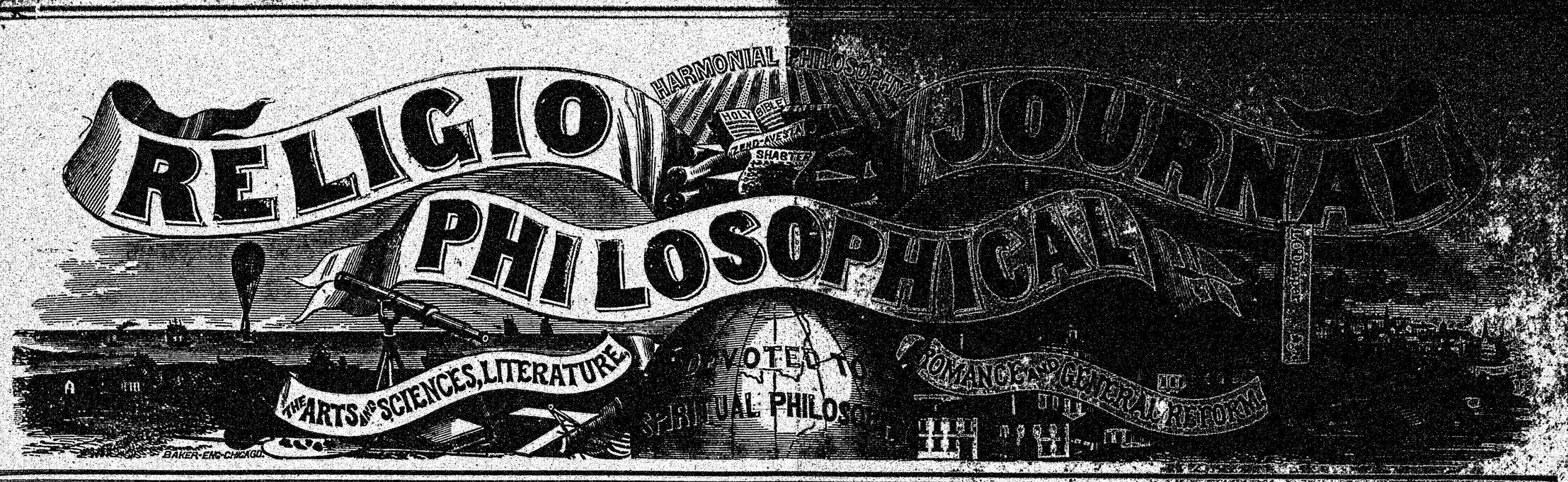


Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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OCTOBER VISIONS.

BY W. C WARNER.

A silent splendor over land and river,
Changing to a shadow here and there,
A strain of music low and tender, rising—
Falling on the gentle waves of air.
Sweetly solemn through my senses stealing,
Harmonizing every inward feeling,—
Till my soul is bathed in an effulgence rare.

Through the rosy lights glowing in the valley,
I can see the distant hills arise
Shadow crowned, which blend and mingle softly
With the hazy beauty of the skies.
Crimson, golden leaves are dropping, drifting,
Hither, thither with the gentle breezes shifting,
"Thus," I murmur, "every bud of promise dies."

Every leaf has dropped from off the branches—
Grim and barren stands the tree of life;
Every friend has, with the hazy autumn,
Passed away and left me in the strife.
All is cold and desolate and dreary,
And, O God! my soul is lone and weary,
Struggling blindly with the wintry winds of life.

Outward beauty does not fill the longing
Of my thirsting, starving, dying soul;
I would climb the radiant heights above me,—
But alone I can not reach the goal.
O, thou loved one, from a land terrestrial,
Thou art gone into the light celestial,
Where in solemn strains the heavenly anthems roll.

Every silver cord of love was severed,
With your passing from the earth away,
In his jeweled crown a shining diamond—
Worshiping through everlasting day;
But through the golden gates of the eternal,
From the land of light and love supernal,—
Send, O send to me, one cheering, loving ray.

Lo! the shadows on the distant hilltops
In a solemn grandeur, slowly rise;
Breaking through, a stream of glolden glory
Pours from out the hazy, amber skies,
Floating gently on the shining river,
While the golden sunbeams glance and quiver,
Did my loved and lost one greet my longing eyes.

O, those words of love and kindly greeting,
Falling in a cadence, pure and sweet,
Filling all my soul with hope and gladness,—
Words too dear for mortals to repeat;
But I know that love and truth eternal,
Are the guides that lead to the supernal,
Where all the loved, and loving ones shall meet.

Now the hazy beauty of the autumn,
Brings no sadness to my trusting heart,
For angel voices whispering, murmur,—
"Those who love on Earth can never part;"
And through this outward beauty given,
Now shine the inner beams of heaven;
And these shall safely guide my trembling barque.

THE DEVIL.

The Old Fellow among different Nations—Is He with His Horns and Cloven Foot still Alive, or is He Dead, or did He never Live at all?

WHY DOES NOT GOD KILL THE DEVIL?

Among all classes of people the Devil is known—that is his name. No one ever saw him—no one ever caught a sight of his tail, or noticed the impression of his foot on snow, mud or dust, yet there are 61,000 high and holy ministers in the United States who know all about his history, who say that he is now going around seeking whom he may devour and that Spiritualism is one of his principal works.

The belief in a supernatural evil power is as old as the history of man, and plays a prominent part even in the religion of the oldest races of India. At first, outside of the teachings of the Scriptures, the only conception was of

SOME SHADOWY BEING,

half human, who exerted his powers intermittingly, and seemingly without purposes; but, as men began to realize their numerous failures and misfortunes, as they felt more deeply the presence of some stronger power than themselves, the evil spirit was endowed with proportions; acquired in the minds of the human race new attributes, and a nearer proximity. By some races the good and evil are blended, and united in one deity; by others the Divine Being was perfectly holy, the devil utterly depraved. As the human race advanced, the attributes formerly ascribed to one being were erected, if the term may be used, into separate existences, and man was said to be governed by

A MULTITUDE OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS

who controlled his every action, and left him a weak and passive subject of others' wills. This was no doubt a very satisfactory belief, and made it immensely easy when some unfortunate mortal had done a wrong to conveniently shift it off on some imp, who was the cause of it.

THE BUDDHISTS

seem to have drawn the idea out to the finest possible length. They have four classes of evil spirits, some in the form of man, others in the shape of birds, of beasts, fishes, vampires,—whatever they may be,—snakes, dwarfs, and man-eating ogres. How they ever compiled a directory of them so as to throw on each particular imp a particular sin, or whether the whole four classes were indiscriminately held accountable for every shortcoming of every luckless sinner, has not yet been determined.

THE ART LOVING GREEKS

did not feel inclined to subject themselves to any such dire divinities, but made their gods with sufficient imperfections to allow a suspicion that they could sometimes be the instigators of crime, as well as the promoters of goodness. In fact, old Jove himself was a jolly old fellow,—a kind of person with whom Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar would have been delighted to have been acquainted. The Titans and Ate, however, appear to have been considered as evil spirits by the Greeks, and in latter times a very convenient community of demons was invented, which, it is said, relieved Plato considerably when he was engaged in attempting to account for the origin of sin. Here again the burden was thrown on the shoulders of the Atlas, like spirits of darkness, and even Horace would acknowledge that this is a knot which only a god could untie. Although the ancient Hindoos appear, as above stated, to have pre-empted the field.

THE HEBREWS

seem to have turned their attention to the creation of devils, outside of what the Scriptures tell. The Talmudists originated the infernal brood by saying that Eve was not Adam's first love, but that, by a previous wife, named Lilis, or Lilith, he had a whole family of devils. Goethe also, either resurrecting this unfortunate mother of wickedness or creating another, introduced a Lilith in his Walpurgis night-scene in "Faust." But of all creations in the spirit-world, that of

"UNDINE,"

by Fouque, is incomparably the best. Although she is in no sense an evil spirit, and hence may not belong to the subject in hand, yet as a relief to the sombre figures already called up, and to drive away the sulphurous odor which must be beginning to be perceived, Undine may be invoked in our behalf. The delineation of her character, when the mainspring of character—a soul—is absent, is inimitable. Like Fouque's Undine, though without the delicate discrimination, is Drake's "Culprit Fay." But above both, though with a great approximation to humanity, is

SHAKESPEARE'S "ARIEL."

Certainly the great dramatist must have eagerly devoured all the tales of goblins and demons he could obtain. Imagine, after an unsuccessful poaching excursion after some neighbor's hare, sitting down by the roadside and devouring Glanvil's "De proprietatibus rerum inscriptum," a black little folio on the general history of devils; or, when he was perhaps tormented by the blue devils himself consequent on a conjugal difference of opinion between himself and his Ann, imagine him seeking consolation from Molitor's "Fractatus de Lamiis et Phitonicis Mulieribus," an interesting little work on witches, incantations, and caressing by the devil. Think of Shakspeare's wondering if there was any difference between a caressing by the devil and a combing of his head with a three-legged stool by his wife. Possibly, as a fit preparation to writing the witch scene in Macbeth, the Bard of Avon perused the Life of Cornelius Agrippa, a magician, said to contain some curious information about raising devils, notions of hell, demons, witchcraft, etc., or Martin Luther's Table Talk, containing, as is said, a mine of wealth on the subjects of hell, the devil, demons, Purgatory, witches, witchcraft, and similar pleasant subjects.

Judging, however, from the complaints often made at the present time, a reprint of the Life of Agrippa would be useless, as so much is already known of the mode of raising the devil generally that any further attempt at giving information would be, if not impossible, at least superogatory. By they way,

MARTIN LUTHER

must have had some valuable knowledge as to His Satanic Majesty, if, as is confidently stated, he had an interview with that personage. How fortunate it would have been if some enterprising reporter had only interviewed the worthy monk. We might then have known certainly whether the old tempter actually was honored or not, or as to the fact of his possession of a caudal appendage, and its use, or as to whether, finally, his sable hue was or was not caused by the bottle of ink which the savage monk launched at his head. But newspapers were not in existence then in Germany, and no ubiquitous interviewer, the creation of the present century, was ready to supply the lacking information.

THE GERMANS,

of all nations since the Greek, appear to have had the most lively and realizing belief in evil spirits. Goblins, elves, gnomes, sprites, witches, and numerous other species of unseen or superhuman creations, as to be found described in their writings. The Black Forest teems with them; they flit along the Rhine, peer out of the windows of decaying castles, and haunt us in the recesses of the mountains. Schiller must have been fresh from the reading of some tales of demons when he wrote his "Robbers," and Goethe brings the whole fell crew to dance a welcome to the lost soul of Faust and the beautiful Margaret. They change their shape, ride on broomsticks, and farrow sows, until the firm heart of Faust can no longer endure the horrid gathering, and the scales drop from his eyes as he sees the mouse fall from the lips of one whom he had almost deemed an angel of light. Mothers terrified their children by the suggestion of the appearance of some of these uncanny beings, and the belief even to-day in their existence is as real in some parts of Germany as it was five hundred years ago. "The devil is beating his mother" is an old German proverb used to express the alternate rain and sunshine of an April day.

THE MANY PROVERBS

of all nations concerning the devil and his characteristics attests the universal belief in his existence. The following, either translations from the German or natives of our own language, are a few of the more common: "The devil is good when he is pleased," evidently shows that "Even the divil is not as bad as he is sometimes painted;" and if such be the case, we ought to "Give the divil his due," for certainly "'Tis a sin to belie the devil," even though he be "Hell's Prince, sly parent of revolt and lies." The proverbs, "The devil temps all, but the idle tempt the devil." "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." "Idle men are the devil's playthings," evidently suggested the idea of Watts' lines,

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

Mothers advise untruthful boys to "Speak the truth, and shame the devil," while wicked sons retort that "Sometimes the devil doth preach," or "Even the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

The wily and omnipresent character of the subtle possessor of the cloven hoof is shown by the sayings, "Talk of the devil and he'll either come or send," or, as it is more commonly used now, "Talk of the devil and he's sure to appear." "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," "The devil is not always at one door." "Seldom the devil lies dead in a ditch." "The devil is never nearer than when we are talking of him," and "The devil's meal is half bran."

It is well known that the arch-fiend is "The father of lies," and of course not good at keeping his promises nor paying his dues even though there is "The devil's to pay," though we are assured, and possibly some know it for a truth, that "What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly," because "He that takes the devil into his boat must needs carry him over the sound;" and "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil;" and because, again, "It's an ill battle where the devil carries the colors." Cynics and skeptics can affirm that "A man is another devil," or that "Where God builds a church, there the devil builds a chapel," or that "Hell is useless to sages, but necessary to the blind populace," the disappointed legal suitor may console himself with the thought that "Hell and chancery are ever open;" the rejected lover can exclaim, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;" the fatalist murmur, "He must needs go that the devil driveth;" the misanthropist growl that "Some hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell;" the temperance-crusader tell, "There is devil in every berry of the grape;" while Christianity warns us that "The way to hell is paved with good intentions," and that "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

THE FRENCH

seem to have had quite a pleasant idea of the father of lies, for they often represent him as an interviewer, and hide their personality under the guise of the devil visiting, as in the well-known novel of La Sage, "The Devil on Two Sticks," in which we are treated to a view behind the scenes of Spanish life. This amusing work was continued in England under the title of "The devil on Two Sticks in England;" and another work of similar character gave us a view of London life, in company with the same efficient guide. Finally Asmodeus crossed the water, and treated us to a view of New York in a book called "Asmodeus in New York." The well-known epigram of Rabelais is worth quoting:

The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well; the devil a monk was he.

The writers of the age of

ELIZABETH AND JAMES THE FIRST

seemed to have specially directed their attention to the peculiarities of the "Residuary Legatee of Mortality," as Landseer once termed him. Gascoigne wrote concerning the "Wyll of the Devill with his detestable commandementes." Tom Nash gave to the world a work called "Pierce Penniless, his supplication of the Divull, describing the overspreading of vice, and the suppression of virtue, pleasantly interlaced with variable delights, and pathetically intermixed with conceited reproofes." Strange to say, an unfeeling world failed to take to heart the reproofs, but applied the conceit to the author, and suffered his work to sleep until it was rescued from oblivion by the Shakespeare Society, and reprinted in 1842. Thomas Heywood, that most voluminous dramatist, compiled a history of "the fall of Lucifer and his angels," which must have rivaled "Paradise Lost," in length, and "Paradise Regained" in dullness. Christopher Marlowe—"the English Boccaccio," as he has sometimes been called—gave us the tragical history of Dr. Faustuz in a drama which contained some lines worthy of even a Shakspeare. John Webster, a contemporary dramatist with Shakspeare, composed three dramas, "The White Devil," "The Devil's Law Case," and "The Dutchess of Malfry," wherein he gives his idea of this personage. Defoe, besides his numerous novels, favored the world with "The Political History of the Devil," and a description of the devil's dwelling, "vulgarly called hell," which, like the "Life of Agrippa," mentioned above, is entirely out of date, owing to the large amount of knowledge since obtained on the subject. But what must be said of the generous soul who for fear some men would be saved, kindly furnished a guide-book called

"A SURE GUIDE TO HELL."

In 1818, Dr. Plaucy, a Frenchman, published a voluminous work entitled "Dictionnaire Infernal," relating to devils, magic, hell, etc.

But these are only a tithe of the numerous books and pamphlets which have been published concerning the evil one. Douglas Jerrold also wrote a play, "The Devil's Ducat." Coleridge enlightened us on a little visit the old gentleman made to earth, from which he, however, returned disgusted; Burns gives a few delicate hints on the same subject; Cruikshank and Landseer thought him not worthy to occupy their time, not to mention the unknown authors of numerous early romances, and that musty walking library of useless pedantry and superstition, Burton, or the scores of divines of all ages whose polemics now rest undisturbed in ancient libraries.

