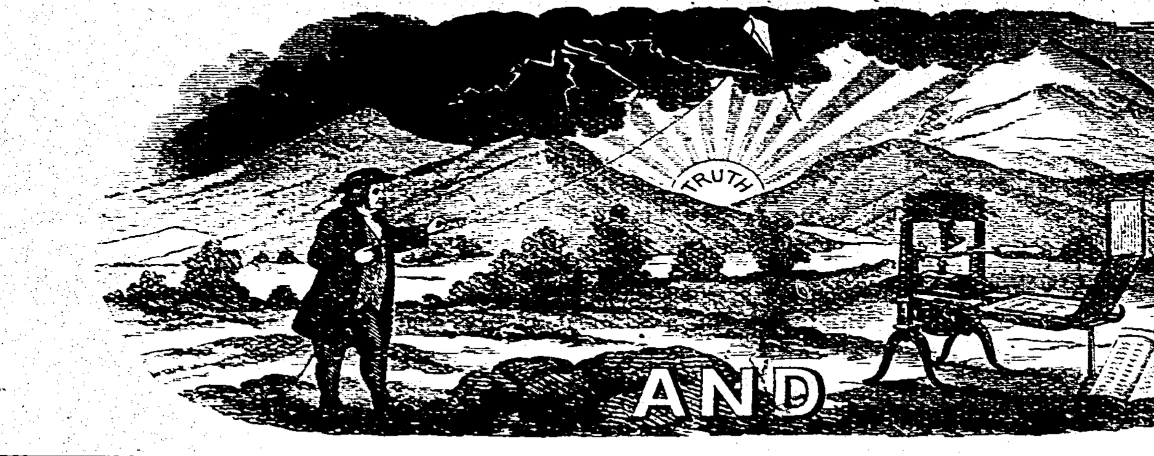
Mind  Matter

Physical Life---The Primary Department in the School of Human Progress.

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Lectures and Essays.

MISS FANCHERS' CASE IN ITS RELATIONS TO SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

At Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan delivered a lecture recently before a large, intelligent and appreciative audience, the subject being "Miss Fancher in relation to Science and Chistianity."

The Professor, in opening his lecture, said that it was not his purpose to gratify that curiosity which seeks the marvelous, but to address the highest wisdom and profoundest religious sentiments of his friends before him. He then said:

The case of Miss Mollie Fancher stands in the very centre of the battlefield of conflicting forces, where all that is spiritual and all that is grossly material are in an irrepressible conflict, which has religion, hope, philosophy and progress on one side, and on the other materialism, doubt, gloom, and despair.

There is so much to be said that I shall not give any detail of her case, which has already been so fully published, nor shall I dwell upon my own observations of the interesting phenomena in her case, which are not known to the public, and which she does not wish me to mention.

She is a young lady of excellent character, of amiable and confiding disposition, remarkably developed in the ideal, sensitive and constructive regions of the brain, so that if she had never been injured she would have been a fluent writer, a skillful artist, and a clairvoyant, giving to everything in which she engages an air of refinement.

Disease has not evolved any new powers, but only given her a more delicate spiritual organization and nervous sensibility. The power by which she recognizes objects at a distance, or penetrates the character of persons, is no exception to the laws of nature, but simply the exhibition of a natural power which belongs to several thousand persons in this city, and is no more abnormal than the musical genius of Ole Bull or Paganini, which would be equally marvelous in a nation that never cultivated music.

Whenever the psychic powers are cultivated and properly educated, when they are cultivated as generally as music, they will become just as common as musical genius; but no matter how common they may become, the educated and artificial ignorance of materialistic doctors will never admit their existence until one generation of these miseducated men shall have passed away [applause], for human nature is the same to-day as in the days of Harvey, when the whole generation of old practicing physicians had to die before so simple a matter as the circulation of the blood could be generally received. Medical schools have lost none of their bigotry in two hundred and fifty years. Hence they are behind the age, and instead of leading the public in advance, public opinion leads them, and sometimes pushes them. [Applause.]

If the gentleman who has made such an unfortunate exhibition of himself on this subject in the medical journals, had attended my lectures twenty or thirty years ago, if he was then old enough, he would have been sufficiently instructed to have exhibited his knowledge on this subject instead of his ignorance.

My chief discoveries were made before Miss Fancher was born, and if they had been welcomed by the medical profession in New York, if the admired and lamented Dr. Forry had been permitted to advocate them in the *Medical Journal*, which he established then, instead of being silenced by Dr. Cheeseman and other bigots, there would have been in this city enough knowledge of the nervous system to have treated Miss Fancher properly at first, and saved her from her present condition.

The history of her case exhibits the unconscious malpractice of educated ignorance, which cannot cope with such conditions because the knowledge of the nervous system which explains such cases and their treatment has been carefully excluded from medical colleges, whose graduates, supposing themselves well educated, are involved in darkness as to nervous phenomena and psychic life.

Materialistic ignorance speaks of her powers as *abnormal*—as something that cannot possibly exist, because it exists in no one else, and is no part of the common endowments of humanity. But in truth the psychic powers which she exhibits have belonged to the human race in all ages; they are not at all as rare as eloquence, and though they are comparatively undeveloped, there are a number of persons here to-night who possess the same endowments as Miss Fancher, and some who could surpass her in their exhibition.

The fact of Miss Fancher being alive when she does not consume a day's provision in a year—the fact of her passing five months at a time unable to eat anything, ought not to disturb or enrage physiologists when medical records are full of similar cases, forgotten now because the modern works carefully exclude all such facts in order to cultivate ignorance, so that the present generation of physicians know nothing about it; yet they do not exclude the authentic case of a Hindoo Fakir buried alive for ten months at Lahore, India, in 1838, reported by Captain Osborne and Sir Claude Wade, a case in which the man was kept in his grave while a crop of barley was raised and harvested over it.

Frogs have been found alive in solid blocks of stone as old as the hills.

The celebrated geologist, Dr. E. Clarke, of Cambridge, England, found in a mass of chalkstone dug up from forty-five fathoms below the surface of the ground, living animals of the lizard species, which were re-animated when exposed to the sun, which must have been, from their locality, more ancient than the flood, and were, in fact, so old that they belonged to an extinct species.

The law, therefore, seems to be that in a state of absolute repose and suspended animation no food is necessary, whether for one month, one year, or ten thousand years; and when the soul is partially emancipated from the body, as in Miss Fancher, during a trance, the body is in that repose which absolutely requires no food whatever.

Why should a narrow-minded doctor object to Miss Fancher occasionally seeing persons at a distance, or knowing what they are doing? History abounds in similar cases.

The ladies in our Psychometric Society in New York will often describe an individual and tell of his deeds long after he is dead, and not think it anything wonderful.

These powers were frequently enjoyed among the ancient Greeks, and the greatest of ancient philosophers, Pythagoras, saw clairvoyantly the wreck of a distant ship at sea.

In the times of the apostles such facts frequently occurred, and in the house of the Danish astronomer, Tycho, I recollect the authentic biographical statement that a half-idiot young man, who often saw people at a distance, once laughed while he saw clairvoyantly a party of young men upset in a boat as they were coming to the island.

On the 17th of February, 1851, when Captain Austin and Sir John Franklin were in the Arctic Ocean, Austin being near Cape Martyr, a Scotch woman, as stated by Professor Gregory, described the position of both at that time, giving the exact longitude, and it was published long before they returned, and when they returned from the voyage the statement was found correct. Is it not strange that educated gentlemen should turn their backs on ancient history and modern experience, to become the champions of ignorance? [Applause.]

The Professor now proceeded to discuss at considerable length the questions of psychic powers, clairvoyance, prevoyance, etc., which he did not consider as debatable novelties, and that he was fortified with the possession of nine points of the law in reference to them. He cited numerous historical cases, to establish and affirm the wonderful powers claimed for the several branches which contribute to make up the whole subject embraced in two words, Modern Spiritualism. In its relation to Christianity, the learned Professor said:

It is not the debased and ignorant, but the wisest and best in all lands. who cherish religion as something exquisitely sacred and imperatively true. This religion affirms a Divine Creative Power and a realm of spirit-life which is continually interacting with our lives, and exercising a beneficent influence. You cannot shut out this interaction without destroying religion itself, for if God exists he is a power to operate on man, and if souls exist at all the spirit-world they must have some intercourse with their surviving, much-loved friends on earth, and the communion of souls must be as great a reality as Divine love and inspiration.

There may be a form of Christian religion that is destitute of Spiritualism, but it is only a form, an effigy, a skeleton, or a carcass. At best it can only be compared to a barren fig-tree that cumbers the ground.

There may be a Spiritualism that is destitute of religion, and that is another cold effigy—the cold, dry bones of science, that rattle without life.

Spiritualism without religion becomes an *ignis fatuus*, wandering over the morass, leading us into occult creeds, intellectual discords, malignant magic, speculative vagaries, metempsychosis, sensuality, fortune-hunting, egotistical ambition, and wild mystifications that run along the border-line of insanity.

Religion was presented in the life and teachings of Christ and the apostles with a brilliant affluence of Spiritualism and spiritual power suited to all nations and ages. Let the cold and decaying forms of the Protestant Church, dying in faith and dying to love, but yet not dead and not destined to die, be revived by the ancient Spiritualism of the church, enlightened by modern spiritual science, until the apostles can look upon it as a worthy successor to primitive Christianity. [Applause.]

And let the lifeless form of Modern Spiritualism be filled with the life and power of Divine Love and the presence of Christ until it becomes the chosen instrument, conquering scepticism and wining the modern world to enlist under the banner of Divine Love. [Applause.]

Let us not be ashamed of these glorious principles and truths in the presence of the scoffing materialist, but ask him if he has ever known matter to originate life—ask him if the origin of life is not beyond his knowledge, and is not always from prior life, and is not life itself a spiritual reality, a power that is not matter, and, therefore, is spirit, and is he not stultified by his own theories? for all action comes from force, and force is not matter, but spiritual or immaterial power; and what is matter itself in the last analysis but force? and what can organize force into forms of wisdom and beauty but intelligence? and what better name can be give to the Infinite Intelligence that organized an unlimited universe but the name that all men use and enlightened men adore?

