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DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

An Open Letter to the "Devil," alias His "Satanic Majesty," "The Adversary," "Old Scratch," "Lucifer," etc., etc.

DEAR DEVIL:—Permit me to address you in this informal way, that I may, for the time being, partially forget my own inconsequence in the presence of so august a personage as yourself, and thereby, express myself more understandingly to you. From your conversation with the first lady of creation, I gather that you are a gentleman of few words, but much wisdom, and that you are truthful. This fact is the principal one emboldening me to write you. The further fact that you selected a woman to reveal a great truth to, leads me to hope you are yet unprejudiced against them, and that you may pardon me for being the first to open up a direct correspondence. With this preface, I will enter at once into business.

There is, as you possibly know, a warm discussion going on at present, as to the probability of your decease, and some anxiety is felt by the public to get at the facts. To ascertain them, Chicago starts out with a large reward, which will doubtless be greatly increased by the Materialists, Spiritualists and Orthodox. The former argue that, if you are dead, there is nothing more of you; you are gone, done, and forever out of the way. The Spiritualists declare this an erroneous idea, and say you have only dropped your horns and hoofs, and outside fixtures, and are as good as new in the Spirit-world; while the Orthodox weepingly affirm that they can not do without you; that they have faith to meet you yet, "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end." Then, there is a class of very wicked people, who would rather not meet their dues at your hand, and another class of good ones who want justice done. All, you see, equally interested in your whereabouts, and all inquiring, "Is the Devil dead?" As I wish facts, I come to you, and ask, *are* you dead, or are you *not*? If dead, do, Mr. Devil, dispatch a word to that effect; if *not*, write and say how you escaped. If dead, say what you died of, whether disease, envy, suicide, fire, water, or "fever'n ague." If not dead, what cured you?

Do not think mercenary motives prompts me to these inquiries, for I assure you, dear sir, should I by chance get the reward, I will make it the corner-stone of a donation toward your monument, nor rest till your parentage, birth and death be properly recorded; and a touching epitaph be written to your memory.

I wish to suggest that you correct any misstatements that may exist regarding your personal appearance, habits or location. For centuries, pious and profane people have endowed you with (what seem to me) unnatural and unwarrantable characteristics. As the descriptions of you in sacred history, are so contradictory, as are also those of individuals claiming to have seen you, I am at a loss to know which to accept. Indeed, I will confess, that while I write, I am continually hesitating in my mind, about addressing you as a person; and yet I feel less like using language to a serpent; a snake. Some of the ugliest and most forbidding people I ever saw, who seemed but caricatures on the human race, have been said to look like "the Devil before day," or "the Devil on stilts." Whether you change your appearance "before day," or whether you ever walked on stilts at all, are yet questions in my mind. From the impression you made on Mother Eve in the orchard, you surely could not be very horrible, or she would have scampered back to her husband, and told him her frightened story; and he would have brushed you out with his garden hoe. And now, since we are on the garden subject, let me ask if you were, and are, truly and really, nothing but a serpent; and if the beasts and fowls and animals of all kinds ran at large in the garden, or if none were there but you? If all were outside but you, how, pray, did you get in? Were the cherubim asleep on guard? How did you move? Did you, unlike all other snakes, walk upright like a man? Or, did you hop like a toad, swim like a fish, fly like a bird, or—now I think of it, were you the "Devil on stilts?" Surely some of these, for you did not creep or crawl. That style of locomotion was given you as a *curse* for telling the truth to Eve. If you were a serpent, how came you with the organs of speech, and what language did you speak? Perhaps French, or German, or "Irish-blarney;" perhaps none of these, but some of the dead languages. I was going to say you possibly used the deaf and dumb alphabet, but then you'd need hands for that? Oh, dear! I don't know how to fix the matter to make it seem entirely rational!

Respected Beelzebub, who named Eden? It was already Eden before God planted it, so who named it—did you? If you named it, is it not barely possible that you were a "squatter" there, and had a pre-emption claim for an interminable length of time before the place was put under cultivation? What became of you when Adam's family left there? Were they, as the story runs, turned out of their beautiful home because you deceived them, and you left in full possession because of your cunning? Or were you permitted to go with them? Or, are you kept inside the garden, as they out, by the cherubim with the "flaming sword?" Or, did you retain what was already yours, and put the cherubim to hoeing your garden? Perhaps after all, you have kept that place for a summer retreat, and are cultivating fruit and flowers extensively. In that case, let me inquire, in this season of overflows, if those four rivers in Eden have been over banks, and if, my dear sir, your small fruits have been under water? Will it be a good year for peaches with you, or did the "cold snap" catch them, or are the curculio bad? It is singular that we have not heard from the vicinity of Eden for so long; I would regret to learn that the fences are down, and the place turned out to grass.

Can you inform me why, when a gardener was made for Eden, he was not made strong enough, and willing enough to do the work without some one to help him? A man unwilling to raise "garden-sass" for himself, (with nothing else to do) hadn't much energy. What became of all the dust, that the helpmeet had to be made of Adam's rib? Suppose the poor old fellow had died, and never came out of that "deep sleep" he went in, and his wife been left to bury him by herself. Just think of it! Who named Adam, and why have we no account of such an important circumstance? If you were not a serpent, but a man, as is sometimes supposed, you must be older than Adam, although he is the first one we have any positive (?) knowledge of. As your genealogy is somewhat disconnected, may it not be that there is, or was, a *Mrs.* Devil, who was made of one of your ribs? If so, was the ordeal painful; or were you entranced, or were you chloroformed?

When the Lord told the gardeners if they ate the forbidden fruit they would "surely die," how did you know they wouldn't? Did the Lord know that you knew this, and that you would tell it? If he didn't, and didn't know where Adam was till he called him, and didn't know the gardeners would not die, was he infinite in wisdom?

The Bible says, "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." What cut of coats did he make them, and why coats at all, when gowns, trousers or wrappers would have been so much easier made, and more becoming to wear? Were they made by hand, or were there machines of any kind at that time, of which we have no account? Single thread or double; chain or hemstitch? At what date did Mrs. Adam begin doing her own sewing?

After God "repented" that he made man, and decided to drown everybody but Noah's folks, (who were saved in the ark) what became of you? Were you one of the beasts in the ark, or were you drowned, or were you in an ark of your own, where no one could see you, or were you in some dry place where the waters couldn't reach you? (Some ministers now say, the flood which was intended to wash away every living thing from the the face of the earth, was only *local*): If you were in the ark, didn't you find it a little crowded, and wasn't the ventilation rather poor with only one window? Who fed you, and where did they get the dust you ate? If on board, did the dampness affect it any? At best, it must have been monotonous there for one of your temperament.

When but a very little girl, dear sir, I used to hear our old minister tell most wonderful and horrible stories of you and your kingdom. His mind seemed full of just such fiendish pictures of eternity, as are described by Rev. J. Furniss. Nothing in language seemed too extravagant, revolting or terrific for him to attempt, in the way of descriptions of hell and of yourself. I was too young to read, but I studied the pictures of you which embellished our family Bible. That one was a ravenous looking beast, with hoofs and horns, a long tail and fiery eyes, and a demonish, expressive face, neither human nor beast. You were superintending a hot bath for some sinners, in a sulphur and brimstone lake of fire; and your sub Devils had your victims fastened on long forks, punching them through the flames for your entertainment. In my frightened dreams I would hear you roar and bellow, hear the fires crackle and hiss, see the dragons dance in wild delight, hear the little children cry and wail for their parents, and see the revengeful God the preacher described, look down and laugh at their despair. So you see, respected Beelzebub, when I should have been happy and thoughtless, I was burdened with the stories of your wickedness and crimes. I grew out of that trouble eventually, but I have dear friends who rather incline that way; and I know of little innocent children who hear very much such stories as I heard, and have perhaps the same dreams. I know dear, good people, who think it wicked to be happy, and who believe you to be at the beginning and ending of everything not strictly solemn and distasteful. But, it is not my wish to post you on these points, but rather to gain what information I can from you.

There is another feature in your history which needs some light. In Job, we read: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also. And the Lord said unto Satan, whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Who were those "sons" of God (who is supposed to have given his *only* begotten son to save the world) and how came you on such familiar terms with them? Where were you prior to that "presentation," that God could not know of you; and how dared you to tell him that you *walked* when he commanded you to crawl? How could you walk *in* the earth, even admitting you walked at all? Were you so etherial that the compositions of earth were no impediments to your movements? That you could glide right through coal mines, iron beds, and strata of rock without barking your limbs, or cracking your skull? Come, now, doesn't it seem that your story to God was a little crooked, and isn't it barely possible that you were bragging a little? Were you walking or crawling to the reception mentioned? After all, when I come to think of it, you surely didn't wriggle along on the ground, with such company as you were in; it really seems you would have been ashamed to do so, unless the the "sons" crawled too. It may be that I'm unjust to you, but I really am trying to be impartial and fair in my conclusions.

Were you one of the two thousand devils cast into the swine by Jesus, or were you two thousand in one, or where did more than one devil originate? Why, when you were "choked in the sea," have you appeared again, and how could you return when you were drowned? If you had the power of realizing two thousand deaths by drowning, didn't it give you a distaste for water?

In St. Luke (X chapter, 18 verse) the Lord says, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

Now, I feel an intolerable curiosity, most wonderful Satan, to know how you got into heaven after what transpired on earth, and what could have hurried your departure from there so much? As I understand it, you came down by telegraph, without stopping at any way stations. Did you light on your feet or your body; and were you shocked by the fall? If your visit was pleasant, why did you not take your baggage and remain ten or twenty thousand years, as you would have plenty of time left. Possibly your household affairs required your attention—the fuel might have run short and the fires gone down.

When you tempted Christ by offering him all the kingdoms of the earth, did he think they belonged to you? If he did not, was it a temptation? Could you see them all from where you stood? Did you look with the naked eyes, or use a telescope? If a telescope, would you mind loaning the instrument a few days? If the kingdoms of the earth be yours, are not also the inhabitants? Could you claim even *one* of these souls without Jehovah's consent? If you could, are you not more powerful than Jehovah himself? If you are infinite in power and wisdom, should we not respect you? If you are on earth, why does history declare that your home is in the infernal regions? If you are there, can you be here? If there and here, are you not omnipresent? If omnipresent, are you not in heaven? If in heaven, are you wicked? If the wicked are there, would it be a nice place for the righteous? If you are in any of these places, or all of them, if you are "everywhere," as we are told, can we escape you, and are you not obeying a higher command? If you are, have we any right to object to you?

Having no personal acquaintance with you, I am, of course, unable to judge fairly or correctly the questions under consideration. Outside of sacred history, as in it, the harshest terms are used against you, and all evil deeds and all manner of wickedness is considered legitimately yours. Careful thought has led me to doubt this, and to consider you but the excuse that others have for their own sins. Many who believe strongly in your personal existence, do all manner of sin, and say you tempted them; trying to shirk the blame which properly belongs to themselves, and give it to you. This, to say the least, seems unfair. All progression comes in your name; all new discoveries of consequences, all new inventions for the benefit of the world, are labelled "Devil" when first received. All philosophers, astronomers, geologists, inventors, or advanced thinkers of any kind, have been met at every step, and hounded in every effort by the shout of "Devil!" This outcry arose from the priests of all nations, and was, and is yet, echoed by intolerance of every grade. They are the stumbling-blocks to progression, and have, from all time, heaped the fiery faggots around the luckless soul, who struggled to be free from their bondage. When, however, a great truth is carried, and its uses and popularity have been established by its martyrs; intolerance steps forward, and desires a holy patent on what it first declared—"the Devil." It begins at once to "harmonize" (?) this great truth with the Bible; which is happily so written that one contradiction can at any time be proven by another, thus verifying (by a proper use of the word "figuratively,") almost any argument. When skeptics ask for an explanation of peculiar passages in the Bible, they are told often, that "it is not for us to understand;" yet the unbeliever is held responsible for his conclusions, and is commanded by the righteous to search the Scriptures. If essential to our salvation, why was the book not written so we could understand it? Or of what use is it to read without understanding? As sensibly command a blind man to copy a picture; or a deaf man to enjoy music which he has never heard.

Since you, respected Old Nick, have been first in all improvements, and since you have so often been in conversation, and in association with the Lord, (as known in the Bible) let me urge you to one more good deed. Unravel the mysteries of the Bible, and write up a plain, simple and correct history of its meaning. Tell us among other things, why you were created. If you were designed, for what purposes designed? If not designed by the Creator, did you make yourself, or were you co-existent with God? If he created you for a certain purpose, has it been thwarted? If not, are you not doing precisely what he intended you should? Should you be blamed for doing his will? If you are permitted to perform all manner of heinous crimes; to gambol all over the world in the very ecstacy of deviltry and malice, without check or punishment, will it be honorable to eternally damn ordinary human beings? Is it reasonable and just that they will be handed down to hell for your delectation, their cries and writhing and despair, your delight forever? Are you to be pampered and fed eternally on the shrieks and prayers and yells and misery of men, women, and children?

Shall your abode be perfected and beautified by human torture? The boiling lakes and furious flames in which your victims plunge, create your landscape; their groans of torment, pain and anguish be your household music; their burning, crisping forms be the odors of your garden; their tears of utter wretchedness and endless woe, the jewels shining in your crown of happiness? If so, then where is God and justice? Where is God and mercy? Where is God and love? Tell me not of a loving Father who made man without his consent; hell for his eternal home and punishment, and you to enjoy it. Would a merciful God permit you to sink humanity in an eternal pit of damnation, if he could prevent it? If he have not power to control you, is he infinite? If he be not infinite, are you not his equal in power and wisdom? If you are his equal in these, had we not better "make friends" with you? If you are too wise for serpent, too wicked for human, too powerful for a God, is it not possible, Mr. Devil, that you are *just right* for a *myth?*

And now, dear sir, as age may have dimmed your eyes, I will bring my hurried questions to an end, nor tax your patience longer.

With great respect,

MRS. JACOB MARTIN.

Cairo, Ill.

P. S. As I am a woman, it is my privilege to finish with a postscript. I wish to beg an early reply regarding your death. If it really has occurred, you can send me a message by "table-rape," as I understand you yet have the patent on Spiritualism. MRS. J. M.

IS THE DEVIL DEAD?—LET US BE HONEST.

In the following I desire to frankly acknowledge an error, and to recount some personal experiences which have led me to see said error, all of which has more or less bearing upon the mooted question of "Devil" and "evil spirits." I have for some time contemplated the duty I am about to discharge, and am now quickened to the task by the careful and candid perusal of a communication in the JOURNAL of Feb. 12th, 1876, by D. G. Mosher. While deliberating upon the subject he therein treats upon, it occurred to me that I had at some previous time called in question some of this gentleman's published views, and in looking over my file of Journals, I found that in the issue of January 2nd, '75, I had "taken him to do" for assuming that "Devils" and "Diakka" are "imaginary personages." Therefore I now frankly admit that he was, and is right, at least in my humble opinion. Space will not allow at this time a complete rehearsal of all the events and circumstances by which I have been forced to admit the truth and to discard my former absurd views upon what now bids fair to prove an issue of the vital importance to the cause of Spiritualism. So deeply am I convinced of this truth, so firmly has it been impressed upon my mentality, and so conclusive and indisputable are the evidences gleaned from various sources, that I can no longer remain an idle spectator while the inspirational fire burns within me.

Soon after exchanging blind faith for positive knowledge, I formed the acquaintance of a man who claimed to be a Christian Spiritualist, and whose head had grown grey in the service of the angel world. I was thrown into his society almost daily, and had really began to congratulate myself upon having such an experienced counselor, when it suddenly was revealed to my mental consciousness that by the subtle power of psychology I was being led captive a subject of his will. I had had no power to resist, while he drew me away from the harmonious developing circle of which I was a member, and to some extent alienated my affections from other members, nor was my spiritual perceptions suitably developed to warn me of his true character, until he began to dose me with his theories concerning "evil spirits."

So absurdly ridiculous were his arguments and sophistry, with such uncharitable, contemptuous, and bitter opposition did he maintain his views, that I could but renounce the doctrine which in its mildest form was simply damnable. He urged that there were spirits in the spirit-land almost perfect in deception and iniquity; that it was almost always,—sometimes utterly,—impossible to tell whether impressions and communications we received purporting to be from our spirit friends, were really from them or from "deceiving spirits;" that "evil spirits" were ever on the watch, and would personate our friends at every opportunity. He claimed also that man at death carried all his animal passions and propensities to the spirit-world with him, to prove which he said he had had them (evil spirits) threaten to take his life; that he had often visited the spirit world and seen the dark and dingy work-shops where those who had gained a livelihood on earth by the labor of others, were doomed to toil. Thus in various forms did he portray the condition of every class of individuals from whom he chose to differ, thereby presuming to have reached a finality, from which nothing, human or divine, could move him. Once loosed from his power, all the hideous and naked deformities of his character became painfully, vividly real and apparent. At times, with all the cunning and adroitness of a wily serpent, would he seek to re-ensnare me in his psychological meshes, and at every turn would he be defeated. The mask once torn away, it took but a short time for true character to come to the surface. Free-lover tramps were housed and fed, quarrels at home and quarrels with neighbors and others exit to more congenial spheres finish the picture.

This is no fancy word painting, but a scene in real life, and is one of the proofs palpable that "evil spirits" are clad in veritable flesh and blood, and not disturbing the pure and good, or deceiving those who seek some message from their spirit friends, unless the medium of communication is tinctured with evil. That man carries to the spirit-world his animal passions and propensities, is a proposition at once preposterous in the extreme.

These passions belong to the animal body from which, thank God, the spirit escapes at the transition period. What, in the name of reason, is there to feed those passions in the spirit-world? Must the spirit be tied to a living death, as it were? Is it not enough that these brute passions have held dominion while on earth, predominating and causing the soul to enter its spirit-home dwarfed and undeveloped? Is it not a fact—an uncontrovertable fact—that these passions are inherited, and the innocent are thus caused to suffer the effects of their workings while on earth, cumbered with the animal form? And is there infinite wisdom manifest in the working of the law that would cause the innocent to suffer through time, and the illimitable ages of eternity?