IN AMERICA,

also, Edgar A. Poe has, in his story of "Never Bet the Devil Your Head," warned us of the novel and yet rather unpleasant means the gentleman in black sometimes used to extort payment of the bets made with him. Last month also, a New York book-firm—Scribner, Welford & Armstrong—issued a curious catalogue, "Bibliotheca Diabolica, being a choice selection of the most valuable books relating to the devil, demons, hell, magic, sorcery, witchcraft, divination, ghosts, etc.,—in two parts, pro and con,—serious and humorous," and illustrated with twelve curious designs, a publication of which makes an era in the history of book catalogues.

THE FORMS

under which the devil is pictured by various nations are not a little curious, as tending to show the different characteristics attributed to him. The ancient Egyptians seemed to regard him in a canine aspect, and pictured him with the long nose of a hound, but walking on two legs like a satyr. To the Assyrians he presented himself in a more canine character, and they gave him a heavy, muscular frame, and also endowed him with wings and scales covering the neck. The Cingalese again evidently thought the arch-fiend was the "missing link," and made him part man, part woman, part horse, coiled round also with serpents like the marble group of Laocoon and his sons. In the Anglo-Saxon idea, he is possessed of a human form, and a few centuries later the English races accommodated him with horns and a tail, the latter short and stumpy, evidently dwindling away by non-use. His fighting qualities are shown by two long spurs or horns on his knees or heels.

The French of the fifteenth century, again, evidently regarded him as an incongruous combination of fish, flesh, and fowl, supplied him with a neatly-curved pair of horns, long asinine ears, a dorsal fin running from the neck the whole length of the back, a tail growing out of the right thigh, and long spindling legs, terminating in four claws like a chicken. Add to this a long, flexible nose, staring eyes, and a peculiar satanic grin,—for it is not a laugh,—and the picture is complete.

THE ABYSSINIANS

seem to have viewed Satan in rather pleasant light, for they represent him clothed in long, decorous garments, with a kind of prison-stripe, however, a full beard and mustache, and the only suggestion of his infernal character is found in the little devil who is of the orthodox cut, with horns and tail, but whose toes spread out much like the tines of a patent lightning-rod. The Italians added to the ordinary type of demon a pig's snout and a pair of wings; they also elongated the heels, and gave a curl to the caudal appendage. The Hindoos furnished him with a coat of hair—quite superfluous, apparently, judging from temperature of the place in which he is said to live.

CRUIKSHANK,

in his humorous illustrations, sketches him in black with horns and hoofs, or rather a foot with two toes, and short wings, evidently more for appearance than use. Landseer, with a more discriminating sense of his mental and moral traits, gives the Prince of Darkness a somewhat human form,—bearing a striking resemblance, in fact, to Byron,—and paints in his features the cynicism, malignant hate, and unrelenting persistence in evil of the Satan of the Scriptures.

Glancing, then, over all history, we find the conception of a being of evil thought and work, who, even worshiped by the Tezidis of Koordistan, and divided into parts with the Hindoos, by regarding his attributes as separate existences; in some nations showing a semi-human character in others pictured as the impersonation of all wickedness and vice; still so everywhere radically the same,—a persistent enemy of the human race, against whom, as exhibited in his own passions, it is the duty of every man to contend, and whom to conquer is the greatest triumph of life—the grandest effort of our existence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the JOURNAL will be sent three months to new trial subscribers, for 29 cents, after this date.

Letter from Dr. C. P. Sanford.

THE REV. A. A WARREN.

BRO. JONES:—Please permit me through the columns of your excellent paper to call the attention of the friends of our cause to a worthy good man in the person of Elder Warren, as he is called by his friends. He was a member of the convention that organized the first Wesleyan Methodist conference in America, and for two years was president of the Rochester conference of that church. After preaching for several years he was led to see that "the fruits of the Lord were more in the spirit and less in the word," and being naturally of an inquiring turn of mind when modern Spiritualism made its advent, he investigated the other early phases of it, and like a man he dared to investigate and as invariably the case with all honest earnest investigators, he soon became convinced and saw that what he had believed and preached was more than true, for not only did man live after the death, but he possessed the power to reveal himself to those he had left behind him here on earth.

When thoroughly convinced of this fact, Bro. Warren laid aside his reputation as a Methodist and his popularity as a preacher in order to stand upon the altar and there fully to preach the truth as he believed and observed it. This was more than twenty-five years ago, and the echo still sound to the core of the truths of spirit communion, and from that time to this he has been in public and private meetings doing the right. He [illegible] and [illegible] The "silver [illegible] but he [illegible] the [illegible] tend [illegible] set to [illegible] and best friends [illegible] who seldom [illegible] and consequently [illegible] has been limited [illegible] in the vicinity of [illegible] a few points [illegible]

His wife [illegible] ble women, and an excellent [illegible] medium, and for the purpose of extending usefulness in that direction by the earnest solicitations of friends, they removed to Dubuque some months ago, where they may now be addressed. Mrs. Warren most commonly attends the Elder at his appointments, and by her more than ordinary test manifestations adds interest to his visits.

I do not wish the friends to understand that these good people have nothing to do now, but that they are competent, willing and anxious to do much more than they are now doing. The Elder is a candid, logical, plain spoken, able advocate of the truth, and it does seem as though the lovers of *true* Spiritualism might and would keep him and his noble wife entirely in the field if they could be known to the public as they really deserve. The friends by so doing would give a helping hand to willing workers who are in the down hill of life, and now in moderate circumstances, from having advocated an unpopular truth all of the best part of their lives. The friends by so doing would also be assisting to spread the truths of our gospel by able representatives.

If the friends desire further testimonials as to Bro. Warren and his wife, I refer them to Mrs. H. Morse, State Missionary; A. J. Case and wife, Waverly; Truesdell Webster and wife, Jonesville; W. J. Ackley, Waterloo; D. P. Walling and wife, Tripoli; Guy Farnsworth and wife, Denver, Iowa, or any and all of the Spiritualists of Bremer, Black Hawk, Butler or Buchanan counties.

Friends, do not fail to engage and encourage them, for in so doing you will do them a favor and our cause a benefit.

Yours for the truth,

DR. C. P. SANFORD, State Missionary.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 22, 1874.

DEATH,

Or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-Life.

Brother Furnas, of Lettsville, Ia., writes to us as follows:

LETTSVILLE, Oct. 23, 1874.

BROTHER S. S. JONES:—I see by the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that you are going to publish a series of articles on "Death, or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-Life," and that you want 500,000 new subscribers, and that you think that your old subscribers might raise that number if they would exert themselves a little. I think well of your plan. Inclosed you find remittance and several names.

You and all others who interest themselves in behalf of THE JOURNAL have our sincere thanks. Those who wish to learn something of Death, or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-life, should subscribe for THE JOURNAL. It should be circulated among the churches. It should be read by those who drink intoxicating liquors to excess. The physician who administers to the sick should carefully consider the vivid truths therein contained. It should be read by those who expect to be near the dying during their last moments. The notice that appeared in THE JOURNAL in reference to this series of articles, conveys no adequate idea of their importance to the world. Now is the time for our subscribers to exert themselves. Send in subscribers at once. Three months for 29 cents.

Extracts from our Exchanges.

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

SPIRITUALISM.

Some Well-Attested Materializations —What Is the Science Coming To?

LONDON, ENG.—According to prophecy, this coming year is to witness a perfect avalanche of spiritual manifestations. One of the most astonishing interventions, or influxes, the world has ever known—a literal and unprecedented outpouring of the spirit (world) upon the land, of truth, not error, and woe to him who shall hang back, a laggard, a skeptic, or a denunciator! With some, this prophecy is received with contemptuous disregard; and with others, in trembling fear, as if a world of spirit was not.

OUR INEVITABLE DESTINATION,

Some who have settled into a creed-patrimony as handed down from ancestors, and who find thinking laborious, are satisfied to do their duty here, and leave the problem of the future to be solved when those shores are reached. Others again, with inextinguishable longing for tangible knowledge of the future soul-life, or an undying sentiment, and ever-present consciousness of the nearness of some departed, are glad of any possible insight into those realms.

Having a young American friend who had become aroused to the determination to find what the Devil had to do with it,—intelligently allowing that it was *something*,—and in brave defiance of the odium he considered attached to the subject, he enlisted in our service of

A WEEK AMONG THE MEDIUMS.

He was somewhat imbued with the importance of the fresh effort of a New York physician—Marvin by name—who had advanced the discovery, and made a book about it, that phenomenal Spiritualism is a pathological disorder; a transparently absurd mental epidemic; an atmospheric influenza, caused by the transitorial condition of society; perhaps noting the fact that the vague mists and shadows of secularism were moving towards the setting sun, before this new "ism" arose on the horizon. To this epidemic disease, according to his vision, he gives the name of

MEDIOMANIA,

which has so spread among uncultured classes that its bounds are enormously enlarged. It will, in time, disappear with proper hygienic measures. His propnecy. Without doubt, the hard-headed scientists over here will hunt for these "measures" in their own way as soon as they discover the disease; and this man of Gotham may become famous in an hour. It is a fact of the age that each one prefers to work out this problem for himself. The evidence of others' senses are not so easily taken as in the past. We would all aspire to be discoverers. Dr. Chalmers says, "We learn by descending to the sober work of seeing, and feeling, and experimenting."

With the view, then, of training our faculties, we went first among

THE THAUMATURGISTS.

The "Wizard of the North" had disappeared from the public, after his sanguine assertion—"There is not one Spiritualist left in America, and I'll soon extinguish them in England;" but Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, Herr Dobler and others were holding some portion of the public in palpitating excitement. But we found the complicated machinery so extensive, the electric battery, the clap-trap, the mysterious knotting, the shelved, mirrored, and felted cabinet, the wax-forms, not sufficiently mysterious to maintain the dignity of our self-imposed role as acute investigators. Some of the tricks were ingeniously done, as the blood-writing on the arm, the pellets of paper, with name and so forth, which we had seen so well done in private circles, that we had accepted the advice and warning, not to be misled by the so-called Spiritualistic manifestations. In this tour, our motto was, Refer nothing to spiritual agency which can be accounted for on other grounds.

DISTRUST THE MEDIUMS.

They are so often charged with dishonesty, and in many cases so very justly, that we must bear in mind that they are human, subject to frailties and temptations, and always in want of money. That their best vital forces are used, and they are often thrown out of normal balance, need demand little sympathy or recognition. Be hard on them at their best, and watch them at all times!

Being Sunday, we went to the Cavendish rooms to hear a lecture on the report of the Dialectical society. We were only in time to hear the speaker assert that this famous society produced certain phenomena, but had not proved it to be the result of spirit agency, and he knew it could be accounted for without that theory. He thought there were as good men in the lower ranks, quite as able to form judgments, as the big named persons. For his part, if these scientists had seen a spirit hand, they should have kept it and shown it. If they thought they had felt such a thing, they might have been in a state of semi-consciousness. He didn't believe they felt it. Evidently, the testimony of such men as De Morgan, Howitt, Varley, Crookes, Wallace, was not to be taken on this subject, though admitted on every other.

A BOMBASTIC CIRCULAR ADVERTISEMENT

of Mrs. Fay's dark seances attracted us to a trial, and we started for Bloomsbury square. Meeting Dr. Carter, an eminent English physician, who was so strikingly a man of the old regime that his religion, his opinions, all the tenor of his thought, his incessant habit of quotation in conversation, were a quarter of a century back, while this spiritual "epidemic" has developed within the last quarter of a century, we said to him, "We are en route to a seance of Mrs. Fay's. Will you come?"

"Oh, no. Don't you go. Its all trumpery, —fol-de-rol. I was appointed one of the investigating committee, when she first came to London. Nothing but fraud, sleight of hand, deception. Have seen Houdin do the same things, and Prof. Anderson, those old 'Wizards.' Don't know how it is done, but it is all legerdemain." "Indeed! Has Prof. Crookes witnessed the manifestations through her mediumship?" we asked.

"Oh, no, he is one of England's greatest minds. I am told he is writing an essay on the subject, in which he will explode it all. Take my advice. Don't go. Waste of time."

We went just the same, to No. 2 Vernon place, and paid 10s. We found Mrs. Fay quite a problem in herself, for the class of manifestations advertised. She is very small in stature; frail, bright, pretty little woman, who did not look at all capable of charlatanism or trickery. At this test-seance there were nine persons; so few that we were arranged in a curved line. The medium was placed before the circle in the corner of the room. A curtain was suspended across, to do service for a cabinet. On a table were several bells, two guitars, a tamborine, speaking tubes, and other things. One gentleman, a stranger, was selected to act as a committee for the purpose of seeing that the medium was thoroughly secured, and that the manifestations were genuine. Mr. Fay directed affairs in a way that showed he was the fortunate possessor of a prodigy, with the mysterious, though often fatal, mediumistic organization. He told us, with a measure of pride, that the duke of Wellington and other noblemen had been present the evening previous; and that Mr. Crookes had attended one seance, with entire satisfaction as to the open and straightforward manner in which it was conducted. Mr. Fay was securely held in the circle by the sitters on each side of him. The medium was satisfactorily fastened, even to stitching her bound wrist to her dress in such a way that she was helpless to move. The inevitable "song" was called for; not "John Brown's Body" this time, nor "Sweet Home," but "The Girl I left Behind Me;" was superbly whistled by a young gentleman present. The object of this is to divert the minds from engrossing expectation; philosophizing that we are more easily controlled unawares. As our friend whispered, "more quickly bamboozled." "Ghosts appear," says the poet, "but not when watched for." In a few moments innumerable lights appeared and danced around, of different degrees of size, and one much larger than the rest came down upon the table with a thud.

"Is this the way the raps are produced" said a Scotch lady present, "I just thocht it was by knuckles!" A lady clairvoyant said she saw light spirits at work; two leaders, and six assistants. "All bad ones, I've no doubt," whispered again our friend.

The sitters were plentifully

TOUCHED BY SPIRIT HANDS,

and, seemingly to prove their substantiality, they sometimes disarranged the hair by a circular movement of the hand, and a strong patting on the shoulder. The two guitars were floated around the room, with prodigious thrumming at first, and afterward more gently, and the chords were struck in harmony. The clairvoyant said, "There seems to be silvery tubes, or pipes, emanating from the spirits to the instrument, and it is lifted by force of attraction, but fingers are touching the strings." "The room," she added, "is illuminated by emanations of light, (aura) coming from the bodies of the sitters." Soon the trumpets were picked up, touched each of us on the head, and then carried to the ceiling with surprising rapidity. The bells were rung at the same time. A mouth-organ was held to the medium's mouth, and drawn back and forth, upon which she breathed her song. A clergyman present, asked that he might have some notice, whereupon his waistcoat was unbuttoned, the watch taken from his pocket, the guard carefully removed from his neck, and carried to the other side of the circle. Sometimes three or four sets of phenomena were going on simultaneously. The sitters, as they made requests, were touched on different parts of the face, or body, with such dexterity and precision, as to make it quite evident that what is dark to us is not so to the other "intelligences." All present, except two of us, became deeply engrossed in

PERSONAL COMMUNION

with their spirit friends. Mr. Fay explained that the object of these simple experiments was to show that a power outside of the medium could manifest the wonderful control over material objects which had been exhibited.

There did not seem to be a pretext for suspicion, or a loop-hole through which the manifestations could be questioned, and we were politely silent until our departure. Our friend then expressed himself dissatisfied; not that he felt himself swindled by any trickery; but he thought it was an unsettler, an untwister, a dangerous thing for the mind. "Who can be made purer and better by it?"

"The same ones, we presume, who could be made purer and better by any religious fact in life."

"But this is irreligious. If there are spirits in it, they are earthly ones, who hover about, seeking whom they may drag into some slough of bewilderment."

"You are excited. Wait until you see the materializations. Perhaps that will untwist your present mind, or your hair, or calm you at least."