Let us not be silent or reticent in the presence of the hollow-hearted Pharisees who ask if you believe in spiritual communication, and who profess to have a respectable kind of religion that keeps Heaven at a safe and illimitable distance. Say to these Pharisees: Oh, my poor friends, you have never yet learned the nature and power of true religion. If your spirit-friends do not approach you, it is only because you are living on too low a plane. If the humbler spirits in rank, who are nearer and dearer to you personally, cannot or do not approach you, how can you expect the higher spirits to come? How can you realize the "communion of the saints?" what special claims have you on Christ or on the Great Father? If you are living so low and so dead that even your own flesh and blood cannot reach down into the darkness of you soul, most assuredly Jesus Christ does not visit you. You may think that a denominational connection is enough, but if you are beyond the circle of the light and love of Jesus Christ are no part of his church, and you will realize this unhappy fact when death draws aside the curtain of eternity.

It is time that those who cultivate Spiritualism, which is subordinate as well as religious, which is paramount, should respect the dignity of their position as the teachers of a benighted society. Speak the truth with dignity and love, but do not hesitate to speak it to all who need it.

Tell them, too—for these poor Pharisees do need some consolation and encouragement, being generally deficient in moral courage—tell them that religious Spiritualism is not the doctrine of the ignorant, the credulous and the eccentric, but is and has been the doctrine of the wisest and best—not only of crowned heads in England and France, of lords and ladies, philosophers and scientists to-day, so numerous I will not undertake to mention them, out of the great poets, such as Milton, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Boccacio, Coleridge, Rogers, Hemans, or Schiller, Goethe, Zschokke, and of the great artists, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, and many others, for all that is best and highest in literature derives its highest qualities from spiritual inspiration. Never was a medium more overwhelmed with spiritual visitations than the immortal poet Tasso.

It has been the doctrine of the men whom the Christian churhes delight to honor, while they neglect their teachings, just as they neglect much of the teachings of Christ. I do not say all churches, all Christians, do this, but I do say the church is full of paralysis and gangreen, and needs all its interior vitality to recover, and I think all real Christians will agree with me.

Who led in the most modern revival of religion with the greatest success? John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Whitefield and Fletcher, *all* Spiritualists in the fullest and completest sense of the word. Who does not honor their memories and agree with Dean Stanley in their pre-eminent merit. And why were they religious leaders? Simply because they lived like the apostles, in the atmosphere of Spiritualism.

One of the most interesting of all the naratives of spiritual power and spiritual rappings is John Wesley's narrative of what happened in his father's house. They were honest people, and therefore they were attended by honest spirits, and when a spirit was rapping loudly to attract the attention of Wesley's father he thought possibly his son Samuel had died, and had come to him in spirit, so he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel I pray thee knock three knocks and no more."

The spirit immediately ceased knocking that night, for his son was not dead. At other times the spirit would follow his mother and his sister Nancy all about the house in the day time when they were not afraid, and sometimes kept up such noises at night that they did not go to sleep till one o'clock.

These spirits (says Wesley) always came to the family to give warning when any calamity was about to occur. Wesley was a full believer in all spiritual phenomena, and worked wonders on the sick by prayer and laying on of hands.

Whitefield did the same in a still more wonderful manner, and the great Coleridge rebukes the ignorance of those who discredited these spiritual truths. Bishop Watson, in defending Wesley against the skeptics, said: "It is only in modern times that this species of infidelity has appeared, with the exception of the Sophists of the Atheistical sect in Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees among the Jews." Whitefield was the most wonderful man that ever occupied the pulpit, for he was a channel of divine power. There is nothing in the plain, dry language of his sermons to account for their power, but he accounts for it himself when he says that when he was sick and in agony, "I felt a divine life distinct from my animal life," and that healed him and enabled him to go out and preach.

I assure you, my friends, in all the sincerity of scientific truth, that this divine life is a reality. It was the divine life which enabled the greatest Spiritualist England ever producec, the founder of the Quakers, George Fox, after he was mobbed and beaten nearly to unconsciousness, to rise up miraculously healed and go on with his work. It was this spiritual power which enabled him to predict the defeat of the Turks when advancing in Austria, two years in advance to predict the great fire of London, and enable two of his his followers to predict that it was near. When Thomas Ibbit came to London and proclaimed the impending fire, the second day of his proclamation the fire broke out—Sept 2d, 1666—and in four days destroyed thirteen thousand two hundred houses, and turned out of their homes a hundred thousand people.

In conclusion the lecturer alluded in terms of commendation to those great Spiritualists, Father Oberlin, Lady Huntington, Richard Baxter, Isaac Watts, John Knox, Joan of Arc, Madam Guyon, Fenelon Luther, Melancthon Plato, Swedenborg, Pythagorus Zoroaster, Budda, the disciples and Jesus. When science is piled up mountain high it looks abroad with comprehensiveness, and becomes philosophy; and when philosophy attains its highest development, reaching out and comprehending all things, it becomes wisdom; and when wisdom is touched by divine illumination it reaches out still further, and penetrating all things, becomes universal sympathy; and when universal sympathy is warmed and strengthened by divine influx it becomes divine love, the creative and regenerative power. This progress from science to divine love is by the power of spiritual religion, which blends all wisdom and all love in one divine life, which is the life of the true church, the redemption and the regeneration of humanity; and oh, my friends, I long to clasp your hands in the brotherhood of that life!

PHYSIOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF MAN.

BY HELEN MAR.

[*Continued from last week.*]

It is an unprecedented fact that no two things in this great universe are exactly alike or similar. Diversity reigns throughout, and this alone makes identification possible, and individuality recognizable. The law of diversity is an infinite law, and through it is individuality and identity established and maintained, not only here but in the great infinite future that awaits us on the other shore; no unconscious cerebration into the divine mind, but each will preserve its identity for ever and for aye.

Evidently there can be no missing links in creation. We may be asked may not a link have been transferred to the unseen? Not so. The prior and anterior are before you, and to transfer an intermediate link a severance has to be made, which is an impossibility. Can you expunge any moment from the calendar of time? If not, you cannot efface any cause that is at work bringing forth the manifestations of Nature. All work together in durations holy order; all are divine; all just and legitimate; occupying legitimate spheres of action, and ever will.

In our elucidation of principles we do not involve the matured evidences of causation with the causes that matured them. We do not look to effects as the ultimatum, but regard all laws as infinite. All effects in their turn become causes of succeeding effects, which in their turn become causes, and so on ad infinitum. This should not be lost sight of in our eliminations. The fact that mankind lose sight of the infinitude of relations and see only present radiations, is what gives rise to many of the misconceptions upon which they build theories that have no foundation in the realm of infinite cause. The notions and ideas of the past have been the outgrowth of tangible effects; not deductions from unseen causes.

Man's limited capacities, it is true, prevent him from comprehending the infinite; but his great desideratum should ever be to go beyond the ostensible, the seen, and learn from Nature the causes at work and weigh the effects springing therefrom. In the past, present, or future realm of conscious existence man cannot divest himself of the national characteristics that hold him to the peculiar planetary and climatic conditions through which he is evolved. Man, in his primeval existence, had as slight a conception of the present development and progression of his race as man of the present has of the still grander future that awaits him. The infinity of the laws governing him will carry him up, up, until the achievements of to-day will seem as crude as the achievements of centuries ago seem to him now. The boundless sea of infinitude opens and displays to view man's wonderful possibilities in a realm as yet undefined and unrealized; where matter will become so etherealized and refined that it will be subordinate to his will, and whatever man shall decree that shall be outwrought by the power that mind will exercise over matter. You may think this far-fetched and visionary. If mind can be controlled by mind through magnetic and mesmeric conditions, is it wild to suppose that a condition may convene when mind can control matter? Remember, that the laws of mesmerism and magnetism are infinite; and, also, the progressive action of the mind and the possibilities of the future no mortal can define. But, throughout eternity the universal law of adaptation and application will be governed by demand and supply; and the limits or boundaries of man's decrees will be in consonance therewith, the supply never overstepping the demand. Only as man can adapt and apply will he realize, as the awards will ever be in accord with his needs—not his desires. The subtle laws of the universe will ever accord to the receiver the award that Justice demands. As the rays of the sun guild the mountain tops, so do the rays of the infinite illumine the finite mind. The higher the mountain, the grander the illumination; the purer and holier the aspirations of the finite, the brighter the emanations. All emanations from the infinite are sparks of the divine mind; scintillations from the source from which all spring and in which all live, move and have their being, and which is controlled by effects which are ever becoming causes; proving the assertion, that all things in their formation and transformation are simply causes working out results. This law of infinite action brings the culminated evidence that God, Jehovah, the great first Cause, or whatever you please to term the source of all manifestations, is dependent upon the parts or effects for its power, omnipotence and omniscience, as much as the effects are dependent upon the causes that mould, form, and develope them. This may seem deleterious to the Christian theories, as they make their Gods entirely independent personages, wreaking vengeance dire upon the household of being for its inharmonious relations and discordant conditions fashioned by his own hand and controlled by his own power. We contend God is not a personality, neither is he an independent force or power, but is dependent upon effects seen and unseen, comprehended and uncomprehended. All causes are effects of pre-existing effects of still pre-existing causes, that in their multifarious changes may be traced ad infinitum back as far as the mind of man can trace any event. This will ever hold sway in the realms of mind, matter and spirit.

What are the realms of mind, matter and spirit, but matter in different degrees of etherealization and refinement. Man can never work out of the realm of matter. Some of the teachers of the present will present to you the insolidity of matter, and represent the spirit as imponderable, as a force or power independent of matter; the *subnum bonum* of all that is susceptible of being denominated an evidence of infinite law. This is a very great departure from what experience teaches and cause demonstrates. All matter is taking on different degrees of refinement as evidenced through the infinite laws of universal adaptation. In the application of this eternal action this is a necessity. All nature is changing from day to day; and as matter is nature, how can any change take place without acting and reacting upon matter? If all conditions and relations are working out of darkness into light, out of ignorance into knowledge, out of doubt and stupidity into truth and demonstrated fact, how can man live, move, and have his being in the universe and not be a partaker and participator in this etherealizing and refining process. Spirit is only a degree of the refinement of matter. You may say, but that does not apply to the realm of mind. How can you draw a dividing line between mind and what you denominate spirit? We are wont to so confuse and confound the subtle agencies of the universe as to get no precise or correct view of any. Mind occupies its specific sphere in the realm of matter, entirely dependent upon it for expression. When you undertake to separate mind, matter, and spirit, it is like looking into space to see God. As all space is God, whatever you see is God. As all spirit is matter, and mind is an expression of the action of matter and dependent upon matter for its expression, there can be no division.