Forsooth! But I do not deny that man, by giving free sway to the brute passions within him, may so dwarf and obscure the germ of immortality with which the Divine Mind has blessed him, that he will enter the spirit-world as helpless as a new born babe. But the animal kingdom is as much a separate kingdom from the spiritual, as is the mineral or vegetable kingdoms. My inmost soul revolts at the suggestion of such chaotic conditions in the spirit-land as must inevitably obtain were such monstrous doctrines true. In my close observation, and indefatigable search after truth, together with a careful scrutiny of communications from advanced spirits, I am totally unable to find a single argument or fact which can be relied upon as indubitable proof that there are "evil spirits," "devils," or "fiends" in spirit-life. True, I once thought differently, but my mind had not then dwelt upon the subject to any extent, and to the law of intellectual enfoldment am I indebted for the more rational, reasonable, and truthful solution of this great question. To assume that evil or undeveloped spirits can or do communicate as readily as the more advanced, is to admit that immutable law does not exist in spirit-life.

And I hereby assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that in maintaining the theory of the existence of "fiends" in the spirit-world, we place ourselves in direct juxtaposition to those immortal truths and principles which the angel-world is laboring so unremittingly to bring to the knowledge of mankind.

Instead of recognizing these angel visitants as ministering spirits sent from God, we are too prone to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self sufficiency, refusing to accept any truth that may differ from our preconceived views, and, the while, accusing God with having filled the world of spirit with tormenting devils. The individual referred to above may have been honest though deluded; but a huge pile of communications in manuscript which he claimed to have received through the same medium for the space of twelve years, attested no progressive development or a higher intellectuality at the last than at the first. He once sneeringly scouted the idea of a six months' old spiritualist daring to oppose views which he had cherished nearly a life time; and, should this reach his eye, I desire to assure him I bear him no malice, and most sincerely hope that he may be able to burst the fetters by which he is bound, and, discovering his error, be as frank to acknowledge the same as I have been. Let us be honest.

E. D. WARREN.

Brooks' Grove, N. Y.

Says Sergeant Cox: "I have seen a sentence of twelve words, every letter being distinctly and perfectly formed, written in the twinkling of an eye, by a mere sweep of the pencil, that is to say, as rapidly as the hand could be passed across the paper. In another experiment, fifteen clearly legible lines of small writing (being a passage from the *Spectator*), which, with all possible speed, I was unable to copy in less than ten minutes. It was written, or rather flashed upon the paper, in 35 seconds. I know a psychic, who, in the state of trance, always writes backwards ten times more rapidly than Jean wrote in the usual fashion. In her normal state she is unable to write a word thus, save as slowly and with as much difficulty as others could to write."

In these days of retrenchment the plan of employing spirits as newspaper conductors seems to be just the thing. No salaries are required, of course, not even the traditional sawdust pudding being necessary for the sustenance of the ghost. But, after all, is it exactly fair for these spirits, who have had their day, to come back in this way, and take the business of life out of the hands of the living? It is only through one generation dying off that the next is able to get on at all. If the dead are coming back what is to become of the living? If this thing goes on, not only editors, but doctors, lawyers and ministers are likely to find their occupations gone.—*Portland Transcript.*

Emanuel Swedenborg has scarcely a follower or believer in all Sweden, and at Stockholm, his home, he was looked upon as a half-crazy charlatan. The house in which he lived is occupied by tenants of the poorer class of people, and is not easily found, so little is his memory cherished.—*Boston Herald.*

All great minds, in their most exalted moments, have felt themselves overmastered by some power outside of themselves, which was speaking through and directing their utterances.—*Peebles.*

Message to the Mediums.

FROM P. B. RANDOLPH.

Just a few minutes ago I was surprised by a familiar voice, suddenly saying, impressively—and even authoritatively, "I will champion the Eddys; for I know they are honest; I know they have been shamefully, maliciously and meanly wronged."

I can not choose but obey the summons; though I had intended to do this very thing myself. But I defer to authority from the Upper House; and hereby introduce Mr. Randolph.

FRANCES H. M'DOUGALL.

"Far be it from me to keep silence, while the belittled and belittling Croakers are doing their best to disgrace and ruin a band of as true and noble workers, as the age may boast of—and all for the reason that their sphere of faith, sight and action, is quite above and beyond the reach of microscopic eyes. Do these penny-a-liner journalists, and all the obscene birds for whom they cater, know, or think, what they are about? I believe not. If they did, they would see themselves murderers of the most malignant type They foul the finest character; and then with long faces and solemn drawl, pronounce it carrion; and they taint with their own foul breath the purest air. Have I not, too, heard their hiss, and felt the fiery fork of their murderous tongues—until at last, I was driven to the necessity of self-release? And if my voice was clothed with thunder, and my pen armed with lightning, I would send forth peals to wake heaven, earth, and hell—until all these skin-deep exposers should shiver in their shoes, and thus expose themselves. Of course, I do not refer to honest investigators, like the too tender Owen and the noble Child—but only to the poor, sick, bad sickening sycophants, of a sickly popularity, who have a large appetite for scandel, and small respect for truth. And I here hurl at them, one and all, the pointed words of Cowper:—

"The man who dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, IS NOT A MAN."

But the Eddys have nothing to fear in the long run:—

"For ever the truth comes uppermost;
And ever is justice done."

I have just now seen their spirit mother, almost sorrowful in view of the base calumnies, that are being hurled at her noble and self-devoted children. I say almost, because the sight of these bright and brave spirits, so armed with truth—so panoplied with right—so warm with love—is, in itself, a pledge of the final triumph, and the crown that awaits the martyr—whether the iron bolt strike through the body, or soul, or both—as in my own case. Have I not felt? Do I not know; and shall I not declare? But there is one comfort in this—the highest marks are most open to attack, as the great poet truly has said—doubtless from his own experiences:

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape. Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
—*Shakespeare.*

What a poor sight it is to see these pseudo savans, rejecting evidence that would be absolute in any respectable court of law, and, on the other hand, swallowing instead the merest fol de rol, too shallow for the acceptance of brain-sick boys and boarding-school misses. But so it has always been. Let them read the story of Galileo and the great Doctors of the University. They refused to look into the telescope, of which they had heard such wondrous things—stoutly declaring, there was nothing in it. The world, to them, was a flat fixture, with a high wall on the edges, to keep people abroad. Verily, their shades walk aboard in the earth, even unto this day. But they are not, really, half so formidable as they suppose themselves; and one of them, at least, has such an excellent gift of self-reputation, that he becomes entirely harmless. All he wants, is rope enough—to hang himself.

But I can not discuss this subject without a word in defense of mediums generally—(of course, I do not include mountebanks and pretenders). I have long thought—and now I see—that the shameful indignities in the shape of tests, to which this unfortunate class is frequently subject, are the cause of many, if not most of the failures—and hence of misapprehension and misjudgment. No self respecting woman would allow herself to be sacked, or nailed to the floor, or tied by the ears in her normal state; and in this supersensitive condition, can such indignities be imposed without injury—without wrong? I have seen, and do know, that by these unjust and cruel measures the higher harmonies are often interrupted, if not broken and destroyed. Verily the world has not risen much in the estimation and treatment of its prophets since—Daniel was cast into the lion's den, and Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego came through the fiery furnace. The facts only are modified; the principle is the same.

There are a plenty of tests not liable to these objections, and let mediums stand back on their own dignity and refuse to submit to dishonorable treatment in any form and especially that offensive supervision where counteracting wills are permitted to disturb the magnetic currents, and thus create the faults and frauds which it is their business to nose out and then journalize. I am well aware that some mediums by this cause would lose their place and pay; but the earth is full of bread. Let them go to work and develop it.

And now my friends and all who have become convinced that the world actually moves, take this assurance to your hearts, and fear nothing—that all there is of truth, in science, in philosophy, in art, literature and religion, is rapidly coalescing with the highest truth—the great centralizing idea of immortality, whose far-reaching radiations clasp and unfold all others. This is the great conservative power of thought and faith without which the whole world of mind would disintegrate and fall to pieces. Already the most distinguished scientists of Europe have accepted, or are ready to accept, the faith; and could you see the grand current that are setting toward you, from all quarters, both in the material and spiritual worlds, and feel the vibrations of the great tidal power of the ages you would know that the heavenly hierarchy, of truth, right and love, must ultimately overcome all resistance, and bring opposing forces, of whatever kind, into harmony with itself.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain;
And dies amid her worshipers."

After my way of thinking, there is so much of infinity in our structure, so much of the immortal within the mortal, that it seems irreverent to attempt to fix limit to its expression. To me the earthly part of man's construction seems so little, and the heavenly part so vast, that earth and time are not thought of as giving any measure to me or my kind. Man seems too large, as you see him in the light of his equipment, for the earth to hold.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

About Superstitions.

BY C. I. APPLETON, OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Among many interesting subjects, perhaps there are none in which research will be attended with more pleasure, combined with food for serious thought, and, ofttimes, occasion for sorrow, than the superstition of different ages and countries.

Whether we turn to Oriental people in distant climes, or glance at the forest homes of the Western world, we find that the mind of man, from the learned magi of the East to the "Poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind,"
is ever prone to look above the material world around him, and seek to penetrate the mysteries of an unseen world. In ancient Chaldea and Egypt the priesthood, besides exercising what would now be deemed their appropriate functions, practiced the "healing art," and by means of various divinations, signs, and omens, prognosticated future events. In the Bible we find that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," which, no doubt, included a thorough knowledge of their various magical arts and incantations; and previous to the well-contested departure of the Israelites from Egypt we have the interesting account of how, assisted by Israel's God, he surpassed the wonderful deeds of their wisest men, and performed miracles which they could not achieve. Dreams were held to be of great significance by the ancients, and they would even seem to have been a favorite means employed by God himself to warn his chosen ones of impending danger, and to reveal to them future blessings. It was the related dreams of Joseph which increased the hatred and envy of his brothers, whose cruel malice led to their fulfillment in a manner which is most remarkable.

To be skillful in the interpretation of dreams was considered a Divine gift, and, as in Joseph's case, we find its exercise leading to almost kingly honors in the history of Daniel. It was a dream which heralded the Savior of our world, and induced the fearful wife of Pilate to intreat her husband to "have nothing to do with that just man;" and in after years heavenly visions gave new strength to his despised and persecuted disciples. The Jews were addicted to many superstious practices, borrowed from the heathen nations around them, which drew on them Divine displeasure. The tale of one of their kings applying in a time of perplexity and fear for advice to the Witch of Endor, whose death, or that of her class, he had previously ordered, affords a striking commentary on the fickleness and perversity of human nature.

Delightfully intermingled with the history of Greece, indeed, inseparably connected with it, is the mythology of that favored land of the poets. For was not Mount Olympus the abode of the Gods, and the whole land their temple?

The Greeks in olden times never wearied in recounting the brave deeds of their heroic ancestors, and from them traced their descent to the immortal gods themselves. Had Darwin lived in those days, and ventured to proclaim his theories, he would have been exiled—or metamorphosed himself into one of the lower species.

Superstition has been termed "the poetry of history," and nowhere is it more apparent than in those dear old fables of the Grecians. All the works of nature—nay, even the earth itself, with the heavens above—were considered to be endowed with "attributes of humanity," and in various degrees with Divine powers, and, in the words of Bossuet, "Everything was a god but God himself." The sun was their God Helios, who each morning mounted his chariot and rode in triumph through the skies, stopping midway to rest, and complacently viewing his dominions, then going onward to reach the western horizon at sunset.

Very beautiful was the belief that the stars were placed in the sky by Jupiter to watch the action of mortals. Poetical and expressive is the fable that the waters of the river Lethe caused all who might drink thereof to forget their sorrow. There is a good moral in the story of Medusa, whose look turned any one who gazed at her into stone, as showing to what extent every evil tendency of the human heart, if indulged in, may disfigure the human countenance. King Midas, obtaining his much-desired wish of transforming all that he touched into gold, and then almost dying of hunger, is a good illustration of the punishment attending insatiable avarice. Very marked in the history of Greece is their anxiety to peer into the darkness of futurity, and their unwillingness to commence any important project or go to war, without first ascertaining if the gods were propitious. Their will was ascertained by dreams and visions, various omens interpreted by augurs, as thunder, lightning, eclipses, and the flight or notes of birds; but more particularly by oracles, the most ancient of which was one in Epeirus, where Jupiter announced his will by the whistling of the wind through the lofty trees. The most celebrated oracle, however, was one at Delphi, built on the side of Mount Parnassus After inhaling an intoxicating vapor which arose from the chasm, the words of the priestess were believed to be the revelations of Apollo, the god of prophecy.

Very nearly allied to Grecian mythology was the Roman, though it would seem to have been cast in a sterner mold. The Arabians have a superstition or fable that every human being is attended by a good and a bad angel, one at his right shoulder, the other at his left; when he performs a noble action, the angel at his right rejoices; but when an unworthy one, that good angel hides his face and weeps. Connected with the religious superstitions of the Hindoos are many cruel and revolting practices. The Hindoo mother thought but of the pleasure it would afford the gods when she offered her infant a sacrifice to the river Ganges. With no cry of agony did the Hindoo widow approach the funeral pile which consumed her alive with the dead body of her husband. The victim as he threw himself beneath the wheels of the fatal car of Juggernaut thought not in his frenzy of present torture, but of eternal bliss.

Turning to the shores of "Merrie England," we find the heathen natives superstitious followers of the druids or priests; their gods were of a harsh and warlike nature, and to appease them human sacrifices were often offered. The druids are said to have held absolute control over the souls and lives of their victims; and so complete was their power that they were accustomed to borrow large sums of money, promising to repay them in another world.

The names of our days are derived from those of Saxon gods; the festival of Easter dates back to one held in honor of a heathen goddess. The mistletoe, held in peculiar esteem among the English, was sacred with the ancient Britons. One of the beliefs of the old Britons about the creation of the world is somewhat amusing. They asserted that one of their warlike gods having taken another prisoner, killed him, and then very practically made the earth from his flesh, the rocks from his bones, the rivers from his blood, and the heavens from his skull. At the four corners of the sky were placed four dwarfs to hold it up, who were called North, South, East, and West. Man and woman were said to have been formed out of two pieces of ash and elm.

But departing from heathen traditions and superstitions, and coming down to the time when the Gospel of Christ and the pure truths of Christianity were introduced into Britain, we find even then many cruelties practiced, many superstitions lingering.

"Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" was the exclamation of the heroic Madame Roland, as she ascended the scaffold; and well might thousands of victims, substituting the word Religion, re-echo the cry—not merely among Mohammedan fanatics or Hindoo zealots, but among the professed followers of the lowly Jesus, who proclaimed "peace on earth and good will toward men," and gave his own life a "ransom for many."

Recalling the early history of the Christian Church, we find what could not have been otherwise than some tincturing of superstition remaining, and that gradually human ambition and love of place and power, pride and bigotry, corrupted its primitive simplicity, and led to immeasurable evils. Then there arose a priesthood, from the authority of whose supreme head not even kings were exempt, who, in his sovereign displeasure, could absolve his subjects from their allegiance, as in the case of King John, of England.

The inquisition, first established in the southern part of Europe, was introduced into England in the time of Henry III. It had for its object the suppression of all sentiments or opinions contrary, or supposed by its cruel judges to be contrary, to the established religion. From its fearful sentences there was no appeal. Great thinkers, profound scholars, and noble Christian men, whose greatest crime was superiority to their persecutors, have languished in its dungeons or suffered fiendish tortures. Malignity and malice could wreak a sure revenge in this way, and hundreds of thousands perished by its means. It was finally abolished by Napoleon in 1808, who for this act certainly merits the gratitude of mankind.

What but superstition has countenanced relics, been able to impose pilgrimages and penances, and to introduce indulgences and other means of obtaining money from the ignorant and credulous. Closely allied with religious bigotry, it has in times gone by made sad havoc in the peaceful vales of Switzerland, caused the streets of Paris to be filled with dead bodies, filled England's noted Tower, and desolated her homes, and forced Scottish covenanters to flee for refuge to the caves and mountains of their native land.

Who does not love to read the fairy tales which tell of the quaint beliefs and fancies of other days, and con over the delightful works of Shakespeare, in which ghosts and witches sometimes play a prominent part? But when we read of the cruelties practiced in Europe upon witches, or those accused of witchcraft, it can but awaken feelings of pity and indignation. The history of New England is marred by the witchcraft doings of two hundred years ago. For the reputed crime of witchcraft one hundred thousand persons are said to have been put to death in Europe and and in this country. They were believed to have intercourse with the powers of darkness, and through their assistance could make air voyages without a balloon, raise storms, transform themselves into any shape, cause or cure diseases, bewitch and carry away children, and foretell future events. To be aged and poor, peculiar, morbid, diseased, and hated, was ofttimes sufficient evidence of the crime, and no leniency was ever shown, the methods of trial being as absurd as they were unjust. One was to throw the victim into the river; if he floated, it was clearly evident that he was a witch; if he sank, then no further action was necessary, he was left beneath the wave.

More than a hundred years have passed away since the last trial for witchcraft; the law forbid that religious animosities or bigotry should vent themselves in persecution of a sect or creed; but ah! how often still do little feuds and uncharitable revilling about mere questions of external rite or form show that the sparks of superstition remain, though smouldering in ashes, and that the time is not yet come when mankind, arising above the trammels of denominationalism and doctrines, shall recognize the bond of union existing between all those who worship the same eternal Father, and believe in the same unchangeable Saviour, who has declared that on this commandment, "As ye would that others should do unto you, even so do ye unto them," "hang all the law and the prophets."

Mediumistic Development.

There are many phases of mediumship. We publish the following which came through the hand of a young married lady, not on account of its great merit, but for the purpose of showing the thousands who are now sitting in *developing circles*, all over the country, that by perseverance, they will soon obtain open communion with their dearest friends who have passed to Spirit-life—not in grand strains of eloquence, but in common-place, natural, every-day conversation.

MR. S. S. JONES, DEAR SIR:—About six months ago, the subject of Spiritualism was introduced to my wife and myself, by Mr. Samuel Cooper, who is becoming well known in spiritual society as an earnest worker for the cause of truth and progression. My wife has been under spirit control several times. She has within the last three weeks given us the fire test, by washing her hands in a large blaze of one of the largest kerosene lamps. She holds her face over the blaze and laps the flames with her tongue for ten minutes at a time. She talks to us during the time in her natural tone, voice, and language, and there is not apparently any change either physically or mentally. She does not feel the least burning sensation. Two weeks ago, she was influenced to write, and enclosed is a copy of what she wrote.

She was rocking the cradle during the time she was writing. She gets the words or impressions, and then writes them. She is not entranced, and a spectator would not see any change. She writes a few lines and then stops and reads, and then writes again; making erasures and corrections, when necessary.

Yours, etc.,
A. M. GLASGOW.
No. 486 W. Indiana St., Chicago.

THE COMMUNICATION.