There are in London spirit circles, certain representative spirits, so to speak, characteristically familiar to many persons. "John King," "Katie King," "Peter," "George," "Lilly," and others. People who lived two centuries ago, and who often, and unwillingly give portions of their history, and their lives, to their circle of acquaintances! Our grandfathers might have thought this a novel adventure indeed! A reproachable trespass upon fancy-land. And the well-known elderly Scotch baronet, living fifty miles only from London, who is said to be so strong in his convictions against traveling by steam, and sending messages by lightning, that he will not even look upon the diabolical monsters, could not face the light of modern "materializations" and live. Courage!

The next evening we presented ourselves at the

SPIRITUAL INSITUTION,

15 Southampton row, precisely at 8 o'clock. Mr. Herne had been holding a series of seances at this place, at which very powerful phenomena had been obtained. On this occasion, several gentlemen were present quite unknown to each other. The circle was formed, the usual conditions adhered to; but this seance was little better than a failure. A bell which lay upon the table was heard to ring, and phosphorescent lights were seen floated over our heads. This was all. Mr. Burns' accommodating kindness of nature and exceeding volubility, made the evening no failure to us, however, as he "orated" very largely on the history and philosophy of Spiritualism, interspersed with his own terse and vivid experiences. This failure, he said, was owing, doubtless, to the exhausted state of the medium, or to the preponderance of skeptics, which occasioned

INHARMONY IN THE CONDITIONS.

For mediums are sustained by other members of the circle, who collectively emit a portion of that peculiar subtle element, which in the human organism relates man's spirit to his body. It is this fluid which gives the spirit such power in a measure over physical objects. To expect spirits to act against conditions was as absurd as to expect him to rise to the ceiling without any assistance. Any departure from perfect honesty on the part of sitters was always a detriment. Moral obliquity, even of an excusable kind, prevents the access of good spirits, and leaves the circle open to evil influences. One comforting assurance he gave our friend, that, in the next world, like associates with like; philosophers with philosophers; philanthropists with philanthropists; editors with editors, and so forth. "Many mansions are for the habitation of innumerable degrees of individual development continually passing to them," say the Spiritualists, rather vaguely.

We asked the medium if the statement was true that the origin of Lord Lytton's "Coming Race" was an instigation through his mediumship. He avers, that in the trance state, matter of unusual novelty and importance was communicated through him, of which Bulwer took notes, and afterward worked up ingeniously into this singular and remarkable book. It is well known that the authorship was not discovered until after Bulwer's death. No effort has been made to prove or to disprove this statement. Bulwer's own individual and many-sided powers might be said to excel that of most spirit-novelists! This presumes to be legitimate expression founded on the claims of the Edwin Drood finale!

Mr. Burns kindly assisted us to the great privilege of attending

A PRIVATE SEANCE,

where we might see the "materializations" in unqualified perfection, as far as they exist today. We accordingly were introduced by letter, as correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, to a lady and gentleman in the higher ranks of society, and were most cordially received, and approved as "honest investigators" and Americans. A very select circle of ladies and gentlemen had for many consecutive weeks met at this house, to elicit a series of facts under the best conditions. On this evening, Gerald Massey, Mr. Russell, Sergeant Cox, were present. Soon after 8 o'clock the company, numbering 11 persons in all, sat around a circular table, all hands having been joined. The medium, Mr. Williams, was held by the sitters on each side of him. Musical instruments were placed upon the table, and the lights put out. The first sensation to us all was a shivering of cold. This, said a gentleman present, will be a successful experiment, as the operating spirits are drawing a "force" from every one of us. A lady clairvoyant said, "I see several spirits walking around outside of the circle and collecting the 'power,' or 'force' from the bodies of the sitters, and drawing it in a mass to the centre of the table." After awhile a faint, hazy strip of light appeared, enlarging, floating, undulating; something apparently in process of formation, and soon came out a full form, at least four feet five inches in height; a female figure dressed in white. The eyes were cast downward. The general expression and *pose* were calmness and sadness. She walked a few steps toward us, and almost immediately evaporated in our sight. Two other forms—of children—also appeared, hazy and indistinct, and soon disappeared like a fleecy cloud. There was a rest, or change, from this phase, and for many moments no lights were seen. A large music-box was wound up by unseen power, and lifted over our heads, moving swiftly in a circle. We asked the seer at our left if she saw anything. She said, "It is lifted by hands, but the hands are not placed under it in order to lift the object, but over it." The box was dropped gently to the floor, and another taken up, making the same gyrations. Tyndall has said, "Matter is not that inert, inactive, and passive thing philosophers think it is." Here was demonstrable proof of his assertion—if there was nothing behind it.

In a little while, the spirit "Peter" presented himself, calling many of us by name in the way of greeting. Then in a strange and affected voice he said, "The circle must change." If any suspicion prevailed in any mind that this was the medium in disguise, that suspicion must have been dissipated, when the spirit was next seen to walk, as it were, into the middle of the table, the wood offering no obstacle to his progress, and disappear before us in a well-lighted room.

The gas was lighted, and a short interval ensued. During which an intelligent English gentleman told us that at one sitting at this house he had heard this spirit "Peter" try to sing a solo to the harmonium accompaniment, but not finding sufficient voice, suddenly stopped, remarking, "I can not raise voice enough." Also, he had heard a duet sung by "John King" and an Italian spirit, an accurate account of which, testified to by thirteen reliable and sane persons, he had sent to the secular papers, but it was too strong for the editorial mind, and was rejected. The secular newspapers in your country are more independent, and brave, and daring, he suggested? We thought so. And since I give his statement, may we prove it so.

Mr. Williams took his seat in the cabinet; the darkness of which is necessary to the materializing process, when the room is lighted. After a few moments a diffused light was seen in the cabinet, which became reduced, or concentrated to a small spark, then increased to the size of a lamp—the veritable

SPIRIT LAMP

so much talked of and so little understood. This light, as it increased in brilliancy, revealed a human figure, who was recognized as the father of an English gentleman who was present. The apparition took a chair and dragged it over toward the piano, and took his seat as one of the circle, lighting up the instrument with intense brightness. He looked at each of us in the most nonchalent way, and vanished before our sight, while a ray of this peculiar "light" lingered and flickered a few moments. This chemical light or "lamp" is said to be the invention of "Katy King," the elder. It is the beautiful daughter of "Katy" who is the "familiar" in the household of Prof. Crookes, and who has afforded him his most interesting and startling experimental experiences. This spirit has remained longer materialized than any other known, and has been able to move farther away from the medium, which they say is a difficult and dangerous thing to do. Once, as an experiment, Mr. Crookes clasped this spirit in his arms, when she immediately vanished, and the entranced medium was thrown into violent spasms, from which it was very difficult to restore her.

What meaning has all this? "It is better to let it alone," said our friend. "The most dangerous problem ever given mortals to solve."

Perhaps not, when the conditions are safely understood.—*Chicago Times.* M. M.

History of Mr. Harry Bastian's Mediumship.

"I am thirty years of age and was born at North Boston, Erie county, U. S. My parents are of German origin, and my father has been a minister of the Gospel, and a member of the Evangelical Alliance for thirty years. Mediumship is hereditary in my family, on my father's side. My grandfather was a native of Lorraine, and served as a soldier under Napoleon; he had a wonderful gift of healing diseases by laying on of hands, and cured so many people that his powers in this respect are remembered in the locality to the present day. My father has the same power in a lesser degree, but he never exercises it without prayer; he can cure complaints of a chronic description easier than others, and frequently heals the worst tumors and felons in about a week, by the laying on of hands three times during that period. He also can stop bleedings, when the sufferers are miles away, provided only that they have faith in his power; he can do nothing with persons in a state of mental antagonism.

"Spiritual manifestations began in my presence when I was about five years old, and living with my grandmother; my bed was pulled about at night, and noises were heard; these things were supposed to be produced by evil spirits, and my grandmother thought that I was bewitched, and prayed that the power of the witches might be driven away. When I was seven years of age, my father went as a missionary to Canada, taking me with him. There the manifestations grew stronger; things would move about the room, and sometimes a noise was heard like a pumpkin rolling down stairs and bumping against the door; when they opened the door there was nothing there. My father concluded that the house was haunted by evil spirits, just like John Wesley's; he never liked the manifestations; he tried to exorcise the spirits, when they would sometimes stop the manifestations for several days.

"When I was twelve years of age, we returned to the old homestead in North Boston, in the State of New York, where we lived on the farm until I was eighteen years old. Then I went to Buffalo, where I met a Spiritualist of the name of Williams, who boarded in the same house, and was the first to tell me anything about Spiritualism. He asked me to come to a seance at the house of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wortman; there the four of us sat round a table, and in twenty minutes I was entranced for the first time; when I woke up they told me that a child of Mrs. Wortman's had controlled me and given me messages. I made sport of what they said, and did not believe that spirits had anything to do with the matter, but the circumstances worked on my mind considerably. I went there again, and the result was the same. I then sat by myself for manifestations, and raps began at once.

After a few sittings, I also saw spirits, among whom was a sister of mine. I was boarding with my aunt, and the family were very skeptical. One night I was telling her and the children what I had seen at one of the seances of the Eddy mediums, when a sharp whistle sounded over my head, and while the startled listeners were speculating where it came from, it sounded again, when they grew nervously excited and came to the conclusion that the Devil had seized me for his own purposes.

"In 1869 I was a clerk on board the passenger boat between Buffalo and Chicago, and sometimes, in the fall of the year, when the passengers were few, and I was alone in the cabin, I would become conscious of the presence of spirits about me; once I felt as if a bouquet of flowers had been presented me; I smelt their perfume most distinctly. Soon after I heard of a medium of the name of Miss Rice, and wrote, asking her to give me a seance on my return home. This she did, and for the first time I saw a medium in the trance state. She did not give me any particular test, except that she told me I would become a professional medium and visit Europe, which was far from my thoughts at the time; and I left her in a rather skeptical state of mind as to the truth of Spiritualism. Then I began reading books on the subject, more especially those by Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds.

"During the next season I had manifestations on board the boat, and in the course of the year 1870 first had an opportunity of meeting generally with Spiritualists. I went to one of their meetings at Colline's Hemlock Hall, which once belonged to the Quakers, but is now used for Spiritualistic purposes. From 2,000 to 3,000 persons were present, and I was there a stranger among strangers. There I became acquainted with Dr. Dunn, who recently visited England with Mr. Peebles; I there also first met Mr. and Mrs. O'Friel, and at a seance in the evening, at the house where we were stopping, I was entranced by their little child. A few weeks after, at a seance, raps spelt out his name, 'Margery,' and told him how a nephew of theirs, supposed to have been murdered, was then alive and well in California. On writing there, they discovered this to be true.

They took a great interest in me, and, after corresponding with me for about a year, I went to Brooklyn to live with them; and it was at their home I became fully developed. At our first seances a spirit who gave the name of George Fox, not the Quaker of that name—used to entrance me; he is the same who now speaks with the direct voice at my seances. About the beginning of 1871, at their house, the spirits first commenced playing musical instruments in my presence, and after that the power gradually grew stronger, and that year I began to give public seances in New York with much success, but soon I took a dislike to mediumship, and made up my mind to give it up; so I went to learn photography at Syracuse, New York State, in order to get rid of the power, and did not sit for two months; the spirits then forced manifestations, and compelled me to give seances again. I next went, by invitation, to Watertown, N. Y., and there met another medium, with whom I started out travelling, doing so for six months. I then became acquainted with Mr. Davenport, the father of the Davenport Brothers, at the house of Mr. S. S. Jones, in Chicago, and traveled through the Western States of America with him, giving seances, until the September of the same year, when I first met my present partner, Mr. Malcolm Taylor.

"My sensations during the production of the different manifestations are very strange. Although I am perfectly conscious, a peculiar numbness comes over me, and I fell as if some force were leaving me until after the seance, when I am completely exhausted. Whatever part of the spirit is materialized, there seems to be a something draw from a corresponding part of my system. When a spirit talks, my lungs feel oppressed, and I have to sigh or draw a long breath occasionally."

Letter from John Chaney.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—Bro. A. J. Fishback, Spiritualist, and F. W. Evans, Methodist, will commence a discussion on the 18th of November next, in the town of Osceola, Clark Co., Iowa, to continue ten nights. Bro. F. affirms the following proposition for the first five nights, and the Rev. F. W. Evans denies:

"The physical and psychological phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism emanate from, and are produced by, departed human spirits, and are calculated in their tendency and influence to secure man's greatest good here and hereafter."

The above question to be discussed strictly as a question of fact and science.

The Rev. Mr. Evans affirms the following proposition the second five nights, and Mr. Fishback denies:

The phenomena, teachings, and effect of Modern Spiritualism are in conflict with the Bible, and are mentally, physically and morally injurious to man, individually and collectively.

The last question is to be discussed from a Bible standpoint.

All Spiritualists and Orthodox, and also all persons who do not entertain any religious views, will do well to hear this discussion through, as Mr. Fishback is an able debater, and fully able to present his side of the question in a clear and logical light. And we think we can justly say that Mr. Evans is one of the strongest and ablest debaters in the Orthodox ranks, hence we may fully expect that everything in favor and against Spiritualism will be developed. Then, come one, come all and hear these great men. There will be ample arrangements made to entertain those from a distance.

Osceola, Iowa. JOHN CHANEY.

THE

BHAGAVAD-GITA

OR

A DISCOURSE ON DIVINE MATTERS,

BETWEEN

KRISHNA and ARJUNA.

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The spirit of the age prompts thoughtful people to inquire into the traditions of the past. In doing so, it is found that Mythology has played her part well. The traditions of the fathers have been systematized by thoughtful men, from time to time, in different ages of the world. Later generations have believed such traditions, so systematized, to be nothing less than deific commands. Imaginary gods have been constructed to whom the world has paid homage and divine honors.

If we receive as truth, all that is believed by credulous devotees, the world has had numerous incarnate deities.

Those who have been educated to belief in the Christian religion, and to regard the gentle Nazarene as the only Son of God, take a very limited view of the various religious systems of the present and of the past ages.

Among the incarnate deities that different systems of religion have recognized as having existed, through omnipotent love for fallen humanity, by the overshadowing of females of vestal purity, Krishna was a character as important in the Brahminical system of religion, as Christ is "in the plan of salvation" instituted by the Jews' Great Jehovah, believed in by Christians.

His coming was foretold, even as was Christ's.

At the age of sixteen, Krishna began to preach, and was like Christ, the founder of a new religion.

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The translator accompanied the work with copious notes, which are doubtless of more or less value, as explanatory of the text, but the reader will take them for just what they are worth—nothing more is expected.

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THE EDDYS.

The Materialized Spirits who Visit the Eddys.

ELECTRICITY—HOW THE STEAMSHIP PRESIDENT WAS LOST—BLOODLESS VEINS—NOTES FROM A NEW YORK SUN REPORTER.

The seance last night was most interesting and important, in a scientific point of view. Dr. G. M. Beard, of New York, who arrived on Sunday, brought a galvanic battery with him, which was to be used on the first spirit that appeared, that is, if the spirit was willing. The object was to detect fraud, as a person in the flesh would not be able to let go after seizing the handles, if the battery was turned on to its full strength. About half an hour after Mr. Wm. Eddy entered the cabinet, the beautiful Indian girl, Honto, tripped out, almost as lively as ever. Her sudden return to the cabinet, however, showed that something was wrong, or rather that she was not pleased. Mr. Horatio Eddy, knowing her so well, divined at once that she was not pleased with the music. The music was good, but it was by a stranger. Mr. Eddy took the violin, and began a familiar air that Honto had danced to hundreds of times before. She immediately came out again, smiling and dancing, little thinking, judging by her appearance, that a trap had been set for her. In a minute or two the attention of Honto, as well as the spectators, was attracted by the buzzing of the galvanic battery. She turned around, and looked as if she had discovered another of the many wonders of the world. The battery had been placed in charge of Mr. Pritchard, who occupied his old chair on the platform, being confronted, as usual, by Mrs. Cleveland. He asked the girl to come nearer to him, at the same time offering her the handles of the battery. She did not object to touching the handles, but would not take them in her hands. However, the negative wire was placed on the palm of the hand, the positive on the back, directly over the nerve between the lower bone of the thumb and that of the fore-finger.