The physical world is, in conjunction with the spiritual, a mere reflex of the active properties of matter. Both are dependent upon matter for their expression, and the mind is entirely dependent upon its action. Our ideas, conceptions, deductions and conclusions upon any object or subject are only our estimates of matter, based upon what our normal senses can comprehend, what we can see, feel, hear, taste, and handle. The unseen world recedes from us in our endeavors to fathom its mysteries: but the world of matter that is so gross as to be apparent to our physical senses, we can adapt and apply. We do not see electricity, neither do we see steam, yet we can adapt and apply both. This shows most clearly that matter in its greater degrees of refinement recedes from our view; and the fact that we can adapt and apply these subtle agents, proves that they are matter. Electricity is more refined than steam, as the moment steam comes in contact with the atmosphere that is cooler than itself, you are enabled to see it, or rather the element of which it is the refined essence. In steam, the water has not been destroyed, but through the action of the heat, it has been refined until it is invisible; but when you see the power in the action of what still remains of it, can you doubt its being matter? We may be asked what of heat, is it matter? Most assuredly it is, deriving its properties from the consumption of fuel through the subtle agency of electricity which is entirely unseen. Thus you will perceive that the unseen is much more powerful, more subtle in action, and more definite in manifesting its mobility and solidity than the seen. The mind in its deductions is governed by the seen, but the forces that enable the mind to make the deductions are in the back ground in abeyance to still more subtle agencies, but even in this realm we find everything governed by cause and effect. Matter, or molecular atoms make up the sum total of all that the mind, either in the physical or spiritual life, can conceive of. Light, heat, electricity, mesmerism, magnetism, things physical and things Spiritual, are all composed of atoms that are constantly acting and reacting upon each other, adhering and cohering, taking on and casting off, building up and demolishing with great force and rapidity, and from and through this molecular action in the universe of matter is evolved and projected into outer form all that we can comprehend. An elaborate analysis of this action of the molecular universe would require the knowledge and wisdom of the infinite. It being infinite in action, and of the infinite, and the infinite, man's limited capacities cannot possibly define it; neither can any one present an analytical view of it, whereby he can take in, weigh, measure or estimate it, therefore he had better swallow creation by degrees. As he cannot comprehend the whole, he had better adapt and apply what his necessities demand and his needs require.

We have said that there are no missing links in creation. We would not have you understand by this that the facts of to-day do not become obsolete to-morrow; or that what may appear to-day as the highest and brightest evidence of an immutable law, will not become dim by the light of to-morrow; but the fact that to-day will have passed into the vortex of departed time does not prove that what transpires to-day, is not just as true an evidence of infinite law, as what may transpire to-morrow; but progression is written at the portal of every day, hour and moment. The facts of to-day are mile posts on the journey of life, ever pointing onward and upward to the higher and brighter in the infinite realms of futurity.

The fact of an eternal progression is being admitted by many of the best thinkers of the theological schools of the present. They are becoming imbued with the teachings of the inspired writers of to-day, and are gradually losing sight of the mile posts of past centuries. On the journey of life we are erecting mile posts and they are constantly receding from us. Time with its harmonious wand is wafting us to the unseen, the untried, and in this realm we are ever making our marks on the frontlets of creation, leaving in the back ground those of the past, until they appear like grim spectres of departed ignorance and superstition. We recognize no limitations to an infinite law. It will ever bring forth results commensurate with the demands of the times and in accord with inherent worth; hence there can be no circumscribed lines drawn to encumber the soul of man for all time. Any theory that may be presented to-day will as surely be lost sight of in the future as the mile posts on your great thoroughfares grow dim in the distance, and fade as the stars in the light of coming day. Man in his endeavors to keep in the old and beaten track of theology, is very loath to lose sight of the mile posts of the past, but they are receeding from him, and in the near future not one of them will be left to point the way to heaven's isolation, or hell's fearful dominion. The traditionary legends of ancient lore will be estimated by their inherent worth, and cast aside as unworthy of consideration. Like Æsop's fables they will occupy only a secondary place in our esteem. The bible, that venerated volume of ancient literature, will recieve the award due to all mythological epitomes, and be consigned to the dusty, cobwebbed and unexplored recesses and classed with the uninteresting. This may seem very erroneous, but time will bear us out in the assertion. It does not contain a vestage of its originality. Every page has been reconstructed to suit the peculiar ideas of those engaged in the translation and revision of it. The commentaries that are supposed to explain its hidden truths, are merely the conceptions of mortals like ourselves and have not we as good a right, has not every human being, whether Atheist, Pantheist, Materialist or Deist, as good a right to their conceptions? Are not they all based upon man's opinions and ideas, which is the only standard we have to measure or estimate by. The God of each is a definite reflex of themselves; their Heavens and Hells what they hope to attain or escape. These conceptions are all legitimate, all links in the great chain of causation, all just expressions of the conditions and relations from which they were deduced, and of their originators a definite reflex; all mile posts in the journey of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIND AND MATTER.

No. 3.

Fulton, Watt, Fitch have mind. They think. Steam extending from the nose of a tea kettle attracts attention. It lifts the lid of the kettle; it is seen there is a new force; they are made to act. Can this power be utilized? They begin their work; mind is now to act on matter, and behold—the boat, ship, can move! Pressing on in their inquiries, other discoveries are made. Morse thinks, arranges his machinery, and the telegraph comes, and ocean cables follow. What meaneth this? Mind has acted on matter. Boats, cars, ships, telegraph cables are run, and can be handled. Not so of the human or animal mind. I am aided now by the above illustrations. I affirm that persons dwelling in a sphere above the mundane are on certain casts of mind in spheres below them. And they may, can and do transmit their thoughts, purposes and plans to minds in the earth sphere. In this sense they come to earth, enter its dwellings, shops, factories, and impress persons to do and say what they did not intend or expect to do. This is mediumship in a general sense. It is mind acting on mind.

An invention may be needed and desired. What is desired exists. Mind may be intensified in that direction. Certain mechanical, chemical or philosophical valves are distended. Elements or seed-thoughts are then deposited. The hands, the executors of the mind, are set to work. Copper, zinc, iron, steel, electricity, magnetism, ether are combined and the desired invention is caught, held, secured, used. As now stated, this is an easy, simple, natural process. Supernaturalism is not used. Neither is miracle needed. Want is; supply comes. If one is a bigot, is selfish, depraved, he gets what he attracts, and so of the pure in heart, the noble, just, beneficent and true. Can persons who have passed out of one sphere and ascended to another so clothe themselves that the human eye can see them and the human hand touch them? The answer is in the affirmative. Elements may be collected and so arranged that persons who fully understand chemical laws can help persons supposed to be dead to appear. Did not Samuel and Moses and Elias appear in full form, and did they not hold a conference with the Son of Man? Nay, did not Jesus walk with his discouraged and sad disciples when on their way to Emaus? and did he not enter a chamber whose doors were all closed? These New Testament stories are either true or false. If true, what was done in centuries past may be repeated now. If these things did not transpire, what of the credibility of the Jewish and Christian records? and what of the religious institutions which are built thereon? Questions of this serious character are to be met and answers are demanded.

Two classes are, or should be, deeply interested in these inquiries—the religionists and the scientists. Mind acts on matter and matter acts on mind. One sometimes controls and defeats the other. It is said that Jesus "did not many mighty works" in a certain place because of the unbelief of its residents. Persons dwelling in the supermundane sphere cannot now do their best works, because of positiveness or unteachableness or stubborness of certain persons. What such sow they also reap.

When favorable conditions shall have been secured, when persons shall be "of one accord in one place," then the Son of Man will appear in all his glory, bringing holy angels and ministering spirits with him. Then will the old heavens and the old earth (the church and state) be shaken, pass away with a great noise, and a new heaven and a new earth (a new church and a new state) will appear. Discord and crime and war will then be succeeded by harmony, justice and peace.

In these hasty sketches of mind and matter I have purposely avoided speaking of the spirit and soul of man. These lie behind, or, more accurately speaking, are within the mind, and a more critical pen is required to sketch these offices than has been used to write of mind and matter.

LIBERALITY.

MR. EDITOR:—That spirit messages have been the basis of all religious systems and sacred books, all honest well-informed persons will admit. That modern Spiritualism is true, you and I know, but at the same time we do not claim for it infalibility, nor anything supernatural. We know that our spirit friends can with favorable conditions, communicate with us, and we believe that they do this through the same natural law, by which prophets and Saviours, in past ages, have been inspired. The different methods used by spirits to demonstrate continued life is of interest mainly to those who are comparatively ignorant of spiritual philosophy, or of the application of natural law to spiritual, as well as to material substances.

To me the theory of any religion or soul philosophy, is of little consequence, compared with its practical results, and therefore I suggest to you the importance of making your paper a power, not only in defence of Spiritualism, but also in correcting the abuses of the present life. The church has shown the folly of harping upon the future state, at the expense of the present, and has grown weak and unprofitable, because it has substituted unreasonable creeds as tests of human character. By Christians, the Christ principles of self sacrifice and love have been almost entirely forgotten in their zeal to build up systems and sects, and in their strife to secure numbers, wealth and power in the social state. They quite ignore the words of Jesus—"My kingdom is not of this world." The fact that churches are now combining to maintain their worn out dogmas by bringing the strong arm of civil law to their aid, and putting in force the legislation of bigoted churchmen of a hundred years ago, evidences their conscious inability to cope with free thought by intellectual and moral force alone. Their efforts to combine with the wealthy and office-holding politicians, show how little practical regard they pay to the life and teachings of the despised Nazarene.

The angelic hosts are anxious to purify the church from pride and hypocrisy, and to free the world from poverty, ignorance and crime. The great minds of the past, now in spirit life, desire to teach, by all available means, the people of this Republic, the true principles of free government, and the methods by which the laborer and producer shall receive his just share of what he produces. Why not give them a chance, by opening your columns to a discussion of such eminently practical questions as finance, suffrage, land-ownership, taxation, production, distribution, industrial education and that integrity of the ballot absolutely necessary to the salvation of the State? Yours truly,

January 2, 1879. DAMON Y. KILGORE.

[We had supposed that our repeated invitation, to all who desired to discuss any and every question, which is in any way connected with human progress, through MIND AND MATTER, was understood. If not we repeat again that we will be glad to hear from Mr. Kilgore or any other person on the subjects which he mentions. We recognize fully their importance and will welcome the proposed discussion. ED.]

Historical.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

A MIRACLE IN THE THIRD CENTURY—A PRAYER OF GREAT VALUE.

