
Great souls are born.

That which is crucified to-day,
The distant future shall adore,
And Truths which Error seeks to slay,
Live evermore.

Great souls o'er set their standard high,
And toiling on through storm and night,
They wake the nations with their cry,
For "Light" more "Light!"

The world will learn, when wiser grown,
This lesson comes with every hour,
That right is might and Truth alone
The source of power.

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

BY C. D. PECKHAM.

In Christian mythology Christ's crucifixion was shrouded in darkness. Dramatically considered, there was darkness over all the land, and the earth did quake and the rocks rent as he went down to the underworld, or descended into hell. He made darkness his secret place. Round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness before him the thick clouds passed away as he thundered in heaven, and the Highest gave his voice in hail and coals of fire. In the Norse mythology Odin goes to Hel, and wakes the prophetic to learn the fate of his son Baldur, the Sun. He also takes counsel from the utmost sources of the ocean, and listens to the voice from the deep along the brink of everlasting woe. As the Norse prophetic was awaked as one out of sleep, so many bodies of the saints who slept arose, and went into the holy city at the crucifixion of Jesus, or the word made flesh. When he arose from the great deep or whale's belly, he sent out arrows and scattered them and shot lightnings from his all-seeing eye. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured, and in the sign of the Bull, he rode upon a cherub and did fly.

So Odin's all-seeing eye is the Sun, as per Anderson. "Summer's fountain is the utmost sources of the ocean. Into it, Odin's eye, the Sun, sinks every evening to search the secrets of the deep." No less did the Sun-Jehovah of the Hebrews who covered himself with light, and stretched out the heavens like a curtain. Who layeth the heavens of his chambers in the waters—who maketh the clouds his chariot—who walketh upon the wings of the wind. How glorious were the Sun-gods of old time in excellency on the sky with their 20,000 chariots and their cattle on a thousand hills, when "the High One's songs were sung in the High One's hall, to the sons of men all useful! May he profit who has learned them! Hail to those who have listened to them. Odin's wife is Frigga the earth, and there is much between heaven and earth of which the wisest men do not even dream, much that the profoundest philosophy is unable to unravel, and this is what Odin never teaches to maid or wife of man." Like St. Paul's woman, she should never know the whereunto the Word would grow. Odin's runes represent the might and wisdom with which he rules all nature, even the most secret phenomena. Odin, as master of runes, is the Spirit that subdues and controls physical nature. He governs inanimate nature, the wind, the sea, the fire, and the mind of man, the hate of the

enemy and the love of woman. Everything submits to his mighty sway, and thus the runes were rested on all possible things in heaven and on earth. He is the Spirit of the world that pervades everything, the Almighty creator of heaven and earth, or to use a more mythological expression, the father of gods and men, or in Christian expression, the father of all spirits.

"Odin hung nine days on the tree Igrasil, and sacrificed himself to himself, and wounded himself with his own spear." The Sun-Jesus hung on the Jerusalem tree which had twelve branches and bore twelve manner of fruits, from the sixth unto the ninth hour. Odin cried before he fell from the tree, but whether in the words, or akin to them, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" we cannot say. All the Sun-Gods, however, seem to perfect themselves through the "Tragedy of Nature."

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap," says the psalmist. So we should judge from the twelve manner of fruits they produce. The kingdom of heaven beginning small from the mustard-seed which the husbandman sowed in his field, and from the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal, "is it any wonder that the Norsemen had their Igrasil or great tree of life? or that the Hindoos had theirs? as per Landy—a tree comprehending heaven, earth and hell—God as a Triad of being, power and intelligence—man as a triad of body, mind and soul? the tree of all existence." In its Hindoo form it would seem to represent the womb and Falopian tubes in the triad or trinity of the woman in her three measures in the nature worship by them of old time. The Tree of Life is rooted and grounded in the Sun or solar plexus. Man is an aquatic animal in the gestatory months of his existence.

Says Landy, "life comes out of the sea, just as Jonah did, Jonah's great anti-type was the Sun. For correspondences in the human system or microcosm, see J. F. Meekel's Anatomy, and thence we may learn how the kingdom on earth was the counterpart of the kingdom of heaven in the first natural and afterwards the spiritual. St. John's woman with the two wings of a great eagle was consecrated to the Sun. By the Sun she was clothed and crowned with twelve stars, was the Lamb's wife and the mother of God. "So our Lord's mode of being, finds its prophetic parallels in Elijah and the mythological beings of oriental ancient nations. Wonderful coincidences, indeed they are, implying one great truth revealed to all mankind alike, to aiders in our struggle upward and heavenward to God." Such was the ancient way to the stars, and to the Lord of glory, the Sun. The same Spiritual Rock that followed Moses followed the Gentile prophets as well, and astrology was the measure of all the gods on the grown work of a Sapphire Stone. Great is the mystery of godliness in the domain of astrology, physiology and psychology. Great was the Lord in the burning bush and consuming fire. Great was the Lord of hosts as he went on conquering and to conquer all but the third of stars which the Dragon's tail drew and cast them to the earth, and great was he at the top of Jacob's ladder with the angels ascending and descending, and Satan walking to and fro and up and down the earth among the Sons of God. Great were these when they saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and chose them wives therefrom, and begot the giants of those days. Great was the Lord when by faith the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, which the Egyptians essaying to do, were drowned. Great was the Lord when by faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. Great was the Lord by faith in the saving of the harlot, Rahab. What need to say more? says Paul for the time would fail to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, David, also and Samuel and the prophets. Those were high old times when through faith kingdoms were subdued and the mouths of lions stopped, etc., whereby the ancient faith was so superior to the modern facts, God having provided the more excellent way for them, and left the moderns out in the cold that these without them should not be made perfect.

"As the Lamb was the symbol of the Sun's light, so was the Lion the symbol of its heat. Both the Lamb and the Lion must be combined to make a complete symbol of our Lord, who claimed to be both the light and the life of men—the Lamb light and, the Lion heat, and we find this to be actually the case in St. John's Apocalypse when the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the Lamb that was slain both unite in opening and taking the Book of Destiny from the hand of time who sat on the throne; both of them seem necessary to open this mysterious Book and loose its seven seals, and where it was open the new song of redemption began. This was that song of Moses and the Lamb with variations from the old score when Miriam or Mary sounded her timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea in response to Moses, till four and twenty black birds were baked in a pie as part of the supper for the great God. Also "the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

Lundy is much at large in setting forth God's word of old time in all the fullness of the God-head bodily, and shows how the strength and passive weakness, the male and female principles joined together as the united power of life and its reproduction just as in the Lion and the Lamb, so that the Lord being compounded of these, required something more than milk for babes;

hence the angel standing in the Sun cried with a loud voice to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, so that in singing the song of redemption for the supper, they sang with ear inclined to a parable in dark sayings to the harp of a thousand strings.

"Lion headed figures in the Egyptian monuments, bearing the cross in their hands, as a sign of life; one of which is a woman with the Sun and a conical flame on her head, which head is that of a very vigilant lion." St. John's woman had been vastly multiplied before her setting forth in the Apocalypse. She was the "great woman" of Israel, to whom the prophet as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. St. John has her in one aspect as the great one clothed in scarlet sack, and sitting on many waters, and in several other aspects according to the role of the drama. She would seem to be the great mother Nature, and so the Mother of God as well as the bride of the Lamb—the same as "the Phrygian and Lydian cybele and represented as riding in a chariot, drawn by lions; and then the same Goddess among the Greeks and Romans, either rides the lion itself, or has lions crouching around the throne. Whether then, it is the Sphinx or Rhea, or Cybele, or the Mithraic lion and bee, or Samson's lion and honey, it all amounts to the same thing, viz. the creative and preserving power of God united in heaven and earth, Sun and soil, male and female, etc. This is the Lion—bamb of the Apocalypse, suffering in meekness, and conquering in majesty and power in the great "Tragedy of Nature."

Among all religions and civilizations, the spirit was symbolized by the Dove. In Homer, it was the Dove of swiftest wings that bore Ambrosia to the etherial king. The Dove was consecrated Astarte, Cybele and Isis. It was the Dove that brought the voice from heaven of the beloved Son, and in the wisdom of the Serpent, the Dove was *thar*. Sometimes the Dove was in connection with the Bull or Cherub, on whom the Lord did fly with the wings of the wind. The Dove was the love-bird, and as God is Love, he was very partial to the Dove. Says Landy, "the true name of the Dove was Jonah or Jonas, (Jonah or Jonas); it was a very sacred emblem, and at one time almost universally received. It was adopted by the Hebrews; and the mystic Dove was regarded as a symbol from the days of Noah by all those who were of the church of God. The prophet sent to Nineveh as God's messenger was called Jonah or the Dove. Our Lord's forerunner, the Baptist, was called in Greek by the name Ioannes, and so was the Apostle of Love, the author of the fourth Gospel and of the Apocalypse named Ioannes. Thus Ionism and Younism have a mystical connection in the Cross, in the images of Astarte, Queen of heaven, and the Sun-pillars, the Lamb's wife or bride, and the spirit in the Amen from Alpha to Omega. The wise man in his "Song of Songs" was rather partial to the Dove.

When the servant of the Lord was lifted up and set on high, and greatly exalted, and many were amazed at the sight of him, so disfigured and scarcely human was his visage, and so unlike that of a man was his form, the wayfaring man didn't know him. But what had never been told them they shall see, and what they never heard, they shall perceive, if instructed into the kingdom of heaven, so as to set forth the old treasures and the new, in the manner of every scribe so instructed. He then will excuse the scandal of the Cross by the benefit of the passions, and see the angel standing in the Sun in mystical relation to the Bride or Lamb's wife, or Astarte, Queen of heaven and mother of God, and will see the Sun as the Bridegroom from his chamber rejoicing as a strong man to run his race.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

"Red Cloud," speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes to circles. Him big chief, Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No yanpump for three moon.

This spirit message was first published in MIND AND MATTER, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also, to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums, for three months for three 3-ct. stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result:

3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows:—1 sheet, (postage paid), 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1.00. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Proposition.

I am prepared and will send to any one address, direct from my office, one sheet of "Blackfoot's" Magnetized Paper, postage paid, every week for one month for 40 cents; two months for 70 cents; three months for \$1.00. Address with amount enclosed, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom St., Philada.

"Possibilities."

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 19, 1880.

Standing upon the threshold of the past and peering into the untrod avenues of the future, we may judge of the blessings coming to humanity from the perfect accord of freedom to woman. We turn backward as far as the mind of man may reach, and nought but slavery and the most unfavorable conditions greet us upon every side. Born away out amid the mists and shadows of servitude, she may not be held up to that higher standard to which she would, if ushered into life beneath the glorious sunlight of perfect liberty; and yet each soul being but an emanation from the great fountain-head of liberty itself, must sometimes feel its depths stirred with a grand desire for more knowledge. And, pray, what is knowledge but a kindred—a sister art of liberty? Oh! that my pen might awaken an unquenchable desire within the bosom of every man and brother, throughout our fair land. Oh! that I might kindle a flame upon the altar of their inner being that would never grow dim till our sisters were accorded the freedom which they have so nobly won.

You say, "leave woman free to follow her own intuitions and what would become of our homes? she being unused to these paths might wander away with her lover of an hour, leaving those dependent upon her care and love to drift with no fostering hand, upon the great sea of life." Nay, I tell ye, not so. A mother's love will ever guide her footsteps, even though you, with your weak judgment, may deem it otherwise.

Can you hamper the soul of your companions, my brothers? You may say, "thou shalt love me and me alone," but away out amid the starry gemmed vaults of heaven, how know you whither she is speeding, for that which was denied her by her own fireside. You have poor—you have no arguments with which to refute my own, for you have never tried, even for a single generation, the life which I have, with a man's weak judgment, striven to portray upon this page—you have not even read the preface to the volume which the angel of liberty hath held up to your darkened visions.

Then, pray, what know you of the contents of that volume? You first point to your starry flag with pride, and that beneath its sheltering folds the slaves of earth are free; can you say the same to your wives and daughters? And are they not as dear to you as the stranger that lands upon your wharves? Oh, consistency, where art thou? Can it be that my eyes behold a people who fled from the slaveries and enthrallments of conditions of the past, and yet seek to entail upon their unborn children the darkness from which they have, in a measure, escaped. Forbid it, all ye redeemed souls who have struggled through the long years from shadows up to sunshine. Let your fostering love pierce the dark clouds of jealousy and despair, and light your brothers up to a grander unfoldment—to a realizing sense of what man may attain to, if he but accord to others the same privileges which he claims for himself. How much grander that nature must feel, as it journeys along down the autumn of life, and the silver hairs begin to creep in; to think that its mission here has not been a fruitless one—that some where it planted a flower of Freedom in some grand woman's soul, that shall yet bloom into untold beauty and grace to bless unborn generations. And you, women of earth, heed it well that though the doors of Liberty's temple are yet only ajar, have a care that they be not again closed in darkness and gloom; but press on, even though the feet may be weary and the heart sick. Great souls among my sex will bid you god-speed, and will help you with heart and hand in this great struggle. To you, women in darkness who have no rights and want none, please for the once to awake from your apathy; and even if you wish for no brighter conditions, than your sisters do, a kindred spirit should make us seek another's happiness, even though we do not seek our own. So, with a kind word here, and a cheering smile there, we may help along the cause for which every true man and woman is striving; and when the angel of perfect Freedom comes and takes up her abode by our firesides, a welcome guest, the soul is not born to-day that can fathom the possibilities that shall spring from that grander condition of life inaugurated upon this planet.

Yours for truth, cost what it may,

FRED. S. HILDRETH.

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$ 7 24
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	50 00
A Friend,	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Burrell, Port Jervis, N. Y.,	50
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper,	\$3.00
R. Butterfield, Sacramento, Cal.,	2 00
Thomas Atkinson, Oxford, Ind.,	1 00
C. B. Peckham, Newport, R. I.,	1 00
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, San Francisco,	1 00
E. C. Hart, Oberlin, Ohio,	3 00
Mary S. Lloyd, Waterford, N. Y.,	1 00

MADAM BLAVATSKY'S CONTROL OF SPIRITS.

BY FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

Editor Mind and Matter.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1881.