FACING THE BATTERY'S FULL POWER.

Dr. Beard sat near Mr. Pritchard, and when he saw that the girl only laughed at the battery, with which she was greatly amused, called out to Mr. Pritchard to turn it on to its full force. He did so, and the girl was again asked to try her nerve. She responded with alacrity, having filled up the intervening time occupied in arranging the battery, with dancing and unfolding shawl after shawl, which came from God knows where. The powerful battery, which no man could have withstood, was again applied to her hand, seeming only to amuse her more than ever.

It was soon obvious that she had had enough of the nonsense, and, returning to the cabinet, she rapped three times distinctly, which means "No," when asked if she felt it. Popping out again, she danced with renewed vigor, cutting flourishes that only the dansense can, quitting the stage with a whirl. Mr. Pritchard says he could see the sparks flying from the battery. Among the persons who were witnesses of the experiment were Col. A. V. Elliott, Washington, D. C.; Col. H. S. Olcott, New York; Mr. A. Kappes, New York; Dr. G. M. Beard, New York; and Professor Alanson Hobbs, Ararat, Pa.

CONFUSION.

The experiment created some confusion, as well as disgust, on the part of the leading spirits, Mrs. Eaton saying distinctly, in reply to Col Olcott's query as to whether the power had been felt, "I would like to put the whole power on your head." She said that Honto could have stood the combined power of all the persons in the room, in addition to the battery. The tall and manly form of Mr. Brown, the father of Mr. Edward Brown, who has already been mentioned as present, appeared in the doorway of the cabinet, merely by pushing the curtain aside, late in the evening, all the spirits that were able having already shown themselves. He said that when scientific experiments were to be tried it should be understood in advance; that it was too bad to have a hundred spirits hovering around, but not able to appear on account of the materializing power being exhausted.

After Honto retired, three other Indians followed, a woman who is designated as Black Swan's mother (Black Swan being a doctor, I have not inquired as to the diploma; but she cured Mrs. Cleveland's rheumatic ankle). She danced and retired. Santum, the huge chief, next emerged, rapping on the ceiling, as usual, in answering questions. Awanda, Mr. H. A. Phillips' guide, came after Santum. Mr. Phillips asked him whether he knew while on earth any of William Eddy's guides, several of them being Indians. He said he did not, but that he had become acquainted with them in the spirit land. Another brave, somewhat resembling Awanda, but dressed differently, then appeared, but for some reason he was not saluted by any of the spectators. He seemed to feel the slight, but he retired, politely bowing. There was no excuse, however, for the discourtesy.

OLD FRIENDS SEEN.

A nephew of Mr. E. V. Pritchard threw back the curtain, showing his face only to the spectators, but his entire body was visible to Mr. Pritchard, who sat on the platform. His name was William J. Packard, the oldest son of Mr. Pritchard's sister. Mr. Pritchard asked him whether his brother Chester was there. He answered that he was. Chester immediately followed. Mr. Pritchard asked him whether he and William knew that their mother was coming. He said they did. Mr. Pritchard asked him whether the little child that had been shown him a few days previously was his (Chester's) grandchild, Willie Moore, to which he also answered affirmatively.

Considerable time elapsed between the apparitions, and the musicians grew tired. Mrs. Cary suggested that songs be substituted for the violin and flute. One or two were sung, being neither lively nor sentimental. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was then sung with astonishing result. Mrs. Eaton, who has a voice that is usually sharp and twangy, said distinctly: "That is sorrow with most too much agony." She asked for something more lively, a compliance with which brought forth the German, who appeared as usual in his shirt sleeves. He was duly recognized by Mrs. Lenzberg, his sister, as well as by her husband and daughter. An old gentleman followed, who wished to communicate with Mrs. Dunbar, but could not be recognized by her. A little sister of Mrs. E. D. Strong stepped out for a moment, merely bowing and rapping "Yes" to the question, "Is it you, Ida?" Mr. Brown then gave the advice already accredited to him, Mrs. Eaton cordially coinciding with him, which brought Mr. Wm. Eddy's seance to a close. He was unusually exhausted, the experiment with the battery having been severe on him as well as the spirits.

MR EDDY'S LIGHT CIRCLE.

Nearly all the spectators then retired to the sitting-room, not thinking that there would be anything further in the seance line that night. In a few minutes, however, it was announced that Mr. Horatio Eddy would hold a "light circle." The dispositions for the light circle were as follows: The corner formed by the large chimney in the center of the west end of the room, being about eight feet long by three in width, was partitioned off by drawing two blankets across, having them lapped in the center sufficiently to prevent any one from seeing through. Mr. Horatio Eddy sat in front of the curtain, next to the chimney: Dr. Beard sat to Horatio's right, his left arm bared to the elbow, and Mr. Eddy clasping it with both his hands. To the right of Dr. Beard sat Mrs. E. D. Strong, the Doctor grasping her left hand with his right. These three formed what is called the medium's circle. The only thing now left to be done was to draw a blanket in front of Mr. Eddy and the Doctor, which came up to their chins, Mrs. Strong not having anything whatever in front of her. The Doctor and several others satisfied themselves that no person was in the corner before the curtains were put up. Everything being in readiness, Dr. Beard was told by one of the spirits through the medium not to break the circle, by which is meant letting go the grasp of the hands.

POUNDING DR. BEARD'S HEAD.

The galvanic battery had disgusted the spirits, and it was plain that Dr. Beard was not in favor with them. No sooner was everything ready, and the Doctor admonished not to break the circle, that the spirits began to clatter the musical instruments, bells, old fencing swords, etc., that are always furnished for them and placed on a table by them. Quick as thought a guitar was brought down on Doctor Beard's head ten or twelve times, but not injuring him, of course. The blows, evidently given to break the circle, caused him to do so very soon. He looked up and around but still kept seated. Mr. Eddy told him that he had broken the circle and would have to retire. Dr. Beard insisted that they should "try it again," but the spirits were inexorable, and Mrs. Lenzberg was substituted and the performance went on. The spirits worked slowly and imperfectly, their material and power being about exhausted on the galvanic battery. Fifes and bells were thrown over at the spectators, but they hurt no one, and "were not designed to do so," Mr. Eddy said. Dr. Beard had taken his seat with the spectators, but asked for the privilege of sitting on the stage just at the steps leading to it. The request was granted, but he was almost too anxious, rising up and attempting to look over. A bell, thrown with some force, struck him in the face, when he again took his seat with the spectators, saying that he did not like to be abused in that manner. Mr. Olcott here introduced the Doctor to Geo. Dix, the leading spirit, who told the Doctor that he was welcome. The Doctor was not further disturbed, as he did not overstep the bounds after that.

WRITING AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Dix was assisted in this seance by Mrs. Lenzberg's brother. Writing on cards in plain view of the spectators was mere amusement for Mr. Dix, his desk being a tambourine held in the hands of Wm. Eddy. Mr. Dix's little finger was lost while on earth, and he frequently showed the hand at the request of those present. Colonel Olcott furnished him with a pencil, which could be distinctly seen and heard while he wrote on the tambourine. Many requested the autograph of Mr. Dix, but he, at the same time, wrote the names of many other persons. I requested the autograph of Mr. Dix for the *Sun*. He seemed to understand at once, although I had not spoken to him before. I had not spoken to any other spirit except to say, "Is it for me?" when a spirit could not be recognized by anybody else. Mr. Olcott handed me a card a moment after I had made the request, saying it was for me. Mr. Dix said no. Writing another, he said, "here," to Mr. Wm. Eddy, who handed the card to me.

THE RINGING OF BELLS.

The most wonderful performance, however, was the ringing of a bell which had been placed on the tambourine, and a glass tumbler over it. Easily done, of course, in one way; but it must be done without being touched by either the spirit hands or the hands of any other person. It was very natural for all to keep silent at this juncture; but a little music is always agreeable to the spirits, it seems, and Mr. Horatio Eddy, the medium, asked for it, but at the same time requested the spectators not to talk, as "the spirits have to concentrate all their forces upon it," to use his own words. A few minutes of silence with the exception of low music on the violin and flute, and then the bell rang.

Another wonderful exhibition was the placing of a small bell on the top of Mrs. Lenzberg's head and striking it with a stick or the fingers, making it ring, of course. When Mr. Dix did not wish the bell to ring, however, although he did not touch it with his hands, he would strike it just as hard and harder, and no sound could be heard.

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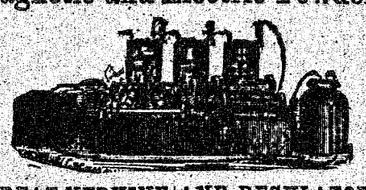
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Mr. Coveney's Monument—Conclusion of Our Review.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

In a previous issue of the JOURNAL we advised Spiritual lecturers to select for a subject the expressive inscriptions on Mr. Coveney's monument in Michigan; they would afford items sufficient to evolve a splendid discourse in the mind of the inspired speaker, resulting in accomplishing great good. Of course, in our address to the public we have an audience numbering many thousands, composed of all classes, among whom may be found the intelligent farmer, mechanic, and day laborer, as well as the scientist and the profoundest thinkers of the age. Our auditors are in every State in the Union—in England, China, New Zealand, France and Prussia; in fact we speak to an audience numbering at least 100,000! True, they do not see us; they do not even hear us, but they *feel* our sentiments, and see them on the pages of the JOURNAL, going forth like messengers of light to impart information in regard to one of the boldest iconaclasts of the age!

Those who have traced the bloody trail of Christianity from the time that God *cursed* in the garden of Eden, find one series of disreputable transactions mingled with a *very* little good, and they naturally feel that any class of people who will persecute those who do not believe like them, are dangerous characters, and like Mr. Coveney, feel like uttering in thunder tones words of warning!

But what about the God to whom Mr. Coveney alludes? The first chapter of Genesis represents him not only as a tailor, but as a very remarkable surgeon, endowed with great skill. But a German medical magazine contains a still more remarkable achievement of medical dexterity. Two criminals who had been sentenced to be hung, were turned over to the hands of sagacious physicians to be experimented upon, and if they survived they were to receive a full pardon. One was a burly merchant whose knowledge of business and mercantile affairs was very extensive; the other a saloon keeper, distinguished for his remarkable memory and extraordinary endowments. Both, however, had been engaged in disreputable transactions, and condemned to die. The physicians in whose care they had been placed resolved to decapitate them, and place the head of each one on the body of the other. They did so, the body of the merchant, weighing about 200 pounds, and the head of the saloon keeper alone surviving. When the head of the saloon keeper had been firmly attached to the body of the corpulent German, his wife came to claim him, but to her astonishment, the saloon keeper's head did not recognize her, but ordered her to leave at once. Finally he went to his former wife, and told her everything connected with her affairs, but he could not convince her that he was her husband, and was ordered to leave immediately.

This was really a remarkable surgical operation, but no more remarkable than that related of the angel Gabriel. According to the Mohammedan religion the angel Gabriel visited Mahomet when a boy, cut out his heart, squeezed all the impure blood out of it and then placing it back, it commenced its customary work, ever after being perfectly pure.

The narration of these two surgical operations are equally as big lies as that narrated in Scripture, and none but silly nincompoops, blatant know-nothings, or simple devotees of religion, would believe them. The idea that God cut out a rib from Adam and made woman, is as false as the statement that he became a tailor!

The Mohammedan firmly believes that Gabriel, with a countenance grandly illuminated, and with shining raiment and soul all aglow with love for Mahomet, cut out his heart and squeezed all the impurities therefrom.

The Christian believes that God with surgical instruments, using anesthetics, cut out a rib from Adam, and by saying *Presto*, a woman sprang therefrom.

The simpleton believes that wonderful surgical operation was performed in Germany.

The Christian considers the Mohammedan a pagan; the Mohammedan believes that the Christian is an idolater, while both of them consider the simpleton a fool!

This condition of affairs, replete with deleterious effects, we regard as a "religious muddle," in which Christians, Mohammedans, simpletons, etc., are floundering. Joseph Coveney with a keen vision, comprehensive intellect, penetrating sagacity, and deep philanthropic nature, observing the danger of this religious muddle, selects a cemetery—a solemn place—to present his words of warning to the world. He will not worship a God who will give 32 000 virgins to be debauched by an army of 12,000 lustful men, and fearing that those who do bow down before such a selfish creature, will prove destructive to liberty, he engraved his sentiments on an enduring monument, to descend to future generations to guide them in the path of duty. Religion is no safeguard to liberty; it is not always promotive of honesty. Corruption—dark, damning, hellish corruption—penetrates the churches like water the crevices of a rock, and manifests itself there like a snake in the grass. It appears now that the trustee of Jay Cooke & Co. has applied to the courts to vacate a contract made with Bowen, the publisher of the New York *Independent*, by which that high-toned religious journal was to commend the stock and bonds of the road and Bowen was to receive $60,000 in stock and $460,000 in bonds. The contract has been in existence several years, and many confiding widows, trustees of orphans, clergymen, etc., have been induced to invest in an enterprise which, from the first, was a very unsafe one.

In fact distrust of religion and religious men is beginning to prevail everywhere! Ministers of the Gospel, impelled forward by damnable, hellish, brutish, swinish passions, under the cloak of religion, they ravish their parishoners' wives and daughters, and send them to a premature grave. Believing that the blood of Jesus can wash away their sins, they care not what they do.

Clerical murderers are not numerous, the Rev. Dr. Watson, of England, being the only really aggravating case for a long time. But says the Boston *Post*, "Clerical bankrupts, schismatics, ritualists, and other offenders, not against criminal, but civil and ecclesiastical law, the name is getting to be more legionary with each succeeding decade."

One prominent clergyman of England, a Rev. Mr. Moile, was charged with forging share certificates to the amount of £22,000. He finally confessed his guilt. There was a miserable pious lecher, an infernal scoundrel, in Detroit, Mich., who insulted at different times no less than eighteen little girls under his charge, ranging from eight to thirteen years of age. These are isolated cases. Those who read the daily papers will be surprised at the number of pious devils that are within the pales of the church sending forth a pestilential breath corrupting the morals of society.

Is it at all strange that Mr. Coveney fears a religion that has not only superstition for a superstructure, but results in such monstrous evils? Christ was crucified, and superstition says that when the spear was thrust into his side, the blood that flowed fell upon a green jasper lying at the foot of the cross, and caused the new variety—the blood stone! None but a consummate dunce of a Christian or Catholic believes that, however. Superstition ever on the alert to magnify errors and darken the mind, asserts, too, that a robin plucked a thorn from the crown of Jesus, as he was nailed to the cross, which penetrated its breast, and bleeding, colored it red—hence all robins have red breasts. But superstition becoming more damnable as it moves on, claims that the blood of Christ can wash away the sins of an old lecherous demon, who is living off the spoils of crime, providing he repents just a few moments before he dies, thus offering a license to sin.

Superstition blinds the eyes of reason, throws a dark cloud over the better nature, and makes demons of those who otherwise would be good. The blood of Jesus has been a most pernicious curse to the world! A good man at heart, a splendid medium, and philanthropic in all his emotions, a halo of light always enveloped him; but superstition and ignorance has reared over his remains a colossal structure which emits a poisonous stench that has corrupted the world. Why, the Christians who besmeared with filth Mr. Coveney's monument, are demons at heart, held in abeyance by the civil law. They, hell hounds, as they are, *think* murder, burning and persecution, but their devilish thoughts are held in subjection by statute law. But see how dirty they are—how contemptibly mean—they secretly besmear his monument—they would murder him in *secret* had they the power. Really, we believe if that sweet scented religionist Fisk had the power he would *burn* Mr. Coveney at once, destroy his monument there, and drive all the Spiritualists out of the country! Like a viper he would crush out liberal thought; like a hornet, he would sting those who differ with him in regard to religious matters. His letters show his intolerance, his superstitious ignorance and folly.