When we see individuals that we can throw our magnetism upon, we improve the opportunity. We avoid doing harm. We aim to cultivate their mental power and improve their physical strength. We come like a thief in the night. We possess them before they are aware of it. Why so? Because there are many ways by which we can demonstrate our power and thereby convince individuals. Of course you must be passive and let us use you when we see fit. We will unfold great truths to you in the future, when necessary. Go on, and set for development when you feel like it; stop when you want to, but be honest, true, and lovely. We like purity of thought and a desire to do right. Go, and visit the sick—do good to all, wrong to none, and we will visit you whenever we think it necessary.

SECOND COMMUNICATION.

I come not to torment you, but to do you good, and give you advice. Whenever you see a chance that will benefit you in business without injury to others, do it immediately without hesitation. Your earth is governed according to justice to all, as far as possible. But some persons have soared so high that they are not willing (if they can prevent it) to let others even follow their example, and if they do, they are clipped of their plumage, and come down, feeling perfectly prostrated, never to attempt it again, and seek in some way, to end their earth-life existence. What cruelty! We see how needful it is that you should know more than you now do. We exert ourselves to the utmost to impart to you knowledge, and often retreat and have to withhold our ideas, which would be of much benefit to you.

Letter from T. J. Moore.

MR EDITOR:—It has been moved, seconded, and unanimously passed, by all the Spiritualists that I have seen around here, that Cyrus Jeffries' "One Hundred Reasons why he is a Christian Spiritualist," represent the thinnest phases of orthodoxy. I am sure that every intelligent Spiritualist that is of fair common education would have been better satisfied with *one* of his reasons than with the one hundred that he has already given. Who cares why he became a Spiritualist at all? He can as easily assign one thousand or ten thousand reasons "why he became a Christian Spiritualist," as he has one hundred, if he will only continue to *dilute* his quotations from the Bible. I will just notice the stupidity and nonsense contained in only one of his hundred published reasons, which I take at random.

I select number 59th, which reads thus: "I am a Christian Spiritualist because I believe that the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are *three great principles—not persons*, and man being composed of soul, body and mind, is in these three great principles in the direct image of God. The mind of man is that principle that designs all." Now, Mr. Editor and dear reader, is not this a new idea to all educated Spiritualists? I had always thought that millions of things had been designed, made and finished millions of ages before man existed on this earth, and we don't know that man—the man that Mr. Jeffries is talking about—ever had a being in any other sphere and if he did not, it seems that these facts knock a hole clean through his 59th reason; and there is another absurd idea, viz: that God is a principle. Whew! I thought that the terms God and man represented distinct personal intelligent entities. Has a *principle* any of these attributes? I think there has been quite too much gas wasted by pretended Spiritualists in asserting that God was a principle. He has another sublime idea in his 59th reason, and that is, that the "Son God-principle created the universe" just as the "Father-God-principle planned it!" and this Son-God principle was not born, or had no existence until about 1876 years ago—millions of years after the God-principle had really done all this great work. This idea is quite too orthodox for our use in modern Spiritualism. Mr. Jeffries further says, "The Holy Ghost principle controls and governs the universe, and that these three great principles form one *perfect and all wise God.*" Here is a sweet sop to orthodoxy, an effort made to bolster up the immaculate conception doctrine of the Christian church, which all intelligent Spiritualists have really outgrown. Now let us give a literal rendering of one verse (the 1st of St. John's Gospel) according to this new discovery that God and Christ are *not* persons, but principles, and see if it does not indicate great talent in the author.

The newly discovered gospel would read thus: "In the beginning was the second principle, and the second principle was *with* the first principle, and the second principle was the first principle." What a valuable addition this remarkable discovery is to plain, common-sense Spiritualism, and what a profound depth of scientific research does it indicate!

Starfield, Ill.

Letter from G. W. Kates.

BRO. JONES:—Expecting to have occasional leisure, especially on Sundays, for a few months, I would like to devote such time to lecturing through the South. I do not wish to make a business of it, but wish the same to aid me in paying traveling expenses, therefore my labor is offered at cheap rates—whatever can be, or shall be given me. I will be pleased to receive correspondence in reference to making such engagements. I prefer to labor where missionary work or society organization is needed; where religion and common sense are needed more than assumed or over-done mediumship.

I am not able, nor will I make believe, to speak in a trance by shutting my eyes. I may sometimes be somewhat under spirit inspiration, (most every person is). I am not fanatical upon spirit manifestations; there are too many humbug mediums; and therefore I try to find a genuine one, or a positive manifestation of spirit power, before endorsing the same.

Our true mediums must be found and defended, after thoroughly being tested, and the humbugs, for the good of the cause and promulgation of the fact of spirit communion be detected and denounced. Spiritualists, first of all people, should do this.

I would like to organize lyceums. Also, would take great delight in getting up and taking part in dramatic entertainments. Would give a literary and dramatic entertainment, personally, for the benefit of any society.

My home and address for the future, I expect, will be as below, where I shall be pleased to hear from societies or inquiring persons.

G. W. KATES.
Smith P. O., Dade Co., Georgia.

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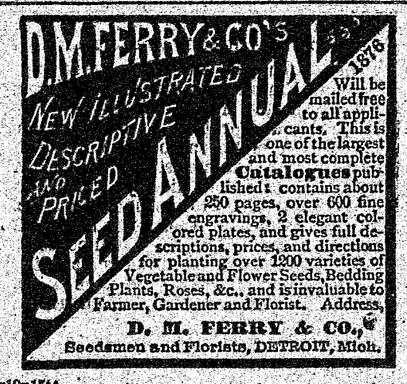
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March Magazines.

THE MASONIC REVIEW.—(Cornelius Moore, Cincinnati, Ohio.) The long table of contents covers some thirty-five different subjects, all of great interest to the craft.

MASONIC JEWEL.—(A. J. Wheeler, Memphis, Tenn.) The February number of this Magazine comes to us in a new dress and greatly improved in general appearance. The contents are always good. This number begins Vol. VI.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—(S. R. Wells & Co., New York.) Contents: A Word About Women and Physicians; Taking Cold Water: Its Use and Abuse; The Use of Water in Fevers; How to Purify the Blood; From the Cradle to the Grave; The Oriental Lepers; Household and Agricultural; Timely Topics; Talks with Correspondents.

HUMAN NATURE.—(James Burns, London) Contents for February: Walt Whitman, or the Religion of Art; Dr. Crowell on Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism; Elementary Spirits; Poetry—The Wreck of the Deutchland; Medicine in Ancient Egypt; Movement for Placing Works on Spiritualism in Public Libraries; Review.

THE ECLECTIC.—(E. R. Pelton & Co., New York.) Contents: Montenegro; In My Study Chair; Richelieu; Science and Art; Utility and Beauty; Songs of the Winter Days; Her Dearest Foe; Why have Animals a Nervous System; Statistics; Alone in London; German Home Life; The Unseen Universe; Jonathan; Two Leaders; President Barnard; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; Varieties.

THE GALAXY.—(Sheldon & Co., New York.) Contents: Mad-cap Violet; The Ideal and the Real; War Memoirs; Vivian Grey Grown Old; A Benediction; Church and State; Yesebel; Tahiti; Aztec Society; A Puzzlist of the Press; Longing; Reuben Dale; Hard Times and their Remedy; Three in One; Souvenirs of a man of Letters; Drift-Wood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; Nebulæ, by the Editor.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—(D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents for March: Hydrography; Lace and Lace-Making; Our Great American University; The Warfare of Science; on Fallacies of Testimony respecting the Supernatural; The Functions of Association in its Relation to Labor; Modern Philosophical Biology; Lessons in Electricity; Natural Euthanasia; Sketch of Herbert Spencer, with portrait; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Miscellany; Notes.

MARCH ATLANTIC.—(H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; Hurd & Houghton, New York.) Contents: The Legend of Ara-Cœli; The Unseen World; Oliver Wendell Holmes' Poem, Ad Amicos, 1829-1876, Private Theatricals; Mrs. Kemble's Old Woman's Gossip; Money and its Substitutes, an argument against "hard money;" The State and the Railroads; The Welsh in America; Victor Cherbuliez; A Carnival of Rome; Poems by Celia Thaxter, C. P. Cranch, Edgar Fawcett, and others; Reviews of Recent Books; Criticisms of Recent Pictures and Art Books.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—(S. R. Wells & Co., New York.) Contents: Samuel Gridley Howe, with portraits; Character in Advertising; Psychological Basis of Religion; A Cause of Failure; Three Suabian Character Heads; A Bad Beginning; How our Ancestors Dressed, nine illustrations; The Boys and Girls; Habit; Peace-maker Grange; A Co-Operative Living and Working; Thomas Dickson, portrait; Responsibility in Parentage; The Woman Question; James Martineau on Phrenology; Brain and Mind; Poetry; Editorial and Current Items.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—(Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: Trinity College, Hartford; The Child Garden; My Friend; Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge—poem; Truro Parish—illus.; Honore Balzac—illus.; Philip Nolan's Friends, or Show Your Passports! The Old Folks' Party; Leviathan—poem; Gabriel Conroy; Wilson, the Ornithologist; The Mysterious Island; Revolutionary Letters—third paper—illus.; The Touch of the Unseen; Concerning Charles Lamb; Cafe des Exiles; Topics of the Time; The Old Cabinet; Culture and Progress.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—(S. Watson, Editor and Proprietor, Memphis, Tenn.) Contents: Inner Life Department; What We Want; Letter from Illinois; An Objection Considered; Heresies and Contentions; Orthodoxy on Spiritualism; The "Double," or Apparition of Embodied Spirits; The Spiritual Growth of the Ages; Notices of the Press; Southern Notes; Christian Spiritualism—One Hundred Reasons Why I Am a Christian Spiritualist; Advice to Young Mediums Under Development; Test Conditions and a Spirit Photograph; the So Called Miller Exposures; Advice from a Friend; Questions and Answers; Personal; Opinions of the Press.

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ST. NICHOLAS.—(Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece—The Boy Rubens and his Master; Rubens; The Boy Emigrants; The Rare Old King and His Daughters Three—poem; The Festival of Tapers; How Droll! Windsor Castle; The Choice—poem; The Peterkins Decide to Keep a Cow; The Foscule; The Angels' Ladder—poem; The Little Houses on the Telegraph Poles; The Story of Jon of Iceland; Snow-Shoes and how to make them; The Shark—poem; Talks with Girls, No 1; An Unexpected Meeting; The Fighting Fleet; The Pressed Gentian; Herod; The Wood-witch; Latifa; The Man in the Iron Mask; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; For Very Little Folks; The Black Horse Bob; The Mouse who lost Her Great Long Tail; Little House-keeper's Page; The Letter-Box; The Riddle-Box; Little Schoolma'am's Report on Prize-Puzzle "Race of the Pilots." This number, like its predecessors, is profusely illustrated.

Anderson's Reply to Graves.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1876.

DEAR BRO. JONES:—I wish to say relative to the note of K. Graves, in the last number of the JOURNAL, Feb. 26, in which he says, "I am much gratified to learn from Wella Anderson that Picture Drawing is still practised by himself and wife," etc. I said nothing of the kind; I meant nothing of the kind; and nothing of the kind could have been *twisted* out of my note unless it was *badly twisted*.

POETRY.

Will this Oliver *Twist* please *desist*
From *twisting* any more *twist*
Into such *twisted twist*
As this last *twist* he has twisted on *me*,
Or I shall *insist* on being one to *assist*
My friend *All Over Twist*
In twisting HIS *twist*.
I will twist his eyes open so he can SEE
Twistingly thine,
WELLA ANDERSON.

REMARKS.

The peculiar phraseology of Br. Graves' note above referred to escaped notice till after the JOURNAL was published.—ED. JOURNAL.

Dr. Eugene Crowell and Hudson Tuttle's Literary Works.

It is with pleasure and delight that I notice men of scientific and literary culture, like Prof. Hall, Epes Sargent, Robert Dale Owen, Samuel Watson, and again Dr. Eugene Crowell, in his second volume on "The Identity of Primitive Christianity," substantiating the inspired teachings contained in the works of the two greatest of American Spiritualistic writers, Hudson Tuttle and Andrew Jackson Davis.

Mr. Crowell, in his very fine and able article published in number 12 of the JOURNAL, acknowledging the high merits of the literary works of Hudson Tuttle, disagrees with the religious views, and especially with those relating to the *Prime Mover* of nature.

Suppose these controlling spirits or spiritual authorities of Hudson Tuttle were, when in earth-life, eminent men of science and strongly inclined to a materialistic view of the workings in nature, and accustomed to see every teaching, doctrine or theory substantiated and proved by facts and experience, as science requires, and after having left their physical body and earth-life, and coming to consciousness in their second or new existence of life, seeing spirit life in all its beauty and variety, but *no* "*Prime Mover*" of nature, and consequently being unable to reveal anything more than: "The universe was not created as man constructs a house. There is adaptation of cause and effect; for matter, having determinate attributes, moves in fixed channels, and seeks an equilibrium, and that equilibrium is obtained when the elements sustain a certain relation to each other. That relation we call cause and effect; and it is the *intelligence* which shadows forth in the mind of man the necessity for the existence of a Supreme Being, etc. God is thus shadowed forth in nature. His highest personification on earth is the human spirit." (Arcana of Nature. Vol. 1.)

But human spirits in the form, as well as those in spirit life, have failed, so far, to prove the existence of a Prime Mover or Personal God. However pleasing, elevating and sublime the God-idea is, it is but an "open question," and will be, at least for mortal minds, for the present and for all time to come.

The question may here naturally arise: Shall we then not rather discard entirely this grandest of all unsolved questions—this greatest of all problems which appears to be far above all human comprehension?—and are and will be all the beautiful, exalted and ennobling expressions and views of our immortal poets, artists and philosophers of the past, present and future, in vain? Never! And although the "Prime Mover," "God," or whatever denomination we may apply to a Being, who by its very nature was never, nor shall ever be seen with mortal eyes—the idea, as such, is imperishable; but ever changing from generation to generation, keeping pace with the progressive developments of art, philosophy and science, and will be embraced and nourished by all superior minds. Well may we say with Goethe, "What do we understand of Divinity, and of what import are our limited ideas of a Supreme Being! If we would, like a Mahometan, call it by a hundred names, we would fall short in expression and have hardly said anything in comparison to the unlimited divine attributes,"—and it may be not out of place here to listen also to what one of the keenest thinkers of modern times, "Kant," in his greatest work, "The Critic of Pure (undefiled) Reason," has said on this unsolved and unfathomable subject: "The idea of a Supreme Being is valuable for many purposes, but as it is only an idea, it is alone entirely unable to enlarge our understanding of all that exists. The peculiarity of this (God) idea consists especially in this, that *never* any experience can become congruent to it. The transcendental idea of a necessary and all sufficient first being, is so vast, so far above all experience, which always is conditionate, that we can never gather by experience material sufficiently to complete such an idea.

"The universe at present exhibits to us an immeasurable scene of diversity, order, usefulness and beauty. We may pursue these in the infiniteness of space, or in its unlimited division, so that even the knowledge which our feeble understanding could acquire of it,—all speech falls short in expressiveness of the many and unbounded grand wonders, our numbers to measure its power, and even our thoughts missing all bounds, so that our judgement of the whole must dissolve in a speechless, but the more eloquent astonishment. Everywhere we observe a chain of cause and effect, of aim and means of regularity in evolution and dissolution, and as nothing has come into the condition in which it is by itself, it points always farther back to another thing for its cause, and this necessitates again the same inquiry, and so, that in such a manner the whole universe would sink or be absorbed in the abyss of nothingness in case we would not admit as true, *something* that outside of this endless casualty would exist originally and independently, and as the cause of its own origin, securing also its continuance. The highest cause in consideration of all things in the world, how great shall we imagine it to be! We do not know *all* the world contains, and even we know less how to estimate it in comparison with all possibilities. But nothing hinders us, as we, in regard to a prime cause, are in *want* of, a Supreme Being, why we should not assume it to be in a degree of perfectness above all other possibilities? which we can do easily, although only by means of a delicate outline of an abstract idea, when we fancy that in such a Being of an original (exceptional) substance are combined all possible perfections, which idea is favorable to the demands of our reason in sparing of wanted principles, and is not subject to contradictions and even conducive to the enlargement of the employment of reason in the midst of experience by the guidance which such an idea bestows upon order and comformable purpose, and such idea is nowhere decidedly incompatible to any experience. We not only *can*, but *must* assume an author of the world, although we do not enlarge our knowledge in this way, for we have only *supposed* a *something* of which we have no conception."

If Mr. Crowell will be kind enough to reply to these views of the "God" or "Prime Mover" idea, I shall feel under great obligations to him.

J. A. HEINSOHN.

Cleveland, O.

Complimentary Notice of a Canadian Author.

Public Opinion, of London, England, is perhaps one of the most popular journals published in the British metropolis. It is a weekly which can be found on the desk of the Prime Minister as well as in every club house and reading room throughout the kingdom. Any favorable notice, therefore, given by such a periodical to a literary production, emanating even in England, is one to be highly prized, and particularly more so when it compliments a Canadian writer as it has Mr. McDonnell, of this town, on account of his late work, "The Heathens of the Heath." The reviewer in *Public Opinion* is of course at issue with the author of the above work as to several of his statements, but unlike many timid editors, he is ready to recognize merit even in a heterodox work, and speaks out as follows: "The author of 'Exeter Hall' has given us another theological romance, taking for his subject the fashion of Christianity. In an interesting plot he has contrived to interweave a criticism of every sect and religion, showing how each, when in the enjoyment of power, abused, in blind bigotry, every other denomination. * * * * Reflecting on clerical arrogance and dictation about scientific matters, Mr. McDonnell cites the innumerable instances where clever men have been thwarted by religious superstition from the time of Galileo to the present day. * * * Sparing no pains to produce facts, deeply versed in religious history, with a strongly imaginative mind, Mr. McDonnell has indeed produced an interesting book. His characters are mostly simple and delightful, while his descriptions of scenery are painted by the tenderest hand. * * * Not a few of his readers will hope that the author may at no distant future show his undoubtedly brilliant talents in some more fitting channel, say, for instance, in an historical work free from the taint of skepticism.

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There is a current of events traversing the history of the past, that shows conclusively that there is a wonderful potency in the human eye, that manifests itself in thousands of different ways. The psychologist, when he assumes control of his subject, looks steadily at him, concentrates in his eyes all the active forces of his soul, and reduces him to abject obedience. The flashing eye of the orator, the deep piercing gaze of the sensational minister, and the malicious expression that ever beams forth from the eyes of the pug-nose villain, show that the organ of vision plays an important part in the affairs of earth. Among the variety of eyes that exist, there is one kind wisely designated as the "evil eye," that acts an interesting part in the drama of life.