In your paper of Dec. 18, I am invited "to favor the public with any evidence as to the fact that Madam Blavatsky ever controlled any spirit, much less the powerful and positive spirit John King."

I shall respond to this challenge by narrating certain facts, leaving it to your readers to form their own judgment as to what these facts prove.

1. In January, 1875, I was in Philadelphia, for the purpose of investigating the alleged Katie King "exposure." It was then that I made acquaintance with Madame Blavatsky, whose apartments in Mrs. Martin's hotel, Girard street (where I had a room myself) I frequently visited. What ever may be thought by some persons of "occultism" or "magic," the fact that she had extraordinary mediumistic gifts, through which she held frequent converse with invisible spirits, is beyond dispute. The evidence of it is too multifarious, and the witnesses too numerous to be now cited; but the fact, I think, will sufficiently appear from what I am about to relate. I will premise that, as Madame B. repeatedly stated to me and to others (and as to the truth of her statement I never had reason to doubt) she had made acquaintance with the Spirit John King some fourteen years before, on a visit to a wild tribe in Asia, while her husband was Governor of Tiflis, in the Caucasus; that she had been ever since in constant or frequent communication with him; and that their intercourse was like that of brother and sister in its familiarity and freedom.

A day or two before one of my visits to her, she had been swindled out of \$17 by an impostor who pretended to have special information touching the conspirators who had succeeded in bribing Eliza White to sign the lying "Antobiography of Katie King." She was seated at her writing-table in the broad light of day, and no other person than myself was in the room. I sat at one end of the table, while she was translating "People from the Other World," into Russian, and talking to me at the same time. She was abusing John King in round terms for allowing her to be thus swindled, especially as he had notified her beforehand of the man's coming. (Raps on the table.) Mme. B.: "Is that you, John?" (Raps.) "Yes." "Do you want paper under the table?" "Yes." "And a pencil?" "Yes." Mme. B. looks for a clean sheet of paper. Not finding one she takes up a sheet having some writing upon it, which she tears off and then hands the sheet to me for my inspection. I examine it on both sides and find nothing on it but the tails of some g's or y's belonging to the writing torn off. These I point out to her. She says: "So much the better. They will serve to identify the sheet." So saying, she takes the paper and places it, together with a pencil, on the floor under the table. She resumes her writing, and we continue our conversation. In a minute or two, more raps. "Is that you, John?" "Yes." "Can't you succeed?" "No." She takes up the paper and the pencil, and goes on writing and talking, but this to me on a different subject. I rise to leave; but her talk is so interesting that I sit down again; this time at the other end of the table, close to a drawer on her right. (Raps again.) "Is that you, John?" "Yes." "Try again?" "Yes." "Under the table?" "No." "In the drawer?" "Yes." She hands me the same piece of paper, telling me to examine it closely. I do so on both sides. There is nothing on it but the tails of the y's or g's I have before mentioned. She opens the drawer on her right, a few inches from where I was seated, thrusts into it the paper and pencil, shuts it up, and resumes her writing and her talk; which was on a subject that had no connection with John King or with the swindle. In a few seconds, certainly not over half a minute, a rap is heard. Mme. B. opens the drawer and hands me the paper without looking at it. It was the same paper I had examined, and on it was written the following, in a quaint, partly-printed hand, one peculiarity of which is that the e's are all formed like the Greek epsilon: "It will teach you henceforth to follow impressions thrust on you by vagabond diakkas. Why did you not wait for further instructions from me? The man was sent by me, and though he went to the Holmeses with the pre-conceived notions of swindling Spiritualists, you might have got out his secrets instead of him getting out from you your money. You are a goose, Helen, and now you have to pay for it. I'll try and set matters right. Never mind the money." J. K.

Now to the following facts I certify on honor: That after thrusting the paper and pencil into the drawer, until Mme. B. opened it again and handed me the paper, the drawer was not touched by either of us, or by any one else; that her right hand was constantly holding her pen, and that her left hand was used only in holding the cigarette, which she took from her mouth when speaking.

2. In the spring and summer of 1875 I received several letters from Mme. B. and from Mr. Betanelli. Two of those from Mr. Betanelli contain postscripts in blue pencil, written in precisely the same handwriting as the lines of which I have given a copy. One from Mme. B. has its last half page written over in red pencil in the same peculiar handwriting. All these communications bear John King's signature, and are characterized by the same peculiar style and expressions that are to be found in the first one, which certainly did not come from Mme. B. If John King were on trial in a court of law and his authorship of the first of these writings were proved, the identity of handwriting would be *prima facie* sufficient ground for convicting him of having written the others.

Again, Mme. B.'s letter and John King's communication upon it, furnish internal evidence to any readers of them that they were not both written by Mme. B. I cannot properly permit a friend's letter to go out of my hands, but will show this one to any person you may designate in Washington.

3. For the sake of brevity, I pass by various facts demonstrating that Mme. B.'s John King was the same who materialized through the Holmeses. On this point I will, however, relate one occurrence, because, of itself alone, it afforded conclusive proof of Mrs. Holmes' mediumship.

In the afternoon of January 24, 1875, it occurred to Col. Olcott and myself to put Mrs. Holmes through the ordeal of a seance to be held at once and without previous warning in Col. Olcott's own bed-room in Mrs. Martin's hotel, some mile and a half from the Holmes' lodgings. I accordingly

went for Mr. and Mrs. Holmes in a carriage and brought them to the hotel; neither of them taking anything into the carriage but the bag in which Mrs. Holmes was always tied and sealed up in our experiments. It was quite dark when we arrived at the hotel, and Col. Olcott's three gas burners were all lighted. The persons assembled there were Mrs. Martin, Dr. Felger, a German friend of his, Mme. Blavatsky and Mr. Betanelli. Col. Olcott had extemporized a cabinet by opening his closet door and hanging over the doorway a curtain of black muslin, in which he had made a slit with his penknife, to serve as an aperture or window. Mrs. Holmes was in a close-fitting black dress. We put her into the bag, tying and sealing it with all our accustomed precautions. A low chair had been placed against the wall just inside of the curtain, and we seated her in it enclosed in the bag. The gaslights had not been lowered and we had not taken our seats. I was standing some two or three feet from the closet door, when, instantly on the curtain being dropped, there emerged from the aperture in the curtain the head and bust of John King, who bid us welcome in his usual loud and harsh voice. His coal black beard, eyes and hair, his Arab costume and turban, and his large hands were all there. The seance lasted, perhaps, two hours, in the course of which all or most of us went up in turn, took him by the hand and talked with him. On seeing Mme. B. he kissed his hand to her. She went up to the curtain and their mutual recognition was complete. They talked together long and familiarly.

A small white hand and a beautifully moulded arm were repeatedly thrust out from the aperture. The person to whom they belonged was evidently standing on the right side of the closet, while Mrs. Holmes was seated on the left side. We were not mistaken in supposing this spirit to be Katie King. Col. Olcott approached, took her hand and talked with her. She would not show her face, but allowed him to thrust his arm through the aperture and place his hand on the head of Mrs. Holmes, who was still seated in the low chair on the left hand side. I then went up and she allowed me the same privilege, but nervously cautioning me not to look inside of the curtain, and saying she did not wish me to see her. Forgetting that the medium was sitting in a very low chair, I failed at first to find her. I then asked Katie to direct my arm so that my hand should reach Mrs. Holmes' head. Katie said she would do so, and her hand then seized my right arm at the elbow and so directed it that my hand was placed at once on the medium's head. I carefully carried my hand over her head and face, neck, shoulders and arms down to her elbows, and ascertained that she was still tied up in the bag precisely as when we put her into the closet. I should add that, after the seance was over, we found her in precisely the same condition, with the seal on the crossing of the ends of the drawstrings unbroken. Before resuming my seat I had quite a long conversation with Katie King, who was evidently standing up on my right just inside of the curtain.

When Mme. B. went up to talk with her she was permitted to look inside the curtain. On resuming her seat she told us that Katie's face appeared perfectly ghastly, portions of it only being materialized. The cause of this was undoubtedly in the very unfavorable atmospheric conditions. It had been thawing all day, and the air was saturated with moisture.

I have at various times since then, touched and talked with the same John King, through the mediumship of the Holmeses; in 1876, in the winter of 1877-78, and in the winter of 1879-80. The only change in his appearance was the substitution of a European dress (such as might seem appropriate to a buccaner) for his former Arab costume. At a seance in Washington, Dec. 31, 1877, at which I was not present, he came out into the room and spoke. One of the circle, Dr. Wozencraft, agreeably to my previous request, handed to him a blank envelope and a pencil, asking him to write something to me. He retired behind the curtain, and presently re-appearing, returned the envelope and the pencil to Dr. W. On the envelope was written:

"Be of good cheer. The time draws near for my picture to speak." J. King.

What was meant by this I have no idea; and I express no opinion as to its relevancy to the question of the authorship of the picture. And so as to another fact, which, whether relevant or not, will probably be thought quite curious and interesting.

On the 21st of June, 1875, I attended a private materializing seance at Mrs. Boothby's in Boston. It was held under conditions that were an absolute guarantee of the genuineness of the materializations; and that the controlling spirit was really Professor Webster (hanged for the murder of Dr. Parkham). I happen to have evidence of the strongest kind, which I will not now stop to detail. I was an entire stranger to the medium and to the nine other persons there, none of them, to my knowledge, knowing my name. On my asking Prof. Webster whether John King had ever shown himself at his seances, he replied with much warmth that "he would rather have the Devil there than John King." He then volunteered various particulars about him; saying, among other things, that he was very powerful, and was, after all, doing a great deal of good, though he had much of the old Adam still left in him, and that "he had a beautiful talent for painting pictures." Nothing had been said to lead up to this last remark. He characterized Katie King, John's daughter, as "a good and beautiful spirit, and a truthful one." In answer to questions he stated that he believed John King to be really Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaner, and that "he could not number the people he had sent overboard."

4. In the spring of 1875, I perfected a simple contrivance designed to refute the theory of Segeant Cox and others, that the communications received through the movements of a table are spelled out, consciously or unconsciously, by the medium, or by some other power in contact with the table. I called this contrivance a *Psychic Stand*. It was an oval stand, of the size of a small card-table, the top of which would tilt up under pressure. In operating it the medium sat at one end, with her hands placed lightly on the top; the observer sitting opposite to her, and watching a small metallic aperture or window on the under side of the stand, always invisible to the medium. The movements of the stand top under the medium's hands, caused letters of the alphabet to appear at this little window, by which communications were spelled out with more or less rapidity; no one beside the medium touching the table. The communications came sometimes in answer

to oral questions. Sometimes in answer to mental questions, and at other times spontaneously, without any questions being put at all. The invention was fully tested by daily sittings during five weeks in Boston, with that excellent medium Mrs. M. A. French.

Of the many communications given through the stand during the four weeks, I shall state only those purporting to come through John King or his band, and of these, such only as concerned Mme. Blavatsky.

I must premise that the medium knew nothing of any language, but English; that Mr. and Mrs. S., from Canada, were present at all or nearly all of the seances; that Mrs. S.'s Christian name was Katie; and that I once brought the "John King" picture and showed it to them. The seances began May 28, 1875, and continued till June 28th.

In the latter part of May, Mme. Blavatsky, who was still in Philadelphia, was in a dangerous condition. Her knee had been seriously injured by a fall. Mortification had set in, and it was said that nothing could save her life but amputation. On the 2d of June I wrote to Mr. Betanelli, asking him to inform John King, through Mme. B., of the seances with my stand, giving him Mrs. French's name and address in Boston, and to request him to come there exactly at 5 P. M., and inform me through the stand of Mme. B.'s condition. The next day's seance commenced, as usual, at about 4 P. M. Just before 5 a communication had been spelled out relating to Mrs. S. At 5 o'clock exactly the stand began to work with a rapidity and precision never before witnessed, indicating a new and powerful control. The following was spelled, out letter by letter:

"John King, alias Morgan. She is my Katie's namesake." (How is Mme. Blavatsky? Will she live or die?) "She is in a critical condition. Think she will soon come over." (to Mrs. S.) "How do you like my picture? You shall have one as good. Not like it. Get the satin. Get the common water dyes." (Colors?) "Ask for them." (In reply to some suggestion.) "I do my own business. Brushes and pencils. Don't care." After answering questions on another subject, he added: "I will come again to-morrow." (Good-bye, John.) "Good day, General."

June 4. John King having announced his presence, I asked, "How is Mme. B.?" Answer: "My fears have been —" The seance was here terminated by the medium's sudden indisposition.

June 5 and June 6. No seance; the medium's indisposition continuing.

June 7. John King came. (How is Mme. B.?) "I will tell. She will live.—John King."

June 8. The following communication, among others, was spelled out by John King, and taken down by me *literatim*:

"Mon dieu, a vous JESU, ut des MINSE RHIVGO. URSLI TOLK TSHE BOS TIS VY LIKIST. I will explain ego DYLESS you and help you to succeed. You now have five languages, which you will find to be correct by writing to your correspondent."

One peculiarity of John King's communications was his bringing down the stand top with force to mark the terminations of words. We did not at first discover the object of this.

I forwarded a copy of the above communication to Mr. Betanelli. On the 12th of June I received a long letter from Mme. B., the postscript to which was as follows:

"P. S.—Oh, the words you wrote as given by John are *Sclavonian*. I can make out but half of them. They mean URSLI TOLK TSHE BOS TIS VY LIKIST: *Better than argue, pray to God the Great—of Powerful*. I will write you more."

"H. P." Of the "five languages" asserted by John King to be contained in his communication, three are patent to the eyes, English, French and Latin. One *Sclavonian* sentence would make the fourth, and the words Mme. B. could not interpret, probably constituted the fifth.

June 9th, John King present, I privately wrote, *Comment est notre amie?*

"It is all right."

(Please answer more specifically.)

"I will. It will not be long first."

I instantly spelled out the same request in French again by moving the stand top with my own hand, the medium being unable, of course, to see the letters.

"*Non subha yre duxofenht*. She is better. Live, long live Lady Blavatsky."

In a letter received some days afterward, Mr. Betanelli informed me that *non subha* are two Wallachian words meaning, "I don't know." Mr. B. had resided some little time in Wallachia.