Should we not fear religion? In some respects it is losing its hold on the feelings of the people and is rapidly falling into disrepute; but in other respects it is growing stronger—it is becoming wealthy. In 1850 there was $87,328,801 of church property in the United States; in 1860, $171,397,032; in 1870, $354,483,581. Placed in the hands of unscrupulous church members, it has become an instrument of harm, a Upas tree—a poisonous ulcer that needs exterminating! The vast amount of money is free from taxation! While it is a part of the wealth of the nation, it hangs like an incubus over the farm of every Liberalist. He must be taxed—heavily taxed, to make up the deficiency arising from this exemption. In heaven's name, what justice in this? This enormous money leverage has built up a religious aristocracy, who worship God in magnificent churches, sing praises to him out of golden-bound hymn books scented with eau de cologne, while within a stone's throw are saloons belonging to it (Trinity Church, N. Y.,) where drunkards and paupers are made. God never smiles on such a temple of worship when on the outside all glitters, while on the inside is a pool of licentiousness!

There is only one way, however, that Christians can succeed in casting into prison a liberalist, and they will do it, under those circumstances, every time. They are just mean enough to do it whenever they can. If you desire to test our statement, select from the Bible all the obscene passages, group them together in a pamphlet, and then attempt to send them through the mail.

Yes, you may select the filth from the Christian Bible; you may read it in private, but you must not pollute the mails with the poisonous trash, or read it in your public schools.

In the United States there are 61,000 ministers of the gospel; the grand army of the Lord, who are fighting against the inroads of Satan. Each Sunday they sermonize, or preach to their respective congregations. The following sermon was delivered in Florida by a prominent sable minister. He had dwelt forcibly on the fall of man and the act of disobedience by which sin came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah, and then said:

"De world got to be berry wicked; de people all bad, and de Lord made up his mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man, who read his Bible, and did as de Lord tole him. And de Lord tole Noah to build a big ark, big enough to hold part of ebery libing ting alive on de earth. And Noah built it. And de Lord call upon ebery living ting to come into de ark and be saved. And de birds come flyin' to de ark, and de big lion and de cow and the possum come in, and de horse come trottin' to de ark, and de leetle worms come creepin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come, and they laughed at Noah and his big ark. And den the rain come down, but Noah he sat comfortable and dry in the ark and read his Bible. And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de doo' step of de houses and 'gin to cover de floo,' and den de sinner he scart and knock at de doo' ob de ark berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket and roar, and de dog bark, and de ox bellow, but Noah kept on reading de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah, Noah, let us come in.' And Noah say, 'I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord has locked de doo' and trow away de ke.'"

Not one sermon in the whole 61,000 delivered in the United States each Sunday, but what contains a foolish sentiment like the above, and equally as absurd throughout.

"Remember Mary Dyer hanging on the Big Elm Tree on the Boston Common," says Mr. Coveney. Who was Mary Dyer, that Mr. Coveney should allude to her? Why, she was the victim to relentless persecution and insatiate hate of religious vipers like those who would demolish his beautiful monument. She was hung June 1st, 1660, when Massachusetts was controlled by those who worship the Bible God, and who dare not kiss their wife on Sunday. They banished the Quakers and acted hellishly on general principles, and Mary Dyer rather than succumb to the legal enactments of Christian brutes, became a martyr. Yes, it is well to remember Mary Dyer, and Servetus too. They did not hang him, but the insatiate monsters thirsting for human blood, burned him! It is well to thrust these historical facts under the *nose* of those Christians, who, if they had the power, would re-enact the same role again. History repeats itself, unless vigilants like Mr. Coveney spring forth, and raise the warning cry.

Rev. Bernard Whitman, in his letters to Prof. Stuart, charges the perfidious wretch Calvin, with the monstrous crime of causing the burning of Servetus. He says, "As some persons may wish to know precisely what hand Calvin had in the burning of Servetus, I will give a few extracts from his own writings. My first quotation will show that Calvin had determined in his own mind to bring Servetus to death for his heretical opinions. Here are the words:—'Servetus has lately written to me, and sent me at the same time a large book stuffed with idle fancies, and full of arrogance. He says I shall find in it admirable things, and such as have been unheard of hitherto. He offers to come here if I like it; but I will not engage my word. For if he comes, and if any regard be had to my authority, I shall not suffer him to escape without losing his life!' My next quotation will prove that Calvin caused the imprisonment and prosecution of Servetus. Here are the words of Calvin himself:—'I do not pretend to deny that I was the cause of his being apprehended in this city, that he might be put upon his trial. Let men of impious minds and malignant tongues, exclaim against me ever so much, I frankly own and openly profess, that it was by my exertions the plaintiff appeared against him; nor do I deny that the form of his indictment was drawn up by my advice. Neither do I pretend but that I really thought it my duty to do all that lay in my power to *crush* such an obstinate and irreclaimable fellow, that the contagion might spread no further.'

"My next extract will prove that Calvin wished Servetus condemned to death. It is from a letter written during the trial. Here are the very words of Calvin:—'We are now engaged with Servetus. Perhaps he only designed to go through this city; for we do not yet know what reason moved him to come hither. He has been discovered, and I have been of the opinion that he should be arrested. I hope he will be condemned to death; but I wish the severity of his punishment may be softened. *Spero capitale saltem fore judicium; pœna vero atrocitatum remitti cupio.*' From this latter clause, some have supposed that Calvin wished a punishment less severe than death might be inflicted on Servetus. But this is altogether a mistake. He merely wished that Servetus might be put to death in some easier mode than by burning in a slow fire of green wood. This is fully and clearly proved by another passage written after the sentence of death had been pronounced. These are the words of Calvin:—'Nevertheless he has been condemned without any dispute. He will be executed to-morrow. We have endeavored to change that kind of death; but in vain. *Genus mortis conati sumus mutare; sed frustra.*'

"This must be satisfactory to all. I think any one who will investigate this subject properly must come to the conclusion that Calvin was the sole cause of the imprisonment of Servetus; that the plaintiff appeared at his request; that the indictment was drawn up by his advice; that he furnished the evidence of his heresy; that he did all in his power to have him sentenced to death; and that he merely petitioned the magistrates to have one kind of death exchanged for another more sudden and less excruciating. And when I hear men of education deny these facts, I am truly astonished; for I know not whether to attribute such denial to ignorance or depravity."

Had the Christians living in the vicinity of Mr. Coveney's monument the power, they would consign him to the penitentiary—perhaps to the burning faggots. Really, he may congratulate himself that he is living in the 19th century, and that religious intolerance is held partially in abeyance, and that no thumb screws, gibbets, burning faggots, etc., are allowed in order to promote religion.

Mr. Coveney well claims that the Bible God is not all-powerful. All things are not possible even with him. How about the Bible miracles? Did not the whale swallow Jonah, and was not that a miracle? But that is a mere allegory. The throat of the whale is not larger than that of the ox and a man could not pass through it. Even if in the whale's belly, he would be as completely digested in three days, as a well buttered buckwheat cake which you had eat at breakfast.

But has not Mr. Coveney a reason to be alarmed when he reads the Bible? You, who have children, who have free access to the Bible will keep it out of their reach after reading the following: Gen. ix., 21, 22; xix., 31–38; xxx., 3–5; xxxviii., 9, 14–25; Lev. xv., 16; Num. xxxi., 17, 18; Deut. xxi., 10–14; xxii., 15; xxxiii., 1; xxiv., 1, 2; 2 Sam. xi., 2–5; 1 Kings xi., 3; 2 Kings xviii., 27; Job. xl., 17; Isa. xiii., 16; Hosea i., 2. These are a few gems of Bible morality!

Who, after reading the passages referred to above, will consider the Bible as an emanation from God? Who will consider it holy? Who will bow down before the God it presents to the world? Really, no one can help admiring Mr. Coveney for the course he has pursued, after dispassionately scanning all sides of the question. Long may he live. May the inscriptions on his monument be a subject for 10,000 Spiritual lecturers.

In consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the JOURNAL will be sent three months to new trial-subscribers, for 29 cents, after this date.

Strange Incident.

The following is Max Adeler's: Last Sunday night, during the sermon in our church, the gas suddenly went out, and there was sudden darkness. The minister requested the congregation to remain perfectly quiet until the cause of the trouble could be ascertained and other lights procured. Old Mrs. Smiley, it appears, was sound asleep when the accident occurred, but just after the minister had finished speaking to the congregation she awoke. At first she thought she had become blind, but as she sat by the window, she immediately saw the light in the street, and then she knew the congregation had gone home, and that she had been accidentally locked in by the sexton. Dreadfully frightened at the loneliness and horror of her situation, she picked up a hymn book, and dashing it through a pane of glass in the window, she put her head out and began to scream for help. Her shrieks impressed passers-by with the idea that the church was on fire, and in an instant the alarm was given. A moment later the engines arrived, and just as the sexton began to light the gas again, one gang of firemen began playing through the broken window on Mrs. Smiley's spring bonnet, while another gang poured a three-inch stream up the middle aisle with such force as to wash Rev. Dr. Hopkins, the minister, out of the pulpit and down among the high hats which were floating around by the pew doors. Eventually the matter was explained, and the fire department shut off the water and went home. But the deacons want to know how, if Mr. Smiley refuses to pay the bill for repairs to the church, he can ever look a fellow-worshiper in the face again.

J. J. Morse.

This gentleman, recently from England, is lecturing in the Lyceum Hall, 69 W. Baltimore st., on Sundays, morning and evening, dur November. He will speak in Philadelphia during December, and in Boston during January, 1875, excepting first Sunday. He may be addressed care Levi Weaver, Esq, 220 W, Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. The press of England speaks as follows of him:

"Every word was listened to with breathless attention, and every eye rivited on the speaker, who for an hour and a half, poured out a flood of eloquence without stopping or hesitating for a single moment."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"The prayer over, he commenced an eloquent and Philosophical address on Modern Spiritualism."—*North Western Daily Times.*

"The medium then passed into what is termed the trance state, and in clear and forcible language, with a readiness of expression and fluency of utterance, delivered a discourse on Spiritualism."—*Liverpool Daily Albion.*

"For nearly an hour and a half the orationist, medium, lecturer, or whatever name he chooses to go by, spoke with a fluency, a logical and grammatical correctness, a fitness of language and figure, upon this abtruse subject:—'Humanity; its Nature and its Needs'—which no half-dozen orators in England could hope to equal in their normal condition, without the most laborious preparation beforehand, and the greatest coolness during delivery.... ....He never paused except when a pause was necessary for rhetorial effect!"—*South Wales Press.*

"Those who are intellectually inclined, and desire to know what Spiritualism is as taught by the spirits, will learn more in an hour's conversation with Mr. Morse's guides than in months of misdirected seeking."—*Medium.*

The address given through the lips of Mr. Morse was of a very philosophical and high-classed character."—*Spiritualist.*

"Mr. Morse is what is called a speaking-medium, of no mean order, for he kept a crowded audience intently listening each evening for about an hour and and a half to his certainly most powerful and accomplished addresses."—*Darlington and Richmond Herald.*

"He (Mr. MORSE) dealt with the various theories set up against Spiritualism, and sometimes he stated his argument so well and became so eloquent, as to provoke rounds of applause from the audience.....As the lecture proceeded these demonstrations on the part of the audience became more frequent and prolonged."—*Glasgow Herald.*

DEATH,

Or the Pathway from Earth to Spirit-life.

We have just received a list of 20 subscribers from Bellville, Texas. The writer says:—"Your proposed articles on Death, have awakened some of us up who have concluded to look into the Philosophy of Life."

Those articles should be read by all classes of people—Christians as well as Spiritualists. If you wish to do a *real good* act, send the JOURNAL to some poor man who is accustomed to drinking to excess. When he reads the narrative of a spirit who passed from Earth to Spirit-life under the effects of delirium tremens, he will pause in his destructive career. Church members will gain a clear idea of the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy by reading this series of articles—for death in its various phases will be vividly pictured.

Now is the time to send in new subscribers. In consequence of the new postal law, which goes into effect January 1st, we must commence charging 29 cents for the JOURNAL for three months. We want 500,000 trial subscribers, and if our present subscribers do their duty, we shall have that number soon.

MRS. H. MORSE writes to us from Cedar Falls, Iowa, as follows: I have visited many towns, and lectured nearly every evening, and every Sunday since the Des Moines convention, drawing large, earnest and intelligent audiences. I have been everywhere treated with the greatest kindness and respect. I meddle not with side issues, or isms, but teach pure Spiritualism. Church doors with a few exceptions have been opened to me. My time is all engaged to the 20th of December, at which time I deliver a lecture in Dubuque. The friends there have invited me to remain with them through the winter to lecture and hold developing circles, which I shall probably do, going out from there to lecture in the surrounding cities, Chicago, Davenport, Lyons, Clinton, and others if called on. I would like to receive calls from those points. Owing to the hardship of traveling from town to town during the cold Iowa winter I would prefer lecturing in cities. Spiritualism is a power which is already felt in Iowa.

F. B. H. PRITCHARD sends $9 for the JOURNAL, but does not give his post office address.

SEVERAL of our subscribers will please accept our thanks for forwarding newspapers containing valuable articles.

A SUBSCRIBER at Santa Rosa, Cal., sends $2 for the JOURNAL but does not sign his name.

N. FRANK WHITE who has been lecturing in New Haven, Conn., has been presented by his friends there with a fine gold-headed cane.

BASTIAN & TAYLOR have concluded to remain in Europe until next Spring. They are attracting the attention of the nobility.

SARAH GRAVES, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address her at Bangor, Butte Co., Cal.

S. BUTLER writes to us from Brunswick, O., recommending James Madison Allen as an able and eloquent speaker.

MRS. MARY ANDREWS, formerly of Moravia, has returned to her home at Cascade, N. Y., and is now giving two circles per day. The house will remain open during the winter.

J. F. ANDERSON, of Kerklin, Ind., would like to correspond with materializing mediums, with a view of engaging the service of some one.

DR. D. P. KAYNER is now in Indiana, and will answer calls to lecture. His lectures are scientific and radical, and worthy of being heard. Address him at St. Charles, Ill., and letters will be forwarded to him.

MRS. BLAIR'S rooms are at 707 West Madison Street, where she is constantly engaged in painting beautiful bouquets representing both our living and departed friends. Everybody should obtain one.

IN consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the JOURNAL will be sent three months to new trial-subscribers, for 29 cents, after this date.

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

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

The Present Outlook.

Amid all the corruptions which mark the political, religious and social conditions of the world, there are still bright lights streaming across the horizon of humanity. In all ages there have been waves of corruption rolling over society in mad confusion, following in the wake of avarice and luxury. These have marked their course, and when the suffering which is their natural result has done its work, and the storm has abated, better conditions of life have always resulted. So to-day while the evidences of corruption are abundant everywhere, we know that underlying these, in the deep heart of humanity, there is a love of truth and an adherence to principle which will rise above all these blighting influences, and then with the open windows of Spiritualism we shall receive more light than has ever been given to humanity. Spiritualism has come to all conditions of humanity, and its revelations are working ever for the best interests of mankind.

The outlook is not discouraging then to the thoughtful mind, but it is suggestive of labor, earnest and continuous, to bring mankind to realize that there is no foundation but principle, and that man without this should never be entrusted with any position of responsibility, either in church, state, or society. If we can learn this lesson and carry it out faithfully it will not be long before a different and a better state of things will exist everywhere. Man in his infantile condition must pass through these dark scenes and experiences. They are the highway that leads to more advanced states. The present unequal and unjust distribution of property causes bitter feelings of animosity between different classes of society, placing all in improper relations. Father Hyacinthe, a man whose soul is too large to be fettered by the Catholic church, says: "Equality has been proclaimed as existing in the world,—it is glorious in the abstract, a sham in the reality. In the place of equality were poverty on the one side and riches on the other—a monstrous inequality of society. Under the name of liberty was too often the reality of slavery. A struggle has commenced between capital and labor, what the consequences will be no man can tell, but men should have more kindly feelings the one to the other, should join together in love and justice, and work for the amelioration of society and of all." These statements, perhaps more imperative in regard to European society, are not without their bearings upon our country.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER-LIFE.