About the middle of the third century there came into the world, in Syria, a healthy babe, which grew vigorously. In the course of a few years the boy was over six feet high in stature. He was very large for one of his years, but still he kept on growing. When he arrived at the years of manhood he was twelve feet high and of prodigious bulk and strength. He was very proud of his gigantic proportions, and determined that he would serve none but the mightiest of princes. What name he inherited from his progenitors is not stated with any degree of certainty. His demeanor, however, was of such a character that he was called "Unrighteous;" but he became converted, and so holy indeed that his blood would cure physical disease if applied to the affected parts.

The story of his history is very remarkable and deeply interesting and it may be considered orthodox, as his annual festival is celebrated in the Roman Catholic churches on the 25th day of July. It is also celebrated in the Greek Catholic Church, but at some other time in the year. How he obtained the name of Christopher is not authenticated. He entered the service of a Syrian Prince, but in a few days found him to be very much afraid of another prince known as the Devil. Christopher meditated on the subject, and being a giant of great strength and unquestionable courage, he determined to enter the service of this very Devil, who must of course be mightier than the other Prince. The Devil accepted the services of Christopher, and often they perambulated the country in company with each other. One day while passing through the woods they observed an image of Christ, at which the Devil was much alarmed. This shook the confidence of Christopher, who resolved to retire from his service and enter the service of the greater Prince. He hunted for him in vain for a long time, but he persevered in his search and finally he found an old hermit who showed him Christ. This hermit baptized Christopher, who, however, finally and absolutely refused to do prescribed penance, for which act of disobedience he was sentenced to carry Christian pilgrims across an unbridged stream of water. On a bright morning, a beautiful little boy appeared on the edge of the stream and desired to be carried across to the other side. The little fellow was placed on the broad shoulders of Christopher, and the giant found himself sinking in the ground. At every step he took he went deeper and deeper. The giant was nonplussed; the boy, though light, was too heavy for the bearer. The boy announced himself as Christ, and, to prove his title, said to the giant:

"Stick your staff into the ground."

The Giant obeyed and the staff began to grow. The next morning it was a beautiful palm tree with full foliage and fruit.

BY THIS MIRACLE

many thousands of persons, history says, were converted to Christianity.

The prefect of that region of country named Dangus, was an envious man, and fearing the popularity of Christopher, had him imprisoned and scorged with red hot iron rods, a red hot helmet put on his head, and he was forced to take a seat on a burning stool. Christopher remained uninjured. The prefect then ordered him to be shot with poisoned arrows, but they fell harmless upon touching his body. One of these arrows in rebounding penetrated an eye of the prefect and gave him intense pain. Christopher offered his head to the executioner so that the prefect might bathe his eyes in the blood that would flow from it, and this would heal the wound and restore the sight. This self-sacrifice of the noble hearted Christopher was prompted from feelings of pity. He who was invulnerable against a red hot helmet, burning stool and poisoned arrows, did not resist the axe, and his complete decapitation was accomplished. The warm blood as it gushed from the giant head was applied to the eye of the prefect and it was made whole again on sight. The festival of St. Christopher is celebrated in Catholic countries. He left to posterity a prayer, to be recited, to frighten away spirits when people were digging for treasure, or to ward off pestilence and other afflictions which sometimes assailed whole communities. It is called SaintChristopher's prayer.

Sublime Expressions.

The following extracts of the expressed opinions of eminent persons are prepared expressly for MIND AND MATTER:

GHOSTS.

Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think I saw a form and heard a voice, "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;" now, my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might imagine I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour,—a fact that I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing,—and this fact should, with all its circumstances, afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.—*Samuel Johnson.*

—— —— told me that if he should see a ghost he should doubt about it, since the belief must depend upon two probabilities, namely—the ghost or an optical delusion; and an optical deception would be much the more probable.

I told —— —— that this would be good reasoning in broad daylight, but I did not believe he would find it answer in the dark; and I put the question to him, whether he was confident it would keep his hair from rising, when in a church-yard, and by the dim light of the moon, he should attempt such a syllogistic exorcism face to face with a ghost.—*Lord Byron.*

FUTURE STATE.

I see no reason why those who have been dearest friends on earth, should not, when admitted to that future happy state, continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose,) a social being, and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him in the like exaltation. He will indeed be greatly changed from what he was on earth, and unfitted perhaps for friendship for such a being as one of us is now; but his friend will have undergone, by supposition, a corresponding change.—*Archbishop Whately.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

I cannot help laughing at those thinkers, who worry themselves for a definition of that indefinable thing we call beautiful. The beautiful is a phenomenon, which is never aparent of itself, but is reflected in a thousand different works of the Creator, it is as various and diverse as nature herself.—*Goethe.*

Mind and Matter.

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J. M. Armstrong and Benjamin Hunter—They Manifest Themselves as Returning Spirits.

About the middle of January, 1878, the country was startled by the announcement of the fact that J. M. Armstrong, a publisher of music, of Philadelphia, was found in a street of Camden, N. J., disabled by mortal wounds inflicted upon his head by an assassin, or by assassins, with a hammer or hatchet, both of which implements were found lying near his prostrate form. Innocent persons living near the scene of violence were arrested as implicated by circumstantial evidence in the crime. After a painful detention for several days the suspected parties were discharged for want of evidence, and the officers of the law were induced to follow a clue that pointed to Benjamin Hunter of Philadelphia as the murderer of Mr. Armstrong; for, in the mean time, the latter had died from the effects of the wounds he had received. On the 19th day of March, a young man by the name of Thomas Graham, who had unguardedly intimated that he knew something about the murder, was arrested for that crime. He made a full and unreserved confession of all he knew about it, and implicated Mr. Hunter as his associate in the terrible affair. Mr. Hunter was promptly arrested and both men were held for trial.

On March 25th we were having a private sitting with James A. Bliss, at his house in American place, Philadelphia, when, while the medium was entranced, he was controlled by a spirit purporting to be J. M. Armstrong. In taking control the medium seemed to be in the agonies of a most violent and painful death. His groaning and contortions of face were most distressing to witness. He held his right hand to his forehead and his left hand to the back of his head, as if his suffering proceeded from those parts of his body. We watched this unusual phenomenon with the greatest interest, not having the most remote impression as to what was to follow. In the course of two or three minutes we were asked: "Why did he strike me? Why did he strike me? I could not help it, if I did owe him money." We replied by asking, "Who struck you?" He said: "Hunter did; I saw him strike me twice." We then asked him who he was. He replied, "I am Armstrong." We then said: "Do you not know that Hunter is now under arrest for murdering you, and is in prison at Camden awaiting his trial?" *He manifested great surprise when we told him that*; and he asked again: "Why did he strike me?" We replied: "Were you not aware that Mr. Hunter had your life insured for a large amount?" He replied: "I never thought of that." We then told him that there was a strong public impression that Hunter had murdered him to obtain that insurance on his life. We asked him whether another person than Hunter had struck him. He said: "No; it was Hunter who struck me. I saw him do it twice." We asked him if he ever knew such a person as Graham. He said, "No, I did not." We then told him that Graham had been formerly an apprentice of Mr. Hunter, and that he also was under arrest for assisting in the murder. He still answered negatively, saying, "I do not remember him." We then asked if he remembered having seen a young man following himself and Hunter to Camden on the occasion when Hunter struck him. He replied, "No, I do not." We then asked whether he might not have been struck by some one else before Hunter struck him. He still said, "No, I remember nothing of that. It was Hunter who struck me. I saw him strike me twice." He then asked with alarm, "Will my having told you this harm Hunter at his trial? We assured him that it would not, as nothing that he would say as a returning spirit would receive any credit or attention at the trial. We then asked him if he desired to send any message to his family. He replied: "I have a few words for her." [Meaning, as we understood him, his wife.] "Tell her that I am a spirit now; that I am sorry at my sudden taking off. Tell her that Hunter did it. It was he who struck me. Tell her I want her to go to a medium, so that I can communicate with her. Tell her that I still live, and feel the deepest interest for my family and friends."

We noted these things a very short time after they occurred, and reproduce them from those notes, as they are recorded in their regular order, in the course of the record of our observations of spiritual events. We did not feel warranted, while Mr. Hunter lived, to make these circumstances publicly known, for they could have served no useful purpose. We feel that the time has come when it would be wrong to suppress them. We were the more surprised to receive that communication, from the fact that Mr. Bliss, through whom it was given, had stoutly maintained that Mr. Hunter was a deeply injured, innocent man, whose arrest and imprisonment was grievously unjust.

While Mr. Hunter was being tried, we made a a fruitless effort to gain admission to the court-room, to see what impression the appearance of the defendant would make upon our mind. Thinking it useless to make a second effort, we left with a fixed determination not to attempt it. Several days intervened, when on the morning that Mr. Hunter was expected to take the stand, as a witness in his own defence, we felt the strongest impulse to endeavor to get a sight of him. Not being able to throw aside that impulse after much effort, we went again to Camden, although we well knew that the difficulty of gaining admission would be greater that morning than it had been since the opening of the trial. We found this to be the case, and having exhausted our chances of success, as we supposed, we were coming away when we unexpectedly met a friend, James Hayes, Esq., of Camden. We told him of our disappointment, when to our unexpected gratification he offered to get us into the anteroom, the door of which opened into the court-room directly facing the defendant. Reaching that room we found the doorway thronged, and only one opportunity open by which we could accomplish our desire to scrutinize the features and personal appearance of the defendant. That opportunity was to mount the back of a seat, which would elevate us above the crowd. The position was anything but a comfortable one; but by resting our hand against the open door, and leaning forward we were face to face with Mr. Hunter. Hardly could this have happened had we been in any other position. We expected to see in him a person whom we had before met, and our face must have worn a look of surprise, when his eyes met ours, and we realized our error. At this time, and for several minutes after, the counsel were conferring together preparatory to calling Mr. Hunter to the stand. Frequently, during the time we were there the eyes of the latter met ours, as we closely and critically studied the physiognomical and phrenological characteristics of the prisoner. We do not remember, ever before having felt so earnest a desire to read the workings of a human mind. At last Mr. Hunter took the stand, and, after being sworn, remained seated for some moments before his examination begun. He was then only a few feet from us, but instead of facing us he sat with his left side towards us, giving the fullest opportunity to study his appearance in that position. The preliminary examination began and proceeded for some time, when the conviction forced itself upon our mind, that what the spirit of Mr. Armstrong had told us was true; and that Mr. Hunter had been his assailant and murderer. Had we been acquainted intimately with Mr. Hunter, our recollection of his appearance could not have been clearer and more distinct, than it became after that searching scrutiny.