June 10. "John King." (How is Mme. Blavatsky?) "was there a few moments since. She is getting along well as possible. *Honi soi que (sic) only pause*. All right."

June 11. "I am here John King." (How is Mme. B.?) "Slowly recovering. Will be better soon."

Monday forenoon, June 14. John King present. (How is Mme. B.?) "She is doing well." (Where is she?) "With me. She is with me here." (Has she left the body?) "No. Her spirit is now here. This—"

I then opened a telegram just received from Mr. Betanelli, announcing that she was dying. Holding it in my hand, I asked, "Can you read this telegram?" "Yes. She had a severe attack. Hope to save her. Your mental power given will assist me much."

Same day, afternoon. "I am here; not John King. Monsieur (sic) Nemon Omneoff, one of the band." (What can we do for Mme. B.?) "Get a band here and give us all the power you can. John King says, help us with your power and he will save her. Now is the time. Send us your magnetism." You are doing all now. The telegram wire is now complete."

After an interval—"We fear the worst. Have received a despatch. She is lying in a trance condition at present. Look at my time." (I looked at my watch. It was 6.10 P. M. Boston time.) "All right, Monsieur (sic) Nemon. Hope for the best."

It should be noted that Boston time is 17 minutes in advance of Philadelphia time. Consequently when I looked at my watch it was 5.53 in Philadelphia.

On the 21st of June I received a letter from Mr. Betanelli, dated June 18, containing *inter alia* the following:

"All these days Madame was always the same, three or four times a day losing power, and laying as one dead for two or three hours at the time, pulse and heart stopped, cold and pale as dead. John King told truth right away in all. She was in such trance Monday morning and afternoon, from three till six we thought her dead. People say her spirit travels at that time, but I don't

know nothing of it, and I simply thought several times all was finished."

It will be seen that the words I have underscored corroborated Omneoff's statement as to Mme. B.'s exact condition on Monday afternoon, when he told me to look at my watch.

The letter added: "Omneoff is the name of a Russian officer in Caucasus; was killed in last war with Schamill."

June 15. "Omneoff is with you. Madame is still in the form. So John sends a dispatch to let you know. Says she is in a low state; has not yet returned to consciousness. Wait patiently and I will tell you what to do. I have been looking for and found two physicians, who I think can help her. Dr. Storer and Dr. —. Will get the name and tell you. Will try. Can help there." (Without going there?) "Yes." Richardson. (Of what place?) "Charlestown." (How must they proceed?) "They must get together and give their power to us, and we will carry it to her." (Should this be done at once?) "The sooner the better." (Can you influence Dr. Richardson to go to Dr. Storer's office?) "Do not think I can."

I then went in quest of Dr. Storer, met him in the street, took him to Mrs. French's and left him there.

June 19. "Nemon. I am sent by John King to give this message. She is better. All right. We wish to give you our thanks for lending your help. John thinks she will live to render you much good."

June 22. "I am King John. You will get a dispatch to-morrow," (referring to another subject.) "Omneoff is now with Madame." (How is she?) "Better, but very weak."

June 23. After speaking on another subject. "All right. Madame is doing well. You will hear soon from her. She will write herself and do it soon."

I afterwards had a letter dated June 30.

June 24. After communicating on other subjects. "Don't Madame love John King? I tease her: go tell her or write fun with her, for I love to tease her. Tell her I shall ever love and care for her."

5. Finally, as to Mme. Blavatsky's power or influence over spirits, (I think it immaterial which of these expressions is used.) I will end this long narrative by giving one fact in proof and illustration of it.

One of the most important pieces of evidence in contradiction of Mrs. White's assertion of her having personated Katie King is a private letter to Mr. Holmes in her own handwriting, dated at Philadelphia, August 18, 1874. The following are two paragraphs from it:

"Dr. Child comes here with Dr. Paxson, Mr. Leslie, Mrs. Buckwalter and Mrs. Child, and hold seances, and go on just as if they owned the house."

"The man that called the other day called again yesterday. His name is Leslie. Leslie said 'You look like Katie King. People say you are Katie King. If you will confess we'll stand by you, and pay you the money (one thousand dollars) in advance. We want to stop all this Spiritualism that's going all over the country, and we will put the Holmeses down, if you will only tell me and friends all you know about it. I told him I didn't know anything about your affairs; that if you were not genuine mediums there was none. I did not see how it could be a humbug. He repeated what he said before. Soon after, Roberts, of 1210 Market Street came in. He talked a long time, but acted very strange. I told him as I did Leslie. What does all this mean? I wish you would come here to this city. How funny that anybody should think that I am the spirit! How absurd! But all this causes me great trouble, and I don't like it."

Your friend,

(FRANK STEVENS, PRASE.)

ELIZA WHITE."

The entire letter will be found in "Olcott's People from the Other World."

Mrs. White had been the Holmeses' housekeeper in Philadelphia, and when they departed for Blissfield they left her in charge of the house and of all their effects. Had she really been the personator of Katie King, it would be ridiculous to suppose that in a private, confidential letter to them, intended for no eyes but theirs, she would have affected to deny or to ignore the fact; and it was in this that the importance of the letter as evidence consisted. Now this letter was not produced by the Holmeses, but was obtained in the extraordinary manner I will proceed to relate.

It was an afternoon in Philadelphia near the end of January, 1875, Col. Olcott had completed the investigation as to the Holmes' mediumship he had been invited to make by Robert Dale Owen and by the Holmes themselves, and was about to leave the city. To prove Mrs. White's alleged identity with Katie King, the conspirators had strongly relied upon certain expressions in Mr. Holmes' letters to her from Blissfield, all of which they had published at length. Speaking to the Holmes at their lodgings about those letters, they told me that Mrs. White's own letter to them would show the falsity of her statement that she had personated Katie King. I asked where these letters were. I was told they had all been destroyed, except, perhaps, one dated some time in August, in which she spoke particularly of this man Leslie coming and endeavoring to bribe her to say she had personated Katie King. I said it was important that that letter should be produced at once, and asked where it was. Mr. Holmes answered that it could not now be got at, as it was still in existence, it was locked up in one of two boxes at their home in Vineland, N. J., some 35 miles or more from Philadelphia. I urged Mr. Holmes to go there immediately and get it for us. He said he had no money to pay the travelling fares. I asked him if he had not some friend in Vineland to whom he could telegraph to go and open the boxes, find the letter and forward it. He said there was no person there he could trust to do it.

I then returned to Mrs. Martins, found Col. Olcott with Mme. Blavatsky in her parlor, and informed them of what I have just stated. We were all agreed as to the importance of the letter, and something was said as to the possibility of John King's obtaining it for us. Mme. B. was doubtful whether this could be done, as such an exertion of his power would require as a condition, a certain great sacrifice on her part.

I then retired to my own room. In an hour, or perhaps two hours after this, Col. Olcott came to me and read to me a literal copy of the very letter in question. John King had brought it to Mme. B. at her request, on the sole condition that it should not go out of her hands. She accordingly read it over to Col. Olcott, who wrote down the contents from dictation. From my room Col.

Olcott went immediately to the Holmeses, and read the letter to them. As may be imagined, their astonishment was great, and they fully recognized the letter as the identical one they had left boxed up in Vineland.

Whether the letter brought by John King was the original written by Eliza White, or was a *fac simile* he had made of it, I have no information; nor as to what became of it afterwards.

In regard to Mme. Blavatsky's power or influence over spirits, I have purposely abstained from relating what I know or believe on the testimony of others; confining myself to facts within my own personal knowledge, whether or not these facts justify my belief that in 1875 Mme. Blavatsky was in frequent and familiar communication with the spirit known as "John King; and further, that when any important object was to be gained, his spirit power was at her disposal, your readers will decide for themselves.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO (Surnamed Uticensis.)
(A Roman Senator and Statesman.)

MY BEST GREETINGS TO YOU, SIR:—Very nearly 1900 years have passed since I passed to the spirit life. Those were stormy days in which I lived. A man's fate hung upon a single cast of the die. If he failed in that he lost all. My sense of honor made me despise the rich, the great, the powerful. I would rather have been a pauper than a slave, and because I would not flatter I lost everything. Rather than fall a sacrifice to my enemies, I sacrificed myself. I committed suicide to keep my enemies from triumphing over me. I read Plato's "Immortality of the Soul." That set all my doubts at rest, as to the life beyond the grave, and I acted upon what I believed. I preferred a free spirit life to mortal slavery. As a spirit I find my condition far better than that of my oppressors, and I also find that virtuous actions performed in the mortal life are the true passport to an angel's happiness in the spirit life. Although you may be wrong in certain actions during your mortal existence, if you perform them thinking they are just and true, then, sir, you are what an angel could not improve upon, the best your circumstances would allow. I have no good word for hypocrisy whether in social, religious, or political affairs. It has been the curse of all ages and generations, and the man or woman who exposes hypocrisy is a benefactor to his or her generation. It is certain that truth is radical, and tears the mask of error from the face of fondly cherished theories. As there are others here who wish to communicate, I have taken up sufficient time. I passed to spirit about B. C. 47, and was known when here as Marcus Cato, surnamed Uticensis. I give you my full name to distinguish myself from my father, Marcus Porcius Cato.

[We take the following sketch of the life of Cato from Thomas's Dictionary of Biography and Mythology.—Ed.]

"Marcus Porcius Cato, surnamed the Younger, and Uticensis, (that is of Utica) a celebrated Stoic philosopher and patriot, born in 95 B. C., was a great-grandson of Cato the Censor, whom he took for his model in private and public life. He studied the doctrines of the Stoics under Antipater, and inured himself to hardships and privations. His first campaign was in the servile war against Spartacus, (72 B. C.) in which he gave proof of courage; but martial pursuits did not prove congenial to his tastes. After performing the duties of quaestor with honor, he was elected tribune of the people, in the same year that Cicero was consul. He appears to have been the only eminent Roman that heartily seconded Cicero in opposing the traitorous designs of Cataline (A. U. C. 690). His sincere devotion to liberty prompted him to strenuously oppose the ambitious coalition of Caesar, Pompey and Crassus; but his success was perhaps hindered by his inflexible and uncompromising policy. In 54 B. C. he was elected praetor, and by his efforts to prevent bribery at elections, gave great offence to the politicians. He failed in his candidacy for the consulship, because he would not resort to corrupt means to procure his election. When the rivalry of Pompey and Caesar, whom he vainly attempted to reconcile, ripened into civil war, 49 B. C., Cato joined the party of the former as the lesser evil, and after the death of Pompey, commanded an army in Africa. He resigned the command to Scipio, who was defeated in the year 46 B. C. Cato then wished to defend Utica against the victor, but other counsels prevailed. Unwilling to survive the ruin of the republic, which he had predicted and opposed with all his power, he died at Utica by his own hand, in his forty-ninth year. Caesar, on hearing of the event, exclaimed: 'Cato, I envy thee thy death, since thou hast deprived me of the honor of saving thy life.' Cato has generally been regarded as one of the purest and noblest of all the Romans."

[Such was the spirit testimony of Cato, given through an unconsciously entranced medium, who knows at this writing not one word of what fell from his lips.—Ed.]

DRUSILLA LAVIA (Roman Empress).

I GREET YOU, SIR:—Many Roman men have conversed with you, or as you term it, have communicated with you. I thought that a woman should not be behind the men in bearing witness to the truth. I lived at the precise time that the Christian Saviour is claimed to have existed. I was a lady of literary tastes, and occupied the highest position in Roman society, namely, that of empress. I had every opportunity to have investigated what is termed the Christian religion, had it then existed. I was the mother of Tiberius Claudius, the Emperor that ruled the Roman empire at the very time it is claimed that Jesus lived. In the first place neither my son nor myself would have allowed any king, who was paying tribute to Rome, to commit such a dastardly act as the so-called slaughter of the innocents. The whole story is a fabrication, and its origin was the Christiana of India. Neither were those miracles claimed for Jesus ever performed in Judea, because if they had been I should have been the first to hasten there to see them performed. Neither was there such a man—a so-called God—a philosopher—nor what you Spiritualists term, a medium—ever crucified at Jerusalem. My life covered the whole period in question, for I went to spirit life at the age of 83, in A. D. 27. It should be the duty of every enlightened spirit to annihilate that story because its tendency is evil and demoralizing. My name was Drusilla Livia.

[We take the following account of this famous woman from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Livia Drusilla, the wife of Augustus, was the daughter of Livius Drusus Claudianus. Livia was born on the 28th of September, B. C. 56-54. She was married first to Tiberius Claudius Nero, but her beauty having attracted the notice of Octavian at the beginning of B. C. 38, her husband was compelled to divorce her, and surrender her to the triumvir. She had already borne her husband one son, the future emperor Tiberius. Livia never bore Augustus any children, but she continued to have unbounded influence over him until the time of his death. The empire which she had gained by her charms she maintained by the purity of her conduct and the fascination of her manners, as well as by a perfect knowledge of Augustus, whom she endeavored to please in every way. She was a consummate actress, excelled in dissimulation and intrigue, and never troubled either herself or her husband by complaining of the numerous mistresses of the latter. There was only one subject that occasioned any discussion between them, and that was the succession. Augustus naturally wished to secure it for his own family, but Livia resolved to obtain it for her own children; and, according to the common opinion at Rome, she did not scruple to employ foul means to remove out of the way the family of her husband. The premature death of Marcellus was attributed by many to her machinations, because he had been preferred to her sons as the husband of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. But for this there seems little ground. The opportune death both of C. Caesar and L. Caesar seems much more suspicious. These young men were the children of Julia by her marriage with Agrippa; and being the grandchildren of Augustus, they presented, as long as they lived, an insuperable obstacle to the accession of Tiberius, the son of Livia. But Lucius died suddenly at Massilia in A. D. 2 and Caius in Lycia A. D. 4, of a wound that was not considered at all dangerous. It was generally suspected that they had both been poisoned, by the secret orders of Livia and Tiberius. She was even suspected of having hastened the death of Augustus in A. D. 14.