[For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the JOURNAL furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

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

H. T. C.]

CHAPTER SECOND.

Life, Its Origin and Objects.

THE FORMATION OF MATTER, CONTINUED.

The character of matter depends upon two things; First, the rate of motion of the wave lines of force, which as is well known in the case of light produces the different colors; Second, the number of divergent lines and the angles at which they cross each other. We have said that by the crossing of the straight lines, inanimate or non-vitalized matter is formed. Circles, curves and spirals produce all the various forms that make up the endless varieties of organism in the living world. Crystals form the most beautiful objects of inanimate matter; while curves and spirals give added grace and beauty to living forms.

The first forms of matter that are generated and deposited in the invisible ether that fills the interstellar spaces, is what you call nebula, clouds of gaseous matter with but little power of resistance or persistence, which float through space under laws just as fixed as those which pertain to any form of matter. These are either dissipated and lost, or receiving accretions of more solid matter, become nuclei, which by combining with similar forms, lay the foundation for the existence of a planet. Even in their most ethereal and gaseous forms these bodies revolve upon their axis with greater or less rapidity. These masses are at first homogeneous, and composed of very few elements, nearly resembling those known to you as carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with the electro-magnetic forces that have produced them. If these ethereal forms are not dissipated, but coalesce and form the nucleus of a world, then the amorphous rocks and metals and earths, which are the lowest forms of tangible matter, resulting from the most crude and imperfect lines of force, begin to be formed. Some of these are formed in the igneous mass of fluid matter, others at a lower temperature having less activity of motion, for it is the activity of motion among the particles that produces the fluid condition, and manifests itself by the expression of heat, which is both a result and a cause for the activity in the motion of the particles of any body. After a lapse of time, varying very much in its duration, the motion of the particles near the surface of this mass becomes slower and more regular, the cooling process is going on, and with it the formation of a crust which is at first very thin and is constantly broken into pieces by the agitation of the mass beneath it. As cycles of ages roll on the crust becomes more consolidated, and by its weight pressing upon the equatorial diameter, the planet, which had hitherto been very much flattened at the polls, becomes much less so, the polar regions being the last to become consolidated.

During a very long period in the formation of a world, the primitive rocks which are to form the basis of its surface, undergo a vast number of changes, being solidified upon the surface more or less densely, then broken up and thrown beneath the molten mass to be fused again, times without number, each time becoming a little more refined and elevated in the scale of matter, and better fitted for its place in the formation of the world.

Our purpose being to explain the origin of life, it will not be necessary to enter further into the minute changes which take place from time to time in the evolution of a world, and which are of profound interest to the geologist. Thus far we have spoken of amorphous, or irregularly shaped matter, a few thoughts on the formation of crystals and the laws relating thereto, will prepare the way for the consideration of the motions and laws of the curve lines and their wonderful results, LIFE. The shapeless masses of matter which we have considered are formed hastily and without any regularity as to the rate of motion of the forces. Crystals require time and regularity in regard to the motions of the forces, and any disturbance of these will mar the perfection of the crystal. Crystallized matter is purer than that which has not been crystallized. You have an illustration of this in the diamond and charcoal, which present such different appearances although they vary but little in composition. The uniformity in the shape of bodies formed of the same elements when crystallized is a beautiful illustration of law, no more fixed and absolute, however, than the laws which govern other forms of matter. Crystallization is an approximation towards organization, which results from the curved lines of force.

There is an association and affinity between different lines of force which results in the formation of the various families and orders in the mineral kingdom, as metals, earths, etc. Every motion of a force throughout the countless ages of the past has had a tendency to elevate it and give it not only more power, but to refine its action. Thus is the eternal law of progress ever acting through all the diversified forms and conditions of nature everywhere, and your world and every other world is becoming more fully unfolded and developed, and prepared for the evolution of higher forms of matter on all its planes. If matter were as eternal as force, or spirit, which produces force, all the old crude forms would remain as barriers in the way of progress and obstacles to its onward march. As you have the evidence of extinct species of animals and plants which have performed their mission and gone out to give place to other and better forms, so do we see by observation in various worlds, that there are forms of matter which become extinct and give place, as in the case of plants and animals, to better and more refined forms. Realizing this, you will be better able to appreciate the idea of the poet,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

These parts are all blended and united in a system, the perfection of which is inconceivable by finite man. As we pass from planet to planet beneath the star-lit canopy, in the boundless realms of space, where the myriad hosts of worlds unnumbered and innumerable by man's limited capacity, are rolling in absolute order and harmony within the grasp of the all comprehensive law of love,—attraction, we stand in awe, impressed with the awful sublimity of this grand system, which though inconceivable as a whole, is ever inviting us to read the simple but sublime lessons which it presents in its parts.

An Invocation by Miss Jennie Leys.

Oh! God, the mighty spirit of all life,—the One eternal light and law of the universe, whom no soul here shall ever see and live,—whom no one here shall ever know in the fullness of the God-life,—whom we only learn to serve and to love as we rise through new paradises innumerable into the divine light, which was, and is, and shall be the one unchangeable source and essence of all being, made immortal by the fiat of Omnipotence. Everywhere in the mightiest spheres of existence we find the one name, God, the one presence whatever language or sphere. We know that man as a spirit will expand beyond the barriers of Bibles, creeds or churches, and shall know thee as spirit,—shall worship thee in spirit and in truth. We know that all dissensions and discords shall be banished from the earth-plane, and in thine own time the millenium that is for thy children will come, and thine own life, which is peace, not war; love, not hatred; union, not dissension, shall be established on earth. Thou art the Being in whom we live and move and have our being. We feel the responsibility that rests upon us all for thy gift of love, and we do pronounce our love for thee, and we would have thy children look within their immortal souls and learn through the scriptures of love to God in their natures the meaning of this, that thou, oh, God, shall be glorified in speech, in look, in act, and in the whole being, and thus as thy will is done within us, we shall be prepared to go out into the infinite life of the future, and passing onward into the immortal plane, thus be born again into other planets and rise through new paradises innumerable, all glorious and endless, until at length shall be reached that altitude, whether in thirty years or thirty milleniums of years where there shall be written upon the brow the one name, and breathed the one breath of the ever living God. The door of death is shrouded in darkness on this side, but covered with bright flowers on the other side. Time will come when punishment will be dropped out of use; only compensation will be used—not to punish would you treat your criminals, but to restrain them and teach them better.

Communications Through Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia.

HOWARD ASH.

I am just the happiest boy about. I just thought mother and father and Auntie would like to hear from me. I want to tell them that the Spirit-world is most beautiful and everybody is kind and good to me here, and so I don't wish to return. I often go home and watch over the dear ones. I will never forget those I loved on earth. I would like to tell them that I am now in a most beautiful circle where I have commenced the study of the stars. We have schools here where we study things pertaining to earth. I want you to know that there are many things on earth that people should know, that they do not learn, and when they come to spirit life they have to learn them. I was very glad that I was here ready to meet grandmother; she will soon come and give a message to the dear ones; they will find that there is another angel watching over them and ready to bless them when the severe shock of separation is over and they can gather into the quiet. Then will mother's sweet influence descend upon them like the dew of heaven and bless them. I would like to tell them all about my new home, but I cannot now.

MARY CROWELL.

When I reached these heavenly portals through the dreary way, I knew that all that was mortal in the dark waters lay. But when I passed beyond the river and stood upon the shining shore of life, an angel of light welcomed me, the erring child, to my home above. My mind wandered in darkness drear. It seems now like a dream. There was a wild wayward spirit that took control of me and I did wrong. But perhaps it may be a warning to others. My spirit, thank God, has not been cast out. It is past now, and I sometimes wish I could come back to earth-life again and be guided by a wiser hand. It was my brain that was in a whirl when I stood on the river's brink. How little people understand the influences that are around earth's children; but our father sees it all. He knows the hidden springs of the human heart, and how temptation's surging waves beat against the walls of human resolution, and too often sweep them away. I would that I could come and speak to the people and sing those songs that would stir them up to better lives, to nobler resolves, and so make amends for my shortened career on earth. I feel that I have a work to do there and I should like to be in the lyceum again. My spirit sees now why I walked in the path I did and I leave all in the hands of the great all father, who has not shut the door against one who did not always do what was right. I feel to send my blessing to all who were kind to me, and who watched over my path in the earlier years of my life. Whenever I can I shall try to return and help them for their kindness and love. I have met Alleyne and Fred and many others of the dear lyceum.

LEONA WOODARD.

Did I hear you say that my mother wants a word from me through this medium? Bless her, dear mother. She should not feel so sad; it brings my spirit too near to earth, and I suffer. I would rather she would look up and trust in God, and know that he has taken me to a better world because he had a place already for me. Just before I left my form something passed in front of me; it was a beautiful angel; but I could not tell what it was then. I followed that form and it led me away from the atmosphere that was filled with disease and pain, and I seemed to float out of my home. I thought I was walking like one in a dream; everything around me seemed so calm and beautiful. I followed that form until I awakened, when all the feelings of pain and suffering had passed away. And as I came into a beautiful garden I felt I was growing stronger, still I thought I was in a dream; but on the day when they gathered around my form some attraction called me back, and I could see the dear ones there, and as my poor mother took her last farewell, I walked up to her and put my arms around her and leaned my head upon her shoulder, and I whispered, "Oh! my mother." I was surprised when she did not look up nor feel my presence. I looked upon the form and saw it was changed. I heard some of the words that were spoken, and as I gazed upon the members of the home circle, I knew that in their souls they felt sadly. I followed them till the body was laid away; I saw them take some flowers off of my body as keepsakes. All these sad scenes for a time make the spirit sorry, and we feel thankful when the form is laid away and the friends turn away from the grave, for then our spirits go upward and we are at once received by our friends that have gone before us. Tell them when they look at my picture not to say she "is dead and gone;" only say she has passed to the higher world where she has full and plenty. Tell them to take my little keepsakes and lay them away, and try to look at them without being sad. I will tell dear mother what to do with them in the by and by. I see that she has arranged everything carefully, but when she looks into the room where I last laid she always looks sad as she turns away. Tell dear mother if she wishes her child to be happy she must try to see that there is no long parting, no death.

Soon I shall be enabled to give her something, if it is only by a little rap, or to lean my hand upon her dear brow. Oh! mother, do not feel unhappy about me. If you could only see how happy I am you would look up and be thankful. I can sing now, and when they sing at home I will join them. I love the song of the "Sweet by and by," for it seems to bring us nearer to earth and to our loved ones there. Mother remembers the long nights that I could not rest; I sleep sweetly now, and there are no more long nights. In spirit life we do not mingle with those that are repulsive to us, but each soul is attracted to those who are adapted to it, and that makes heaven. Mother will remember the only beautiful flower that I loved when on earth. She will keep it near her as a memento of me. There are many things that I want to tell mother, but I cannot think of them now. I am much attracted to you, Doctor, and I will try to come to you soon and give you something, if you will be willing to write for me. I feel very happy that this opportunity has been afforded me. Tell mother all was done for me that could be, and I was to pass away when I did. I want to say something to mother about a ring, but I think she will know what it is. I have no more power now. Good bye.

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The opinions of the ancients as to the disposal of the soul are curious and interesting; but here their value ceases. They imagine that the soul wandered about in the air till such time as the body obtains its due funeral rites. From this notion the friends of the deceased were concerned to see the funeral pile erected for their departed friends, and to have the body honorably burned. Then the ashes of the bones were deposited in an urn, and that urn buried in the earth. When this was done the soul admitted to pass the flood, to be transported into the elysian fields, from whence they should never return any more. But in case these rites were not performed for any person, the soul wandered restless and unfixed, in a state of perplexity, for one hundred years.

Now between this time, or during this interval—that is to say, between death and the funeral pile—they admitted the disembodied souls of men might appear, and visit their friends or harass their enemies.

Homer's idea of the state of the dead was something like the ancient philosophy of the Egyptians, which gave the soul a shape like the body, and that it was only a receptacle of the mind. The mind they made to be the sublime and superior part, and that only. Thus, in the case of apparitions, they allowed that this case or shell of the soul might appear after death; but the mind could not, but was exalted among the gods, and took up its eternal abode from whence "it could return no more."

Luther, in his "Collovuia Mensalia," says: "When I lived at Turica, in Franconia, a child that could hardly speak or walk was got into a wood near the house. An unexpected snow covering and altering the surface of the ground, the child could not find the way back again to the house. The snow continued to fall in great abundance, he remained there covered over with it two days and three nights. During that time an unknown man brought him meat and drink; but at the beginning of the third day, he led the child near his father's house, and there left him. I was present when he came in, and I protest he told all that had happened to him as clearly and in as good terms as I could have done myself; notwithstanding, from that time for three whole years he was not capable of putting any words together that anyone could easily understand. I am therefore persuaded," adds Luther, "that the man that preserved him was a good angel."

Tasso, the prince of Italian poets, asserted that he was constantly attended by a good genius, with whom he had familiar converse. Socrates owned that he had a guardian angel that preserved him. Simonides had also a good genius, for according to Valerius Maximus, he or it forced him out of a house which fell down a moment after. Valerius Maximus describes (ch. xi. 5) the ghost, or cacodœmon, which Cassius Severus, of Palma, saw. As Augustus had sent to kill him, this spirit was supposed to be a forewarner. Pliny relates of an Athenian ghost, who wandered visibly about the house rattling his chains.

Addison, in one of his papers in the *Spectator* (No. 110), where the scene is laid in the country, at the house of Sir Roger de Coverley, in Worcestershire, observes that they are more excusable who believe in apparitions than those who reject all extraordinary revelations of this kind, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, and think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could we not give ourselves up to the general testimony of mankind, we should to the relations of persons who are living, and whom we know, and can not distrust in other matters of fact.

The well-known opinion of Dr. Johnson on this subject is contained in the following argument:—The credibility of spectral appearances has been argued on extensive grounds. We are told it is not the notion of a few individuals only—it has been the belief of all ages and nations. In every country where mankind have believed at all in a future state, and a separate existence of souls, the opinion has prevailed that the spirits of the dead have communicated with the living. There is, it is said, no people, whether rude or learned, however remote or insulated, among whom such instances have not been related and believed. Whence could arise this general agreement among nations so distant from each other, and having no intercourse, no bond of connection, but a common nature and a common destiny? Differing widely from each other in almost all other things, their testimony on this extraordinary subject has been the same. Would this notion have become universal if it were not founded in truth? Would so many nations who have never heard of one another have agreed in one tale, if fact and experience had not given it credibility? The doubts and cavils of the few can not set aside the testimony of the many, especially as we know there is not a small number of mankind who, though they deny it with their tongues, betray plainly enough with their fears that they believe it with their hearts.

The American Indians believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stock and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friends a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers, in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who, in his dissertation upon the load stone, observed that the fire would destroy its magnetic virtue, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amid a heap of burning coals, and he perceived a certain blue vapor arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the load-stone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or as we call it here, to the other world, and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among these regions of the dead. A friend of mine prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter, which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:—

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having traveled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length upon the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion crouched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey.

The Indian immediately started back, while the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavored to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impression in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colors, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man upon the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away from before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

"He had no sooner got out of the wood but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which, in the Indian language, they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he traveled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country. But he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my readers that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her, and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him, and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, while Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrance that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God and his faithful dealing towards men would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower, advising him to breed up those others who were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

AT a late meeting in London of the Society of Orientals, Prof. Richard Owen, one of the most cautious men of science, expressed the belief that the oldest race of men we know are the people of ancient Egypt; that they had reached a high civilization, and even supremacy, in some arts, considerably more than three thousand years before our era, and according to an English professor of history, considerably before "the deluge," of which supposed flood, however, Prof. Owen finds no evidence in Egypt. Neither can he accept the story of the distribution of mankind from the plains of Shinar at the Biblical date of the building of Babel. Arguing from the extension of the term during which life has existed on this planet, he says—"Only the zoological mind can conceive, or attempt to grasp, the lapse of historical time so indicated."