As we expected, from the impression left upon our mind, Mr. Hunter was found guilty and sentenced to undergo capital punishment. The day of his execution was the 10th of January, instant. On the evening of that day, not six hours after the execution of Mr. Hunter, there were present in our publishing room seven persons, who were engaged in general conversation, when James A. Bliss who was present, was entranced and controlled by a boisterous, drunken spirit, who in his maudling way told us he had been a reporter on the *Brooklyn Eagle* when on earth, and that he had been over to see the execution of Hunter, to make a report of it for MIND AND MATTER, but that he was too drunk to give it then. After cheering for the success of our paper, so loudly and persistently that we feared a visit from the police, he yielded the control. He was followed by the spirit of "Nigger Jim," as he calls himself, who has the power to break the controls of unwelcome spirits, and who stands guard over the medium, apparently for that purpose, under the direction of the more advanced spirit guides.

"Jim" also spoke of the excitement attending the execution of Mr. Hunter. When asked whether he had witnessed it, he said that he had not; but that he had seen the spirit of Mr. Hunter, and that the latter was then on the way up the street, in a very bewildered condition, trying to find his home and to reach his family. "Jim" seemed to sympathize with the lost spirit, and said he had a great mind to go and show him the way. Supposing that "Jim" intended to help the spirit to find his family, we urged him to do so, and to aid him all he could. As if acting on our suggestion, "Jim" left the medium, who remained entranced. In less than a minute the latter was seized by a control that threw him into a violent paroxysm. It was instantly manifest that it was the spirit of Mr. Hunter, who had possession of his organism. Here followed such an illustration of the dying agonies of a strong man, who was strangling to death, as was never personated by any master of the tragic art. It really seamed as if the medium was dying. While yet conscious, the control with the most desperate effort, and with broken and obstructed utterances, cursed Graham and Armstrong as the cause of his fate, and the destruction of the peace of his wife and children. Before we could arrest his attention, which we tried to do, the dying struggle ended; the medium remained some moments as if dead; and then came out of the trance.

That same evening Mrs. Bliss gave a materializing seance at Circle Hall, 403 Vine street. It being the night on which we mail our paper, Mr. Bliss who assists in that work, could not attend and conduct the seance. None of the persons who witnessed the scene that we have described attended that seance, and no one who was there knew ought of what had occurred. While the seance was going on a male form appeared, who called a gentleman, a merchant in Market street, to come to him. This gentleman had known Benjamin Hunter well, and he, in a moment, recognized him as Benjamin Hunter. Thus, in less than ten hours after his execution, Mr. Hunter had been able to manifest himself twice as a spirit, through Mr. and Mrs. Bliss.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., we attended a public seance given by Mrs. Bliss, Mr. Bliss conducting the same. Among the forms which appeared was that of a man. We were called to the cabinet, when, to our surprise, we beheld the well remembered face and form of Benjamin Hunter. Nothing could be more distinct and clear than was his identity. We gave him a friendly welcome, addressing him as Mr. Hunter. He made a desperate effort to speak, but was unable to do so. Placing his hands to his throat, as if to indicate the cause of his inability to speak, he by a great effort produced sounds so loud as to be heard by all present, although unable to articulate intelligibly. Failing to speak, he made signs as if indicating that he wanted to write. We gave him pencil and paper, which he had hardly taken from our hand when Mr. Bliss was entranced and controlled by a spirit purporting to be J. M. Armstrong. The latter then addressed Hunter, who was still in the cabinet, in a most impressive and pathetic manner; speaking in substance as follows: "Benjamin Hunter, do not blame me that by a law that neither you nor I can resist, that you are, for a time, drawn and held to me. I cannot help it. It is the result of your own actions, and will continue until you conquer your revengeful feelings towards me and your unfortunate victim, Graham, whose undoing you caused. I implore you to banish every unkind feeling, and strive to atone in the future for the terrible wrongs you have done to him and me. I forgive you with all feelings of kindness and charity. You will yet be happy if you will strive to do right, and the first step towards that happiness is to cease to think and feel like doing wrong. Strive only for that which is right, and God will forgive you as I do." Then addressing us, he said: "Mr. Roberts, I once before sent a message to my wife through you. Please say to her if she will come here I will materialize and talk with her." A moment after this was said Mr Bliss came out of the trance. Mr. Hunter again came to the aperture of the cabinet, and we went forward to receive the paper, which he handed to us. His face did not wear the expression of mental distress that it had displayed before. Not only his features, but the expression of them, were plain and distinct. On taking the paper to the light there was written upon it, in an irregular way but very legibly, the following words:

"Bad I have been, but I am now in the right path. My friend, it is forgiven me.—B. H."

He did not appear again that evening. On Friday evening, the 17th inst., at a public seance, Mr. Hunter again appeared, fully materialized, wearing a cheerful look. He could not speak, however, but held himself erect and pointed hopefully upward. With his hand he struck his breast heavily, as if to say, I feel confident I have conquered myself. Our brother, E. F. Roberts, was present and saw this manifestation of the spirit with ourself. Skeptical as he was about the possibility of spirit manifestation, he was forced to admit the reality of this visitation of a spirit form.

At a private seance held the next evening, at the request of the guides of Mrs. Bliss, the manifestations were unusually interesting and powerful, but were confined to the band of guides, no strange spirits materializing. Near the close of the seance Mr. Bliss was entranced and controlled by a spirit purporting to be Benjamin Hunter. He took control, apparently, with great emotion; when a Mr. Mills, who was present, proposed to give him a lecture, as one of a dark class of spirits. This proffer the control impatiently rejected, and it being pressed he manifested considerable indignation. He said, "I want no lectures, I have had lectures more than enough already. I know my position, I know how wrongfully I acted and gladly would I atone for the past. But I was insane when I committed that act. I brooded over the prospective loss of that money until it drove me mad. I was possessed by a demon when I killed my friend. I had allowed my mind to brood over that thought until it entirely controlled me. I was crazy when I struck down my friend. Let me warn you all not to allow your greed for money to master you. It was that which has caused me such misery. But for the kindness and help of a poor, humble negro, what would have been my fate? I shudder to think of it." Then bringing the medium to us and taking our hand he said, "I cannot forget your presence that day, at court, when reading my very soul you wrested from it the dreadful secret that was agitating it. I saw that you realized my guilt, and that you condemned me." We then questioned him as to our position at the time relatively to that which he occupied in the court room, and it became evident that he had especially noticed us amid all that throng and was conscious of the conclusion that our mind had reached after that searching scrutiny of his appearance and bearing. We are led to feel that our meeting on that fatal day was brought about to accomplish benificent ends which neither that sorely beset soul or ourselves understood. Just before the control charged Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee, a medium, who was present, was controlled by a spirit purporting to be J. M. Armstrong. He impassionedly addressed Mr. Hunter, who still controlled Mr. Bliss. In closing he said: "Benjamin Hunter, may God forgive you as I do;" and then the medium fell heavily to the floor. As she lay there Mr. Hunter spoke most feelingly as he pointed to the prostrate form of his victim, expressed the deepest contrition for his crime and looked forward to ultimate purification and happiness.

We know how difficult it is to be understood, the public prejudices and ignorance that prevail in relation to matters of this kind, and we expect to be censured for making the foregoing facts public. We feel, however, that we have done our duty in the premises to all concerned, and with that assurance we are content.

A Hypocrite Unmasked.

On the 15th of March, 1877, Stevens S. Jones, the founder and fearless editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, through the machinations of the Sectarian enemies of Modern Spiritualism, and a foe in his employ, fell at the hands of a crazy and frenzied assassin. At that time his son-in-law, John C. Bundy, was employed by Mr. Jones, to assist him in his editorial labors. By the calamity that removed Mr. Jones from his earthly career, the editorial management of the *Journal* passed into the hands of John C. Bundy. It was very generally felt, at the time, that the latter would follow a course antagonistic to that which had characterized the *Journal*, while it was edited by Mr. Jones; it being very well known, that he, Bundy, had not approved of Mr. Jones's frank and consistent course in upholding Spiritualism on its facts, and on its facts only. It was expected that he would make known his intentions to divert the *Journal* from the work in which it had been engaged; and it was therefore a matter of surprise that Bundy should have left it to be inferred that there would be no change in the course that the *Journal* would take while under his control. From March 22d to Aug. 25th, 1877, just four months, John C. Bundy managed to conceal his secretly-formed purpose of launching the *Journal* in a crusade against the cause that it was founded to uphold. As events have proven, he only waited for an opportunity to begin his treacherous work, when he could continue to conceal his traitorous design under the mask of excessive zeal, in maintaining the good name and fame of Spiritualism. That opportunity came when *The Times*, of Philadelphia, representing and acting with the hired tools and agents of the Philadelphia Propagandists of the Roman Catholic faith, published what it called an exposure of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, mediums for Spirit materializations, in this city. Without waiting to be informed as to the truth or falsehood of the statement of *The Times*, John C. Bundy in the next number of the *Journal*, with the antics of a senseless buffoon, manifested his delight at this long waited for opportunity to begin his secret war upon Spiritualism. He at once placed himself beside Frank McLaughlin, publisher, Cathcart Taylor, assistant editor, and Louis N. Megargee special reporter of *The Times*; all three bigoted Catholics and natural enemies of Modern Spiritualism, in trying to create popular predjudice against those victims of Roman Catholic outrage and persecution, and to create distrust of all public Spiritual mediums. The statement of *The Times* called its "complete exposure of the humbug of Spiritualism," and the editorial comments thereon constituted one of the most malevolent and bitter attacks against Spiritualism and Spiritualists that ever resulted from a deliberate and organized attempt to injure, if not to destroy, the truth concerning them. Yet this deadly attack was seized upon by John C. Bundy, to place himself in the front ranks of the Roman Catholic enemies who were engaged in that assault.

The conduct of John C. Bundy in this matter is without any excuse, for he was at once notified of the monstrous fraud that had been perpetrated by the *Times*, and those with whom that journal was concerned, in getting up that string of falsehoods; and *he took no step whatever* to inform himself whether he was serving truth or falsehood by his course. This shows that he was just as willing to serve falsehood as he was to serve truth, as the one or the other would serve his selfish individual ends. We, ourself, wrote him time and again, protesting against the suicidal unfairness of his course, and offering to be at any expense or trouble to get him reliable information about this deadly assault upon truth. For this we incurred the undying enmity of this bad hearted, wrong headed man. From that time he has missed no opportunity to seek to make capital for himself, by trying to discredit us in the esteem of sincere and honest Spiritualists and to prejudice the public against us.