"Augustus left Livia and Tiberius as his heirs; and by his testament adopted her into the Julia gens, in consequence of which she received the name of Julia Augustus. By the accession of her son to the imperial throne, Livia had now attained the long-cherished object of her ambition, and by means of her son thought to reign over the Roman world. But this the jealous temper of Tiberius would not brook. At first all public documents were signed by her as well as by Tiberius, and letters on public business were addressed to her as well as to the emperor; and with the exception of her not appearing in person in the Senate or the assemblies of the army and the people, she acted as if she were the sovereign. She openly said that it was she who had procured the empire for Tiberius, and to gratify her the Senate proposed to confer upon her various extraordinary honors. Thereupon Tiberius, perceiving that he was becoming a mere cypher in the State, forbade all these honors, and commanded her to retire altogether from public affairs; but she had gained such an ascendancy over him that he did not feel himself his own master as long as he was in her neighborhood, and accordingly removed his residence from Rome to Capri. Such was the return she was destined to receive for the toil she had sustained and the crimes she had probably committed, in order to secure the empire for her son. Tiberius no longer disguised the hatred he felt for his mother, and for the space of three years he only spoke to her once. When she was on her death-bed, he even refused to visit her. She died in A. D. 29, after suffering from repeated attacks of illness, at a very advanced age, eighty-two according to Pliny, eighty-six according to Dion Cassius. Tiberius did not attempt to dissemble the joy which he felt at her death.

[Such was the woman whose spirit returned to testify to the fact that there was nothing of the story of Jesus of Nazareth in existence at the only period when such a person or being is claimed to have lived on the earth. In the face of such irrefragable testimony as this to the baselessness of the so-called Christian religion what folly it is for so-called Spiritualists to seek to revive this monstrous error! Have done with it.—Ed.]

ARNOBIVS, (Numidian Rhetorician).

"No more appropriate salutation can be given than 'Bless you all.' You are engaged in a mighty work. You are brushing away the cobwebs of mythology of those crude ideas and principles which the science of the ancients could not explain. And I am sorry, as a spirit, that I ever contributed my mite towards giving weight to those mythological legends. I am accused of having been a Christian. I deny it. My real profession was that of a rhetorician, and I used as my illustrations all kinds of books, without regard to the creeds or doctrines they taught; but I by no means endorsed them. My religion was of a mystical kind—something infangible—bordering on the extatic, but the general tenor of my writings upon religious subjects was on the insignificance of man and the infinitude of God. My God was so vast—so incomprehensible—that I never attempted to explain what I really thought of God, and this mystified my hearers, for which I am very sorry as a spirit. It is the duty of the mortal man to make the best of that which he knows—to utilize facts, for there never was a mind, and never will be able to understand infinity or the ultimate of infiniteness. Therefore, waste not your time in speculation, but arise and knock the scales of superstition from the eyes of mortals. With an honest purpose to make truth overcome error, you will march forward in peace and prosperity. Flived about the year 303 A. D., in Numidia, and my name is Arnobius."

[We take the following sketch of Arnobius from the Encyclopedia Britannica.—Ed.]

"Arnobius, called Afer, and sometimes the Elder, was a native of Sicca Veneria in Numidia. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it must have been during the latter part of the Third century of our era. He was a teacher of rhetoric, and at first an opponent of Christianity. His conversion is said by Jerome to have been occasioned by a dream; and the same writer adds that the bishop to whom Arnobius applied, distrusted his professions, and asked some proof of them, and that the treatise *Adversus Gentes*, was composed for this purpose. But this story seems rather improbable; for Arnobius speaks contemptuously of dreams, and besides, his work bears no traces of having been written in a short time, or of having been revised by a Christian bishop. From inter-

nal evidence the time of composition may be fixed A. D. 303. Nothing further is known of the life of Arnobius. He is said to have been the author of a work on Rhetoric, which, however, has not come down to us. His great treatise in seven books, *Adversus Gentes*, on account of which he takes rank as a Christian apologist, appears to have been occasioned by a desire to answer the complaint then brought against the Christians, that the prevalent calamities and disasters were due to their impiety, and had come upon men since the establishment of their religion. In the first book Arnobius carefully discusses this complaint; he shows that the allegation of greater calamities having come upon men since the Christian era is false; and that, even if it were true, it could be by no means attributed to Christians. He skillfully contends that Christians who worship the self-existent God cannot justly be called less religious than those who worship subordinate deities, and concludes by vindicating the divinity of Christ. The second book is principally taken up with a discussion of the soul, which Arnobius does not think is of divine origin, and which he scarcely believes to be immortal. Curiously enough, he is of opinion that a belief in the soul's immortality would tend to remove moral restraint, and have a prejudicial effect upon human life. In the concluding chapters he answers the objections drawn from the recent origin of Christianity. Books III, IV, and V, contain an examination of heathen mythology, in which he narrates, with powerful sarcasm, the scandalous chronicles of the gods, and contrasts with their grossness and immorality, the pure and holy worship of the Christian. These books are valuable as a repository of mythological stories. Books VI, and VII, discuss, in a very admirable manner, the questions of sacrifices and worship of images. He points out the absurdities of the heathen practices in these respects, and shows how unnecessary they are in a pure system of religion. The work of Arnobius appears to have been written when he was a recent convert, for he does not possess a very extensive knowledge of scripture. He knows nothing of the Old Testament, and only the life of Christ in the New, while he does not quote directly from the gospels. He is also at fault in regard to the Jewish sects."

[Here we have another spirit coming back and correcting the errors of history, and at the same time explaining his position towards the prevailing religious legends and myths of his day. Arnobius tells us he was neither a Christian, a Jew nor a Pagan, but an extatic worshipper of the God of Infinitude, and the humiliation of man as compared with that incomprehensible being. But is it not amusing that the Christian authorities should claim such ancients as Arnobius as apologists for their religion? In ancient times they must have been no way particular about the religious sentiments of those they sought to identify with their religion.—Ed.]

ALFARABI (An Arabian Philosopher.)

MAY THE DAY BE BLESSED TO YOU:—When here I was a Mahometan, and if the Christians take exception to my mortal faith, I say my religion was better than theirs for they worshipped an ideal being while I followed the teachings of a real being. I think Mahometanism need not blush when compared with Christianity; for where, in a Mahometan country, will you find such drunkenness and thieving as you find in Christian countries? The comparison would not be to the disadvantage of Mahometanism. When I lived upon the mortal plane the night of death had settled upon the Christian intellect. It was we, the despised Mahometans, who kept the fires of sacrifice and learning burning when Christian countries were wrapped in one dark night of superstition and ignorance. As a spirit I to-day rejoice that I was born a Mahometan and not a Christian, because I am more open to liberal and enlightened views on every subject. I would not be a Christian, to be walled up in one of their narrow contracted spheres in the spirit life—forever watching and waiting for what can never be realized. I would not be a Christian, in mortal life, to rob, steal and tramp upon the rights of my mortal brethren, and then, like a sneak, in my dying hour, want to throw my sins on an innocent man. By heaven! I would not be such a spirit as that, for I would never have the courage to look an honest spirit in the face. This may sound harsh, but it is given to make mortals think. If they will study the principles of nature they will find that no such atonement can or ever will be possible, because it is contrary to all known justice, human or divine. I was a philosopher and an Arabian. I wrote a work called "The Principles of Nature." It is something in the style of A. J. Davis' works. This was about the year 945 A. D. My name was Alfarabi.

[We take the following sketch of this very intelligent Mahometan from the *Nouvelle Biographie Generale*, from the pen of E. Renan.—Ed.]

"Alfarabi, a celebrated Arabian philosopher, a native of Farab or Ottwar, died at Hamis toward 950 A. D. He went when very young to Bagdad, which was then under the protection of the Abbasides, the centre of the Greek philosophies and sciences. He there received instruction from several Syrian Christians, and after travelling in Syria and Egypt, he settled at Hamis, where he received the kind offices of Serf-Eddaula, one of the most enlightened princes of his time. It was there that Alfarabi passed the remainder of his days. He devoted himself particularly to logic, and established in a definite manner the basis of this study among the Arabs. Avicenne acknowledges that he owes all his knowledge on this subject to Alfarabi; but the books of the disciple caused those of the master to be forgotten; the Hadji-Khalifa library informs us that if the writings of Alfarabi are so rare, that is also the case with those of Avicenne. His principal works are: a kind of encyclopedia, in which the author gives a classification of the sciences; an exposition of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; a treatise on morality; a treatise on politics. The first work of which we possess, the Hebrew translation is a complete course of social philosophy, connected to the most elevated metaphysical notions. The end of man, according to Alfarabi, is to enter into a union, more or less intimate, with reason (the active intellect.) Society is as much more perfect the more closely it approaches the supreme principle of goodness. Man is prophetic where the veil has fallen between him and— Such a delight he cannot attain to in this life. The perfect man finds his recompense here below in his own perfection. It may thus be seen that Alfarabi expressly rejected all supernatural revelation. His thoughts on immortality appear to have been very uncertain. In his work on

Morality, he admits it in the sense of a religious dogma. In his work on Politics he seems to believe that the perfect souls are only immortal and that the others return to nothingness. Finally, in his commentary on the Ethics of Aristotle, he treats as fabulous all that relates to the other life. Several of the theories of Alfarabi are found almost without modification in Averoes and Avempace (Ibu Badja). To his labors on Philosophy he added some very ingenious researches on music which contributed to true progress in acoustics. One result of the examination of his treatise on music is the fact that the musical notation now in use has been in part borrowed from the Arabs."

[If this spirit is to be believed, it is very clear that the despised Mahometan has a happier spirit life than the Christian. Let us have no more contention between Christian and Moslem, for the belief of neither amounts to anything in the after life, except to hold those who adhere to those religious errors enthralled in spirit as they are in earth life. Let us have peace.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. JAMES A. BLISS holds public materializing seances at her residence No. 1620 South Thirteenth street, every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Admission 50 cents. Private seances will be held by special arrangement.

READ our advertisement on the seventh page, where we offer Joseph Johns' Works of Art at the low rate of fifty cents each picture. You cannot find a more appropriate gift for a friend than these beautiful pictures and a copy of MIND AND MATTER for one year.

Mrs. JAMES A. BLISS, the well known materializing medium, of this city, requests us to say that she would like to open a correspondence with parties on the railroad line between Philadelphia and Kansas City, Mo., with a view of holding seances in large cities along the route, some time during the coming spring. Address her as follows: Mrs. James A. Bliss, 1620 South Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TRUTH SEEKER appeared on the Christians' New Year's day in a new dress, and presents an admirable appearance. Mr. D. M. Bennett, the editor and publisher, presents to his readers the largest liberal newspaper in the world, and deserves great credit for his steadfastness, and we heartily congratulate him upon his success. The subscription price of the *Truth Seeker* is \$3.00 per year. Address D. M. Bennett, 141 8th street, N. Y. city.

MILLER'S *Psychometric Circular* of January 1st, puts in an appearance in a new form, enlarged to eight large pages, and plainly shows that the work begun by Mr. Charles R. Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., meets with favor with the reading public. We have received in advance of the regular issue one side of the paper, and find it filled with very interesting reading matter. Address, for sample copy, Charles R. Miller, 17 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ON another page we publish an article from the pen of General F. J. Lippitt that will explain itself. We cannot see one trace of evidence in it, that Madam Blavatsky possessed the least power to control the spirit John King or any other spirit. Madam Blavatsky may have possessed mediumistic attributes, but if so she should certainly be classed with tricky mediums, as she sought to deceive the public, by denying her mediumship and claiming powers that did not belong to her at all.

THERE will be a convention of the Spiritualists of New Hampshire, at Manchester, commencing Saturday, Jan. 22, 1891, at 10 A. M., and continuing over the following Sunday. The object of this convention is to form a State organization, for the purpose of strengthening and advancing the cause of Spiritualism. Your personal attendance is respectfully solicited. Please extend this notice. E. B. Craddock, Chairman of the Committee; A. C. Emery, President; B. P. Burpee, Secretary, Manchester Society of Spiritualists.

Transition of David S. Densmore.

Just as we were about to go to press, we received a letter from Helen F. Goldthwaite, announcing the death of her father, David C. Densmore, earthly editor and publisher of the *Voice of Angels*. Brother Densmore was a true and devoted Spiritualist, and a most remarkable medium for spirit control, and Spiritualists will miss his most valuable services in the work in which he was engaged with his whole soul. Well do we remember when Brother Densmore was in this City a few years ago, how proudly he spoke of his "baby boy" (*The Voice of Angels*), and exulted over the progress that journal had made in opening the eyes of the spiritually blinded.

His faith and confidence in his spirit guides was strong, that they would be able to carry him safely through every difficulty that laid in his path.

He was confined to his room for three months, and was a great sufferer from a constant feeling of suffocation, which prevented his ever lying down. Indeed, for the past year he has slept always sitting up.

In the letter written by Mrs. Goldthwaite, we find the following, which we quote: "As you may know, he was devotedly attached to the interests of Spiritualism, and felt that he could not do enough in its behalf. He wanted to live for his paper, that he might encourage and help the suffering. He was cheerful and patient to the end, and somewhat hopeful that he might recover to go on with his work."

We feel to rejoice that Brother Densmore as a spirit can look back upon a life of usefulness with great satisfaction, and our only regret is, that we have not time and space to give a more extended notice of our brother's departure in this number of MIND AND MATTER.

"He labored not in vain."

It is the common testimony of spirits, that man's earthly belief or want of belief in matters of religion, has nothing to do with his condition in spirit life, but that his spirit status is governed solely by his kindly acts done to his fellow beings both on earth and in spirit life. If Dr. Peebles has not learned this as a Spiritualist, he has certainly no right to speak for spirits, nor to attempt to define their general teachings. But for similar dogmatic sectarian bias and tendencies manifested throughout his work, Dr. Peebles' book would have considerable value to those who are seeking to know what spirits teach, but as it is, it is badly adapted for that purpose.

We would be glad to speak in a different vein of Dr. Peebles' labors, but our first duty is to the public. He will hardly censure us for treating his work unfairly, in view of our very full quotations on the points to which we take special exception.

OUR ENEMIES DRIVEN INTO THE OPEN FIELD.