John B. Vance's Letter to Elder F. W. Evans, a Shaker.

BELOVED ELDER FREDERICK:—But for circumstances beyond my control, I would sooner have responded to your friendly greeting.

Your fatherly commendation of our efforts in Lynn cheered me not a little. The encouraging truths, in your letter, strengthen me anew for further effort. The comforter, Jesus promised, was the *Spirit of Truth*. While *it* acts as comforter, to those ready to receive, it will cause all to mourn, who rely upon other power for safety, or protection. How many high wrought schemes have come to naught through its power! How many Idols have fallen from their high position, like Dagon before the Ark! From Aaron's Calf to the Pet Idol of to-day, men have been ready to worship their own creations of hand, or brain. Philistines are not sole mourners for the destruction of their Gods.

May *we* be so self-disciplined, that we can say, and speak advisedly—LET TRUTH PREVAIL, tho' every man be a liar—or mistaken in some things.

While able to see some things, to day, hid from our view yesterday, let the thought of to-morrow's light enable us to receive the knowledge of to-day with humility.

Evidence accumulates rapidly of work, going on in the minds of men and women, causing the scales to fall from their eyes. They are no longer willing, even at the bidding of a hireling Priesthood, to bow the knee to a God, who could predestine the majority of his creatures to endless misery, and demand the ignominious death of his only begotten SON, to appease his wrath against the remainder.

That so many are unwilling to see through the eyes of others, or put on the spectacles of past opinions—that some, at least, have the moral courage to use the Reason that God has given them—fills my soul with rejoicing. I feel with you, that the beginning of the end has come—the *old dam* of superstition must give way before the accumulating waters of TRUTH.

Among the many Instruments God has employed to inaugurate this great work, I recognize those Radical Materialists, to whom you refer, and of which you were one. They were inspired by a class of Spirits, who—however blind to many truths, since opened to you—saw, with clearness, the false foundation on which the *Dam* was builded, and the deformity of the Idols worshiped by the world ycleped CHRISTIANS. You and your compeers were ready instruments in the hands of those Spirits. They so filled you with the *tear down* idea, that it remains with you to-day, in its pristine vigor—tempered, no doubt, with the wisdom of greater knowledge and broader experience.

While influenced by this Spirit, to strip from the mythical Jesus, the robes with which Priests have clothed their Idol, is it not possible, you would, sometimes, take away what, of *right*, belongs to the *real* Jesus?

Heartily agreeing with you in your first, second, third and fourth positions—when I read in your *fifth*, that Jesus, like all good Jews, believed in physical resurrection, and headed a general movement, in the Spirit world, to effect it—that he believed in *war*, expecting Spirit assistance to overthrow the powers that were, and making him King—I am constrained to say—Not yet do I so read history.

That the Apostles, for a time at least, did believe in a physical resurrection, I agree with you. Their so believing has been a stumbling block in the way of educating the masses, that the Christ Resurrection is Spiritual. Events of to-day, to some extent, obviate the difficulty.

From the Apostolic record, I fail to discover that Jesus so believed. His raising Lazarus is no more to the point than Elijah's or Elisha's doing a similar thing. When he said to Martha, *I* am the resurrection and the life—he that believeth in me, tho' he were dead, yet shall he live—he referred to quite a different death from that of Lazarus, or the Ruler's daughter.

That Jesus came back into his old body, and other Saints did so too, the Apostles, no doubt, believed at the time. We can excuse people, of even a hundred years ago, for thinking that the only sensible construction of the story.

But now we have evidence in our very midst, both in England and America, that Spirits can, under certain conditions, clothe themselves with *material* form, which can be *seen, talked with and handled*, as really as was Jesus, or any of the old Saints. Is it not more in keeping with the Spirit of the age to conclude, that *no Spirit* can come back into its body, after animal life had entirely left it—that Lazarus, as well as others, was in that condition which might have ultimated in death, but was no more really dead, at the time, than many others in these days of hasty funerals?

As to Jesus and the *Swords*, let Materialists read Mathew's report of the *Sermon on the Mount*, and then tell, under what conditions, a *man*, believing those divine principles, could take, or believe in, the Swords.

That his zeal for God's house, may, for the moment, have led him away from these divine truths, when he drove out the money changers, I will not attempt to deny. But, that he ordered the purchase of swords with the idea of thereby saving his life, or becoming King, is not, to my mind, consistent with the record. That he may have been so tempted, during his forty days in the wilderness, is quite probable. That he resisted, thus setting us an example, the Apostle plainly declares.

At the time *Swords* were spoken of, he evidently expected death, and could not, consistently, have anticipated deliverance by men, or Angels. His rebuke of the disciples, who, with the Sword, essayed to protect him, was consistent with his teachings at all times, and plausibly explains his wishing them to have a sword, at the time, that he might give his dying testimony against it. So, too, when disciples would that he make use of the higher form of war, by calling down fire from Heaven, to consume his enemies, even as did Elias—he rebuked them as emphatically, as could even Elder Frederick, that they knew not what manner of Spirit they were of.

Thus, Beloved Elder Frederick, I dissent from your conclusions, *not* because I believe Jesus was a God, and therefore could not err; but because I believe him to be a godly man entitled to the full benefit of his recorded words and acts.

Differing from your conclusions, while patterning your freedom of opinion, is *prima facie* evidence that I believe every one should form his and her own opinion, according with his and her own best judgment.

Be assured, Beloved Elder, I love and revere your earnest, fearless spirit, in opposing *all* error, wherever found. May I imitate your example, by accepting the increasing light, each day brings.

In Gospel Love, I am your Brother.

JOHN B. VANCE.

Alfred, Maine, Sept. 22, 1874

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Voices from the People.

BELOIT, KANSAS.—John H. Tummond writes.—The friends in this section of country are desirous of having a lecturer or speaking medium visit us. Spiritualism has never been expounded in the Soloman Valley.

CLEVELAND, O.—L. Graves writes.—I send new subscribers as I get them. When one makes up his mind to take the paper, he don't propose to wait for others; so we do the best we can under the circumstances.

MURPHISBORO, ILL.—J. A. Bandy writes.—A few lines will inform you that the JOURNAL is highly appreciated here by some, and the interest is increasing. I have been distributing my JOURNALS of late after I have read them.

VERMILLION, ILL.—Maria Jackson writes.—There is a great deal of old fogyism here. We need a good test medium here before there can be much done for lecturers. Times have been, and are still, too hard to employ media of any kind here for a while.

TRENTON, N. J.—Enoch Thomas writes.—Mrs. M. A. Meixsel, Clairvoyant and Inspirational medium, is at Trenton, N. J. She is a very fine test medium; also a good speaker. Ary of the Spiritualists wishing to engage a good medium would do well to secure her. Her address at present is 312 Warren st., Trenton, N. J.

WATERLOO, IA.—Mary McCollum writes.—We have received the LITTLE BOUQUET for the last six months; like it very much. We receive the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and are very much pleased with it. Spiritualism has begun to wake up here in this corner. Thanks to the JOURNAL.

EAST WALLINGFORD, VT.—W. W. Tarbell writes.—Please find remittance enclosed for subscriptions for the JOURNAL. I have been out among my neighbors and secured you three subscribers. I am sure they will be so well suited with your paper that they will subscribe for one year. I will try and secure you as many more as I can.

NORTH RIDGEVILLE, OHIO.—Geo. Libbey writes.—I told you when I first sent for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that I was no Spiritualist; it was only curiosity that induced me to make the three months trial. That time has expired, and instead of diminishing, I find that every number I receive makes me more anxious to know what the next contains, therefore I send one dollar and fifty cents, for which please continue the paper the remainder of the year.

MONITOR, CAL.—Bro. Cooper writes.—I have been reading your most valuable paper for two or three months, and I must say that I never read anything in my life that I was so much interested in. What little I know is from experience and observation. But I certainly think that if there is any reality in anything, it must be in the principle you so ably and fearlessly advocate. Spiritualism is to me the only means by which we can satisfy ourselves of the immortality of the soul, and that is of more importance than all things else.

Miss. L. D. writes:—The death of a friend—Death last week deprived us of one of our dear friends. She had only attained her nineteenth year when she was called from this world where there are so many dangers to be apprehended, especially in youth. Her loss is much regretted by all, for she had fully won their affection. A short time previous to her death, she called her parents round her bedside and bid them farewell. A few minutes after, her eyes closed and her spirit fled to join those angelic souls who are already enjoying the happiness destined to all who labor for God. True Spiritualism alone could console her parents under such a trial.

PRINCETON, ILL.—R. B. D. writes.—We are not ashamed to have our friends see the good old JOURNAL. We will take pride in placing it before as many as possible, only wish we could order a thousand. Its gems of purity, its boulders of truth, its fearless onslaught upon error, its radical stand (or should we call it conservative) on the social question, all claim our admiration, and cause us to wish that it may long survive to continue its glorious work! Woodhullites that have visited us call us conservative. We feel that we are radical enough, for we do not consider theirs a reform question but merely a licensing of prostitution—a modern Upas Tree.

LENA, OR.—James S. Vinson writes.—I do not often trouble you with a line from Eastern Oregon, but the interest I feel impels me to say to some of our speakers, come over and help us in Eastern Oregon. We have a few scattering Spiritualists, but we lack unity of effort in order to insure the success of our glorious philosophy. Eastern Oregon embraces a large tract of country mostly adapted to gardening purposes, with a dry and healthy climate. Will not some good brother or sister who can talk and work in behalf of our cause, cast their lot among us? Let them come well recommended, for we want no uncertain sound, and seek nothing but truth. Come, let us hear from you—the harvest is great but the laborers are few, and the people are inquiring the way of everlasting life.

SEARSBORO, IOWA.—Jason W. Macy writes as follows to the Editor of his paper, the "Spiceland Reporter."—"I saw in your paper of Sept. 2d, an account of a Sabbath School Celebration at Canutt's Grove. It appears that the Rev. Mr. Monfort of Cambridge City, gave the principle address on that occasion. Mr. Monfort asserted that of all the forms "that curse the earth, Spiritualism is the meanest." Now you seem to indorse this ungodly lie, by calling his stupid effort "admirable." If you are going to *bugle* for every canting theological noodle who gains his living from the honest industry of his dupes, dealing out to them in return broken doses of cheap gospel, diluted with tartarean sulphur and liquid fire, I can't help inflate you. If I want falsehood, bigotry, intolerance and misrepresentation, I will try the Tract Society, or some self-styled Christian association. Please stop my paper and oblige."

NUNDA STATION, N. Y.—N. G. Upson, who has sent us several new subscribers, says:—We have a small band of good and true Spiritualists here. Last spring a few of us gathered together and formed a circle, and a harmonious one it is too. As yet we have no fully developed medium but several of our number are more or less mediumistic, and I hope in a short time some will become developed. The outside influence, as a natural consequence, is against us, and as a matter of fact we receive a great many scoffs and scorns from the orthodox bigots, who call themselves followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. But we go on, not caring for these creed bound bigots, for we feel and know the good angels are with us, beckoning us on in our good and glorious work. A short time ago we added to our circle two worthy members, who saw the light and came out from under the pale of the M. E. Church, shaking the orthodox dust from their feet. They rejoice that they have found new light in this glorious truth of Spiritualism, and their hearts are filled with joy and gladness. Some of their brethren and even the pastor of the M. E. Church now comes out saying they don't know any thing, they are Infidels and back-sliders, and that Spiritualism is the work of the Devil. Shame, shame, on such bigots, they are blind to the truth, and will neither investigate nor let others if they can prevent it. But thank God this glorious light of Spiritualism will shine, and all who investigate it in truth and sincerity will believe. Several copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL now receive a weekly welcome here, and I hope will be the cause of doing much good. Your course towards the Woodhull faction we admire and bid you God speed in your noble work.

Another remarkable medium has made her appearance in England, who summons up a spirit that plays most charmingly upon the piano in a lighted parlor. The medium is a young lady of about 17 years, and of excellent family, being the daughter of Col. Showers, of the British army in India, and niece to Gen. Showers, one of the heroes in the Indian rebellion. She calls the spirit "Florence."

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CHAPTER I.

View of Death by the Churches—Mourning among the Ancients—Professional Mourners—The Chinese Method of Mourning—Fashionable Funerals, etc., etc.

Death, what is it? By the various orthodox churches it is personified, represented as a grim-visaged monster, relentlessly "cutting down both great and small." With dark, sullen complexion, eyes beaming with hate, and features wreathed with a demoniac smile, he goes forth on his mission, with his soul actuated with no feelings of love for humanity. In this hideous representation of death, we have an outward development of what exists within the minds of devoted Christians. The outgrowth, the figure representing death, must have been nourished in minds that could not have had exalted conceptions of the beautiful transition from this mundane to the supramundane spheres.

That person must be hideous in nature that can picture a demon as emanating from God, and which becomes a permanent enemy to every progressive movement. The churches could not have a correct idea of death, without entertaining an exalted idea of God. Believing that he is "jealous," "that his anger burns to the lowest hell," and that his efforts to create a pure race of people, were a failure, of course, they could not otherwise represent death than as a hideous creature.

The various Christians, especially in the past, almost invariably feared the approach of death, regarding it as an enemy brought into existence through the instrumentality of Satan. Under such circumstances, it is not in the least strange that its approach should be regarded with intense feelings of terror.

In all ages of the world, in case of death, mourning has generally followed, and sorrow been expressed in a variety of ways. The ancient Hebrews tore their garments, disheveled their hair, threw dust and ashes on their heads, and abstained from washing. In this country, when a prominent government officer dies, members of Congress, and prominent military officers wear a piece of crape on the left arm on public occasions for thirty days, and flags are temporarily hung at half-mast. The custom of hiring mourners is not tolerated here.

Hired mourning-women were employed by the Greeks and Romans, and especially among the Syrians, hired mourners simulate all the sorrow that a person could manifest if genuinely afflicted. Hired mourners among the English are employed simply as dumb attendants—their office is merely one of show—they are not expected to make demonstrations of sorrow. In Ireland, however, the case is different; professional mourners—old women—are characterized for their ranting declarations of grief.

The custom of preserving the tears shed at funerals, once existed, and in the old tombs of Palestine, Greece and Rome, tear-bottles, or lachrymatories, are often found, with sacred eye-water still preserved.

The expressions of sorrow on the part of different nations, exhibit the peculiar views that the people entertain of death. The Chinese mourn in white at the death of a near relative, but they graduate the color to represent the intensity of their affliction at the funeral of those not particularly dear to them. For a father, they manifest the most tender feeling, mourning for him three years. For a certain period after the demise of a near relative, they have a peculiar way of assuming a disgusting, slovenly appearance. When the Emperor dies, their hair is permitted to grow for 100 days without being molested with a pair of shears—a very curious way of expressing grief. The Japanese also mourn in white, and manifest a keen delicacy in their sadness. The Fijee Islander, when he passes away, has his tomb ornamented with fifty or one hundred fingers which have been amputated from the hands of friends.

In this country, mourning is almost universally practiced at the death of a friend. A funeral never takes place that more or less tears are not shed, and lamentations heard. Death is not, as a general thing, regarded as a welcome visitor, even here in this civilized country. Fashionable funerals, however, in a majority of cases, are an expensive nuisance, as conducted at the present time. The New York *Commercial* speaks of them as follows:—

"The most costly robe in which the dead can be arrayed is of satin or corded silk. This is made with a puffed or surplice waist, and costs $75. The robe generally furnished is made of cashmere, and costs from $15 to $25, according to its quality. Then a casket of walnut at a fashionable funeral would be necessary, covered with royal purple or black velvet, and worth $375; those of rosewood, with ray tops, round corners, heavily-plated bands and bar-handles, cost $250; a very handsome casket can be procured for $200.