In order to divert attention from the detestable underhand work, in which he has been from that time engaged, he has covered himself over with the garb and mask of *honesty*, *truthfulness*, and *purity*, so successfully as to deceive many very worthy and intelligent, but not well informed, friends of Spiritualism, and to conceal from them his villainous designs. No Pharisee ever manifested more consumate art than did John C. Bundy in his continued cant of honesty, truthfulness and purity; but he has managed at last to profess so much, and to practice his professions so little, that no one of common sense need be any longer deceived by him.

He pretended at first that his attack upon Mr. and Mrs. Bliss was made honestly in the interest of truth and for the advancement of Spiritualism. His subsequent course towards those mediums showed that he was not honest from the first, and that he was in full sympathy with the Roman Catholic conspirators who were engaged in that vile attempt to crush the truth. When they were goaded to arraign their maligners at the bar of justice, it was John C. Bundy who lost no opportunity to create public prejudice against them, in order to secure their conviction of a crime of which they were entirely innocent. It was John C. Bundy more than any other, or all other persons, who deterred the Spiritualists of Philadelphia from giving any aid or encouragement to those deeply wronged mediums. It was John C. Bundy who vied with those tools of the Catholic conspirators, Phillip Diesinger, Wm. O. Harrison, Helen Snyder, Anthony Higgins, Charles Fricka, Charles Bushner, *et id omne genus*, all Catholic bigots, and some of them hired to perform their demoniac parts. It was John C. Bundy who, when Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, after two trials, at which every resource which sectarian hatred could bring to bear to secure their conviction, were triumphantly acquitted, published the monstrous falsehood that they had escaped conviction by confessing their guilt. It was John C. Bundy who basely refused to retract that falsehood, and who reiterated it when it was impossible that he did not know it was false. In thus acting he placed himself side by side with those hired perjurers, William O. Harrison and Helen Snyder and their associates, who testified against those mediums. It was John C. Bundy who, for the past year, has lost no opportunity to assail us because we stood by those mediums, and were in a measure instrumental in bringing to nought the devilish plot which he sought so hard to render successful. It was John C. Bundy who, supposing that we would have no way of meeting his representations concerning us, that has, in the most cowardly and contemptible manner, again and again represented us to the readers of the *Journal* as the defender of fraudulent and dishonest mediums, and an enemy to the best interests of Spiritualism. We bore this cowardly scoundrelism until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when we resolved to place ourselves in a position to defend the truth against the insidious efforts of John C. Bundy to subvert and destroy it. With that object in view, we, on the 30th of November last, issued the first number of this journal. We have issued it weekly since that time to the knowledge of John C. Bundy, for we have sent each number to him in regular exchange, and he has not dared to let the readers of his paper know that MIND AND MATTER has an existence. Thouands of them do know it, however, and many of them are now on our subscription list. What they think of this valliant vilifyer, many of them have expressed to us. We are gratified to know that John C. Bundy has so natural a fear of us and the paper we control. It shows his high appreciation of the just punishment he is to receive at our hands.

Following up his base and cowardly course, this disgrace to honest, manly journalism, in the last number of the *Journal*, has again attempted to assail us, and at the same time to avoid the consequences of his rashness. His method is so unusual and novel that he ought to patent it, as it would serve as another monument of wasted inventive genius. In the number of the journal in question, John C. Bundy refers to us in the following manner.

"Alfred James being well drilled by his trainer John Oakley, fondly petted by the special friend of tricky mediums, J. M. Robers, and receiving a professional certificate from the editor of the *Banner of Light* as 'one of the finest medial instruments,' he is brought to grief and thoroughly exposed by the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, N. Y."

In joining with the Brooklyn assailants of the good name and fame of Alfred James, in their recent villianous and fraudulent attack upon the latter, this journalistic abortion refers to us as the friend and adviser of Mr. James in fraudulent practices as a medium, and as the defender of fraudulent mediums in general. This dishonest and untruthful slanderer did not dare to state one fact in that connection that warranted his groundless falsehood, and for the reason that he knew of no such fact. We brand the allegation as a malicious falsehood, and the writer of it as a black-hearted wretch. We defy him to bring forward a single act of our life that shows us capable of countenancing or tolerating fraud, either in Spiritualism or out of it. We assure John C. Bundy that we have as little disposition to tolerate fraud in the part of mediums as we have to tolerate fraud, deceit and falsehood on the part of their persecutors and slanderers. We have done some service to the cause of truth in bringing the dishonest conduct of both to light; and we propose to follow up the work until every villain and hypocrite is hunted down, who dares to attempt to discredit that which we know to be true. We now say publicly to John C. Bundy, that we will submit no longer to his vile falsehoods, and that to repeat them will be extra hazardous in more ways than one to him. We have said more than we intended on this very personal phase of John C. Bundy's insolence, and we sincerely hope that our readers will bear with our natural indignation at his base and dishonorable action.

We will now proceed to unmask the hypocrite. Having utterly failed to secure the conviction of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, John C. Bundy set about the work of discrediting Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, a job in which he was no more successful than he was in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, who are still in the Spiritual field doing yoeman service as mediums. John C. Bundy, joined the assailants of Mr. Mott, at Memphis, Missouri, and did all he could to blacken the character and destroy the usefulness of that honest faithful servant of the Spirit world. In this he ignominiously failed, as he had done in his previous efforts to injure faithful mediums. In like manner he joined the cowardly lying assailants of Henry C. Gordon, in their attempt to drive him from the field; but here, too, his object was defeated by the patient steadfastness of his intended victim. Again, when Mrs. Pickering was assailed by the dupes of a Jesuit emmissary, John C. Bundy, jumped at the opportunity to strike down, as he supposed, another faithful but defenceless medium. For more than a year and a half it has been the constant work of John C. Bundy to discredit all mediums, by the most unjust, unfounded and general allegations of dishonesty. He has labored in season and out of season, to help the open and avowed enemies of those mediums to crush them and the truth that they represent. Indeed, all the open enemies of Spiritualism together, has not done half so much to discourage Spiritualists, and to suppress the truth, as has John C. Bundy, through the columns of the *Journal*. This has been because no Spiritualist who was unacquainted with his villainy could believe it possible that he was the arrant hypocrite and scoundrel he is. His attempt to crush Mrs. C. V. Richmond, because her spirit guides exposed his devilish duplicity, in his war upon Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, is of itself sufficient evidence of the desperate malevolence that governs his editorial course. It cannot be possible that John C. Bundy is a friend of the cause that he cautingly professes to have at heart. His every action gives the lie to such a supposition. We have time and again asked him to name an honest reliable medium according to his standard of honesty. We now call upon him publicly to name those mediums that he deems honest and reliable, and if he cannot, or will not do so, that he stand forth as the accuser and enemy of all mediums. The time has come in the game of bluff that you have been playing, John C. Bundy, when your hand is called for. Show up, or admit your discomfiture. We do more than this; we call upon you to name the mediums that have proven false to their mission as mediums. If you know of any such, name them, that the public may know who they are, and thus be saved from being cheated by your connivance with those frauds. We assure you that we have been prompt to disclose all we know of such cattle, and no one will be cheated by any such connivance on our part. If you are afraid to assail fraudulent mediums specifically and openly, as you are constantly doing by insinuation and innuendo, then put us in possession of the facts, and we will see that they reach the public eye and ear. We take this opportunity to say to all mediums that we will be as prompt to condemn everything wrong on their part as we will be to defend them in all that is right, honest and true. We say more than this to them; we beseech them to aid us in silencing their enemies, by conforming to any reasonable test conditions at their seances that will admit of the occurence of Spiritual phenomena.

John C. Bundy has labored to make the public believe that we are opposed to mediums sitting under test conditions, and that we discourage them from doing so. Nothing could be further from the truth. We have used all our powers of persuasion to induce them to pursue that course as their only protection against their enemies and the enemies of Spiritualism. In every instance where mediums have been assailed, it has been because their enemies saw they could take advantage of their defenseless condition to misrepresent them. No medium has been attacked when the attack was likely to result in the demonstration of the spiritual reality of the manifestations. We were never more convinced of the importance of protecting mediums by placing them under test conditions than at this time, when all there is of hell on earth, and in the spirit life seems combined to crush and dishonor them. All ye mediums! help us in the manner suggested to win the great battle of Armageddon, which has now begun. You need not submit to any indignity, and we would not have you do so. Provide your own reasonable test conditions, and such as will best vindicate and protect you, and refuse to sit for any one who asks anything of you of an insulting or humiliating character. You and your spirit guides have as much right to dictate conditions as have those who seek to avail themselves of your services as mediums. Ever remember that while you are mediums and helpers of the spirit world, that you are men and women, and the peers of any persons who may seek the light from the spirit world through you. Insist on your rights as citizens, and defend yourselves as become men and women who will not brook injury or injustice. The truth demands this of you. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss set you a good example in defending their honor, although the walls of a prison enclosed them. They triumphed gloriously, and so will you. More and more with each succeeding day might is right and right is might. If Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and Mr. James will be advised by us they will bring civil actions against that prince of libellers, John C. Bundy; not that they could recover any pecuniary damages of him, for that they could not, but to put an end to his blatant falsehoods. We print a letter in another column from Mr. James, which he sent to John C. Bundy early the present week. We dare that cowardly defamer of Mr. James to accept his manly defiance. It is a most significant fact that every medium that John C. Bundy has, by his slanders, sought to crush, are in the field serving the spirit world; if we except poor Witherford, and he fills a suicide's grave, driven to desperation by the heartless cruelty of this deadly foe of Spiritual mediums.

We have written enough to show that John C. Bundy is a dishonest and most untruthful man, and an enemy to all mediums and those who stand by and sustain them in their spiritual mission; but we have held in reserve to the last his crowning act of treachery to the cause he is seeking to destroy under the guise of friendship. We refer to the course which John C. Bundy has pursued towards the *Banner of Light* and its able and veteran editor. We will be as brief as possible in disposing of this deadly thrust at the cause of Spiritualism.