The Bible takes cognizance in plane language of the direful effect of the eye under certain circumstances. "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats" (Proverbs 23: 6). "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness" (Matthew 6: 23). "Thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness" (St. Mark 7: 23).

Of course there is a vast amount of ridiculous foolishness and superstition connected with what is termed the "evil eye," but that there is a potent influence connected with the organs of vision, none will deny who have thoroughly investigated psychology and fascination. The most fierce animals can often be held in abject abeyance through the power of the eye alone. He who sports with wild beasts, understands full well the potency of the organ of vision. When a person's whole soul is imbued with the spirit of licentiousness, lust and covetousness, his thoughts, of course, are impure, and just so sure as a festering sore will poison the blood, they will transmit an influence to the visual organs that invariably have deleterious effects on those whom they are directed, hence the term "evil eye" is well applied. The *Athenium* will tell you that the "evil eye is acquired by a compact with a Prince of Darkness, who, in return for bestowing the wished-for power, demands the souls of those who make the compact with him. There are, however, individuals who are supposed to possess this faculty not only involuntarily, but even against their will, in which case it is not under their control, and they frequently therefore injure the very persons whom they most love; for should the involuntary possessor of an evil eye be unguarded enough to praise any person, animal, or even thing, and look at it at the same time, its doom is fixed, and in spite of all the efforts of the unwilling cause of the injury, its destruction is sure to ensue. What gave rise to this singular superstition we have been unable to discover, but belief in it is very widespread. It is met with among most nations of the East, while in many countries in Europe the lower classes believe in it firmly, especially in Greece and Spain. Many of our readers will doubtless remember a striking picture of Philip's, of which this superstition is the subject. A Spanish gypsy mother is seated cowering down in the corner of her tent, her attitude and countenance expressive of the most intense fear as she clasps her babe to her breast, as though to save it from some impending danger, while through the open door of the tent we see the innocent cause of her alarm; a young, bright girl who looks incapable of inflicting injury on any one, but who, nevertheless, is suspected of being an unfortunate possessor of the dreaded evil eye."

We well know that there is a vein of superstition connected with the "evil eye," which will, no doubt, make some believe that it does not possess the wonderful potent influence that we have ascribed to it. The eyes are the "windows of the soul," and if your thoughts are impure, the influence they will exert will often be of a disastrous character. The expression of the Magdalen's eyes, tell plainly of her occupation. After a night's debauch, the effects thereof are plainly manifested in the eyes of the *roue*. In cheerfulness, how different the expression of the visual organs than when they are animated with sulky hate.

The influence of the "evil eye" is exhibited in the following narrative from the *Phrenological Journal.*

The influence which some people possess, almost unconsciously, over others is so marked as to be undoubted. There are people so constituted that their opposites in temperament seem to have a perfect control over them, leading them into by-paths against their better judgment. For my part, I never condemn the boy or girl, man or woman, who is thus led astray. One might as well blame the bird that flutters into the serpent's mouth to become food for the monster. It is conscious of its danger, and is in mortal terror of its adversary, and seems unable to resist the fascination that is leading it to destruction. The serpent knows its power over the bird; so some men and women know their power over other men and women. Again, this power is used unconsciously, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil. How often do we listen spell-bound to a speaker, and wonder afterward why it was so; recalling nothing but commonplace remarks, and feeling conscious that we have wearied while hearing better discourses. To illustrate the power of fascination possessed by some people other others, I intend to give a bit of life-history, which may set the reader to thinking, if it does no greater good.

Some twelve years ago, in a small city in northern Wisconsin, resided a McCann family, the proud but poor descendants of a once famous house of Scots. It had a long lineage of ancestors, which its present members delighted in rehearsing to the few people whom they called friends. This family consisted of the parents, one son and four daughters, all grown up with one exception; though the third daughter Belle, whose history I am about to give, was scarcely more than a child in years, only fifteen of which had been counted in her life. She was large for her age, and well developed, inclining to be rather stout and fleshy. She was a blonde of the fairest type, possessed of an easy, loving disposition, and had more than average intelligence for a girl of her years. The elder sisters were married, and had homes of their own. Ella, the oldest of the four, resided in the town of S——, and Lillian, the second, on a farm ten miles from S——.

After the marriage of her sisters, Belle found her home lonely. Mrs. McCann mourned over her lost wealth and station, and was so harsh that she became an uncongenial companion for her children. Mr. McCann was kind, but he is an easy sort of a man, who never interfered with his wife in any of her moods; and though the children loved and clung to him, he had no power to ward off the mother's harshness from them. Strange as it may seem, Mrs. McCann's ill-will fell most upon the gentlest of the flock, her daughter Belle, who was never brave enough to contradict any one; or even to set her will against that of her mother. She was fair to look upon, had light, curling hair, blue eyes and small features. She was given to romance, and delighted in novels which had robber heroes. She had some talent, of a literary character, which might have won for her, if improved, some notice in the world. She was not a gloomy person, but unhappy at home. Her very meekness only angered her mother. The married sisters, seeing how matters stood, resolved to take her to S——, and there educate her. They had great hopes for her future. Though they had married commonplace men themselves, they prophesied a golden future for her. The proposition pleased the mother, and the change was made.

While at school in S——, Belle made remarkable progress in her studies, proving herself to be a steady and an apt pupil.

"There he goes!" one evening she said, glancing up from a novel she was reading.

"Who?" I asked. (They were neighbors of mine, and I had "run in" for a short call.)

"My hero," she answered with a laugh.

I looked out. In a sulky, driving leisurely along, was a man answering to her description of her heart's hero—slim, straight and tall, with black kinky hair and whiskers, and "eyes black and flashing." His gaze was resting on the girl at the window, in a way that said, I shall know her better some day.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I do not know," she replied; but she did not take her eyes from his face all the while.

"Come away, Belle," said Ella. "He will think you have fallen in love with him."

"I have," responded Belle, with the utmost simplicity. "He is my hero, and he is my destiny."

"Hear the child talk!" exclaimed the elder sister.

"He is, and I know it!" persisted Belle, now turning her face towards us, for the stranger had passed out of sight.

"Don't talk to me about destinies. If you dare say 'beau' for five years to come, I'll disown you. We want to make something of you besides a husband-hunter. A girl of your age should think of nothing except her books and work."

There was a spice of bitterness in Ella's tone as she said the last. Belle made no response. She heaved a little sigh, and went on with her reading.

Ella and I had conversed some five minutes on some unimportant topic when Belle interrupted us—

We both looked out now, and both saw the man in the sulky, driving in the direction from which he had come a few minutes before. His "black eyes" were fixed on Belle's face, and her gaze rested on him.

"Come away! You are making yourself ridiculous," cried Ella, angrily. But Belle moved not until the sulky and its occupant were out of sight; then she heaved another sigh, and, rising, left the room.

"Strange conduct," commented the sister.

"What is strange conduct?" asked a blue-eyed, brown-haired girl, who at this moment danced into the room.

"Why, a chap in a sulky staring in at the window."

"Oh, Harvey Williams, you mean, I guess. Can't expect anything better of him. He is a drinking, gambling *roue*, to make the best of him. He minds me of a snake, and charms like one. He has his 'evil eyes' on some of you, likely; and if he has, you may think him splendid."

She struck into a gay tune, never noticing the uneasy expression on Ella's face. For my part, I was mystified.

Mary Dale was the daughter of a neighbor, and an intimate friend of mine. She was also one of Belle's friends.

"I am going home; can't you bear me company, Mary?" I asked. I wanted to tell her about Bella's strange conduct.

She nodded her pretty head in reply to my question, and followed me into the street. Then I told her how Belle had acted.

"She will rue the day that she ever saw him," was the response. "I knew one poor girl that he drove to ruin, despair and death. A hero, indeed!"

A week later Belle informed me that she had met her hero at the house of a friend, the previous evening, and had had an introduction to him. He was a "duck" of a man, and she was already in love with him. Ella found this out, and forbade her sister to speak to Harvey Williams. But it did no good. Soon after Belle came to Mary Dale and me, and, with tears in her eyes, informed us that she should die if deprived of Harvey's society. He loved her and she loved him, and she could not give him up. We were sorry for her, and were soon won over to her cause. The meetings were continued. When two make up their minds that they *will* meet, they are very apt to do so. In this instance Mary Dale and I helped the lovers, just out of pity for Belle. The two elder sisters grew furious whenever they chanced to hear of the meetings, and berated Belle for her ingratitude. They had even now selected a husband for her—a John Wilson, who was well-to-do in the world, and whose heart was already entangled in the meshes of her golden hair. Together these sisters had decided to marry her to this John Wilson as soon as she had completed her education. But it was not to be, for one evening, when both sisters were out of S——, Mary and I helped the infatuated girl to elope, a thing that both of us have regretted ever since. It was not really an elopement, either, for she was married secretly, and after the ceremony was ended, she went back to her sister's house, and remained there for several days so quietly that Ella never imagined that what she was trying so hard to prevent had really taken place.

The following Sunday, Williams walked uninvited into Ella's parlor. John Wilson was there, and so were Mary and I. We had expected a *denouement* on that day, and were watching for it. But John Wilson was as ignorant as Ella of the marriage.

"Introduce me!" said Williams, in a commanding tone to Belle.

She turned white and faltered, but his "dark eyes" were on her, and she did not dare to disobey him.

"My husband," she said faintly.

The consternation of the party can better be imagined than described. John Wilson turned deathly pale, and Ella threw up her hands with a loud scream.

"I congratulate you," said the young man to Belle in tones of bitter irony. "May you be so happy as you deserve to be."

He then bowed himself out of the house.

Mary and I were sorry that we had had anything to do in the matter, and, following John Wilson's example, we took an unceremonious leave.

Half an hour later, Belle came to us with the information that her sister had ordered her husband and herself out of the house, and that Williams had gone for a carriage in order to convey her to his mother's residence.

Mary and I saw Belle sometimes after that, but not very often. The family breach was soon healed, but Belle kept closely at home in attendance on her husband. She pretended to be very happy, but she grew sad, pale and dispirited, becoming, in a few months' time, a mere wreck of her former self.

At last we found that our friend was ill-treated by her husband. Her life had become one of torment, hopeless and aimless. Her husband never addressed a kind word to her, but was jealous, tyrannical and abusive, treating her like a mere slave. He not only required that she should stay entirely at home, but he banished all books and papers from his dwelling, thus removing all means of recreation and improvement. He was very ignorant himself, as were all of his family, and he was not willing that his wife should excel him in knowledge. He spent his days in driving fast horses and his nights in gambling. Two children were born to this ill-mated couple—a boy and a girl. The girl died in early infancy, and the wretched mother thanked God that it was so.

We advised our friend to break her chains, and begin a new life away from the tyrant; but she told us that she could not do so. She did not love him as she once had done, but he possessed a power over her that she could not resist. What that power was she could not tell, but that it did mold her every action she could not deny. He had ruled her thus since the first time that his "eyes" fell upon her, and she feared that he would always rule her thus. We had much advice to give; but advice is so easy to give and so hard to follow. A cold philosophy is of little benefit to a woman's heart. It cheers about the same as the sun does a frozen plant—withering instead of refreshing. Here men are grander, better fitted for life. Its coldness does not freeze, its sun does not wither their souls. Belle clung to her husband through several weary years, living a life that was a curse, and longing hourly for death—clung to him until, one morning, when she discovered that he had eloped with a widow, who had resided in the same village. Then, woman-like, she cried for him and for her lost happiness. But her child demanded her care, and she was obliged to seek employment in order to support herself and him. The work was a panacea for her sorrow, and her health began gradually to improve. As months came and went, without bringing word from her husband, her eyes began to brighten. Fully removed from his influence, she despised him, and hoped he never would return. "I will never live with him again if I can help myself," she would say. "I think his influence is gone, but I fear that it is not. I hope he will never return; if he does, and I show a disposition to follow him, I hope that somebody will shoot me, for I would sooner die." But he did return, after a two years' absence, and demanded that she should accompany him South—yes, returned just as she was thinking of asking for a divorce.

"I must go with him—I can not help it," she said in a broken-hearted sort of way, and she went.

If this power over her is not fascination, or psychological influence, what is it? If it is fascination, then how is she accountable for her acts? Again, if one person can exercise such an influence over another, is not the wrong person often condemned for a crime? How great our charity for the erring should be!

The thoughts of this man were impure—the very embodiment of licentiousness and lust,—and they sent their influence out of the "windows of the soul," and generally succeeded in reducing to their own standard or level those who were pure, innocent, and actuated by the best of motives. The "evil eye" has an existence, and if the reader will think closely, he will recognise the same in some person he has casually met. Notwithstanding this, some claim that evil spirits are a myth, and that evil is undeveloped good, and that what is is right. True, there is an immense amount of superstition connected with the "evil eye," and the modicum of truth attached thereto, is what we are after, for that is what concerns humanity.

To be continued.

The National Organization.

The prophet, Chauncey Barnes, insists that great and terrible calamities await all Spiritualists who do not give aid and comfort to the Centennial Show, which he insists shall continue *four* weeks, by spirit direction, instead of *three* as he first announced. He says he shall soon start from California on his return so as to be at Philadelphia to aid his coajutors. He will answer calls to lecture wherever desired while *en route* to his spiritual fandango.

Chauncey has great faith in a most *malignant* God, that strikes people dead who do not listen to his prophets' warnings.

For our part we should much prefer to stand our hand and risk consequences, than to mix with the prophets who will conduct the proposed centennial spiritual exhibition for *four* successive weeks—more or less.

So far as heard from, the "Dubuque Camp Meeting" alone contemplates being represented.

The Prophet Chauncey, in speaking of those who do not affiliate with his views altogether, says:

"It is a great wonder that there are not more of them to drop dead. A house divided against itself can not stand, and now is the time for Spiritualists and all of the Spiritual papers to become more in harmony with each other. It is then that we will have power. Now a call from the Spirit-world is made for a more concentration of action; it is then that all mediums will have greater influence. Soon the line will be drawn, and the vine will be given to the people, and all branches that are not connected with the vine and line, will be cut off, and their gifts will be taken and given to others.

"I am organising circles for a higher development, I have called a medium convention at San Jose, which we have just finished today. I called one to be held in San Francisco the first three days in March; then in April I intend to travel East, on my way to Philadelphia."

MRS. HARDY IN A SACK.

The Paine Hall Materialists Confounded.

Such test conditions as these are well calculated to confound skeptics. The Boston *Herald* says:

"Mrs. Hardy being much beset alike by incredulous Materialists and doubting Spiritualists to give a moulding seance under 'test conditions,' appeared at Paine Hall, last evening, enveloped in a sack, and sat upon the platform before a large number of spectators with a view to producing the mould of a spirit hand under circumstances which would preclude the editors of the *Investigator* and the *Spiritual Scientist* from alleging that she 'did it with her feet.' In about 20 minutes from the time the screen was drawn around the table under which stood the pail of water and paraffine, the invisible chemists signified to the medium that their work was completed, and when the table was removed, there lay by the side of the vessel a perfect waxen mould of a human hand. The sack enveloping the medium to the neck was carefully examined by a committee before and after the sitting, and found to be intact, and the Infidel member of the committee publicly confessed his inability to suggest any possible human mode of accomplishing the result achieved.

The seance was introduced by Mr. John Hardy, the husband of the medium, by a well-written and compact history of the origin and growth of the materializing phenomena attending the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy, and cogently claiming for them, whether Spiritual or otherwise, the earnest attention of scientific chemists.

Mr. Seaver and another gentleman in the hall wanted Mrs. Hardy to also enclose the paraffine and water in a bag or screen, but for reasons best known to the medium and those conversant with the subtle conditions of mediumship, this was declined, although an experimental seance under the direction of Dr. Gardner that morning, at the house of the medium, where the water and paraffine were locked within an inclosure of wood and wire, resulted as usual in the production of a mould, which was found floating in the water. It is due to the medium to say that this double test, or the interposition of the wire screen, largely added to the draft upon her vitality, but fully assured Dr. Gardner, if the assurance were needed, that the production of the mould was the unmistakable result of supersensual forces, and gave him confidence to assert in Paine Hall last evening that this was the beginning of a series of experiments which would astonish the world. He even promised Mr. Seaver the pleasure of soon witnessing a spirit in full form standing upon the platform of his materialistic temple. Mr. Seaver said that was just what he wanted to see. *Nous verrons.*

Complimentary.

The Rockford, (Ills.,) *Journal* contains the following well-merited compliment to Doctor Dunn:

WHEREAS Dr. E. C. Dunn has delivered a course of five lectures in our midst upon his recently completed trip around the globe, which have been very entertaining, instructive and elevating in their character, and believing that such lectures as the Doctor has delivered here should be encouraged in every community as a means of educating and improving the people, both young and old, therefore,

Resolved, That we tender him a most hearty vote of thanks, and would cheerfully recommend him to the favorable notice of the people at large as an attractive and eloquent speaker.

This resolution was passed unanimously by the audience.

BROOKLYN has had a new and disagreeable "sensation." The Rev. E. C. Largley, while preaching to his congregation, fell dead in the pulpit. This is conclusive evidence that Spiritualism is of the Devil—oh! we meant Christianity.

Bastian and Taylor.

The seances of the above remarkable mediums, are crowded nightly with a company of refined and intelligent persons of both sexes, drawn to see the marvelous manifestations occurring through their combined powers.

The dark circle, with the clairvoyant descriptions of spirits by Mr. Taylor, while they, materialized through Mr. Bastian's forces, caress, shake hands and greet them in affection ate manner, is peculiarly interesting and convincing. The light seances, however, with the plain and perfect materializations of hands, faces and full forms of spirits, large, small, and of both sexes, continues to be the principal attraction. Almost every evening tests of the most astounding character are given of the genuineness of the phenomena; friends being allowed to kiss, shake hands and touch their spirit relatives, who come in full form out of the cabinet.

One evening last week a spirit materialized in the presence of the sitters, growing from a luminous cloud or body, into the tangible and perfect form of a man fully six feet in height, before the eyes of a large company, many of whom were strong skeptics. Such is a sample of the positive demonstrations that take place nightly through these extraordinary mediums, and which we would recommend all our readers to witness, if possible.

Charlotte Cushman.