Our readers will remember that we last week sketched the history of the combination that was formed two years ago by Spiritualists, so called, to prevent the publication of MIND AND MATTER, and to silence the only paper that stood in their way to prevent the carrying out of a long-arranged plan to sell out the cause of Spiritualism to its natural foes. We showed that the plot of treachery had its inception with John C. Bundy, editor of the *R.-P. Journal*, and was followed up by certain unscrupulous enemies of truth in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, the only places in which men could be found base enough to join in the infamous plot. That we were not wrong in our interpretation of the acts of these conspirators, we herewith publish in full the following open confession of Col. John C. Bundy, in the last week's *Journal*. He said:

"Our old readers will recollect the exposure of Alfred James, in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, something less than two years ago, while professedly acting as a medium for full-form manifestations. A large lot of masquerading paraphernalia was captured and a most complete exposure made. In this laudable work the brothers, W. R. and T. S. Tice, of Brooklyn, were active agents, Mr. Wm. R. Tice going to Philadelphia and securing, after a search, a complete assortment of such garments as are frequently brought into service in cabinet work, paying James's mother five dollars for the lot, as she claimed it would take that amount in addition to the admission receipts of the evening, to cover the cost of the outfit. The Spiritualists of the country very generally approved of Mr. Tice's action. One J. M. Roberts, a comparatively recent accession to the ranks of Spiritualism, and the owner of a libelous sheet which he alleges is a newspaper, espoused the cause of Alfred James, as he had previously done other frauds and tricky mediums, and dealt in such wholesale slander that Mr. Wm. R. Tice felt it his duty to take legal steps against him. Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Tice's lawyer, action was delayed, but proceedings have now begun and Roberts is under bonds to appear both in a civil and criminal suit. As a consequence, the last number of the Philadelphia fire-cracker fizzles and splutters with even more than its usual amusing display of senile puerility.

While Mr. Tice was in Philadelphia attending to his suit against Roberts on the criminal side of the court, Alfred James summoned him before a Magistrate, on an affidavit charging assault and battery. In his testimony before the magistrate, James swore that Tice used violence, such as striking and choking him, and also that no such articles as had been described were ever taken from him in Brooklyn. Mr. Tice promptly gave bail to appear on January 3, and at once took the necessary steps to have James arraigned for perjury.

Mr. Tice is a quiet, genial gentleman of wealth and leisure, and nothing could be more distasteful to him than controversy with such persons as James and Roberts, but he evidently feels that he has a duty both to himself and to Spiritualists generally, and our readers may rest assured that he possesses both the ability and the determination to follow the matter up, and that no compromising or whitewashing will be tolerated on his part.

Although this man Roberts started his low and scurrilous organ avowedly to break down the *R.-P. Journal*, and this solely because we dared to question the genuineness of purported spirit phenomena occurring under conditions admitting of deception in the presence of mediums known as forgers, bigamists and debauchees, whose company would not be tolerated in decent society; and although he has, as it were, compassed heaven, and earth, and called to his aid all the frauds and fanatics, with an occasional graduate from some insane asylum, we have, as our readers will bear witness, pursued the dignified, even tenor of our course, wholly oblivious, so far as our columns are concerned, of his existence. In the arena of nature, mosquitoes and other pestiferous insects perform their allotted mission, so in the arena of Spiritualism such men as Roberts have their use, and though like mosquitoes they may be disagreeable, and the purpose of their creation obscure, it is neither sensible nor philosophical to get out of patience with them, nor to expend one's energies in fighting what at best is only a passing nuisance.

True, if one has leisure and money, as has Mr. Tice, it is well to engage in the philanthropic task of hastening the abatement of such nuisances, not so much for his own benefit as for the good of his fellow-citizens."

"There, Spiritualists of the United States, in his naked deformity and moral putridity, stands the infamous hypocrite whose slimy trail we have followed with undeviating correctness, from the time he set about the preposterous work of abating MIND AND MATTER. We have all along known that the white livered villain was as silent as the grave, under our editorial lash, not because he did not feel its just keenness, but because he thought we would tire of our loathsome duty and allow him to escape his rich deserts if he bore in seeming patience the falling lash. Finding that he could no longer endure the punishment his infamous conduct merited, he has at last spoken as

above, and any one, though a fool, can see and appreciate the malignancy that was rankling beneath that stolid exterior. We must ask the reader to bear with us while we follow this human reptile across the open field into which he has ventured.

It is absolutely false that Alfred James has ever been exposed as a medium. The pitiful attempt of Wm. R. Tice and others, at the instigation of "this man" Bundy, to misrepresent Mr. James resulted in nothing but the complete vindication of Mr. J. and the overwhelming discomfiture of the enemies of the latter. No large nor small lot of masquerading paraphernalia was ever found upon, or taken from the possession of Mr. James. Wm. R. Tice and others fraudulently intending to deceive the public, did procure such masquerading paraphernalia, and did, by conspiring and plotting violence and fraud, endeavor to fasten the stigma of dishonesty on Mr. James. That stigma they found fastened upon their own brows and not on his; and before this affair is through with, they will find it there to stay. The lying pretence that Mrs. James ever sold, to Mr. Tice, any such paraphernalia, is in keeping with the whole dishonest and disgraceful conduct of this precious set of Spiritualistic hypocrites. It is a positive falsehood that the Spiritualists of the country very generally approved of Mr. Tice's action. They were neither so stupid nor unprincipled as to do any such thing. Our exposure of the villainy of which Wm. R. Tice was the principal agent has been so generally and pointedly commended that the opposite statement must be necessarily false.

It is laughable, truly, for "this man" Bundy to say:

"One J. M. Roberts, a comparatively recent accession to the ranks of Spiritualists, and the owner of a libelous sheet which he calls a newspaper, espoused the cause of James as he had previously done that of other tricky mediums, and dealt in such wholesale slander that Mr. W. R. Tice felt it his duty to take legal steps against him."

"One J. M. Roberts" has a very decided advantage over "One" John C. Bundy in as much as he has been a Spiritualist, openly, consistently, honestly, and faithfully, for the past seven years, during which time he has taken more pains to inform himself of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism than almost any other person who has made that subject an especial study. "This man" Bundy has never joined the "ranks of Spiritualism," any more than the spy who pretends to be a faithful soldier can be said to join the ranks whose destruction he seeks. Up to the time when the bullet of an insane assassin, instigated by interested parties to the murderous deed, slew Stevens S. Jones, the founder of the *R.-P. Journal*; and the unlawful concealment of the will of the murdered man, put "this man" Bundy in possession of that paper against the oft expressed purpose of its founder, he was an open and active enemy of Spiritualism. This was less than four years ago. His whole course since he took possession and control of the paper, in the worse than detestable manner stated, he has done nothing but defame Spiritualism, Spiritualists and spiritual mediums; and at the same time diligently courted the approbation of its enemies, by his efforts to degrade the cause he so naturally and justly hated. Besides he has labored in season and out of season to place impediments in the way of the spirit workers themselves, and has called down upon himself the condemnation of their resistless power. His shrunken and constantly diminishing subscription list is the result of his obstructive folly. Yet "this man" Bundy has the effrontery to pose as a Spiritualist and to sneeringly speak of us as "a comparatively recent accession," etc.

That we publish a libelous sheet is as false as the dishonest heart of him who penned that lie. Whom have we slandered? Whom have we libelled? We have attacked the private character of no person, as has been the habitual practice with "this man" Bundy. We have criticised the public acts and utterances of many persons, some of them among the most influential and honored among Spiritualists, but who can point to the instance wherein we did not allow those we criticized to speak for themselves. That we never wronged any of these persons is patent in the fact that none have attempted a respectful reply to our criticisms on their course. The offence of slander does not lie at our door. In connection with "this man" Bundy's public editorial course, we have, as he admits, criticised his editorial conversations with merited severity, and he has not dared to question the truth of any of our statements regarding him. He is guilty of the puerile folly to pretend that he could afford to be silent under an arraignment such as no honest nor innocent man would submit to; so true is it that "a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all." Silence under such circumstances is the confession of guilt, not the indifference of conscious innocence.

When "this man" Bundy says that we have ever espoused the cause of frauds and tricky mediums, he lies, as he only is capable of doing. If he, Bundy, is to be believed, Wm. R. Tice has taken the contract to silence the paper that has shown up the "frauds and tricky" deceptions which himself, Tice and their confederates have practiced to mislead the ignorant public. To say the least, Mr. Tice, the great exposé of honest mediums, and the dishonest intriguer to place them in a false light before the public, concluded it was best to wait a very long while before he undertook the formidable and dangerous task of attempting to abate ourself and MIND AND

MATTER. It is not true that the continued illness of Mr. Tice's lawyer prevented him from proceeding against us. That is a piece of Bundyite lying, no doubt instigated by his confederate Tice. After the date of the alleged offence which was March 8, 1879, Mr. Tice took no step whatever to express even dissatisfaction of our treatment until more than a year afterwards, when he wrote to us, saying that he demanded that we should agree to have our editorial course passed upon by a jury of his choosing, and that we should abide by their ruling in the premises, under penalty of expensive litigation. Regarding the proposition as wholly inadmissible on our part, we so wrote to Mr. Tice and informed him, if he would state what we had said or done regarding him that was not just, right and true, we would willingly set him right; not that we feared the threatened litigation, but that we desired to do only that which was right and proper under all circumstances. Mr. Tice had not the good breeding to reply, but came on to Philadelphia from Brooklyn, and went around last June, saying he had brought suit against us for damages done to his character. If he keeps on as he has begun, it will soon become a question whether he has any character that could be damaged. It appears that he did have a writ of summons issued at that time, but it was not served upon us until the first of November last. On the day the writ was served upon us, we entered our appearance, since which time, now more than two months, no cause of complaint has been specified. Why this delay, if Mr. Tice feels that he has any case at all? It will be found in a very different cause from that assigned, and that is the consciousness that he will be kicked out of court whenever he concludes to proceed.

"This man" Bundy then makes himself a party to Wm. R. Tice's case by the following endorsement of his associate, showing the common understanding existing between them both as to what has been done by Tice and what remains to be done by him. He says:

"Mr. Tice is a quiet, genial gentleman of wealth and leisure, and nothing could be more distasteful to him than controversy with such persons as James and Roberts, but he evidently feels that he has a duty both to himself and to Spiritualists generally, and our readers may rest assured that he possesses both the ability and the determination to follow the matter up, and that no compromising nor whitewashing will be tolerated on his part."

And we assure "this man" Bundy and "this man" that he endorses, that no dodging and squirming, nor any blackwashing on their part, will be tolerated by us. We propose to meet the issue forced upon us by the Bundyite spiritualistic frauds, which is nothing less than to determine by legal means whether spiritual mediums are outlaws, and at the stone-like mercy of the human brutes, who, by the basest deceptions and falsehoods, seek their ruin. There shall be no backing down, depend upon it. We have grappled with that scoundrelism, and we will not release our hold until it gives its dying gasp. Do you understand?

When "this man" Bundy calls MIND AND MATTER "a low scurrilous organ," he must, in his pretended ignorance of its unequalled merits, have seen the reflection of his own "organ," (Bundyite), the *R.-P. Journal*, from the truthful mirror of its radiant pages. If "this man" Bundy does not want to fast his eyes on "a low and scurrilous organ," he must not hold his sheet up before a journalistic mirror that reflects only the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

That we started MIND AND MATTER avowedly to break down the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, is utterly false. We know too well what we can and what we cannot do, what we ought and what we ought not to do, to waste our time in that way. We very well knew that "this man" Bundy was not a Spiritualist, and that his paper was being used to impede that cause, and that sooner or later those facts would become so apparent that friends of Spiritualism could not be deceived by his shallow hypocrisy. There was but one man who could break down the *R.-P. Journal*, and it was "this man" Bundy. Mr. Jones knew his total unfitness for managing the paper that he had built up, and made a will providing that Mr. Francis, his editorial assistant, should have control of the paper in case of his death. That will, although in existence at the time of his death, has not been produced. Why? Let him answer who knows. Rapidly, all too rapidly, has "this man" Bundy broken that once flourishing journal down. That the light that we have cast upon the dark doings in and about the *Journal's* management may have helped to wither the shoots of the dying stump may be true, but who thinks of blaming the sun for shining because the fungi of night are destroyed by its effulgence.

Again, we ask "this man" Bundy to name "the forgers, bigamists and debauchers" among mediums, "whose company would not be tolerated in decent society" to whom he refers? If he cannot and dare not name them, is he not casting ignominy and shame upon all mediums by such sweeping general assertions? Again we ask "this man" Bundy what frauds and fanatics and occasional graduates from some insane asylum, have we called to our aid to crush the *Journal*? If he cannot name one, as we know he cannot, he must stand branded as a gratuitous liar.

Dear reader, we must plead with you to pardon us for depriving you of what you may deem more useful and entertaining matter, than is this skunk killing business, in which for the time we are

forced to engage, but when the work is effectually done, as it soon will be, if you will be patient, we will do all that in us lies to make up for the time required in that unpleasant business.

"This man" Bundy facetiously (feigned, or otherwise) compares us to a mosquito, and admits he has neither the strength nor the energy to rid himself of the feeble annoyance of our "senile puerility." One would think that was a sorry admission for the depleted journalistic invalid in question. The bill of that mosquito must have been unusually long and stinging, to have produced so perfect a collapse of its victim. Why not give your dying kick and be done with it? We promise you a decent burial and will write your epitaph for you. Here it is.

"This man" John C. Bundy
Began to lie on Monday
And kept it up without a break
Until the following Sunday.

Each week, he this repeated,
Until of lies depleted,
In deep despair, he gave a kick
And to his place retreated.

Upon this sod tread lightly,
Or something most ungraciously
May greet your gaze and give amaze
Whether by day or nightly.

For an earth-bound restless spirit
This spot did duly merit,
And here on guard he e'er remains
Unworthy peace to inherit.

Mr. Tice may have leisure and money without stint but what do they amount to against facts and evidence? He will find if he has all the leisure and wealth of the Vanderbilts and Astors, it would not avail him against the truth which he is trying to crush. Stop talking gentlemen and to business. We have thrown our gloves aside and await your convenience.

DAMPFOOLE'S PROGENY.