It has been the studied effort of John C. Bundy to decry and belittle the *Banner of Light*, and to create prejudice among Spiritualists and others against Mr. Colby, its true-hearted and patiently forbearing editor. The idea seems to have taken possession of Bundy that if he can drag down his betters, that he will rise proportionately in his importance and become the master power in the domain of Modern Spiritualism; or, failing in this, that he will be enabled to subvert that which he cannot control and subordinate to his personal interests. The "Lion in his path" has been the staunch and storm tried *Banner of Light*, the great Spiritual journal of the world. So long as that grand, undeviating defender and advocate of Spiritualism sailed on her majestic course, the insidious, sneaking and piratical manœuvering of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* was made to appear more clearly. Its marauding schemes would become known, unless it could divert attention from itself by opening fire upon its great rival. It has supposed that the indifference of the latter to its feeble annoyance arose from its fear to come within range of its pop-gun missiles; and it has rattled away with child-like complacency at the imaginary damage it was doing to the object of its jealous enmity. It thought it had a chance to give the death stroke to its rival, when through the fraudulent acts of certain of his co-adjutors in Brooklyn, John C. Bundy supposed he could fasten a stigma of dishonor, or what is worse, the brand of idiotic incompetency on his editorial contemporaries of the *Banner of Light*. The grievous offence that was to serve Bundy, in placing those contemporaries in an odious light, was that the *Banner of Light* for Nov. 2, 1878, contained an editorial item, of which the following is an extract: "Our thanks are due to Mr. Miller for thus acting as a guide in bringing us *en rapport* with one of the finest medial instruments into whose presence we have entered." An aggravation of that offence was that the *Banner*, of Nov. 9, contained an extract of a letter describing the occurrences at a seauce given by Mr. James on Oct. 28th, attributed by Buudy to Mr. Oakley, and that the *Banner* of Nov. 30, contained a statement by Mr. Charles R. Miller of more than three columns, being an abridged narrative of two seances given by Mr. James on Nov. 3d and 4th. Finally the *Banner* of Dec. 21st, 1878, contained a letter from Mr. Oakley, giving further information in regard to Mr. James and his seances.

This was the "head and front" of the *Banner's* offending, and it is this series of publications that John C. Bundy has sought to construe into a designed attempt, on the part of the editor of that journal, to deceive his readers and patrons in regard to Alfred James as a medium. This audacious hypocrite, in a special editorial, characterized this most reasonable and proper action of the editor of the *Banner* as "*threads of the nefarious plot*" that resulted in the public announcement of Mr. James' mediumship. Knowing as we do that there was no plot, *nefarous* or otherwise, on the part of Mr. John Oakley, Mr. Miller, Mr. Colby, or ourself, to mislead any one in relation to Mr. James, or the wonderful manifestations of spirit power that occur through his mediumship, we do not hesitate to brand that allegation on the forehead of John C. Bundy as an ineffaceable mark of his consumate mendacity.

We reiterate our endorsement of Mr. James as an honest truthful man, and an entirely reliable medium for Spirit control. We know that there has not been a word said in his behalf that is not fully warranted and deserved by him and we defy the malice of his lying accusers to detract one jot or tittle from his just claims to respect and confidence. We invite the public to contrast the honorable, manly and straightforward conduct of Mr. James with the dishonorable, cowardly and dishonest conduct of his Brooklyn and Chicago assailants. If they will do so we feel confident that the work of fraudulently attempting to discredit mediums, will receive a quietus that will not be, in future, disturbed.

We have said enough to show that the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has, under the disguise of being a Spiritual journal, been serving the enemies of Spiritualism as their mouth-piece and representative. That it has been doing this purely as a labor of love is hardly likely, in view of the well known sordid cupidity and selfishnes of John C. Bundy. It is natural that this traitor to truth and honesty should hate the cause he has betrayed; and it is equally natural that he should make the most of his treachery in the way of pelf. He is working in the interest of those who can well afford to pay him liberally for his despicable services and he doubtless makes the most out of the necessities of his most profitable patrons.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 18, 1879.

TO JOHN BUNDY, Editor of *Philosophical Journal*, Chicago:

SIR—You and your paper are always ready to condemn every medium, on hearsay, without knowing any of the particulars of the facts in the case. It has taken you three weeks to give an account of a test seance given by me before the First Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia; but it has cost you only one week to publish an account of my so-called exposure. If you are the friend of honest mediums you claim to be, listen to the following proposition:

I will come to Chicago, be stripped in your presence and such clothes as you provide for me put on my own person—paying my way to Chicago—and if one or more forms come out of the cabinet under these tests you forfeit $500.

If you are so anxious to investigate as you say you are, here is a chance to satisfy your doubt, and in future you will be able to say what you know and not what you assert on hearsay. If you think the sum named too much let me hear your proposition, and if possible I will arrange with you.

You are not willing, in my opinion, to expend one cent to find out the truth; if you are, answer immediately. Yours respectfully,

A. JAMES,
No. 1 rear of 635 Marshal street.

Editorial Briefs.

MRS. BLISS, will visit Washington, D. C., the coming week and will give seances there.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, clairvoyant and test medium, of Boston, Mass., is at present in Philadelphia.

THE heavy snow, and ice gorges all over the country will be liquified into immense freshets. Prepare for them.

MRS. GARDINER, has appeared in Texas, as an independent slate writing medium. Hon. Paul Bremond, the Texas railroad chief, has pronounced her a most remarkable medium.

AT a meeting of the Methodist Conference of Philadelphia, held on Monday, January 20th, a resolution was adopted, restricting "God called" women from preaching in any of the churches of that denomination.

MR. WILLIAM CROOKES, who has been elected to the Council of the Royal Society, London, recently read a paper before the Society, announcing certain important discourses which he says, "reveal to physical science a new world—a world where matter exists in a fourth state, where the corpuscular theory of light holds good, and where light does not always move in a straight line."

WE have received a long article from Wm. Emmett Coleman in answer to the remark that we made on the 31st ult, and which was reported in MIND AND MATTER of the 4th inst., as follows: "There is an apparent desire to defame mediums by such men as Wm. Emmett Coleman, Hudson Tuttle and others who are throwing away the facts of Spiritualism, in place of which they presume to be leaders in the work growing out of what they call Harmonial Philosophy." Mr. Coleman claims that we did him injustice, as he is the ardent friend of mediums and does not presume to be a leader in anything.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS. — Astounding demonstrations have recently taken place in a farm house at Kerhonkson, N. Y., an account of which appears in the *Voice of Truth*, published in Memphis, Tenn., January 19. First there were gentle knockings, and in a short time heavy blows ensued in different parts of the house. Strangers from miles around filled the house day and night. One man who had come ten miles to expose the humbug, received a blow on the back of his head from an unseen agency. Among the manifestations, was that of a foot stool "that waltzed from the house through the yard and then perched itself on a gate post." A number of Spiritualists formed a circle in the house, and they received communications from the father-in-law of the farmer who occupies the farm. The medium is the farmer's little daughter. The disturbance is because of an unsatisfactory division of property. The investigation was still progressing at the latest accounts from tha place.

Canaries and Cayenne Pepper.

There was a canary bird show in Berlin lately at which seven hundred varieties of the little songsters were exhibited. The "colored" canaries occupied a separate division and attracted much attention. The receipt for making colored canaries is to give them a little cayenne pepper regularly. They love their plumage, but after a little new feathers grow and the birds come out in all the vivid colors of parrots and cockatoos. Some are light brown, others vermillion red, etc. It is known that the bright colors of tropical birds is owing to the oils in certain spices.

Spirit Communications.

Under this head each number of MIND AND MATTER will contain three or more communications from spirits, such as may be of general interest, and at the same time be calculated to demonstrate the psychological power and influence of disembodied human intelligence over the physical organism of those sensitive persons known as spiritual mediums. In chosing matter for this purpose, we will give nothing but that which we personally know, or have every reason to believe, is from communicating spirits. The question of identification of the spirits communicating, we will in no case attempt to determine, as that is a matter that would require faculties of perception which we do not pretend to possess. [Editor.]

Communications received through Alfred James, of Philadelphia, while unconsciously entranced, and taken down by the editor of MIND AND MATTER, as they fell from the lips of the medium, Jan. 21, 1879.

GOOD EVENING, SIR:—This is a combative age and the reason for it lies right here. Error has a mighty hold on this world, and the voice or Truth has few followers, because the ambitious fear that their popularity will be interfered with. This is the reason for the strange mixture, all the way from truth to error, with all kinds of minds to suit each mixture or condition. This age can be called the age of purification, and only combative spirits are the angels that trouble the water; so that whoever will can step in and become cleansed. From delusions a false theology, and what may be called a moral leprosy, has been developed.

This is, also, the age of the refinement of matter. Matter is being worked over and over, step by step, toward perfection and a higher degree of intelligence. By this I mean that scientific and mechanical instruments shall be invented, by means of which you can penetrate deeper into the secrets of nature, and you can know more of the divisibility of matter. This will form a basis from which you can rear a temple of truth founded upon the facts contained in the matter of this universe. This dealing with the subtle essences, and a better understanding of the planetary laws through the instruments mentioned, your field of knowledge will be vastly extended. With each of those inventions comes a refining power, and the scope of the senses shall be extended; that is, those senses that are lying dormant within you shall become developed, and by their aid you shall be enabled to bridge the chasm called death, and with your own physical senses see and speak to those who have preceded you to spirit life. The man or woman who promulgates the truths that are derived from facts and builds on that foundation, builds upon a rock. The lightnings may flash, the thunders roar, and the floods and tempests come; that building shall stand, for it rests upon immutable truths. There shall be no traitor to the cause of Spiritualism, no assailant of truth, but that in the end shall, like Sampson, pull the pillars from under the temple of error that they have themselves reared, and it shall fall upon them and bury them in its ruins.

When in this mortal life I looked abroad upon my fellow-men, scarcely one philosopher, scarcely one propagator of truth, but contention, strife and selfishness. Their eager worship of that old god, Mammon, was the principle cause of all that is wrong upon the face of this fair world. Equal justice and a fair distribution of this world's goods will have to come before there can be much happiness among mankind. I have occupied your time long enough. I had a name when here, and I may say, like a true philospher, that I am not proud of it. Humility is a stepping stone to human happiness.

Sign me, LEVENIRE.

GOOD EVENING, SIR:—Do you know that I feel a strong affinity for you, and I will tell you why. You satisfy yourself in the first place that you are right and then you act. That was my course of action. I was convinced that I was right in defending the principle known as liberty, and I went through a great many difficulties, much persecution and nearly lost my life a score of times, to defend what I thought was right. Never give way before the advance of an enemy, but if you do let it only be for the purposes of strategy. This may not be strictly logical, but it suited me. I cannot say that after these many years in Spirit life that I am much of a Christain, and I believe that when a man smites me on one cheek, I should knock him down before he smites me on the other side of my face.

You are in for a good fight, and when you get the enemy on the retreat show them no quarters. Keep on shooting as long as there is one in sight. Some will ridicule the manner of my talking here tonight, but when they reach me in Spirit life they will find that I am exactly the same man that I was when here, and that is a man that will not stand any nonsense.