This distinguished lady, who, on the stage, was unexcelled as a personator of Lady Macbeth, Meg Merrilies and Queen Catharine, was a Spiritualist. Her transit to Spirit-life was effected under a full knowledge of the glorious truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, and the audience that greeted her entrance to a new theatre of action and usefulness, in the spheres above, no doubt far surpassed in culture, refinement and moral worth, her highest anticipations. She was a noble woman, scintillating with inspiration on the stage, and her soul actuated with philanthropic impulses when moving along in the active duties of life.

DR. J. K. BAILEY, since last report, has lectured at Breedsville, Middleville, Otisco, Greenville and Ionia, Mich. At the former place, we learn, the friends, through his efforts, roused up to the work of regular Sunday conference meeting, which we hope, will be continued, and be a means of much good. At Greenville also, a similar work was inaugurated. We hope that the friends, wherever Bro. Bailey may go, will secure his efficient services as a lecturer, organizer, and healer; and justly, if not liberally, reward him therefor. He is extending his trip into Gratiot and Saginaw counties of Michigan.

MR. FRANK A. HUNTOON, late of Boston, a well-recommended medium for remarkable physical manifestations,—spirits walking out into the room, in the presence of the audience—has taken rooms at the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, and will give private sittings for independent slate writing, at room 15, during the day, and hold seances evenings, at the *seance room* in said building.

HON. GILES B. STEBBINS gave us a fraternal call just as we were going to press with this paper. He reports having filled a series of pleasant and profitable engagements in Nebraska and Iowa. He also filled appointments at Elgin and Huntley, Ill. He lectures at Hastings, Mich., March 13th, 14th and 15th.

MRS. MORSE writes us that she has been lecturing to crowded houses in Keithsburg, and goes from there to New Boston, then to Aledo. She says she has during the last five weeks spoken in many country places, to good houses. She has in company with her, Miss Morgan, a good test medium.

MRS. BULLENE, an eloquent trance speaker occupies the rostrum, morning and evening, at the hall corner of Green and Washington Sts. Her lectures in the East are spoken of in the highest terms.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture in Indianapolis (Academy of Music), Ind., March 5th. At Martinsville, Ind., March 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Furnished Rooms.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, can be accomodated with elegantly furnished, warmed and lighted rooms, at prices ranging from 75 cents to $1.25 per day, at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 127 Fourth Avenue, two blocks South of the New Custom House. Restaurant at next door.

MRS. E. F. JAY BULLENE, trance speaker, will accept invitations to lecture in towns adjacent to Chicago, during week-day evenings, through the month of March only. Address her at No. 179 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

Contents of the Little Bouquet for March, 1876.

Christmas Eve; A Visit to the Chicago Tunnel—The Spirit-world, (Illust.); The Promptings of a Good Angel—Old Lewis; O Dolly Dear, Good By; The Spirits Find Entrance There; The Views of a Mormon Lady on Training Little Children; A Dream that Came True; Our Saturday Night; Uncle Grum and the Fairies; Thomas Paine; Oriental Jugglery, (Illust.); Proverbs—Guardian Angels; Scientific; Three Sunbeams; An Angel on Board; Items for Young Theologians; Varieties; A Child Carried Off by an Angel, and how it was Saved, (Illust.); Boy's Courage; Fast or Slow; Fairy Good Nature; Geraldine; Beyond; A Chinese Home; Arthur's First Buffalo; A Brace of Dog Stories; The Philosophy of Life; Donation.

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Philadelphia Department

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

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WHAT IS MAN?

Man Physically.

SECTION VIII.

THE MUSCLES.

The muscular tissue is that which constitutes the flesh of animals; it is usually of a red color, though in some animals it is white, and in others it is dark, almost black. It is a fibrous tissue, and has the power of contractility under certain stimuli, which may be conveyed to it through the nerves. Animals are dependent upon this tissue for all their powers of motion and locomotion. It is composed of bundles of fibres, each of which is very minute. the muscular tissues of man, and the higher animals have been divided into three classes, the voluntary, the involuntary and the mixed; The voluntary or those which are subject to the action of the will, and are moved under its direction. The voluntary muscles are those which are used in standing, walking, running, for the movements of the arms and hands, the head and neck and the vocal organs. They are not moved in a healthy condition of the body, except by the action of the will, through the nerves. The fibres of a muscle when contracted are thrown into a zig-zag direction, and when relaxed, are straightened out. The rapidity and accuracy of the motions of the voluntary muscles, is very wonderful. It is by means of these that man has been enabled to construct the architecture and machinery which constitute the triumphs of civilization. The ease and facility with which the voluntary muscles are moved, especially in their regular motions, as in walking, is so great that we are scarcely conscious of any will-power being exercised. The wonderful feats of the movements of the fingers in the execution of music, seem also to be mechanical, and yet they require a constant succession of mental efforts to be conveyed through the nerves. The same is true of the vocal organs, the sounds of which are modified by the action of the muscles under the control of the will. The voluntary muscles are mostly on the exterior of the body, being used mainly for the purpose of locomotion in the lower limbs, and for skill in the mechanical arts with the hands and arms. We shall speak of the involuntary and mixed muscles in our next.

Comprehensiveness.

This is one of the most important elements of human character. There is such a tendency in man to be one sided, that we seldom find a whole man. In early life, and while in ignorance, there are continued limitations, often combined with wonderful conceit. Men of learning, either on the political, scientific, or religious plane, are very apt to hold fast to some narrow limitations; of precedent, of authority or of dogma. The politician, instead of being a statesman with broad and universal sympathies, and that profound and righteous integrity which will withstand all temptations to wrong, is too often mercenary, narrow and limited, yielding homage to such false mottoes as, "Our Country, Right or Wrong." The scientific man mostly has his limitations; he is afraid of the bubble reputation; he allows prejudice to dim his vision in the investigation of certain subjects; instead of mounting the ladder of science and looking around in all directions for truth, his eyes are turned in a particular channel, and he can see nothing out of that line. In too many instances love of ease, and fear of losing caste or position have their influence. Human life is too short for man to be struggling against apparent innovations.

The worst of all is the dogmatic religionist; bound by his creed, he can never see anything beyond it. The sectarian religionist may be compared to the silk worm; after it has been fed for a time, it spins a cocoon around itself and soon shuts itself entirely out of sight; its natural tendency is to escape from this and become a butterfly, but if we desire to use the cocoon it must be soaked in something that will dissolve the gum, and then the silk may be drawn out and used. So religious sects must be well soaked, and the threads drawn out before they will be of much use.

Spiritualism comes to the world to introduce broader ideas, and grander conceptions of life and its possibilities. It demands that comprehensiveness of character which gives to every child of God the right to think and act for himself, or herself. With a wide, cosmopolitan sweep it extends across the domain of mind and gathers up all the truths that are scattered along life's pathway; it not only sees a brother or sister in every human being, but it learns something even from the lowliest of these, and treasuring up the lessons of all times and conditions, it brings them into the grand store-house of mind for the benefit of all. Spiritualism then, as a science and philosophy, meets the demands of the age, and the individual alike, and leads man out into the broad fields of the universe where he may see and feel and realize whatsoever of truths he has a capacity to comprehend; it teaches the noblest charity, the broadest liberality, the wisest statesmanship, the most profound philosophy, and the purest and most universal religion that the world has ever seen; yet how few there are who are able to comprehend it in its true grandeur and beauty, since all are compelled to measure it according to the standard of their attainment, and few have learned the important lesson of comprehensiveness which is to fit them to become truly great men and women.

DEATH'S TIDAL WAVE.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Rum's tide-wave of death, flows over our land,
Ay! worse than death-tide, it sweeps o'er the soul
And all that is fair, and noble, and grand,
Forever is hid where its black waters roll.

On its bosom it bears all that's lovely in youth,
It blots from young life every beautiful thought,
And it sweeps every vestige of honor and truth,
From the poor helpless soul its current hath caught.

O the wrecks that are strewn where its waters have swept,
O the hopes that lie buried 'neath its terrible tide,
O the tears that the eyes of the mourners have wept,
As down its swift stream their beloved ones glide.

Who can measure the depths of this terrible wave?
Who tell of the souls it hath borne to their death?
When no helping hand was extended to save—
No loving one near to receive their last breath?

O our beautiful land is shadowed with woe,
And all its fair future, seems mantled in gloom,
The taint of Rum's poison wherever we go,
Destroys its sweet flowers, and withers their bloom.

Shall its death-chilling waters continue to lave,
The evergreen shores of our God-given land?
Shall the blessings that He so lavishly gave—
Be wrenched from our grasp, by the rum-sellers hand?

Forbid it High Heaven! and show us the way;
That its shadow no longer enfold us in gloom,
God's power we invoke, and ever we'll pray,
To escape from this curse and its terrible doom.

West Gloucester, Mass.

Is There A God?

BY PROF. P. PE.

Doubt is the first natural and necessary step towards knowledge. In after ages, if not in this, minds that deny and question will be regarded wise. To-day, those who profess to believe many things they can not know, tell us,—"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" and from the same authority teaches, that in order for a man to become wise, he must first become a fool.

Now, to intelligently moot this question, "Is there a God," we must first agree on what constitutes that Being. Without dispute, goodness, power and intelligence are the essential attributes of God; yet these, in order for their manifestation, are dependent on a medium of some kind, for by and of themselves they can do nothing, being spiritual, yet, notwithstanding this dependance, these attributes are regarded the superior power we call God.

Now, if the advocates of a personal God, do know what specific idea they intend to convey by this phrase, we fairly conclude that as intelligent minds, they can explain it so clearly, present it in so lucid a manner that the way-faring man, though a fool, could distinctly see it.

When we talk of a triangle, mankind universally agree to set forth the idea of a figure with three angles and three sides; when we speak of an equilateral triangle, we refer to a figure having equal angles, etc. Now, our geometrical triangle is no article of faith, but a fact we can demonstrate to the perfect satisfaction of all, its angles constituting its attributes. Can the advocates of the God idea present it with the same demonstration? We think they can, if governed by the same logic.

We find that a triangle exists by merit of the necessity of its three angles; without these, the idea can have no palpable existence; it being the image only of this fact, it would be preposterous for us to believe in the idea, only in connection with the drawn fact; and finding in nature but one idea of the equilateral triangle through the medium of its attributes, these three equal angles, our respect for truth prevents us from assuming there are two—one inside and the other independent of nature.

So likewise, in the true sense, the idea of God ceases to be a postulate, when we regard these attributes ascribed to him, superior, to the idea.

Not only is goodness, power and intelligence included in this, but they are indispensable to the existence of the idea of God, therefore being the essentials, they constitute its essence, and are indispensable to even the life of faith respecting such existence.

In universal nature, we can demonstrate also those divine angles of goodness, power and wisdom, with the same accurateness and facility as we can those of the triangle. If so, the only point to agree upon is, are these attributes the essence of God? Does the religious mind admire and worship these, or do they prefer to worship the blank idea, disconnected from them if it were possible? If the former, then God ceases to be an object of faith, and becomes an added part of knowledge in the mind. If such a thing was possible for these essences of God to exist outside of this boundless universe, that would form a precedent where spiritual essences could exist, independent of a medium of manifestation, and in addition to being a contradiction of the common order of nature, be also superfluous.

We have, however, no use for, and are made incapable of discovering but one triangle or one God—(the assumptions of theology to the contrary notwithstanding.) The latter disseminated not only in the universe, but pre-eminently in its microcosm the little world of human beings permeated with these attributes.

Money.

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

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

Passed to Spirit Life.

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

My companion, Mr. CLUTE, passed to spirit-life, on the 13th ult., after a short illness of two months.

He was ripe and ready for the change. He longed for the time to come when he could go. Death was no terror to him. He had been a believer in Spiritualism for nearly twenty-five years, and was very inspirational.

MARY A. CLUTE,

Syracuse, N. Y.

Passed to her home in the Summer-land, on Monday, Feb. 14th, 1876, INA LEONA COOK, daughter of Jonathan and Susie A. Cook, L. Roy, Mich., aged 5 years, 5 months and 7 days.

Spirit forms surrounded her bed, waiting to welcome her to the home of the angels, as evinced by her pointing to different parts of the room where there was no object visible to others, and asking, with childish simplicity and animation, "Who is that, ma?" and, "Papa, who is that?"

We mourn the loss of our darling; but the knowledge that she is a bright little angel of light in the Spirit-land, and that we shall, some day, meet her in that blest abode where,—"No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold"—mitigates our sorrow and enables us the better to bear our burden of grief. Were we Orthodox, what hope could we have that we shall ever see her again?

J. & S. A. C.

A GENTLEMAN writes that he noticed in the JOURNAL of Jan. 29nd, an expose of Mattie Hulett Parry. He didn't notice any such thing He had better look again.

Business Notices.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial Affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

THE *Medium and Daybreak* is the name of an interesting English weekly paper published by James Burns, London, and devoted to Spiritualism. Price $3 50 per year, specimen copies five cents. Subscriptions received and specimens furnished by the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. n26tf.

The Voices.

We have in stock a small number of copies of the fifth edition of "The Voices," which are in every respect equal to the sixth and last edition, except that they do not contain the "Voice of Prayer." In order to close them out, we will send a copy to any address, post paid, for eighty-five cents; at which price they are a decided bargain. tf.

Wonderful Success in Healing the Sick.

The cures performed in all parts of the country through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, are no less remarkable than those recorded in the Bible. A lock of the sick person's hair, sent in a letter, and held in her hand enables her to accurately diagnose the disease and prescribe the remedy. One of her spirit guides go in person to every patient and often make their presence known.

During the years 1874 and 1875, Mrs. Robinson treated 6442 patients by letter, and over 2000, who called upon her in person. A majority of these cases had been given up as incurable by the regular attending physicians—most of whom speedily recovered under Mrs. Robinson's treatment, without a change from the first prescription.

Testimonials.

The Spirits Defined the Disease through a Lock of the Patient's Hair, when the Attending Physician could not.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,—MEDIUM:—My wife was taken about six days ago with a pain in her thumb, like as if a splinter had got into it. In about three days it increased to a very severe pain, extending to her body in red streaks. The pain has somewhat subsided, but the swelling continues unabated. We do not know whether there is any splinter in it. Enclosed find lock of her hair and three dollars. She seems nervous and a little flighty at times; her arm is twice as large as it usually is; her age is 53. Very truly yours,

JACOB A. FLOURNOY.

Marionville, Mo, Jan. 16, '76.

Mrs. Robinson, under spirit control, diagnosed the disease and prescribed the remedy, and here follows the first report, made ten days afterward:

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, MEDIUM, Chicago:—Yours of the 18th was received in due time. My wife is still living and promises to get well. Her arm has been opened in four places; is now discharging considerably. The swelling has subsided a good deal. Your diagnosis and prescription was submitted to the attending physician, who took it very kindly. You was the first that called it Erysipelas, which is now agreed to be correct by all. I think your band of spirits can assist us much in effecting a final cure. Very truly yours.

JACOB A. FLOURNOY.

Marionville, Mo., Jan. 30, '76.

A Spirit Physician Materializes and Cures His Sick Patient.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago:—Will you please send me some magnetized papers. I had them once before and they acted like a charm. They seemed to retain their power until they were worn in pieces. There was a very large, tall, broad-shouldered Indian with me all the time I wore them. I was impressed that he was one of, and sent by, your band. One night when I was in fearful distress he commanded me to lie down on the bed. I was walking the floor and thought I could not, but when I could resist no longer, I threw myself on to the bed. He kneeled on the floor beside me and looked me straight in the eyes. I closed my eyes, and in an instant I was totally unconscious. The next morning when I awoke I was lying flat upon my back (a position I never take in sleeping), the clothes drawn nicely and smoothly over me. I thought first I had awakened in the Spirit-world, I was so free of pain.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. S. I. PECK.

Topeka, Kan., April 12th, '75. Box 651.

Old Cancerous Sore of Five Years Standing Cured by a Spirit Prescription.

A. H. ROBINSON.—MEDIUM.—CHICAGO.—I wish you to make an examination of my head and try and see if you can give me any relief. I have a sore on my left temple, which came about five years ago, and is now getting in to the edge of my eye brow. Some physicians think it a cancer and others the reverse. I am a man in my thirty-sixth year; have been under the treatment of several different physicians, both in California and in the eastern states, but have derived no benefit. My head did never pain me until I had the sore cut out in San Francisco last year; since then I have something like neuralgia in my head at times, and more frequently darting pains from one temple to the other.

Enclosed please find three dollars with lock of my hair. If there is any thing that you wish to know that I have not stated here please let me know in answer, and you will oblige. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Yours with Respect,

LEWIS C. POLLARD.

Los Nietos, Cal., Oct., 3rd, '74.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed and prescribed for the case, and the results will be seen by the perusal of the following letters.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON:—Enclosed please find lock of hair and two dollars. I have derived more benefit from your medicines than any that I have ever taken. My head is very near well and I believe you will succeed in curing it. I have not taken as good care of myself as I ought to, but will do the best I can in the future. If you succeed in curing me it will be a great help to you, as all the doctors here have failed. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Your Humble Servant,

LEWIS C. POLLARD.

Los Nietos, Cal., Dec. 9th, '74.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON:—I write to you again and send lock of hair. My head is well but I think I would do well to continue your treatment for some time yet, to prevent its coming out again. Hoping to hear from you soon, I subscribe myself.

Yours with Respect,

LEWIS C. POLLARD.

Azusa, Cal., May 29th, '75.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

Healing Psychometric & Business Medium.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

—:o:—

MRS. ROBINSON, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit-guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person, through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief. In curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses, the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter, as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric and business medium.

TERMS:—Diagnosis and first prescription, $2.00; each subsequent one, $2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, $2.00. Answering business letters, $2.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

☞ Hereafter, all charity applications, to insure a reply, must contain one dollar, to defray the expenses of *reporter, amanuensis*, and postage.

N.B.—Mrs. ROBINSON will *hereafter* give *no private sittings to any one*. If privacy is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee; and terms above stated, must be strictly complied with, or no notice will be taken of letters sent.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The above named sure remedy for the appetite for tobacco in all its forms, is for sale at this office. Sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of $2.00. It is warranted to cure the most inveterate user of the weed, when the directions on each box are followed. Newspapers and quacks will tell you that this antidote is made from gentian root. It is false. Gentian root is no remedy for the appetite for tobacco, but it is injurious to health to use it. *Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote* tones up the system and restores it to its normal condition, as it was before imbibing the hankering desire for a poisonous weed. It is a remedy presented by a band of chemists long in spirit-life, and is warranted to be perfectly harmless.

This House will pay any chemist *one thousand dollars* who will, upon analysing this remedy, find one particle of gentian root, or any other poisonous drug in it.