"Metallic burial cases are not much in demand, as their great weight is objectionable. They cost about the same as a fine rosewood casket.

"From eight to twelve pall-bearers are usually required at a funeral. These, with the minister and physician, are supplied with fine white linen scarfs, and white gloves; scarfs cost $8 apiece; gloves $2 a pair.

FLOWERS AND MUSIC.

"The flowers for funerals are sometimes supplied by the undertaker, who will expend $500 for them. Very often there are flowers enough sent by friends to decorate the house and the coffin. For old persons, the German custom of laying palm-leaves on the coffin has been adopted. These are more appropriate for one who dies ripe in years, than the white wreaths, crowns, etc. Flowers are sometimes sent in such profusion that undertakers are troubled to know what to do with them. An extra wagon has to be provided to take them to the grave, and often there are as many as 30 elaborate pieces carried to Greenwood. Flowers at a funeral, are considered very essential.

"Where no expense is spared in preparing a funeral, the quartette of the church where the deceased attended, is summoned to furnish the music. If the funeral is held at the church, the music will cost $60; organist, $15; organ-blower, $5, and each of the quartette, $10.

GOING TO GREENWOOD.

"The hearse to Greenwood costs $10; carriages, $8 apiece; and there are usually from 8 to 10 provided. When the burial is to take place at Woodlawn, carriages cost $13 apiece.

"The route taken by funeral processions to Greenwood is through the Bowery and across Catharine ferry. Sometimes funerals pass down Broadway and over Hamilton ferry, but there are so many detentions on this line that the other route is preferred. Funerals going to Woodlawn have to pass around Central park, as they are not permitted to go through the grounds.

"Parties who do not own burial lots at Greenwood can leave the remains of their deceased friends in the receiving vault, by paying $25. If they are removed in a month's time, $20 is returned. They must remove the body within one year, or the authorities will deposit the coffin in what they call 'Permanent Ground,' a place set apart for bodies that have not been taken away within the specified time.

"The funeral for a child costs much less than for an adult. The finest casket for a child can be procured for $55. Children's funerals rarely cost over $300, and usually are not more than half that amount.

SPECULATING IN GRAVES.

"The lowest price of burying an adult is $25. That provides a coffin of stained wood, a hearse, one carriage, and a grave with two other bodies. Undertakers buy graves at Calvary cemetery at $15 each, and place three bodies therein.

"The Irish are renowned for their mania in regard to attending funerals. They will beg, borrow and cheat the undertaker to procure a carriage to attend the funeral of a deceased second cousin or friend. Undertakers are greatly annoyed with the long procession of carriages at the Irish funerals, and think that the clergy in our city should follow the example of those in Jersey, and prohibit more than six carriages. There will often be a line of carriages from Fourth avenue to the foot of Thirty-fourth street, waiting to cross the ferry there, and carriages are often kept two hours before they can pass over. Many complaints are made at the insufficient number of boats, and also that there are not enough police to maintain order.

THE POOR AND TRANSIENT.

"At Calvary cemetery there is a small chapel, where a priest is in attendance to read mass over the bodies that are to be interred. Sometimes there are six bodies brought into this chapel at a time, and one service is read for them all.

"There are many persons who die in New York every year who can not afford a funeral or a decent burial. Hundreds in the summer who are sun-stricken; the poor who die in Bellevue hospital; the babies who are poisoned by the heat and filth of tenement houses—all these, after being dissected at the hospital, are placed in pine boxes, and buried in a trench on Hart's island.

CONCERNING CERTAIN CUSTOMS.

"The fashion of sending memorial mourning cards does not prevail to much extent in this country. It is a very beautiful custom, and, as the cards are gotten up in England, one that would be quite an additional expense. Mourning cards of gentlemen are plain, with a wide black border—the date of their birth and death engraved upon them. Some handsome device, such as a female figure bending over a tomb, is embossed upon the memorial cards of deceased ladies, and on the other side the dates of their birth and death is printed, with often some affectionate motto.

"It is not the satin robe or the velvet casket; it is not the green-turfed mound, the waving willow, nor the imposing monument that tells of the heart's deep anguish; but it is pleasant and comforting to be able to lavish all that tender thought can suggest, upon the cold form that is so dear, and to make its resting place beautiful with memorials of love."

A FUNERAL IN WASHINGTON—EXPENSIVE MOURNING.

"The cradle or coffin, the blanket or pall—
O, which brings a blessing of peace unto all?
How still is the coffin. No undulant motion;
Becalmed like a boat on the breast of the ocean."

Forced into the world, *forced* through it, and finally *forced* out of it! The birth of a child born in wedlock and under proper condition, is always a welcome visitant. No sooner, however, than ushered into the world to meet its trials, than the *forcing process* continues, and in a few years a magnificent change is wrought—from that little child whose innocent prattle and smiles were the joy of all, a man has been developed! Still this forcing process never wearying, never relinquishing its hold, and never ceasing its operations, tears down the physical structure which it so grandly built up, and soon death occurs, and then follows the funeral.

Not long since, a connection of a distinguished official died in Washington, and the honorable gentleman, wishing to have the affair conducted in style worthy the high position of the family, employed a fashionable French undertaker to provide for all that was necessary. The funeral was a first-class affair. It passed off in a way to impress all with a sense of imposing solemnity. But when the bill came in, it amounted to only twenty-eight hundred dollars. The honorable gentleman at once refused to liquidate. The amount was placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection, and the honorable gentleman, when he came to read the items, had a realizing sense of the fact that blackmail was not confined to secular affairs. Some of these items are exceedingly rich. For example:—

o bouquets sent by heart-broken relatives and friends	$ 250.00
To eight mourners representing distinguished people	500.00
To one young man who threw himself over the coffin and wept	1.50
To sixteen carriages with arms and panels, driver, etc.	1.000.00

And so on through three pages of foolscap. The mockery of the thing comes out in this high case, and yet the humblest funeral, conducted by the commonest undertaker, has more or less stupid imposition and sham.

All about London, says an English correspondent, you see advertised "cheap funerals." You may be shrouded, coffined, and buried with four mourners, for about twenty dollars. Of course these mourners don't know who you are, where you came from, or where you are going to, but they will look as if you were the last friend they had or expected to have on earth, with a yard of black crape dangling and waving from their hats like so many pirate flags; and when you are covered up, they will adjourn to the nearest public house, and over their porter and cheese pray for some one else to die as soon as possible, with cash enough to be mourned over. No cash here, no mourners. In the old tombs which have been opened at Palestine, it is no uncommon occurrence to find lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, in which it was customary for mourners to preserve their tears. Had the magnificent funeral cortege at Washington adopted this practice, we should like to see the extent of grief manifested.

A MOST NOTABLE CHARACTER—HIS ECCENTRICITIES.

It is not often that eccentricities are manifested at funerals, but here is an eccentric character, who is worthy of passing into history: For ten or twelve years past, says the Patterson *Press*, one of the most notable "characters" about town was John Schofield. Had Dickens met him he would have embalmed him forever in one of his immortal books. His eccentricities were almost always in a right direction leading him to take a great interest in religion and temperance, and while his peculiarities in those matters amused his friends, his profound sincerity commanded respect, the more so as it indicated a heart thoroughly sound, whatever might be thought of his mental abilities. He had surprising imitative powers, and the tendency referred to led him generally to exercise this faculty in imitating our more distinguished local clergy, whom he studied closely, and whom he could personate so accurately by voice or tone as to deceive their most intimate friends, if they heard but did not see the speaker. Perhaps it was an abnormal development of the religious tendency that caused John to have a passionate fondness for participating in funerals. He had a positive monomania for lingering about and handling the dead, and would go miles rather than miss attending a funeral. It was this curious fancy that led him to volunteer his services at Mr. Ensign's undertaking establishment, where, although at first not needed, he actually made himself indispensable and was at length regularly employed. It was this same strange taste that led him on one occasion to preach a funeral sermon over a little colored child, and some who heard him said he was surprisingly impressive and pathetic in his remarks. John was very tough, physically, bearing great fatigue and exposure without hesitation; but at last he succumbed to the typhoid fever, and passed away to that land where perhaps his only regret will be that there are no funerals, and corpses are unknown. His was a kindly, tender soul, full of compassion for every sort of misery. For these qualities, no less than for his quaint humor and his harmless eccentricities, poor John Schofield will be sadly missed for many a day by his numerous acquaintances in Patterson.

OSTENTATIOUS FUNERALS—FASHION MANIFESTS ITSELF THERE.

In ancient times it was quite common for families in moderate circumstances to be ruined by mourning ceremonies being indefinitely prolonged. In New York City, the *Phrenological Journal* declares it not unfrequently happens that "one's little all" is consumed on an ostentatious funeral.

A poor man, who has a wife and children, sickens and dies. The wife, almost destitute, to be "in fashion," must incur the useless expense of hiring five, ten, or more carriages from a livery stable—kept for the purpose—at an extra cash cost of from $25 to $50, and upward, to help form a grand procession, and go *empty*, as they often do—or be filled with pleasure-seekers who care nothing for the departed. For one, ordinarily, in New York City, a funeral costs from $200 to $500, and for one who has more means, from $1,000 to $2,000 and upward, *besides* the cost of the ground, tombstone, etc., on which several thousands more are sometimes expended. There are graves in Greenwood which have cost more than $50,000.

This ostentatious display of grief we regard as the most debased idolatry, and a useless expenditure of money! A decent, calm, dignified respect for the dead is demanded. He who does not feel like shedding tears over the loss of a friend, however bright his home in the Spirit-world, must have an obdurate heart indeed. The outer garment is worthless—the real man, woman or child has advanced a step, and when we make extravagant displays over the tenement of clay, we are making a solemn mockery of our own duty to others.

Fashion is the curse of this country, though the *Christian Union*, Henry Ward Beecher's paper, once devoted a page to advertising the same. Fashion rules everywhere. Funerals must be fashionable; a certain number of carriages must be employed in order to form a grand procession; the coffin must be ornamented in the finest kind of style, and everything must be conducted so that it will be beyond the reach of fashionable fault-finders. Is not this heathenism? Deride the negro for worshiping an ox or paying his respects to the sun, when the civilized anglo saxon expends from $100 to $5,000 in a ceremony that fashion established over the remains of a spirit's outer dress? A fashionable funeral is never desirable.

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 232 East 23rd street, by Dr. Babbitt.

Grow towards Angelhood by Helping the Suffering.

Socrates prayed that he might become "beautiful in the inner man." One of the best ways to receive celestial beauty, to grow harmonious in the inner man, is to employ the outward man in deeds of kindness for others. How many shivering limbs and hungry mouths will appeal to us for help this winter. If we help to clothe and feed them it will make them happy, ourselves happy, and furnish new robes for our own souls. It is said that angels look down and weep at our coldness to our fellow-man, but come down to give us their sweetest influences when we bless others.

I have just received a letter from a Mr. E. J. White, member of the township relief committee, Bulls City, Osborne county, Kansas, appealing for help. Those who feel disposed to send a box of clothing, boots or shoes to him, or elsewhere, may be the means of making many hearts happy. I quote the following from his letter:

MR. E. D. BABBITT, DEAR SIR:—When Boston burned money flowed freely to relieve her impoverished ones, and millions flowed into Chicago to relieve and rebuild that fire-blackened city, and it was right. The press sent forth its warmest appeals for aid, the generous responded nobly, suffering hearts rejoiced, shivering forms were warmed, sunken eyes and cheeks resumed their color, homeless ones found shelter, and those scourged cities grew as by magic to more than their former greatness. The scene is somewhat changed when calamities leave the cities and visit the country in the shape of devastating hordes of grasshoppers, which go to the homes of the toiling, scantily paid farmers. They come in clouds so dense as to obscure the sun, and hearts that before were light are now in despair, for promising fields are blackened in a day. The cribs and granaries are empty, the incoming crop cut off, and not until another year can they hope for them to be filled. Children and wives who have borne the deprivations incident to the settlement of a new country, and who have worn their light clothing to shreds without a murmur, fondly hoping to be able to replenish their empty wardrobes before the coming winter, find themselves suddenly deprived of everything, hungry and naked. Many must suffer or perish if not helped. And yet the press of Kansas, for the base purpose of beguiling more honest but poor men to stake their all on what was once called the great American desert, send out to the world that there is no cause for alarm and that the effect of the grasshopper plague is exaggerated. Every settler helps to fill up these vast prairies and each one brings a few dollars. These go into the eastern portion of the State and help to build up their towns and cities. No matter if the grasshopper does eat them out and force them to leave as long as the press and men that are paid to write up the bright side can fill their places with fresh victims.

Business Notices.

Virtue in Numbers.

"The fidelity with which some people adhere to the virtue which they think exists in certain numbers is wonderful. The favorite numbers are 3, 7 and 9." So says an unknown writer, and he ought to have added that all such persons, as well as others, would do well to select numbers from tickets which admit to the Grand Gift Concert, to be given by the Masonic Relief Association of Norfolk, Va., thereby placing themselves in a position to secure a competency for life. For particulars of this enterprise, address H. V. Moore, Sect'y M. R. A., Norfolk, Va., or Branch Office, 78 and 80 Broadway, N. Y. City. n10.1.

Importance of Early Renewals.

Our three months subscribers must bear in mind that they should renew at least two weeks before their time is out, if they wish to avoid the loss of papers, as the names of all three months subscribers are dropped from the list when the time is up, and we can not undertake to supply back numbers. Please bear this in mind, and save yourselves disappointment and ourselves much trouble. tf

THE "Heathens of the Heath," by the author of Exeter Hall, is now for sale at this office. See advertisement.

LAST week we gave a long extract from Dr. Crowell's work, entitled "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," a book which should meet with a large sale. It fills an important place in our literature.

IN our last issue we made the price of "Nature's Divine Revelations" 50 cents too small by an error of the printer—the price is $3 50, postage 26 cents, and cheap enough at that.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the distinguished magnetic healer whom our readers have noticed from time to time as performing marvelous cures, is now meeting with unbounded success in healing by his magnetized powder. It will be well for those who wish to be cured outside of the M. D. system of practice, to send the Doctor $1.00, at Vineland, N. J., for a box of his potent remedies, and be healed and rejoice. n9 3

$1 65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Attend to Remitting Postage under the New Law.

Congress requires postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after the first of Jan., 1875, which will be four cents for three months. Hence three months' trial-subscribers must hereafter send 29 cents instead of 25 as heretofore, and new yearly trial-subscribers must send $1.65 instead of $1 50. Then all postage will be pre-paid at the Chicago office. If any one fails to send such postage money for us to prepay with, they will most certainly fail to get the paper, as not a single paper will be sent from any post-office in the United States that is not pre-paid. v17n9tf

Postage in Advance.

Everybody should know that Congress passed a law at its last session requiring all postage on newspapers to be paid in advance at the office where the papers are mailed, from the first day of January next. Hence it becomes necessary for every regular subscriber to remit us fifteen cents *at once* to pay the same. We say at once because, we have got to remodel our mail-list before that time, and it will be a great deal of work to do it.

Not a single newspaper will reach subscribers after that time, unless the money to prepay the postage is sent to us for that purpose. The subscribers get the paper carried cheaper than ever before, so it is an object for them to do so.

Three months' trial-subscribers will have to send twenty-nine cents instead of 25, then they will have no postage to pay at the home office. Those who are receiving the JOURNAL on credit or *free*, will have to remit the postage and explain why credit on the subscription is asked. In case of failure to attend to this matter promptly, subscribers will find that it is through their own negligence that they do not get the JOURNAL. We do not make the law governing the matter, but we do obey it, as all others must—not from choice but from a legal compulsion.

Those who are owing us, and neglect to attend to this requirement, will find that our accounts will be placed in the hands of a collector in their respective counties, who will enforce collection with all possible speed, but we trust we have very few on our mail-list who are so destitute of integrity as to require us to resort to such measures to secure our just dues—but of that we shall know more within the next thirty days.

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