Among the humorous creations of Doesticks was a fanciful friend of his, who, on account of his persistent misapprehension of the plainest things, was christened by the humorist, Dampfoole. If we may judge by recent occurrences in this city, among the worshippers at the Bundyite shrine, it is reasonable to believe that Dampfoole left a very large family. The occurrences referred to grew out of the fact, that we, in MIND AND MATTER of Dec. 25th, in a criticism on a spirit discourse delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, from the rostrum of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, the previous Sunday morning, wrote as follows:

"We felt very sure that the real nature of the controlling spirit would be manifested before the discourse was closed. We, therefore, waited and watched proceedings. We were not disappointed, for at last he made the sweeping allegation that the higher spirits could find no fitting media instruments through whom to give their truest and best teachings. He alluded to the fact that, with hardly an exception, the people who occupied the spiritualistic rostrum were a mass of moral rottenness within the dress that covered them. He made no exception as to the medium he was controlling. He feigned to urge that mediums, to be fitted for their work, should be of immaculate purity physically, mentally and morally, and because such mediums could not be had, Spiritualism was a reproach to spirits and mortals who were identified with it.

Leaving the inspirational and other spiritualistic lecturers, he turned his attention to the less pretending mediums, and intimating that, as a class of persons, they were reeking with fraud and corruption, with scowling brow and clenched teeth, the medium with stamping foot was made to say, 'All fraud in mediumship must be stamped out.' Why fraud in mediumship was so heinous an offence was because Spiritualism was a sacred thing, and any fraud in Spiritualism was sacrilege. That pretence of the sacredness of Spiritualism was enough to show the cloven-foot of the spirit dissembler beneath his sanctimonious robes. Spiritualism has nothing specially sacred about it, and spirits who pretend that it has, are not the friends of truth. Spiritualism is a part of the great whole of natural truth, and not a whit more sacred than any other branch of human knowledge or human interests.

"We would have all persons to be as pure and good as circumstances will admit of, and not one whit more. To wish otherwise is to wish that natural law shall cease to operate and chaos come again. It is claimed by some inconsiderate persons, calling themselves Spiritualists, that spiritual mediums should be exceptionally pure, despite the soiling influences amid which they are compelled to live; and that these susceptible sensitives, who are acted upon by every influence, spirit as well as mortal, to which they are exposed, shall be dead to that which they are necessarily peculiarly alive to. Not a word had this spirit speaker to say to those charnel houses of selfishness and corruption who make it their especial business to prey upon mediums, or failing in that, to injure and destroy them. When pure spirits alone control mediums, and pure and unselfish mortals surround them, then expect especial purity and goodness in them—not before. It was a pitiful fact that his utterance 'All fraud in mediumship must be stamped out' was applauded by a few who imagine mediums to be, as a general thing, as given to fraud and hypocrisy as themselves. If Mrs. Bullene is to be cursed with such spirit dissemblers as the one who controlled her on Sunday morning last, it is little she will accomplish in the promotion of Spiritualism. That spirit was an enemy of mediums, and therefore the enemy of the truths given through them. There is nothing, whatever, sacred about mediumship. It is a human attribute that all possess in a greater or lesser degree, and to talk of it as especially sacred, or more sacred than any other human attribute, is as untrue and nonsensical in a spirit as in a mortal.

"Some prominent Spiritualists like Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Kiddle, Dr. Crowell, Dr. Peebles, Rev. Samuel Watson and others claim that Jesus Christ was a sacred medium, and make him an object of religious veneration, if not of worship. The spirit that controlled Mrs. Bullene, no doubt,

fully concurs with them, and would like Spiritualism to sink back into the worship of those who, as its exponents, complacently arrogate to themselves divine pretensions. We have seen the outcome of sanctification and dedicated sacredness in the grovelling superstition that now passes for religion, and we want, and will tolerate, no more of this spirit effort to load Spiritualism down with it.

"Self-righteousness in mortals and spirits is the unpardonable sin, and those who indulge in it will live to realize the fact, although as old as Methuselah."

"Spirits are to be judged as mortals are judged, by their fruits, and judging the spirit we have been criticizing, by his fruits, we feel sure he is no friend of the cause he pretends to advocate. We insist that he has done gross injustice to Spiritualistic speakers and mediums alike, and richly deserves the exposure we have made of his hypocrisy."

"One of the most self-important persons connected with the First Association of Spiritualists is Edward S. Wheeler, who has time and again sought to misrepresent and injure us, and the paper we are conducting, by public allegations made to our prejudice. Not having common sense enough to understand our very plain and direct way of expressing our thoughts, Mr. Wheeler thought he could readily 'bamboozle' his fellow-associates of the First Association, into believing that we had, in the above quoted article, declared all Spiritualistic lecturers to be 'a mass of moral rotteness,' and in order to incite them to take a public stand against us and our paper, offered a series of resolutions declaring that we had done so, and moved their adoption. The truth of Wheeler's allegation was at once questioned by several who read the article, and so staunch was the opposition to the adoption of these resolutions, that to let him down, some one moved that the whole matter be referred to the board of directors of the Association. The result of this reference was the passing of a resolution unanimously instructing the Secretary to notify Dr. Rhodes, who keeps the newstand at the meetings of that Association, that he must sell no more copies of MIND AND MATTER at these meetings. This was taking the same course that the Bundyite fraternity in Brooklyn, N. Y., had taken."

It would seem that Mr. Wheeler, had managed to convince them of the truth of his stupid and abominable falsehood, but they had not nerve enough to adopt the resolutions containing that falsehood. We do not know who, or how many of this board of directors were engaged in this act of folly, but it would seem there must have been a very fair representation of the Damphoole family engaged in it, the most conspicuous of whom, no doubt, was Edward S. Wheeler. We are glad the whole tribe of Damphooles are against us, and doing what they can to oppose and injure us. Nothing can serve to abate the Damphoole business better than that they should manifest their lineage, in the manner this branch of that fraternity is doing. We would not have known the nature of our offence, or our supposed offence, or our pretended offence, had not Mr. Wheeler, on our invitation for an explanation of his action, called at this office and read the resolutions he had offered, as he said under an entire misapprehension of what we had written. A more untruthful, malignant and infamous attack, was never made upon an unoffending person, than those resolutions contained. So indignant were we at this wholly gratuitous outrage, that we ordered the author of it from our presence. Instead of leaving as any one would have done possessed of the least sense of shame or self respect, he persisted in begging us to forgive the wrong he had done to us. This we refused to do, knowing the natural hypocrisy of the man, and that he was our bitter enemy.

We do not regard the members of the First Association as parties to this high-handed outrage upon us, and upon those who attend their meetings who desire to procure a faithfully and honestly conducted spiritual paper; for they could not have conceived, when they elected the directors who were concerned in this proceeding, that they would be guilty of such impertinent folly. Think of it! This board of directors saying to their constituents you cannot have your choice of spiritual papers in this place. You may buy from our news-stand, any other paper or book you may desire, but you shall not buy MIND AND MATTER, if we can prevent it. That was an insult to every member of that association not in that board of directors, and to every person desiring to read MIND AND MATTER, who transiently or regularly attends their meetings. If they tamely submit to this act of petty tyranny we will have a right to think that their masters understand them better than we do.

The simultaneous movements of a hostile character which have recently been made by the Brooklyn Bundyite, Wm. R. Tice—the head centre of Bundyism, John C. Bundy—and the Damphoole Bundyites of Philadelphia—against us, would indicate one of two things; either that the enemy are driven to desperation by our steady advance upon their "last ditch," or that they hope that the money of that "Retired Jeweler" of Brooklyn will enable them to make a sally against us with some show of success. In either case the end is not far away, for them. If they had had sense enough left to continue to crouch in that "last ditch" they might have held out a little while; but, according to the old heathen saying, "Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," these men have rushed out to meet us, only to be destroyed. Not the gods, but all powerful spirit forces, have decreed the destruction of all

who oppose them, and they will rule the result. Better have remained in that "last ditch" of profound and fear-stricken silence. You will one and all be done for, before you can reach it again. We tell you in all charity that was your last and only chance. That silence has now been broken beyond mending—your fate is sealed—the spiritual tide has begun its flood and you will be swept before it, as the dead and rotting rushes that strew the shore of the river of progress.

A NEW SALLY OF THE ENEMY REPULSED.

The enemies of Spiritualism who are in sympathy with Wm. R. Tice in his attempt to injure us through the appliances of law, have had the temerity to again attempt to discredit Alfred James as a medium; this time in a way that carries refutation upon its face. A spy of the enemy came to our office this last week and asked us if we knew there was a bookseller who was ready to come forward and swear that Alfred James was in the habit of frequenting his store and examining the encyclopedias upon his shelves. We informed this spy of the enemy that we knew no such thing, and that we would be very glad to see the bookseller that would dare to perjure himself in the manner suggested. We have since been informed that Edward S. Wheeler and others have insinuated that we ourselves arranged the communications, and that Mr. James and not spirits put them in shape. We take this occasion to say that all such allegations or insinuations are maliciously false—that all the communications published by us, as given through Mr. James, have been given when he was unconsciously entranced, and that when they were uttered neither the medium nor ourselves had any agency in giving them shape. If those communications are not genuine communications from spirits—truthful spirits, then no such communications have ever been given. To attribute those variously individual communications to either the medium or ourselves would be to make us more than the rivals of Shakespeare, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, D'Israeli, or any other of the writers of fiction, in the delineation of individual characters. We do not believe the man lives or ever has lived who could simulate those communications. The enemy could have made no greater mistake than to attempt thus to assail us in one of our most invulnerable points. Alfred James is a grand medium, and is, giving, constantly, the most positive evidence of that fact, and all attempts to make him appear otherwise will recoil upon those who are guilty of that folly.

That Mr. James should turn upon the chief of his assailants, and demand retributive justice upon those who have lent themselves to deceive the public regarding his mediumship, was a surprise that they did not expect. Their surprise will be all the greater when the facts are made public through a judicial examination in the courts of justice.

He or she who says or insinuates that we publish deceptive spirit communications, knowing them to be deceptive, is a most untruthful and dishonest person; for the man or woman who asserts that to be true, which he or she knows to be untrue, or about which he or she knows nothing, is a deceiver and a liar, no matter what his or her social position and standing may be. We hope to hear no more of this kind of untruthfulness on the part of any one claiming to be a Spiritualist. From those who do not so claim we expect nothing more truthful than that, regarding our editorial work. The lines are being rapidly and sharply drawn, and very soon the claim of being a Spiritualist will not be a cloak for concealed enmity to that cause. Depart, ye concocers of evil to your own place, for ye cannot bear the light that you would extinguish if you could.

MRS. ELSIE CRINDLE.

Mrs. Crindle after spending two weeks in New York City, where she gave, almost nightly, her most convincing seances for spirit manifestations, to hundreds of persons, has returned to Philadelphia, where she proposes to remain for a short time. Mrs. Crindle not having completed her arrangements, is not able to publicly announce the time and place for her seances. Those who desire to attend Mrs. Crindle's seances, can get the necessary information by calling at this office.

We had the great satisfaction of attending one of Mrs. Crindle's seances while she was in New York, and can only say that we can not sufficiently express our satisfaction at the grand and successful manifestations we witnessed on that occasion. Those in this city who desire in good faith to learn the truth of Spiritualism will do well to avail themselves of Mrs. Crindle's seances while she remains with us, to do so. Those who desire to do so out of mere curiosity, or who seek in a spirit of antagonism to annoy and interfere, will do well to stay away, for they will find nothing at her seances suited to their objects. Mrs. Crindle is truly a grand medium, and is aided by a spirit power that is wonderful. We cannot but regard her coming to the Atlantic States as intended to form an intimate connection between the spirit forces operating at the extreme bounds of this mighty country. Spiritualists show their willingness to co-operate in this great spirit purpose by greeting Mrs. Crindle with a cordial welcome.

MIND AND MATTER can be bought every Friday morning at the residence of Mr. James A. Bliss, 1620 South Thirteenth Street.

Mrs. Dr. Cutter's Proposed New Home for Mediums.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I have long intended to give to the public an account of a proposition in process of development looking towards the founding of an institution dedicated to the spirit world. The band of spirits who have it in charge have given their directions in detail, which are as follows. Of course I can only give them in outline in this article, but soon Mrs. Dr. A. E. Cutter intends to give a history of the island selected by the spirits, in all its relations and past history. It will show that the forgiving Indian spirits are ever seeking to work for the good of the pale faces.

The first purpose of the band is to have a place where spirits can come and have the proper conditions to enable them to cure disease by actual contact. The next purpose of the place is to have seance rooms where honest investigators can come. The only condition the band will ask of them will be that they alone will be allowed to do the testing—that they shall make all the conditions, and that mortals must conform thereto or they cannot be admitted—that mediums through whom all phases of manifestations occur may come there and give their seances untrammelled by any conditions save those approved by their guides. It is also intended as a place where mediums who are being developed can come and be surrounded by good conditions, avoiding, if possible, the danger of obsession by undeveloped spirits, for they say that many have been incarcerated in asylums for the insane, and thus ruined for life, if not forced out of the form at once. It is intended that the institution shall be a refuge for such media as have no proper surroundings during the process of development. The minds who have this in hand emphatically declare that instead of the sensitive mediums being placed under crucial test conditions, they wish every sitter to be tested as to their reasons for entering the presence of the medium. If they come with no other desire but to discover fraud, endangering the life of the medium by destroying the spirit prescribed conditions, whoever they may be, they shall not be admitted.

The writer visited Onset Bay during the camp-meeting at that place last summer, and was one of a number who were invited by Mrs. Dr. A. E. Cutter to visit the spot selected by the spirits as the location for this institution. It is an island in the bay, beautifully situated, and surrounded by salt water. It is so land-locked that the east winds do not affect it. It has been noted for its balmy, health-giving air, the wind sweeping over and through hundreds of acres of pine forest, laden with their balsamic effusions. Several scientific men who are interested in the climatic conditions of our eastern seaboard have pronounced it remarkably good for consumptives and persons who have weak lungs, on account of its sheltered position.

There were several mediums in the party invited to visit and dedicate the spot, some of whom were entranced, and all who controlled them spoke in the most encouraging terms of the project. Mrs. Dr. A. E. Cutter has taken up the work at the bidding of the spirit band, who say they are the real owners and projectors of the place, which they intend shall be a home, hospital and refuge for spirits and mortals who need assistance as mediums. And last, but not least, they wish it to be a place where they may bring spirits who are wandering in spirit life in darkness and ignorance, to be instructed and assisted to rise out of those conditions, and who may be able in turn to assist those spirits and mortals who are below themselves. It is intended that mediums may come there who need to be surrounded by love, kindness and charity, and find help to fight with the untoward and selfish exactions they meet with on every hand.