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TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years. LORENZO MEEKER.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco. DAVID O'HARA.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it. F. H. SPARKS.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it. S. A. BARKER.

Oswego N. Y.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Wankan, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and that he is entirely cured of all desire for the weed. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box. D. H. FORBES.

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Spirit L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.
" D. K. MINOR, Business Manager.
" D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Note.—With the exception of a few correspondents, there will be nothing but spirit communications relating to the above object. All questions touching the same will be answered by the controlling intelligence through the undersigned. Spirit communications through other mediums in reference to the above will be admitted if desired.

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AN HOUR WITH SPIRITS.

A "Seance" with Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon—If It Is Not What It Seems To Be, How, and What Is It?

BY W. H. WILKINS.

On Wednesday evening, February 2d, we were present at a *seance* given by Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon, and to show the readers of the JOURNAL that the Eddy family have not all run to Colorado, I would like a small space in its columns.

At a little before 7 o'clock Mrs. Huntoon went and got a violin and placed in the cabinet, which, by the way, is Mr. and Mrs. Huntoon's sleeping room, opening out of the kitchen. Mr. Huntoon then placed a light in our hand and told us to examine the room. This we did to our satisfaction, and upon coming out Mr. Huntoon says, "You havn't half looked; go back and look in the bed, for you know there is where they claimed to have found Katie King." All the furniture the room contained was the bed and the light-stand, and a few instruments, viz.,—violin, tambourine, harmonica, bells, and so forth. Next Mr. Huntoon hung the curtain in front of the cabinet door, and the medium took her place in the door way in plain view of us. The audience was composed of Horatio Eddy, Mr. Towne, Mr. Huntoon and ourself—we being all the stranger there was present, and for whom the seance was given. We were sitting in front of a red-hot stove and did not form any circle, neither did the medium go into a trance. Mrs. Huntoon's baby only a few weeks old, was sleeping in its cradle at the foot of the cabinet door, and we all sat just as we did upon entering the room. The light was sufficient to render objects in any part of the room plainly visible. The medium had not sat over a minute before the manifestations commenced by the playing of the instruments in the cabinet, then a hand and arm were thrust up through the opening reaching nearly to the ceiling, and soon a face appeared. Next the medium's control, claiming to be an Italian, materialized and came out of the cabinet. Next an old lady appeared, and upon asking if "It was for me," she replied "yes." I immediately recognized her as my wife's grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Felch. We then asked if we could shake hands with her, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, walked up and grasped the hand held out to us, which was cordially shaken and patted. The hand felt warm, soft and natural, and I am certain I am not mistaken in the person, or spirit. But without going into details, I will only describe those which I recognized. Soon my grandfather appeared and I went up and shook hands with him, and am almost certain I would have known the hand had I not seen his face. Now, if this was not William Wilkins that was there, what was it? The next one I recognized was Fred K Gates, of this place. I went up and shook hands with him, and he seemed pleased at being recognized. Upon asking him if he could speak his name, he said in a whisper, "he could not get the power," and also that he wanted his grand father to come over there. He afterwards appeared again, being dressed entirely different, when I immediately called him by name. The last one I recognized was Miss Ida Fletcher, of this town, and this was the grandest sight I ever saw. She was a young lady who died very suddenly the last of December, 1875, and one I had always been to school with. Her dress was pure white. I walked up, shook hands, and asked her several questions, which she answered by raps. I asked her if I got a communication from her a few nights before, and if what she then told me was correct, and the way I got my answer was almost a perfect test. But what the nature of the communication was, for various reasons it would not be best to have known. Soon after this she appeared again, and after shaking hands with her, I took my seat, when I saw she yet remained. I asked if she could come out, when she pulled the curtain aside and came out in full form into the kitchen. Had I not seen her face I should have known her by a certain odd motion peculiar to herself. This was a grand sight to behold, mortals face to face with the immortal; and if ever I saw, heard and felt Ida Fletcher, I did on this occasion. Sixteen different forms appeared during the seance, among which was John Wilkes Booth, whom we also shook hands with, and who talked in an ordinary tone of voice. Said he was perfectly happy—that he and Lincoln had many a social chat together, and that it was all for the best that he should take his life.

At intervals the materializing would cease, and the instruments would give us music by spirit power. "Durang's Hornpipe" was played twice, also a waltz, "Yankee Doodle" and "Devil's Dream." When asked if they could play "Virginia Reel" they said "yes;" when asked if they would, they said "no." They could make the music seem to be a good distance off, and then immediately bring it back into the cabinet. On the whole it was the grandest seance I ever attended, and if there was anything I wanted different, it was my own fault, for I was granted everything I asked for. Still I am told I was "humbugged," *deluded*, or that "it was all imagination;" yet I do not cease to speak of it in any place at any time if occasion requires. I am just as certain what I saw was a reality as I am of my own existence. When we read of the same things taking place in "Bible times," why is it that we should not behold the same manifestations at the present day? But then we are told that those were the days of miracles! Yet of course no one can deny that anything transpires but what is in accordance with natural laws. What appear as miracles to us, are only occurrences that we in our *ignorance* can not comprehend. Why then, if there was a law hundreds of years ago whereby spirits were permitted to return to earth, materialize and communicate, of course that law is in existence to-day, and if any one disputes this fact, and *will tell me in what year this law was repealed,* to that person I will give one hundred dollars! Now here is a chance for the "orthodox children of God," (chosen by Him to "break the bread of life" at from ten to fifty dollars per day) to get $100 for the solution of one single question. There are thousands to-day who believe the truth of Spiritualism, yet dare not have it known because they think it is not quite popular enough, and for fear of what their friends may chance to think of them. Now if Spiritualism is worth believing, it surely ought to be worth owning, and he or she who will not own it is a coward, and to me is no more of a Spiritualist than its most bitter opposers. "I care not what course others may take; as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Felchville, Vt.

Prof. Tyndall had said that every new discovery, like a meteor, brought with it a line of light, casting rays towards other discoveries, and he thought that every act of justice done, paved the way for the speedy performance of other acts of justice.—*Spiritual Magazine.*

Occultism.

I once read, in an old medical work, a formula for an ointment which was in great repute several hundred years ago. Its ingredients, and the mode in which it was prepared, have passed from my mind; but I well remember that the formula directed the ointment to be spread upon the diseased part with a "feather from a black hen's tail." The ointment was, no doubt, very valuable; but whether the "feather from a black hen's tail" was, or was not, an important element of its success, the doctors of that remote day did not stop to inquire, but continued from generation to generation to spread their ointment, in the traditional way, with the "feather from a black hen's tail." I have recently been reminded of this ancient medical formula by reading Mr. Olcott's account of Mr. Felt's prescription for the production of certain occult phenomena. The details of the prescription are not given; but, among other things, it calls for a "column of saturated vapor." This "column of saturated vapor" is, it seems to me, but a "feather of a black hen's tail." Let me explain.

What most distinguishes the really scientific from the unscientific experimenter and observer of phenomena, is this. The unscientific person sees a group of facts clustered together, and at once concludes that they are all essential accompaniments of each other. The scientific observer, seeing the same group of facts, proceeds, at once, to eliminate those which are accidentally from these that are essentially connected, and continues the process mercilessly until he has stricken out of the cluster of apparently connected facts, every one which is unimportant and unessential, leaving those only which are truly related as cause and effect. Now the spiritual phenomena of the present day are of the same character as those which are accredited to occultism; and in as much as they occur under a great variety of conditions, differing not only from each other, but differing also from those prescribed conditions which are said to produce the occult phenomena, the first business of the scientific investigator is to eliminate, or strike out from all this great mass of alleged conditions, all those which are accidental and non-essential. In some cases this is very difficult to do; in others it is very easily done. A condition which is said to be essential or important, is at once demonstrated to be accidental and unimportant, when it is shown that the same results can be obtained without it as with it. For instance, all the phenomena which Mr. Olcott expects Mr. Felt to induce with his "column of saturated vapor," have been, and can again, be produced without it; and hence it is but a "feather from a black hen's tail."

All the phenomena which the occultists claim that they have produced, and are able still to produce by their cabalistic words, their incantations and their ceremonies, have been, and can again be produced without them; and hence their cabalistic words, their incantations and their ceremonies, are but "feathers from a black hen's tail," which should be at once eliminated from the great spiritual problem which is already intricate enough without them.

It must not for a moment be supposed, that the writer has any other than a respectful and co-operative feeling towards those who are now endeavoring to enlighten us upon a subject which has so long been shrouded in mystery. Occultism, we believe, is embraced in Spiritualism; but how shall this be demonstratively and satisfactorily settled, unless we are willing to become at least as well informed in occultism as we are in Spiritualism. So far, therefore, from sympathizing with the alarm and hostility with which Spiritualists generally have bristled up at the announcement of occultism and its claims, I think we, of all others, should welcome that dark and shadowy thing of the past into the light of modern times, and into the midday of our present science and intelligence.

Mr. Olcott thinks that Spiritualism is but a part of occultism; Spiritualists claim that occultism is only one of the many phases of Spiritualism; science, however, does not care which is in the right, but is willing and anxious to find out. But even taking our view of occultism, that it is only one of the many phases of Spiritualism, what an interesting subject of investigation it should be to us, and how desirous we should be that all the avenues of information leading to it should be thrown widely open.

In the ranks of the modern occultists, there are, of course, persons of sufficient learning and literary ability to write an acceptable work on occultism, and of sufficient courage and fairness to the public, to be willing to place himself and his work inside instead of outside of the pale of literary, historical and scientific criticism. We should most heartily welcome such a volume by such a writer, giving a clear and concise history of occultism, its claims, its methods, and such of its phenomena as are well authenticated; and still more heartily should we welcome the publication of any well authenticated phenomena that have occurred in this country, or may occur here in the future, under the forms, ceremonies, and methods of occultism.

P. S.

Voices from the People.

BENNETT, NEB.—Alfred Hendee writes.—I like the JOURNAL, and it is worth all it costs. If I had to do without it, I would be lost. I have read the JOURNAL for three years and I like it better all the time.

CENTREVILLE, UTAH.—Wm. Williams writes—I love to read the JOURNAL. May its divine principles increase among all civilized people, and priestcraft, bigotry, prejudice and error be buried in oblivion forever.

NEWBERN, N. C.—A Subscriber writes.—I hope the "100 reasons why I am a Christian Spiritualist," will be published in pamphlet form. A better document for the orthodox and unbelievers could not be found.

BRYAN, TEX.—H. A. Moore writes.—I heard Bro. Peebles' lecture in Galveston a week or so since, and enjoyed an intellectual treat seldom offered in this country. He can not fail to do good to the cause wherever he speaks.

PRAIRIE DU SAC, WIS.—Mrs. A. Perry writes.—I don't like to be without the JOURNAL. Living alone, I enjoy its weekly visits. Long may you live to battle for the right, the truth, and free thought, and against free-loveism.

OAKLAND, CAL.—R. B. Hall writes.—The JOURNAL and the BANNER have become a power in the land, and any Spiritualist that can get along without them, is ripe for the other side of the river, being beyond the reach of further mundane spiritual intelligence.

ADAMS BASIN.—S. Hayford writes.—I have taken and read your excellent paper with more than ordinary delight and satisfaction, for it is a feast to my soul to read excellent ideas of men and women that dare do their own thinking. There are some questions I would like settled. Some tell us the Summerland is located near the milky way; others say that it is but a few miles away. All agree in saying that they have land, water, timber and flowers—everything that we have here. It must be a large place, for there are many people there, and yet it does not hide one star. Now, how is this—will some one answer?

SAN JUAN, CAL.—J. B. Beuttler writes.—After much work, at last we have succeeded, with another firm believer, in having regular seances. Mr. Fred Beck, a very good medium, ventured himself to call a meeting, which has been very successful indeed. Bro. Fred Beck did describe many spirits which were fully recognized by many present. The seance was given at Brother C. C Cargil's.

MOSHERVILLE, MICH.—D. G. Mosher writes.—In my article in the JOURNAL of Feb. 12th, in second column, third paragraph from bottom, I am made to say, "In this way do spirit guides, in accordance with a supernal law of spirit communion, indulge their *words* in their own peculiar notions, doctrines or theories," etc. "Words" should have been *wards*. This error of a letter destroys the intended meaning of the sentence. I deem it quite important that this sentence should be understood.

MAYVILLE, WIS.—E. Raymond writes.—I see that I am behind again on the good old JOURNAL, which is contrary to a plan I adopted many years ago, that was, to pay as I went. I shall be seventy-two years old in a few days, so I shall not be likely to trouble any body many years longer. But Spiritualism has lighted up the pathway to the tomb, and angel friends are beckoning me to join them on that evergreen shore. The dear old JOURNAL has been one of the great helps to break off the galling chains of old theology, and I feel grateful to you and to the good spirits that inspire you to publish it.

SICKLERVILLE, N. Y.—Oliver Bliss writes.—For many months I have been using a very peculiar gift of mediumship in answering questions, either mentally or otherwise, and some of the most startling questions have been answered in the most positive manner. The method is this; I submit the question to the band surrounding me, not knowing it myself, and then take the Bible in my hand, it opens, and the first passage my eyes rest upon is a proper answer to the question propounded. Any person sending a sealed question or questions with a return stamp, will, during the next three months, receive the reply by return mail free. State number of questions.

BRADRICKVILLE, OHIO.—Mrs. J. S. Forgey writes.—I have never met with a paper in my life, that gives me the pleasure that the JOURNAL does. It is food and drink for my soul. I have always been a believer in Spiritualism. I have a daughter seventeen years old, who has been developed as a writing medium. We have had a great many seances that have been productive of many good results, and striking manifestations, which could not be disputed, by the most absurd skeptic. I have a communication written by the spirit of an Indian (which I presume is correct) as we could neither pronounce nor interpret the language. My daughter describes the different spirits sometimes before they write a word, and gives a perfect description of them.

NEBRASKA.—Clendor Dodge writes.—My spirit guide gives the following: Now, my dear friends, in the earth-life, I heard this medium read your views concerning the devil, and I think I can solve the problem better than either of you who have thus far written upon it. I will first tell you, I find no Infinite God in this region of Spirit-life, neither do I find a devil to any greater extent than spirits. I will now tell you, my friends, if you have devils in your mind, you will surely have them when you leave the earth form. We here feel that we do not need a devil to punish any one for his wrong acts, for every one has his own acts to think of, therefore he is punished without a devil.

CINCINNATI.—S. Lynd writes.—Although not a believer in the doctrines you teach, I feel that there is truth to some extent in everything, and that should a person close his eyes to that which is claimed as having truth in it, he would not only be foolish, but selfish and tyrannical—his worst enemy. Your practical, argumentative, logical manner of treating subjects, must appeal to every candid mind. Evolution and revolution are twin brother and sister. Evolution presents new scenes, new theories, new facts, and revolution seizes them, fighting its way to the mind of mankind; changing them and then repeats its power upon the never ceasing, newly born evolution. When a man casts aside everything that his conservatism and wisdom conceives to be wrong, and that too, without examination, he is worshiping an idol, (egotistical creation). Away with this sort of man-worship of his own limited knowledge.

SPANISH RANCH, CAL.—D. W. Hambly writes.—The JOURNAL is a paper I very much admire for its staunch adherance to the pure doctrines of Spiritualism. Spiritualism proper absorbs all truths, as fast as they can be ascertained by facts in science. There is a great field for labor to the honest missionary and one that actually has the cause at heart, in these mountain towns of California, but lecturers appear to dislike leaving the railroad track, and branch out into the settlements. We have not had a Spiritualist lecturer in these valleys for the last three years. J. L. York, of Santa Clara County, was the last around, and he done some good work in this way, I can assure you, and was well paid for his labors financially. Parties desirous of coming in this way, would have to take stage from Reno in Nevada to Quincy, American Valley, Plumas Co., where, inquiring for the writer, could be brought to my house, and find a home, "without money or scrip." All we ask is the proof of their mission being Spiritualism, and working for the good of the cause.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—D. A. Eddy writes.—Foster did a great work here. He breaks more new ground than any medium or lecturer before him. To use a common expression, he "carries the war into the enemy's camp." The parties who visited him, and I may say became convinced of the truth of inter-communication with the Spirit-world, were of the first class; men and women of wealth, refinement and influence in society. One gentleman alone, a church member in good standing became convinced, but did not stop at that, but went out and called in his friends to the amount of $100, which he paid freely, and called it a good investment. At Foster's request I sent a short sketch to the BANNER. I asked, "Why not send to the JOURNAL?" He answered, saying he would soon be in Chicago, and would call on you and give you plenty of material from actual observation. He makes more converts than any medium I know of at present in the field.

FITZWILLIAM DEPOT, N. H.—D. F. White writes.—I have found the very Devil himself, but as he is divided up among several of my Orthodox acquaintances, he will be rather hard to get to your office, therefore I waive my claim to the reward. I think that in the quintessence of pure cussedness and the very embodiment of superlative meanness, some of my Orthodox friends exceed the blackest devil any damnation ranter who ever preached hell fire from mahogany pulpits in North America, ever imagined. Mary Magdalen was a saint in comparison to some of them. I am inclined to think that the hogs that ran down the steep hill in the olden time, were a certain class of Orthodox, and enough were saved from drowning to perpetuate the race. Perhaps you will say that I have only found an impression of his old cloven foot, but I have more than that. If you think I am entitled to the reward or any share of it, you may send what you think right to Albert Peace, Auburn Penitentiary, N. Y.

LOWELL, MASS.—Mrs. E. M. Sherman writes.—Spiritualism in Lowell is enjoying a revival; our meetings are very interesting and well attended. For the month of January, Mrs. N. J. Willis was our speaker on the Spiritual rostrum. She was well appreciated, and no doubt will soon come again. She is not only a fine speaker, but what is quite as important, a true woman. This month Bro. Wm. Brunton is our speaker. He is altogether too well known to require a recommend from me. Suffice it to say his lectures are perfectly beautiful. Last Sunday, the famous painting medium, Mrs. Lutie M. Blair, gave one of her seances at our hall in the morning. It was fine. Mrs. Blair, after two or three weeks, takes up her permanent residence at 40 Dover St., Boston. The JOURNAL is very generally taken by the Spiritualists in this vicinity and is much liked.