This band of spirits, headed by Dr. John C. Warren, formerly of Boston, lay great stress upon making conditions whereby media who are just being developed can be guarded by powerful minds from inimical spirits, or those spirits who are unacquainted with the laws of control, to save these channels of communication from becoming obsessed by those who are not able to help themselves, hence cannot help the mediums, but who injure, if not utterly destroy, their usefulness. They say there are many, many spirits who have gone out bigoted and ignorant of the truth, who stand ready to destroy any medium through whom they see there is the least chance for truth to reach the earth.

The island spoken of as the place selected for the carrying out of this most worthy and important object, is so peculiarly located that one would almost say it was made on purpose for this object. Surrounded by water and thus isolated from the mainland it will be reached by a fine steam launch. The band of spirits say this isolation will render it much easier to keep the conditions as they desire. The island was formerly owned by an Indian by the name of Wickett and it bears his name. His body is buried on the island and the whole band of Indians have given Dr. Cutter the most indisputable proof of their presence upon it and have assured her of their help. Dr. C. has leased the whole island for a long term of years and has already cleared it off—built an ice house—filled it, and sunk a well seventy feet, obtaining the best of water—and will have her house up by next season so as to begin operations. There will be several good media there, for various phases of spirit manifestations.

I write this to say that Dr. Cutter has begun this project at the command of her band of influences, earning the money by her profession, not having appealed either privately or publicly for aid. She has put her own shoulder to the wheel asking for nothing but to live to accomplish this work. Since the Spiritualistic cause has no such place nor institution, it seems as if the time was fully ripe for something of the kind; and, since this brave woman, after rearing a large family, is now entering on the last half of her life she has had the courage to begin so noble a work, that Spiritualists all over the land should assist and strengthen her hands, by sending her help in the shape of money, at once. She says no matter what is done or left undone she will spend her life in starting it and what the spirits direct, that will she do and that no mortals shall deter her from carrying out their directions.

The leading spirit of the band engaged in founding the proposed institution has been the guide and leader of Mrs. Dr. Abbie E. Cutter for twenty years, and she has been practising her profession all through the South and New England; and in all these years she has had the most positive proof of his power and presence. Never in the slightest thing has he ever failed her. The fact of her going to work on that island with nothing but the work of her own hands to depend on, is proof pos-

itive of the spirit power back of her. She will, thankfully receive donations. All persons who assist her in that way will ever find a place where they can get spiritual food or care, if needed. But if no one helps her, she will succeed we believe. She will have started a place that will increase and grow, and she will not go out of the form until she has seen the results of this little beginning. She will then lay aside the old worn-out garment for a new one, and still come back to influence the same work.

She will soon have prepared a full history of Wickett's Island, showing the scientific observations in regard to its balmy atmosphere, and we feel sure that all who read it will feel that the spirit world is back of the movement. The particulars concerning the way the island came into the Doctor's hands go to prove that some power outside of herself procured it for her.

I will close this letter by expressing the hope that all who have means will assist this noble philanthropic woman, both with money and words of cheer.

N. E. C. H.

Generous Offer by a Well-known Cincinnati Medium.

To those who will subscribe to MIND AND MATTER for six months I will give a sitting for business or otherwise, by a card from J. M. Roberts, the editor, free of charge. This offer to hold good for as long as MIND AND MATTER exists.

Mrs. A. M. GEORGE,
Rooms 14 and 15, 114 Mass Ave.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, I make the following offer to any person sending me \$1.25 and two 3-cent stamps, they will receive MIND AND MATTER for six months, and I will answer ten questions of any kind and examine any diseased person free (by independent slate writing). Send lock of hair, state age and sex and leading symptoms.

Maquoketa, Iowa.

Dr. A. B. DOBSON.

Dr. R. D. Goodwin's Grand Offer.

Having been a constant reader of your valuable paper, and believing it should be in the house of every progressive family, we make the following offer, to stand good for one year. We will correctly diagnose any disease, or give one treatment to any new subscriber to your paper, on their sending the price of one year's subscription, with postage and request for our services. Address Dr. R. D. Goodwin, New York Eclectic Institute, 1317 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo. For advertisement, see seventh page.

A Mediums Valuable Offer.

GRAND RAPIDS, April 20, 1880.

Dear Brother:—Seeing that through the columns of MIND AND MATTER, a work can be done to the advancement of spiritual progress, I thought I would make the following offer. Any person sending me \$2.15 and two three cent stamps, I will give either a medical examination or business consultation, and will forward the same to you to secure to them MIND AND MATTER for one year.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Dr. SAYLES,
365 Jefferson Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dr. J. C. Phillips' Liberal Offer.

OMRO, Wis., Jan. 14, 1880.

Bro. Roberts:—You can say in your paper that any one subscribing for your paper through me, and sending stamps to prepay answer, will receive a psychometrical reading; or should they prefer a medical examination, by giving two or three leading symptoms, (to facilitate) will receive the latter. Send lock of hair.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS,
Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer.

A Vitaphathic Physician's Kind offer.

DEAR FRIEND OF HUMAN PROGRESS:—I have not time to seek subscribers to your valuable paper; but I will offer this inducement to every person sending me two dollars (my usual price) and with it a lock of their hair, age, sex, etc., with postage stamp for answer; I will make for them a full examination of their case—give diagnosis and advice, and will forward their two dollars to you to pay for them a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER.

This offer remains good for all time.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.
266 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

A CONFERENCE AND CIRCLE will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Thompson St. Church, below Front. Public cordially invited.

KEYSTONE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Spiritual Conference every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., at Hall corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets. Free to every body.

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan, at the N. E. Cor. Eighth and Buttonwood sts., 3d floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLE every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at Hall N. E. Cor. Ninth and Spring Garden Streets. Public cordially invited free. Dr. J. H. Rhodes, Conductor.

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

JAMES A. BLISS, Trance, Test Medium, will, until further notice, give private sittings for Healing, Developing and Communications, every Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 1 to 6 o'clock, at Room 9, 713 Sanson Street. Short consultation free. Treatments and sittings \$1.00. Developing Circle every Monday evening at 8 o'clock at his residence No. 4629 South Thirteenth Street. Admission 25 cents.

MRS. JAMES A. BLISS, Materializing Medium, will, until further notice, hold a Public Materializing Seance every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, at her residence, No. 1620 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Private Seances by special arrangement. Take Thirteenth street car, green light, to Baltimore depot, exchange for one horse car to 1620 South Thirteenth St.

Mrs. E. S. POWELL, Business and Test Medium. Sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., at No. 254 North Ninth Street. Test Circle every Wednesday evening at 1629 South Thirteenth Street. Admission 15 cents.

Mrs. Hohloch, German Trance and Test Medium. Circles every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Sittings daily, 1311 North Front Street.

Dr. Roxilana T. Rex, Healing and Test Medium, 416 York Avenue, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Diseases of women a specialty. Consultation free. Consultation by letter, enclose three 3-cent stamps. Developing circle Tuesday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street. Circle every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, also every Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. Consultations daily from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mrs. A. E. DeHaas, Clairvoyant examination, and magnetic treatment. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. No. 1231 North Fifteenth st., Phila.

Alfred James, Trance, clairvoyant and letter medium. Test circles Tuesday and Friday evenings. Sittings daily, No. 2 Rear of 1229 Vine street.

Mrs. Katie M. Robinson, the well-known Trance-test medium, will give sittings daily to investigators, at 2123 Brandywine street.

Mrs. Carrie Crowley, Trance Test Medium, will give select sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., at No. 821 Ellsworth Street.

& Co., Portland, Maine.

PAT'S MESSAGE.

T. P. NORTON.

Och! murher! but this is a wonderful way;
This talking here after you're dead;
But shure, it's a nacent ghost that I am
Than the one I once saw in my bed.

'Twas Widow Malony that tould me to come;
The deluder is ogling me yet.
'Twas the likes of her got me in trouble below,
And my penance I'll niver forget.

Jist go to the devil; says I with a wink,
Yet to do it I jist was inclined,
For you see I am bothered intirely, and perhaps
You can see the distress of my mind.

I came from ould Ireland, remimber that first;
But I carried my head pretty high,
For I paid for my pass like a jintleman,
And for prayers whenever I die.

So I landed all right, in an illigant style;
In a most magnificent hall,
And the road was so 'asy and beautiful light,
That it wasn't like dying at all.

And the crowd at the door was immense, so it was,
There was Tim, and Maloney, and Doan,
And his Reverence, God bless him, so I took off my hat,
But they left me there sthanding alone.

So I marched up the hill to the beautiful gate,
To look for the man with the keys,
And I knocked, and I waited until I got tired,
For I was used to a jintleman's ways.

But a man sat forinist with a rasp and a file;
Like the devil he was working away,
How is it, says I, that you're sitting outside,
Is there nothing doing inside to-day?

But he niver once shirred nor uttered a word
But kept on a filing away,
Till I asked him again, when he turned and said,
"Don't you see that I'm making me kay."

A kay!—but says I, I have my own pass;
Jist look at this ticket o' mine;
For I came from beyant by the lightning express,
And not by the immigrint line.

Then he shmiled a bad shmile, and shmiling he said,
"You're deceivel like myself I should say;
It's bogus,—for Peter is not at the gate,
And each one must have his own kay."

Bad luck to misfortune, thinks I to myself,
To the gate, and this ticket o' mine,
So I came here right back by the lightning express,
And not by the immigrint line.

So mother—you see that I'd like you to go
To his Reverence, and kindly to say,
"Never mind the long prayers for I rather would take
The price of them out in a kay."

THE WOMAN WITH THE LANTERN.

HY H. W. BOOZER.

Many people in Northwestern Michigan are familiar with the appearance of a woman who carries by day and by night, wherever she goes, a swinging lighted lamp. This person is locally known as Widow Olcott, and generally recognized by the press and the public as "The woman with the lantern." A lady sixty years of age; who has been held in high esteem by many who have long known her; who is held in infinite execration by some, and who is viewed by the curiosity-seeking mass with mingled conjecture, amusement and semi-superstition. A person of great powers of endurance, both physical and mental; a signal example of energy and courage, in a very unusual and peculiar way. Her dress, at all times of the year is of white, with a red sash below the waist. She explains this habit by saying that white is a protection against evil influences, while black absorbs disease and renders the wearer liable to take on the dark conditions everywhere around us. On the upper portion of the dress are worn twelve stones, symbolic of those "obtained by the children of Israel on their passage through the Red Sea." On a black turban or hat are twelve stars, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. Very prominent on its front is a cross. On its summit is a toy house, symbolizing the ark of the covenant; also the hideous coils of a writhing serpent in brass, with open mouth and glittering fangs. Sometimes is seen the figure of a lion and a lamb—sometimes that of a rooster in the extreme attitude of supremacy and authority. On the neck of the dress is a brooch with bristling points, signifying the inharmonious condition of mankind. Another cross is conspicuous on the breast, with which is also worn the stole of the priest. By her side hangs a pair of red mittens, significant of the world's future struggles with the hands of the people dipped in blood; also, a trumpet, which is used at times with stentorian effect. Her dress is changed as she appears in different characters. She takes pride in the cognomen of the "Bride of Heaven," and appears thus in a long white veil. She also appears as Elijah, and as Ruth the gleaner.

She is in a very emphatic sense a Bible woman; there being nothing within its lids to which she does not allude in her speech, represent in dress or character, or symbolize in her action. Almost constantly under the influence of a power which she always denominates "God Almighty" though a rude and uneducated woman, yet such is her magnetic effect she appears as a woman of unusual presence. The psychological influence that controls her, judging from its manifestations, understands the laws of life as pertaining to those forces which enable it to exert its will power, and to control those with whom she meets. It speaks in "unknown tongue." The command, "Salute the brethren with a holy kiss" is here made practical. She will greet in this way any and all willing to receive the salutation, as her fancy may incline to give it, of either sex, color, time or condition of life; so that it is not an unusual circumstance for a gentleman to be startled at the first greeting of, "Will you receive the salutation, Sir?" It is now understood by those who have studied the case, that she aggregates to herself magnetic life by this continuous tapping of the life force from others. Democratic in ideas of brotherhood and fraternity, she is never weary of asserting her love for everybody; generally accompanied with the statement of being "full of glory," which her lithe step in improvised dance often abundantly proves. This spryness, vigor and endurance, in one of her years, strikes a stranger as remarkable. Her voice is strong, and rather masculine in its tone when engaged in her public work. She will speak on the street or highway, and will so attract the attention of passers as to soon block travel; and for this reason has been forbidden public speaking by the authorities here. She had previously prophesied that on the sixth of September last Elijah would ride through this city in a chariot of fire. Accordingly, at that time, she appeared in a carriage covered with white and drawn by a white horse. The vehicle was hung around with lighted lanterns and empty pitchers alternately. Over the hind axle was placed the ark of the covenant. Accompanying her, afoot, on the sidewalk, was a lady convert carrying a lighted lantern, who was understood to be one of the wise virgins with oil in her lamp,

or perhaps John the Baptist preparing the way for this spectacular second coming of Christ. On one occasion she represented the Christian worker by the use on the street of the wooden neckyoke, to which at either end was appended a tin pail and the lighted lantern. Sometimes, with wash-bowl and towel, she will wash the feet of her friends; anoint with oil, walk around specially selected dwellings seven times in the night with her blazing light—all by the authority of the power which she always implicitly and unquestioningly obeys.