BOSTON, MASS.—J. B. Henry writes.—I clip the following from the Boston *Herald*. It shows that the Devil is not dead: "A farm laborer at Wilbraham, Mass., crazed by religious excitement, closed a letter to his friends last Sunday, by saying that was the last time he would ever write to them, as his right hand and right foot had offended and he was going to cut them off, and cast them from him as the Scriptures direct. He then sharpened his jack-knife, took a saw, walked about a mile and a half from the house to the top of the mountain, and commenced operation on his right leg. He cut through the flesh above the ankle joint, severing the cord, barely missing the main artery, and then began to ply the saw, but desisted after getting into the bone a little way, because, as he said, the saw was dull. He then walked back to the house, leaving a bloody trail behind him. He told the doctor who dressed the wound, that he couldn't have been in his right mind, and the loss of superfluous blood has fully restored his reason.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.—Daniel Bacon writes.—A young man by the name of Goodrich, went into a blacksmith shop in Boise City a few days since, and with a drawshave deliberately cut his tongue off. This was in consequence of reading a Bible given him by Mrs Van Anda, the wife of a Methodist preacher, containing some marked passage. He claims he has done a good deed by getting rid of an unruly member, a tongue which offended (the Devil perhaps). This will appear clear by reading three chapters of James. The young man was a quiet citizen, and not much inclined to talk. The owner of the shop, Mr. Jackson, sent word to Mrs. Van Anda to give away no more Bibles, as he did not want people cutting their tongues off in his shop. I sent her word that she had begun a good work; to persevere until the tongues were all cut off to the glory of God. Now, sir, I claim to have found the Devil (the untamable tongue) and you will please divide the bounty into two equal parts, with one part you will please send the angel of light, the JOURNAL, to visit those in prison; with the other part, open the doors of the prison, and let Brother Peace get out.

BLOOMFIELD, CAL.—A. B. Glover writes.—As this is the centennial year of our existence, and as the immortal Thomas Paine was the original framer of our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and the liberty and freedom we enjoy today, being gained through his influence and the writing of the Age of Reason while here, and as the churches of America have for the last hundred years blasphemed his holy name and the book called the Age of Reason, and as there has been thousands within the last few years through the medium of the JOURNAL, redeemed from the Ignorance of the churches, and as they have never had an opportunity to read the Age of Reason, I would suggest to you that in honor of the immortal Thomas Paine, you procure a spirit likeness of him and place the same at the head of your JOURNAL, and from week to week, give to the hundred thousand of your readers the Age of Reason, that they may know that the so-called Bible is false. I believe, that if you do this, that before another year comes round, you will have two hundred thousand readers. I have heard hundreds say that they would like to read the Age of Reason, and if published in the JOURNAL, many would read it that would not otherwise, and it will be the means of bringing them out of what is called orthodox Spiritualism. I consider the Age of Reason one of the greatest guns that can be brought against the book called the Bible.

CRESCO, IOWA.—S. N. G. writes—The Spiritualists in this community are quite numerous, and embrace among their number some of the wealthiest, most influential and intelligent men and women to be found in the country. The Harmonial Philosophy is slowly but surely advancing. In this immediate neighborhood we have several mediums that are rapidly developing, representing several different phases of mediumship. Among the number is Miss Ellen Arnold, who has been favorably noticed in your paper by Dr. Sanford and others. She, although in very poor health, favors us occasionally with such lectures as make us wish that they could be of a more frequent occurrence. The mediumship of Miss Genett Emigh is a wonder to the oldest Spiritualist. Two months ago she was first controlled, knowing nothing then of the philosophy of Spiritualism. She has progressed so rapidly that she can now deliver a lecture at once, interesting and instructive, and bids fair at no distant day to be one of the first speakers in the great cause. A younger sister, only twelve years old, is, considering her age, a prodigy; her mediumship only dates back three weeks. She is clairvoyant and is as yet unable to speak and describe the spirits she sees, yet she personates so accurately that many who have called on her have easily recognized departed friends. I must not forget to mention Mr. James Thomas, who has lately developed as a healing medium, and has had great success.

J. A. D. writes the following addressed to the Editor of the Badger State *Banner:* I saw in your paper an article headed, "More Church Goers Wanted in Black River Falls." I would like to make a few comments on this article. We find by the history of Black River Falls, that it is 28 years since the first ministerial labor was commenced. From that time down to the present, we find by making a very low estimate of the expenses of sustaining all the orthodox churches, it has cost the people of Black River Falls, one hundred thousand dollars. We also find by a low estimate that there has been 75,000 sermons preached and over 100,000 prayers made for the people of the Falls. After all this has been done, those Reverend gentlemen, D B. Jackson, of the Presbyterian Church, and E. G. Clough, of the Methodist Church, say under the most favorable circumstances there is not one in ten who can be got out to church. They seem to think it casts a bad shade on the morals of the people of the Falls. I for one, think very different. It shows that we live in an age of progression, and that "those kind hearted people" are outgrowing the iron grasp that the clergy once had on all people. There was a time when the clergy could scare the people with hell, by picturing it in all the most horrifying scenes of the damned writhing in endless fire forever. But that old fogyism is fast playing out. "The kind-hearted people" do not scare worth a cent. They have learned to do right from principle and not from fear of hell. They have got so they can do their own thinking, and do not let the preacher think for them. There is only one class that churches benefit; that is those so organized that they can not refrain from evil only through the fear of the clergy's hell. If Christianity was one half what it claims to be, it could support itself. "They claim to be God's people," and that all the church property belongs to God. He has never paid one cent of tax on his property, and then his people can't sustain themselves without getting over half their support from the Devil's people. God suffers his property to be rented out for houses of ill fame and saloons, and then can't sustain his cause without the aid of lotteries, grab-bags and dances. And then the clergy are whining because they can't get more fools to come out and listen to their old fogyisms. But, alas! the time has come when priestcraft has lost its power over good, kind hearted, sensible people.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mrs. A. Howard sends the following curious phenomenon, clipped from the Rochester *Democrat:* "A singular and unaccountable phenomena is agitating the social circle of North Chili, Monroe county, and is the cause of much speculation and superstitious forboding. It is not a vagary nor an illusion. The evidence of the existence and recurrence of the curious phenomena is unimpeachable. It has been observed and commented upon by a large number of reliable persons. About 7 o'clock every morning there can be heard a soft, soughing sound in the air, like the music of an Æolian harp, but of great volume. The wierd music seems to pervade the air for miles. Families living wide apart have heard it at the same hour. At first it was noted with simple curiosity, but its recurrence with such regularity when the air is not disturbed by violent storms, has given it a romantic interest. What is it, is the question. Various theories have been presented, such as the vibration of the telegraph wires, or the sound of a far distant locomotive whistle toned down and mellowed by distance, or some peculiar condition of the atmosphere, or formation of the ground. But these do not satisfactorily account for it. It is unlike the sound of the wires, and too akin to music to be caused by an engine. It is heard many miles away from the wires—on each side of the railroad—the sound of vibration would be carried away by the wind. It seems to float high in the air, now clear, now faint, then swelling again to distinctness. Some people have averred that the sounds proceed from a certain spot of ground, about a mile from the station at North Chili. They describe that the earth vibrates, and that the sound seems to rise and float away skyward. This, perhaps, needs further investigation and verification. That this mysterious music has been heard, and is causing considerable interest is undeniable. Who will investigate this singular affair.

RICHMOND, IND.—K. Graves writes.—I like the suggestion of Mrs. Baldwin to appoint a committee of one or more in every neighborhood where there are people possessed with the common feeling of humanity, to make a vigorous effort for aid for that unfortunate brother now in Auburn Prison, New York, for a crime he amply atoned for ten years ago, if really guilty, of which there are grounds to doubt. And for a crime which thousands of respectable, pious, and God fearing Christians practice every day under a cover of law. It is a stigma on our boasted civilization, to murder a man by inches for seventeen years, for an act which is no crime by law if practiced within the bounds of wedlock, and which is daily practiced by thousands in the highest walks of society with perfect impunity. If only one hundred and twenty five dollars are required to release this brother (Albert Peace) as we are informed, he ought to be liberated in less than three weeks. Come brothers and sisters, let us rally to this glorious act of humanity, and angels will bless us. Let us yield to the throbbing impulses of our loftiest natures. Let us resolve that this talented and intelligent brother shall again become a useful member of society. Send in your donations to Brother Jones, or to Albert Peace at once, from one to ten dollars. Don't wait for committees nor wait one on another. Let each resolve to act out the Golden Rule in this case, and I am certain our humble and unfortunate brother will very soon be amongst us to bless and reward his benefactors with a grateful heart. He will reward us with his smiles if he can do nothing more, and cheer us with his thankful words. Let us "remember those in bonds as bound with them." "A word to the wise is sufficient."

WHEELING, IND.—M. N. Dunlap writes.—I will now give you a little conversation I had with a strong Methodist yesterday. He said that Spiritualism was one of the greatest humbugs of the age; that it leads to the insane asylum, and also to hell itself. I think he intended to convert me over to his brimstone and hell doctrine. He says to me, "You are in bad health, and old; in much danger of losing your soul." "Well," said I, "I am not uneasy. God and I will work that all right. I know I will soon have to pass over, of course, but I don't scare worth a cent." Now let us see who goes crazy. I will now clip from the Muncie *Weekly Times* of January 3d, 1876: "Samuel Bryan, one of our best citizens, is again crazy, and they are making preparations to take him to the Insane Asylum. Religious excitement is said to be the cause this time as it was before, and it is likely that religion has something to do with his insanity, but we think the main cause is an injury that he received on his head many years ago. We are sorry to hear that he is sorely afflicted, for he is a very pious and good man and has a great influence for good in the neighborhood, but if his affliction should take him away from us, we would have no fears but what all would be well with him." Now, Mr. Editor, the above was written for the *Times* by a red-hot Methodist, and yet he says that religious excitement is the cause. I will now clip from the same paper of February 3d; it runs thus: "Mr. Samuel Bryan, one of the old and esteemed citizens of Washington Township, died at the Insane Asylum on last Sabbath evening. It is reported that he preached all the time, day and night, until he was completely worn out." He could at any time see the Orthodox Devil before him. Thus much for protracted meetings. Oh! if the people would investigate and free themselves from such silly and abominable superstitious doctrines, it would be better for them.

TORONTO, CAN.—F. P. G. Taylor writes.—Knowing that you desire to learn of what is taking place throughout our land in regard to our philosophy—either in favor or against it—enclosed is a handbill of a man who calls himself Geo. Sinclair; he acknowledged to me that his right name is Livingston, and claims that all mediums are tricksters. He advertised largely to exhibit at our St. Lawrence Hall, January 13th, 14th and 15th, '76. On the first evening of his grand expose a number of our prominent Spiritual gentlemen took his reserved seats in order to test him. At 8 P. M., however, it was announced that he would not perform, as there was not house enough to compensate him sufficiently, and handed those paying their money back. I asked him how much of a house he expected to have, and he said he would not pretend to go on with his performance for less than $100 receipts from the audience. I remarked to him that he need not expect to draw such an assembly in this city, to show our community that spirit manifestations are all frauds and tricks, for he would find many intelligent business gentlemen in this locality who knew better of spirit manifestations, than that the mediums were all frauds and tricksters. We invited him to go to our private seance rooms, which he accepted gracefully, and there in the presence of ten or twelve gentlemen, took off handcuffs and placed them on his ancles and wrists, and laid his hands on a table in full view of all, and in the light, with two or three newspapers under his hands, when raps would come plainly under the table in answer to questions, and rap to the tune by whistling, and a table would at another time and place, at a private house of one of his acquaintances, rise from the floor two feet or so and balance in the air, and placing a marble upon the top of the table, and the table rolled and waved about from one side to another, retaining the marble intact upon the middle of the table. Now this and the raps, I am confident, comes through him as a medium, and by an influence outside of himself, and he can not explain it as done by himself by tricks of deception. I call such a person dishonest to the cause, to himself, and to mankind, endeavoring to lead the investigator astray from the truth of our heavenly cause, and truthful communications to be had daily throughout the world through our true mediums, and I feel, that there is no punishment too severe for such.

EXETER, NEB.—S. F. Deane writes.—The good folks about here have jolly times in the way of protracted "efforts" to fill the Lord's garner with souls. The first grand fiz was in a reunion "effort" of the Baptists and Methodists, who joined, to give their best friend a beating. The "effort" lasted about two weeks, and the result was, carrying some seven or eight children and one young lady into the fold. No doubt if the reverend gentlemen could have had their vision opened to their surroundings, they would have seen the devil standing by their side, in the form of a wrinkled nosed black sheep, with spiral horns, complacently chewing his cud as he listened to their "fervid" appeals, and an occasional nod of approval, as one after another of the subjects announced his or her conversion, they being "twofold more the children of hell than before." But all things earthly must have an end, and this "effort" was no exception. The final sermon was delivered by the presiding elder. In this sermon he declared his disbelief in a progressive religion. Is not this a curious idea, that there can be a progressive religion, since religion is founded upon an infallible revelation direct from God. Facts show that religionists have modified their creeds, making them more human, and so giving evidence of their progression, while they appeal to and modify the "infallible record" to sustain their ideas. This sermon was delivered after the Baptist man had had a "talk" with one of the Liberals in Exeter. Keeping pace with this "effort," the Advents held a long pull for converts, about seven or eight miles from here. I heard they gained several converts, but kept hammering away to get more, until they disgusted all, or nearly all they had gained. Does not this show that their God does not know much? If he had, it seems as though he would have "knocked off" in time to save the few he had got, instead of allowing them to go back to the devil. The Advents have closed in that place, but have begun in another near by, where it is to be hoped their God will not make another such great mistake, if their doctrines are true. On the other side of me the church of Godhans and Methodists have held forth "powerfully." They had an easily worked soil to till, as two years ago this winter the same people who have been so hopefully converted, were playing all sorts of children's kissing plays, though the hair of some of them were whitening for the tomb by age. They have been raked up by the lot. It is to be hoped there will be as much joy over their acquisition a year hence as there is now. They have had only one scrimage over the division of spoils, as yet, that I have heard of. As an offset to these nonsensical moves, the liberals are stirring the pool, showing that there is healing for the sick oftener than once a year.

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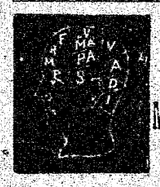
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THE DEBATABLE LAND
BETWEEN
THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN

Author of Foot-falls on the Boundary of

REMONSTRANCE.

TO THE HONORABLE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:—The undersigned citizens of California, learning with alarm, that there is a Bill before your honorable body for a law entitled, "*An act to regulate the practice of Medicine in the State of California;*" and fully appreciating the fact that said Bill, if passed, will be nothing less than *class legislation* for the benefit of a portion of the members of a profession to the prejudice of another portion, and in its very nature intended to curtail the *natural rights* of every citizen of our beloved State, to employ such schools of practitioners, and such health restoring remedies as each individual shall deem expedient—rights which every American citizen boasts of with pride, and rights which philanthropists *throughout the world*, cite as incident to *free government only*,—therefore we protest against it.

This is an age of progress, in which different schools of medical practitioners vie with each other in the development of *remedial* agents for curing the sick, and removing mental and physical ailments, as well as in all other branches of scientific research.

THE OLD DECAYING SYSTEMS of practice alone, call for *class legislation* to crush out *new developments* in the healing art. As well might the ancient rellen of Judaism call upon your honorable body to legislate against Christianity, or the Doctors of Divinity to legislate against heresy.

THE FREE-BORN CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA spurn the least attempt at *class legislation* of every kind; believing that honest *competition* in every department of business leads to a healthy growth financially, and to a high state of mental culture. Hence we most respectfully REMONSTRATE against the passage of the Bill referred to, and as in duty bound, etc.

The Old Fogies Ask for Special Legislation in California.

For several years last past the old school physicians have looked with horror upon the various new schools of practice in medicine, which were yearly becoming popular among the people.

The founders of the new schools have been bold innovators, who feared not to proclaim such facts as they had discovered, notwithstanding the cry of quackery, and the sneers and jeers of a class of men, many of whom had few other qualifications, than those conferred by virtue of sheepskin diplomas, dubbing them M. D.'s.

It is a fact worthy of note that the *great lights* in the medical profession have been men whom the *feeble lights*, (too weak to get a living by their merits, hence seek special legislation,) would to-day call quacks and irregulars.

We here quote the testimonials of many of the most distinguished medical men known in modern times, to show the fallacy of *special legislation*, to put *all power* into the hands of boards of examiners, composed of men who yearly poison and bleed millions of their victims to death; all of which is tolerated simply because it is done *secundum artem*.

DR. ABERNETHY, the renowned, said: "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion."

DR. BENJ. RUSH: "We have done but little more than multiply diseases and increase their fatality."

SIR BENJ. BRODIE, M. D.: "If the arts of medicine and surgery had never been invented, by far the greater number of those who suffer from bodily illness would have recovered nevertheless."

DR. JOHN MASON GOOD: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicines on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except that they have *already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined.*"

MAGENDIE, M. D.: "Let us no longer wonder at the lamentable want of success which attends our practice, when there is scarcely a sound physiological principal among us."

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, M. D., declared: "The science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder."

SIR WM. KNIGHTON, M. D.: "Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity."

DR. ANDREW COMBE: "As often practiced by men of undoubted respectability, medicine is made so much a mystery, and is *so nearly allied to, if not identified with quackery*, that it would puzzle many a rational looker-on to tell which is the one and which is the other."

PROF. CHAPMAN, M. D.: "To harmonize the contrarieties of medical doctrines is, indeed, a task as impracticable as to arrange the fleeting vapors around us, or to reconcile the fixed and repulsive antipathies of nature."

DR. CHEYNE: "Minerals are the most destructive to animal bodies that malice can invent; beyond gunpowder or even spiritous liquors, for not only nature has provided none such, but as poisons in venomous creatures, to kill their enemies. They become bristles, nails and lancet, darting perpendicularly into the solids of the body, so as quickly to tear, rend and destroy; and can, therefore, never be proper for food or physic."

MAGENDIE, M. D.: "The physician mixes, combines and jumbles together vegetable, mineral and animal substances, and administers them, right or wrong, without considering for a moment the cause of the disease, and without a single clear idea as to his conduct." Owing to such ignorance, he suggests the trusting of the patient to Nature's resources, rather than to take the "obvious risk of hastening the end of our patient."

DR. BEACH: "Is it not as dangerous to employ one of our regular mineral and butchering doctors as it is to jump into the dock, take poison, or to hazard life in any other way? And, may we not regard such practice among the same calamities as pestilence, earthquake or famine?"

DR. MACKINTOSH, of Edinburg: "No better evidence can be offered of the ignorance of the profession generally, as to the nature and seat of any disease, than the number and variety of remedies that have been confidently recommended for its cure." In the treatment of epidemic cholera, he cites a catalogue of nearly one hundred remedies, among which is ordinary bleeding; bleeding from the arteries; saline injections into the veins; etc., etc., equally as murderous or unphilosophical and devoid of reason.