During the last year she has been exercised much in connection with matters political, in which General Grant always appears as the central figure. In his hands is to accrue the destinies of the nations, and on him as a pivotal centre turn the great events of the world's historical future. With the great changes in powers, dynasties and kingdoms, the earth is to be deluged with blood. The struggle of the money power for its accustomed supremacy, the rule or ruin by tyrants and monopolists, find expression in the great fact that Grant will be king, and will in this character work out the will of the Great Designer, the Power behind all thrones, her God Almighty. On the occasion of the General's visit to Chicago, subsequent to his European tour, she accompanied the crowd by cars to see the hero, whom she fully expected to personally meet. Probably there are those who read this, who will remember her frequent speech-making and restless display during the trip. On arrival she proceeded at once to police headquarters, and there made satisfactory arrangements for the prosecution of her public work free from official interference of molestation. The morning of the great day of the occasion was very gloomy, rainy and muddy; and she failed to personally and publicly meet the great military chieftain. When questioned afterwards regarding this failure in the great object of her visit, she answered that, on seeing the rain, she concluded God Almighty did not wish her to see Grant, and she gave it up and came home. Certain it is, that her practical view of the matter was the means of better preserving her dress in its original purity. Our dailies gave the details of the proffered interview, which it is almost needless to say existed only in the imagination of their reporters. One of them especially was so effective that no reader could possibly remain unmoved by its intensified humor. From these statements many will say the woman is insane. The theory hardy holds good, for her practical judgment is and always has been held in high esteem by those who know her most intimately. She is regarded by lawyers and business men, who are accustomed to dealing with her, to be a person of more than usual native shrewdness, tact and sound common sense. By these, her honesty and sincerity are generally unquestioned. Having accumulated a considerable property, she has also raised a family of four children, whose average appearance, intelligence and evenness of character are recognized by all who know them.

It is but right to say, that in her exhibition of phenomenal gifts, she is too often, alas! a failure. Her prophecies do not always come to pass. Her readings of individuals are often grossly wrong, and her inspirations of song in prose are too crude to excite any emotions save those of pity and disgust. Yet her dead earnest manner is such that one is interested notwithstanding, and curiosity always gives her listeners. In one phase, however, she is truly a power—in the laying on of hands. Pain disappears before her manipulation, and the sick, who are exhausted seemingly to death, feel the returning vigor of life and the influx of vital force under her ministrations. This power has at times had remarkable illustration. I remember that on a certain occasion a sensitive repelled for a while her repeatedly expressed desire to give her the salutation. At last, rather wearied with her importunity, the former said: "Well, you may, if you so much wish to." As soon as the kiss was given, the sensitive became rigid, as if dead. She could not speak again for a long time, and the effect in suffering lasted several days. This seemed to be a revenge for differences between them. The control had boastfully said that he held, by this woman, in his own hands, the key of life or death to those with whom she met. And after witnessing such a manifestation, one is inclined to believe in the power of an evilly disposed influence, under certain conditions, to injure a person, even to the extent of the destruction of life.

She is a firm believer in Christ's teachings, as she understands them; and descants largely on the idea of universal brotherhood, and "the beautiful laws" of nature, which she makes harmonize with the Scriptures. Her exhortation is a mingling of pious cant, gospel phrase, hygiene, physiological and magnetic law, and unflinching obedience to her God Almighty, with practical common sense bits often shrewdly thrown in. To a representative of the law who inquired, "Madam, who are you looking for with that lantern?" she replied in the language of the first Diogenes, "I am looking, sir, for an honest man." One of her hobbies in connection with the combustion of kerosene by daylight, is that there shall be no secrets. A police officer asked her why she carried that light. She told him she had business requiring frequent visits to the banks and by taking this with her they would see that these had with them no dishonest intent. "You are right, madam," he answered; "I wish everybody carried lanterns."

Jesus Christ is not supposed to have worked on a salary, and the woman with the lantern makes no charge for her services to the public in the cause of truth as she understands it. A very impressive display was once made wherein she figured as the giver of alms. It was an assemblage of ten or a dozen persons. "This money," said the subject of our sketch, as she held the sum total of two or three dollars in plain sight in her extended palm, "I have prayed over all night, and it is now filled with a magnetism to do good wherever it goes. It is God Almighty's money, and I shall give to those present as I feel impressed; and I wish each one who receives it to make good use of it by giving in turn to some one else when they are so impressed. And when you give it away, say to the one who receives it, 'This is not my money, but it is God Almighty's money, and I am commanded to give it to you.'" She then disbursed the coin in sums which varied greatly in amount. To a lady who had known plenty, but was in straitened circumstances, she presented one dollar, the largest amount to one person disbursed. To another who was very wealthy in this world's goods, but might perhaps be much less so in spirit, she gave the munificent sum of two cents. Some received five cents, ten, twenty-five, fifty, or some other sum, as the case might be. Yet each gift was an inspiration, and

the uncton of the statement regarding whose money it was and why she gave it, riveted the attention of the company, each of whom will probably always remember the wierd yet business like scene.

If you attempt to sound the depths of her Bible ideas by reason, she will talk with you up to a certain point, after which you will get only a response in unknown tongue to all you may say. A reasoning brother once deprecatingly remarked that he could get along well enough with her eccentricities, "if she would only talk the United States language."

To inquirers, if she has read this or that, she always replies that her control does not allow her to read anything; and as much as she may seem desirous of getting ideas through social intercourse, she was never known to express anxiety to read anything talked of, save on one occasion. At this time allusion was made to the extraordinary results of the power of the will in the case of Madam Blavatsky; when she was at once very anxious to get and read her "Isis Unveiled."

She believes in God, in Jesus Christ, and is not a Spiritualist. She believes in Angels as a distinct kind of beings from spirits who have once inhabited mortal bodies. The latter are entirely foreign to her belief. On the contrary, she holds that the soul sleeps at death, till again called to life by the power of the Almighty. Those who are chosen to inherit eternal life will then be resurrected, while the others will suffer annihilation and be eternally lost. The heirs of immortality are those who, like her, uncompromisingly and completely obey the will of this God Almighty power. She expects through this obedience to live a thousand years, and then pass into the spiritual state without experiencing the sleep of death now common to all humanity. A non-resistant, if you attempt to oppose her or her views, she will prostrate herself in the most abject manner, with her face flat to the floor, the humblest of all, a fool in her own eyes, desirous only of being instructed; and thus disarms her opposition. At such times she crosses herself repeatedly, and every gesture indicates the fixed habits of the devoted to Catholicism. With her emphatic words of peace and good will to man, she unites a self-poise and a manner of holding herself in reserve, which makes interest and expectancy in her auditor. In fact, her self-control under provocation from rude or harsh treatment, will, in spite of the estimate in which she is held, command respect, and itself invite attention, when the subject matter of her words utterly fails to make any impression. One of the most noticeable things connected with her inspiration is its abundant exuberant life. Her presence fills the place with magnetism, and she lifts up the spirits of her hearers with excitement and cheeriness. Her improvisations of prose in quaint ballad style song are as weird as ludicrous; yet her presence compels a respect that keeps mirth in check. Her exhortation is so earnest and her whole manner so self-constrained, that all you can do is to listen. Often it has the ring of real eloquence, in the plainest of plain language. Sometimes the subject matter is of a nature which good judgment would dictate were better spoken privately than publicly. But no matter what comes, or where, she preserves the same cool, earnest not-to-be-set-aside endeavor. She claims full consciousness at all times with all her manifestations.

Those who have had the best and fullest opportunities for investigation, mostly agree that this is a case of obsession. The facts set forth in this article, are the result of a long continued and quite intimate acquaintance, whose one object has undeviatingly been, the unravelling of its mystery, and the elucidation of its truth. This has been accomplished at the cost of considerable prejudice and misapprehension from friends and enemies. We, too, are obliged to accept the same hypothesis.

On one occasion, a lady medium, an entire stranger, was no sooner brought into the presence of the woman with the lantern, than the control of the former addressed itself directly to the control of the other in an aggressive earnest spirit of reproof. Among other things said, was the accusation of the obsessing spirit of holding his subject for the purpose of returning to earth and re-enacting a life, whose acts and teachings he should have buried with his exit from it. He was denounced as wickedly using his power for selfish and wrong uses. Strange to say, the lady medium found herself in an entirely new situation. Her spiritual support had always been equal to the emergency; in this case it failed, she felt it depart and suffered intensely as her usual positiveness relaxed. She retired to another room, but was soon entirely negative and overpowered, and unable to mediumistically act. Supinely suffering, she remained in this condition while she stayed and endured its oppression for some time after.

At another time a similar encounter took place with a gentleman medium, venerable with age. He implored her to strip off the trappings and tinsels of priestcraft; and when gospel cant aroused the words of reason, the spirit in turn took refuge in unknown tongue. Then, he told her she was not Mrs. Olcott, but a devilish influence whose purposes were evil. He respected the former, but had nothing but loathing and antagonism for the latter. He was not sparing of invective and plain words; denouncing the priestly cunning, the audacious effrontery and the devilish work with his subject. In temper perfectly unmoved, the only answers were the mockery of laughter and replies in unknown tongue. The interview closed, with protestation on the part of her influence of fraternal love to all, and kisses thrown to her assailant. While this was going on, a clairvoyant of known reliability, saw behind the two mortal combatants, the invisible characters who were their respective supports. Behind and over the venerable medium were a band of thinking, philosophic minds who seemed to be a tower of intellectual strength. Yet, in substance, they all seemed to be somewhat ethereal and shadowy. Standing immediately behind the woman with the lantern, clearly defined, so tangible that his associates by contrast were scarcely noticeable, stood a form of great size and erect bearing, dressed in the cardinal garb, with the letters "CONSTANT" on the front of his cap. The clairvoyant was impressed that this was the name of the spirit, and the name from which in the past "Constantine" had its origin. An individualized aggregation of magnetic force, who wielded the greatest power in his personal presence of any spirit ever seen. A living condensation of vital force, who had learned to selfishly appropriate to himself by a knowledge of those laws that govern the exchanges and equilibriums of magnetisms through his medium, from those with whom she met, that which makes individualized life and power in the spirit world. His face was a study; and the character, in its cunning and force, pre-

sented a marked contrast to the characters which were at the same time seen with her venerable antagonist. His appearance contradicted the theology that clothed virtue with power and vice with weakness, and proved that law can be used to aggregate power to the wrong as well as to the right. No description, said the clairvoyant, could do any kind of justice to this character.

Notwithstanding the woman with the lantern is a Bible woman in, yet her associations since we have known her have been almost entirely with Spiritualists. This has been both because she found among them elements of which dead theology was lacking, and because there she received an encouragement and toleration which Christians denied her; proving that with all the faults of the former, they are yet ahead of the latter in this kind of charity. There is still deeper reason, however, why she goes with the Spiritualists. She has been heard on one occasion to say she would yet go to Chicago and break up the business of the principal mediums of that city. She has been known to have made effort to destroy the character and usefulness of some of our best workers. This is a strange thing to have to say of one whose record has been one of goodness and honesty, and who has gained respect through the reputation of an ordinary lifetime for these virtues.

Put all the facts together, and it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that the real work of which she is but the instrument, is, through secret, yet vigorous and incessant effort, to destroy our mediums. Obsessed by a power whose ways are inscrutable and almost past finding out, with no desire for escape from its rule, or for the knowledge from general sources that individualizes character, the woman with the lantern is no less to be pitied than to be avoided by Spiritualists everywhere; and they should be warned, that when they familiarize themselves with this representative of biblical lore, they do it at the risk of encountering a power that is deeper than they, and stronger in ways they have never dreamed of.

To the student of facts from the spiritual side, her case is truly one of the deepest interest, as well as of commiseration; and we deem the above connected therewith, deserving of place before Spiritualists, who are now divided into two classes, one, resting on the legitimate results of the theological absurdity, that "whatever is, is right!" and the other, that facts prove the existence of exactly opposite forces at work everywhere throughout the universe.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Translation of Epes Sargent—Letter from J. Wetherbee.

I have just returned from the funeral ceremonies of our late Brother Epes Sargent, whose death occurred on Friday last. I was glad to learn from his brother that his demise was easy, like a sleep without much pain. His disease being of a cancerous nature made him a sufferer by troubling his throat and tongue, making it difficult to talk. He sat up dressed, however, every day until the Sunday after Christmas, when he kept his bed. He had a pretty strong will as well as a clear head, and when he wrote the article in the *Independent* a few weeks ago, in reply to a criticism of his late book, he did it while suffering with the pain of his disease; yet for ability, clearness and vigor of expression, it is equal to any thing he has written, and no one would have supposed him to be an invalid and so near his mortal end. The brother who saw him Sunday, felt sad to see that with difficulty he could utter a word, and it was noticed by Epes, and after the brother had gone out of the room, he wrote with a pencil on a piece of paper for his brother, that his mind was joyous in the light he had, and not sad; as if he was afraid his brother, from his difficulty of utterance, might mistake the state of his mind; and added also, his belief seemed truer than ever, and he was happy.

I am very glad that Spiritualism was not ignored at his funeral, as is so often the case of conspicuous advocates when the terminating ceremonies happen to be in the hands of people who prefer fashion to truth and desire, but Mrs. Sargent was a believer in the light that her husband so ably defended. On this occasion Mr. Brooke, pastor of the Unitarian church, with its choir officiated nominally, but the Reverend gentleman after reading a few scriptural selections, said a friend of Mr. Sargent would now make a few appropriate remarks. When our venerable friend and well known Spiritualist, the Rev. Mr. Mountford, came forward and with much grace, read thoughtful notes of Mr. Sargent's life in connection with Spiritualism, presented in a most agreeable manner, and with a very thoughtful and scholarly finish in their manner of arrangement, that to me was very gratifying. Quite a number of the neighbors present, who were not Spiritualists, asked me who the man was, and were delighted at the happiness of his remarks. As he read the remarks, I presume they will be printed, and they will be a creditable and appropriate spiritual production.

I find on these occasions, that people are glad to hear the open expression of our thought, even if not belonging to the order, and I am pretty well convinced there is no rational consolation to the mourner outside of our truth, and I do not blame the exponents of a lean faith for stealing, as they often do on funeral occasions some of the gems of our attractive light.—"A rose by any other name," you know, "will smell as sweet."

Correction.

Our attention has been called to two typographical errors in the article of Mr. B. B. Hill in last week's issue of MIND AND MATTER.—Instead of "If its truth in relation to mankind" etc., read "If truth in its relation" etc., etc. In the sentence the correct reading of which is, "If we accept the proposition that the present highest light in the inner life is truth to the soul in the eternal now, we must admit that what the more unfolded soul calls error was truth to that soul at some time in the past," etc., the comma after *eternal* was misplaced affecting the sense.

Alfred James.

Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

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