SIR THOMAS WITHERBY, M. D., relating a cure of dropsy, the result of the patient's self-will, he said: "Now, no man upon earth, in his sense, would have prescribed such a water course to cure a dropsy; which shows how little we know of nature, and the great uncertainty of art." Water treatment is the only liable agency for a cure in dropsical affections, and the reason why can be made plain to a common sense perception.

DR. ADAM SMITH calls universities the "dull repositories of exploded ideas."

HARTMANN, M. D., of Vienna: "Taking the general run of practitioners, we can convince ourselves that the most of them evince nothing but the rudest empiricism under the cloak of science."

DR. MADDEN: "In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed and the patients continued to die."

DR. REID: "More infantile subjects are diurnally destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims to the Herodian massacre."

DR. THOS. L. NICHOLAS.—"If medicine were only as wise as surgery! When a man has a broken bone the surgeon is content to put it in its place, prescribe rest and a moderate diet and leave nature to mend it. But when it is the liver or lungs that are disordered, the doctor bleeds, blisters, doses, gives alteratives, cathartics, opiates, and does more mischief in a week than nature can remedy in a year. I confess I have no patience with the folly of patients, or the ignorance, to call it no worse, of physicians."

PROF. JACKSON, M. D., of Philadelphia, says: "There must be a medical reform."

The eminent author and physician, DR. DEWEES, retired from practice many years before his decease, and about the year 1840 expressed his increasing want of confidence in medical practice in conversations with Dr. Bourne.

DR. HOFFMANN.—"Few are the remedies whose virtues and operations are certain; many are those which are doubtful, suspicious, fallacious, false."

DR. HOUGHTON.—"Modern water cure took its origin at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine (so called) was rapidly sinking into a decline—not to say dying, of its own poisons."

DR. DICKSON.—"The ancients endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, but failed! The moderns, with more success, have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

The people are asked to believe that it is necessary for regularly-educated physicians of the drug system to examine all who propose to practice the healing art, in order to ascertain their competency, and in this manner protect the people from being killed by ignoramuses This argument would be weighty, and perhaps conclusive, provided the drug doctors could agree among themselves. But it happens that the practice that one physician approves as curative, another condemns as killative. We could easily fill the *Science of Health* with quotations like the following:

The older physicians grow, the more skeptical they become to the virtues of medicine.

Prof. ALEX. H. STEVENS, M. D.

Drugs do not cure disease; disease is always cured by the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

Prof. J. S. M. SMITH, M. D.

Blisters nearly always produce death when applied to children.

Prof. C. R. GILMAN, M. D.

Digitalis has hurried thousands to the grave

Prof. DAVID HOSACK, M. D.

More harm than good has been done by the use of drugs in the treatment of measles, scarlatina, and other self-limited diseases.

Prof. ALONZO CLARK, M. D.

Bleeding in pneumonia doubles the mortality.

Prof. H. G. C.x, M. D.

The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever and measles, kill more than those diseases do.

PROF. B. F. BARKER, M. D.

As we place more confidence in nature, and less in the preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes.

PROF. WILLARD PARKER, M. D.

Opium increases the nerve force.

PROF B. F. BARKER, M. D.

Opium diminishes the nerve force.

PROF. E. H. DAVIS, M. D.

We do not know whether our patients recover because we give medicine, or because nature cures them.

PROF. J. W. CARSON, M. D.

The action of remedies is a subject entirely beyond our comprehension.

PROF. J. B. BECK, M. D.

Of the essence of disease very little is known; indeed, nothing at all.

PROF. S. D. GROSS, M. D

The medical practice of our day has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence.

PROF. EVANS, M. D., F. R. S.

I fearlessly assert, that in most cases the patient would be safer without a physician than with one.

PROF. RAMAGE, M. D., F. R. S.

I visited the different schools of medicine, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects killed their patients. PROF. BILLINGS, M. D., of London.

Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick room.

PROF. FRANK, M. D., of London.

The language of medical science is a barbarous jargon.

JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

It is my firm belief that if the medical profession, with its prevailing mode of practice, were absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer.

FRANCIS OGGSWELL, M. D., Boston.

I declare as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience and reflection, that, if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-wildwife, chemist, apothecary, druggist, nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.

JAS. JOHNSON, M. D., F. R. S.
Editor of the "Medico-Chirurg. Review."

Such is the system as judged by its own teachers and practitioners, that the Legislatures of the different States are asked to enforce on the people by special statutes. No wonder the profession wants protection. The people have not petitioned for protection. All of these efforts to perpetuate the drug system by law, under the hypocritical and knavish pretense of protecting the people, originate in medical societies, and mostly with those members of the medical profession, who have so little practice that they have plenty of time for planning schemes of benevolence and prosecuting enterprises of charity and philanthropy; provided always, they are calculated to benefit the business and perpetuate the power and influence of the party of the first part.

DR. HENRY GIBBONS, of San Francisco, Editor of *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, read up the "literature of quackery," before the State Med. Soc. He says: "The imagination of an adroit liar is capable of supplying the certificates. These require a professional varnish, however, and for this purpose it is customary to hire some threadbare doctor—some child of genius and misfortune who has fallen by the wayside in the battle of life, and who sells his soul to save his body from starvation." Plenty enough of that sort, and the quacks can always get them to help out any scheme of fraud.

"That the medical profession has not realized the world's expectation is lamentably true," said the State Hospital Committee of the California Legislature of 1853, all of whom were allopathic doctors.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH: "Conferring exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians, and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge, under severe penalties, from practicing medicine within certain districts of cities and countries—such institutions, however sanctioned by ancient charters and names, are the *bastiles* of our science."

[Quoted from the Manifesto of the AMERICAN MEDICAL SOCIETY.]

"It is wholly incontestible that there exists a wide-spread dissatisfaction with what is called the 'regular' or old allopathic practice." Again: "Too many candid, ingenious and competent members of the profession have left it already in disgust and dispair. * * * The science and art of medicine must be reformed from within—those alone are competent to the task who are cognizant of its errors and deficiencies. * * * Multitudes of people in this country and in Europe exhibit an utter want of confidence in physicians and their physic. The cause is evident—erroneous theory, and, springing from it, injurious, often, very often, fatal practice. * * * In one word, medicine must be redeemed, and it must be rendered the healing art, *or perish!* Such, we have no doubt, is the invincible determination of the large public; and this is no hasty verdict, no passing cloud, no mere temporary popular ebullition. The feeling widens, deepens, is ineradicable." Quoting many eminent medical writers, the "Manifesto" continues: "Enough! Judged and repudiated by its most illustrious authors, those best acquainted with it, and, of course, best qualified to judge; discarded and scorned by a large, intelligent, and influential portion of the people, old school allopathy is dying of marasmus; it will linger for some time longer, but is moribund. The most eminent of the faculty has pronounced its doom, and soon it will go down to the tomb of the Capulets, without hope or possibility of resurrection!"

And such is the language of the AMERICAN MEDICAL SOCIETY, reproduced and addressed to the Legislature of the State of California, to assist it in placing a proper estimate upon the medical practice.

DR. TRALL, in the February number, 1876, *Science of Health*," says: "The fault is with the system itself. [Allopathy.] The great error consists in the principle of poisoning people because they are sick. The system of drug medication is wrong in theory, and hence can not be otherwise than disastrous in practice. Drug poisons kill or damage as certainly when administered by the learned professor as when prescribed by the ignorant pretender. Poisons are just as damaging to vitality when recommended by the physician of vast experience and world-wide reputation, as when given by an empiric of no scientific knowledge on any subject. The burning irons along the spinal column (moxa), the devitalizing morphine, and the deadly bromide of potassium, which hurried Sumner and Wilson to their graves, were no less injurious, because sanctioned by the great name of Brown-Sequard. Very young doctors, whose reputation is not established, are, on the whole, the safer for the patient. They dare not experiment with the more heroic potencies, as older physicians can do, without being questioned. In one sense only do the patients have a better chance for life in the hands of the old doctor. As a rule, the older physicians become, the less confidence they have in medicine; and many of them have learned by much disastrous experience that the more dangerous the disease is, the more dangerous it is to give medicine of any kind. But in all cases the benefit, or rather safety to the patient, is measured exactly by the mildness of the medication. Is not the fact published to the world a hundred times, that hygienic physicians are successful in treating those diseases which are so fatal under drug medication worth a little more consideration? We can not expect the medicator to pay any attention to any method of medication, except that of dosing the patient with drug poisons. The rival schools will go on blowing their loud trumpets, for medical students, decrying the incompetency of each other's graduates, and turning out all the young doctors who will foot the bills, as long as the people will tolerate the drug system and swallow the killing poisons. But the people will certainly see through this terrible delusion, not to say imposition, sooner or later, and then the whole drug system will be execrated as one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted humanity."

The old school (Allopaths) first organized to resist all innovations, through special legislation several years since.

Finding themselves too weak alone, to accomplish their object, they hobnobbed with other schools so far as they could on a *mercenary basis*, inducing them to co-operate for legislation, with the promise that they should have their due proportion of the Boards of Examiners.

The poverty-stricken imbeciles of other schools, in some cases, listened to the honeyed words of their inveterate and sworn enemies, and unitedly they have from year to year beset the several State legislatures to make laws for punishing all so-called "quacks and irregulars," as they in their simplicity, thought such laws would bring all sick people to an acceptance of their nostrums.

If they had been men of good practical common sense, they would know that such legislation, if they could obtain it, would like legislation upon religious subjects, cause millions of free-born American citizens, to utterly and totally reject all such laws as a downright innovation upon individual rights, and contrary to the genius of American institutions. Like the attempts of fanatics to "put God in the constitution, and declare Jesus Christ the civil ruler of our government"—the monstrosity of the attempt is sufficient to arouse the people to repel the effort as unjust and infamous.

About five years ago, a united effort was made by the medical schools throughout the North-west, to procure such special legislation. Bills were introduced into the legislatures of the several States like the one now before the legislature of California.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, always true to the principles of eternal justice, and fearless in exposing error, no matter where its ugly head presents itself, at once published a remonstrance like the one at the head of this article, and requested its subscribers—in those States where such bills were pending—to cut them out and paste them on to the head of a sheet of paper, and circulate the same for subscribers, among their neighbors—no matter of what religious faith—orthodox, liberal or skeptics—all would sign it. The result was magical. Our advice was followed, and all of the legislative bodies then in session throughout the North-west were flooded with *remonstrances against class legislation* for the benefit of poor old effete allopathy.

In every instance, where such bills were pending before the legislative bodies, then in session, they were at once rejected as unworthy of becoming laws.

We, in behalf of the rights of all people, ask our readers, one and all, in California, to carefully peruse this article, and to cut out and circulate the remonstrance without the least delay, and send it to the members of the California legislature, now in session, with an urgent request that they speedily place it before their legislature.

All that is required by your members to induce them to act promptly, is to show them that their constituents are alive to this, their most sacred right to employ whoever they please to treat them in sickness—be the physicians of the regular schools, irregulars, magnetizers, healing mediums—or the disciples of the Gentle Nazarene, who promised his followers, that greater miracles than he did in healing the sick, etc., should be done by them, if they were true in the faith.

The same spirit that crucified Christ, now seeks to crucify all believers in his wonderful powers, and would *fine and imprison* those who presume to heal the sick without a license from a Board of Examiners, often made up from supercilious simpletons, with no qualifications, and only tolerated because they have a sheepskin diploma and special legislation to back them in awarding punishment to all who do not subscribe to their faith, by fine and imprisonment.

☞ DON'T FAIL to make it your first business, to cut out the remonstrance at the head of this article, and circulate it among your neighbors, and send it to your representatives.

If you can't get a single soul to unite with you, send it with your own signature.

Dr. George M. Bourn, of the San Francisco Water Cure Infirmary, is making a strong fight, almost *single handed and alone*, against the passage of the nefarious bill. See to it, friends, that you promptly go to the rescue, by making yourselves felt, and your opinions respected through your remonstrance.

The Albert Peace Fund.

This fund is for the purpose of effecting the release of Albert Peace, the only Spiritualist in the Auburn Penitentiary. Only $125 is required to secure his freedom.

John S. Hensley, of Manchester, N. H., sends $3.10, and Addie Curtis, $1.25, for him to this office.

Rev. Mr. Wait, of Milwaukee		$ .25
E. W. Baldwin	"	.50
Mattie E. Baldwin	"	.50
A. T. Richardson	"	.25
Mrs. L. A. Skinner	"	1.00
Dr. J. H. Skinner	"	.50
H. S. Benjaman	"	.50
Mrs Stoddard	"	1.00
Mrs. Case	"	.50
Wm. Z. Hatcher, of Birmingham, Conn		.50

Whole amount contributed directly to Mr. Peace $39.50.

Who will be further inspired to help the poor fellow? Do *not* send remittances to this office, but send directly to him, in care of the warden of the Penitentiary, Auburn, New York. This saves trouble on our part, and unnecessary delay. He will report every cent received.

BROTHER A. C. BARNES writes:—

"Please state in the JOURNAL that Bro. Little is enervated by holding cabinet seances, so much so, that it is useless for any one to write me or him with the expectation that he will be able to visit them and hold seances for spirit materialization in the future, unless, after his exhausted energies are recuperated, further notice shall be given. Permit me to say, too, that no "expose" of Bro. Little's mediumship has been made, and only one reported, and that was in my absence, an expose of *ignorance* of the parties claiming an expose. His mediumship is genuine."

BROTHER E. M. DAVIS, of Des Moines, Iowa, endorses the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart. We have given the Committee of Terre Haute a hearing in her defense, and their article contains substantially the same that many others do, sent to us for publication. Our faith in her mediumship, *from the evidence of many credible witnesses*, remains unshaken.

OPIUM HABIT CURED.

READ THIS.

They Tell of Hearts and Homes Made Happy by Dr. Collins.

LAPORTE, Ind., Nov. 17, 1869.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 1,620 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, 1869.
JOSEPH C. DARROW.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov., 1871.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, '71.
JOHN B. HOWARD, M. D.

PRINCETON, Ind., March 17, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '72.
DR. W. HAYES.

GRAYVILLE Ill., Oct. 20, '72.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
We used 1,800 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '72.
THOMAS AND FANNY MOSS.

ROCKFORD, Ind., May 13, '71.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 2,880 grains of opium per month; have been cured since March, '71.
JOHN J. PATTERSON, M. D.

UNION MILLS, Ind., Sept. 30, '72.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 1,620 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '72.
JOHN McLAIN.

PERCERON, Ind., Nov. 7, '72.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 1,620 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '72.
ROBERT McNEIL.

PROPHETSTOWN, Ill., Dec. 5, '72.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
We used 840 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '72.
WM. SANDERSON.
MRS. B. P. SANDERSON.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Jan. 27, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 480 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '72.
T. M. ENDICOTT.

BRAYTONVILLE, North Adams, Co., Mass. March 2, 1870.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 960 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '72.
JOSEPH COOPER.

UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL, St. Louis, Mo., March 16, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 720 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '72.
GEO. T. ALLEN, M. D.

ALTOONA, Ill., May 13, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 1,080 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '72.
JAMES HANLEY.

NEW BERLIN, N. Y., July 10, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Ind:
I used 540 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, '73.
CHARLES BEARDSLY.

TAHLEQUAH, C. N. INDIAN TERRITORY, July 27, '73.
Dr. S. B Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 460 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since July, '73.
JAMES S. PRICE.

GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 27.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 4,8 0 grains of Opium per month; have been cured since March, '73.
HOMER C. J. CLARKE.

MARIETTA, Cobb Co., Ga., Nov. 6, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,680 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '73.
JAMES J. BUTTS, M. D.

SANTA CLARA, Cal., Dec. 30, '73.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 720 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '71.
W. H. FARWELL.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 29, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 240 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '73.
HARRIETT TOWNSLEY.

KINGSTON, R. I., Feb. 1, '74.
Dr. S. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 3,600 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '73.
ELISHA C. CLARKE.

COTLIN LANDING, Red River, La., February, 4, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,920 grains of opium per month; have been cured since March '71.
JACOB HARDY.

NASHUA. Ia., Feb. 21, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 960 grains of opium per month; have been cured since August, '73.
JOSEPH COLER.

GREENVILLE, Ill., March 19, '74.
Dr. S. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,440 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '74.
WM. P. BROWN, M. D.

BARRETWOOD, Williams Co., Tenn., April 10, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 720 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '71.
H. ZELLNER.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 13, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins Laporte, Ind:
I used 120 grains of opium per month; have been cured since May, '74.
WM. AUGUST.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 6, '74.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used an equivalent of 1,440 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Aug., '74.
E. H. SPALDING.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 20, '74.
Dr. S. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Jan., '74.
MARCUS P. NORTON.

NAPOLEON, O., Dec. 10, '74.
Dr. S. B Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 7,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since November, '73.
WM. SHEFFIELD, Banker.

FRANKLIN, Ga., Jan. 20, '75.
S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,800 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '74.
MOLLIE E. DUKE.

LLOYD, Wis., Feb. 19, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 2,040 grains of opium per month; have been cured since September, '74.
MARY H. McCORKLE.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., March 2, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 960 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '74.
JOHN BURLINGAME.

BROOKLAND, Potter Co., Pa., May 19, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 1,200 grains of opium per month; have been cured since Dec., '74.
MRS. E. A. HAMILTON.

CLARINDA, Ia., April 14, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 600 grains of opium per month; have been cured since December, '73.
MARTIN NEFF.

HART, Mich., Dec. 15, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I use. 300 grains of opium per month; have been cured since October, '75.
CARLIN EDSON.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 29, '75.
Dr. S. B. Collins Laporte, Ind:
I used 840 grains of opium per month; have been cured since July, '75.
S. P. GUIN.

EVANSVILLE, Rock County, Wis., April 8, '74.
Dr. S. Collins, Laporte, Ind:
I used 360 grains of opium per month; have been cured since January, '74.
SOPHRONIA PALMER.

REWARD.

For each and every name of a patient, used as a reference; and for each and every testimonial of such patient, published in this paper, the original of which, signed by the patient, can not be produced, Dr. Collins binds himself to pay to any person making such discovery, the sum of five hundred ($500) dollars. All Orders and Communications addressed to

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LA PORTE, IND.,
WILL BE PROMPTLY ANSWERED. AVOID ALL IMITATIONS.
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