I have only this to say in conclusion, that any man or woman who puts his or her hand to the plough, or the sword either, for that matter, and looks back, are not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven. I am moderately happy as a spirit, and keep a sharp eye on every chance to do better. Give me your hand. I am FRANCIS MARION.

[Whether that communication comes from the "Swamp Fox," as Gen. Francis Marion was called by the British army, who had suffered so greatly from his cunning strategy, we know not; but it is remarkably characteristic of him. ED.]

GOOD EVENING, SIR.—I have two motives in coming here to-night. First, to throw what light I can upon the life beyond the grave. Secondly, to watch over Spiritualism and see that no enemies destroy its truth. When here I was engaged in promulgating the doctrine of the Christain religion, and I have this to say, that the advocates of the religion of Jesus, whether as a belief in him as a Saviour, as a belief in the so-called Christ principle, I do most emphatically assert, as I hope for happiness as a Spirit, on my honest convictions as a Spirit, and what is more on my actual knowledge as a Spirit, that no such being ever did or does now exist. This declaration will create surprise in this mortal world. But as I am watching your course and speaking to you, I know that you will not flinch from proclaiming the truth, and neither will I as a Spirit.

Foolish is that man or woman who tries to obtain happiness through the merits of another, for his or her actions will be the judge, and by the weight of the good or evil that they have done in this mortal world will be the award. You will gravitate by a natural and unceasing law to exactly those conditions in the after life which are the just deservings of your actions here. The time has come when men and women must know this. False hopes and delusions must die. This I assert upon my actual knowledge as a spirit, and I will not recede from what I have said here one inch.

I wish to say, also, that what I have spoken as a spirit, here to-night, is neither said in anger, or to promote antagonism, or to disturb any person's peace of mind, but because it is true, and because "the truth is mighty and must prevail.

Sign me, JOHN BUNYAN.

GOOD EVENING, SIR:—I am weak yet and have hardly recovered from the shock of the transition from the mortal to the immortal. As you are aware, perhaps, a politician's life requires the utmost firmness and determination to keep from being entangled in that which may dishonor you. It is also hard when you hold the reins of power in your hands to always select the right men for subordinate positions. He who will not fawn and flatter for public favor has but little chance to rise as a politician. I have no regrets, to a certain extent, as to my course as a public man, but certainly I had at times to make sacrifices that my better feelings revolted at. But whenever I could control the circumstances, I acted honestly and according to my best judgment; but when circumstances were against me, I stooped to certain things which cause me some unhappiness in this after life. I will say in conclusion that when my relatives and friends read this they will perhaps think that, whatever may be said against me, that I was candid in acknowledging my faults.

Sign me, MORTON MCMICHAEL.

[We do not feel at liberty to withhold this communication from the public, although our object in publishing it may be entirely misunderstood. No man lived for whom we felt higher regard than ex-Mayor McMichael. Whether the communication comes from him or not all must judge for themselves. Neither the medium nor ourselves know aught about it, more than that we were used, the one as medium the other as amanuensis in the matter. Mr. McMichael passed to spirit life on the 6th of January, 1879.—ED.]

BOSTON NOTES.

Spiritualism in Boston has not been slumbering since I last wrote to you. The regular Sunday services in connection with the First Society of Spiritualists, who assemble in Parker Memorial Hall, have been as interesting as usual. On last Sunday morning and afternoon remarkably eloquent orations were delivered by Mr. Wheeler, of Philadelphia; the impromptu poem at its close was regarded as a very fine specimen of inspirational poetry. Mr. Wheeler spoke under spirit control and delivered his ideas in a masterly manner. The audience regretted deeply that his visit was so brief. Professor Buchanan's valuable services have been secured for Sunday, January 26th. Mr. Colville, who is permanently located amongst us, has been unusually busy. In the early part of the month he visited Brooklyn and New York and addressed crowded meetings in that locality on week-day evenings. He has recently visited Lynn, Fitchburg and Providence, in all of which places he met with great success. Next Sunday morning, January 26th, he will lecture as usual at Paine Memorial Hall; the subject of his inspirational discourse is announced as "The occult sciences viewed in the light of science and Spiritualism," followed by poems, and replies to questions. In the evening he will lecture in Concert Hall; Lynn, the subject to be chosen by the audience. During February he will lecture three times every Sunday, morning and afternoon in Boston and in the evening at Lynn. He usually lectures in neighboring town and cities during the week, and when possible, returns to Boston in time to hold a reception. The social gatherings on Friday evening are very much enjoyed by all who attend them and many interesting topics are frequently discussed with Mr. Colville's guides, who are always ready to furnish information on almost all conceivable subjects. "Winona's" poems are also a leading feature of these gatherings.

Madame Usonellie, the musical medium, has been rapidly gaining popularity in her vocal and instrumental performance when under spirit influence. She thinks of soon visiting New York; wherever she goes she will carry with her the deep appreciation and sincere regard of a large and admiring circle of friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have left Boston on a visit to Fitchburg, where they are holding seances with good results. Mrs. Rudd has so far recovered from her late serious illness as to be enabled to continue her circles regularly, three times a week, at the *Banner of Light* Free Circle Rooms. Many of the spirit messages given through her of late have been verified. Mrs. Thayer's flower manifestations still give unbounded satisfaction. Various other mediums are also ably keeping the phenomena well before the public observation. MIND AND MATTER is a welcome visitor here, and the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing.

OBSERVER.

Whose House is Divided Against Itself?

To the Editor of MIND AND MATTER:

There is a direct, if not a well-defined issue, or difference of opinion among a class of self-considered wise ones, relative to certain phenomena claimed to be of a spiritual character, which must settle itself before we can make any great or true progress. One cannot fail to have observed a wide divergence of sentiment evermore cropping out, concerning what properly belongs to a spiritual origin, in the matter of manifestations, and what value to attach to these aforesaid manifestations. A breach is apparant between the two wings of Spiritualism; the materialistic and the spiritualistic. The former seems to be championed by such men as Messrs. Davis, Denton, Poole, the *R. P. Journal* and their followers. The latter is represented by MIND AND MATTER, the *Banner of Light*, *Voice of Angels*, *The Olive Branch*, etc.

Among other items, Mr. Davis asserts that the passage of matter through matter, is an impossibility. Others, like Prof. Wallace, affirm with equal emphasis that it has been done repeatedly. Your own valuable experience, Mr. Editor, as does mine, corroborates that of Prof. Wallace. Mr. Davis denies that any disembodied spirit ever temporarily took possession or controlled a medium, to the displacement of that medium's own spirit. Experimentalists and mediums by the score positively affirm otherwise. Again, Mr. Davis has publicly said his belief was, that no spirit ever did or could materialize or manifest himself or herself thus objectedly, despite the overwhelming concurrent testimony and personal evidence to the contrary of hundreds of equally as reliable judges as he is. Yet again, Mr. Davis once taught that he was carried bodily a long distance through space, concerning which he has lately said, in accordance with his present light, that that affair must be referred to the domain of the sensations; in other words as a matter of fact, he was in error. Once more, Mr. Davis in a lecture delivered many years ago, affirmed as the result of his clairvoyant examinations, that scores of persons living in the city, where he was then speaking, were not immortal!

In the light of these fatal defects, what value is to be attached to him as a competent and reliable revelator of spiritual truth, or the exponent of a philosophy which claims to have the everlasting principles of common sense, and the harmonious relations of all things as a fundamental basis? What consideration shall be given to one who in public and in private always seeks to discredit mediumship, and to discount, if not to ignore, its varied manifestations?

What sense is there in trying to force, as he has recently done, an issue between Spiritualism and what he calls the Harmonial Philosophy; first seeking to make a breach, and then to widen the same, by efforts to divide a house against itself? There are many among Spiritualists not given to much serious thinking, who have long regarded Mr. Davis as an infallible person and his utterances as partaking much of this character. These considerations have arisen from several causes. First, because of the time of his appearing; second, the peculiarity of his mediumship; and third, his voluminous writings. Combined, these have had great weight, in many respects justly, so, in other respects, grave misapprehensions and erroneous views have found circulation and passed current, which have the counterfeiter's ring about them; a too large composition of the false, well mixed with the true metal.

Your own recent trenchant criticism has called attention to these facts, and the very just seconding of your position by Hudson Tuttle, and his showing up of Mr. Davis' false premises and erroneous conclusions in the last issue of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, respecting the attempt Mr. Davis seeks to make of an 'irrepressible conflict' between Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy, are instances in point.

If desirous of being a second Swedenborg, and to posses a large following, he should look to it not to exhibit so frequently such evidences of being "of the earth, earthy." Mr. Davis, as a medium, is a phenomenon, like many another; as a man, he is an ordinary mortal. While the two conditions may not always harmonize, there is not necessarily any more conflict between them than there is between Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy.

January 20, 1879 ALLEN CUNNINGHAM.

First Spiritual Society of the Golden Rule.

At a meeting of this Society, held on Tuesday, January 19th, at Phoenix Hall, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

PREAMBLE.—Whereas, We, the members of this society, having tested the genuineness of Mr. Alfred James' mediumship; and, whereas, the pretended friends of Spiritualism, in Brooklyn, N. Y., have, in our judgment, got up an expose on our friend and co-worker, publicly known to us for many years as an honest man and medium; therefore,

Resolved, first, That we condemn the Brooklyn exposers as *enemies of Spiritualism*, hounding upon the track of mediums, and doing their best to destroy man's only positive source of knowledge touching a future life.

Resolved, second, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be printed in MIND AND MATTER, *Banner of Light*, *R. P. Journal* and *Spiritual Offering*, and that a marked copy be sent to the parties who, as we have reason to believe and do believe, practiced a vile fraud upon the medium, whose mediumship we have proven genuine.

Signed, JOHN TINGLEY, President.
HENRY WILEY, Secretary.

Philadelphia, Jan. 19, 1879.

MRS. P. B. ATWOOD, New York, say, "I am much pleased with your paper, and wish you every success."

DR. R. T. HALLOCK DEAD.

QUAKER FARMER, MESMERIST, HOMŒOPATHIST, AND A PROMINENT SPIRITUALIST.

Dr. Robert T. Hallock, President of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, passed to the Spirit world on Friday evening, January 17. He was 73 years old. His father and his grandfather were Quaker farmers at Milton on the Hudson, and both were noted as preachers. After aiding his father for a few seasons in farm work, he studied medicine, and practiced for several years in Utica as a mesmerist and homœopathist. He was a regular attendant at anti-slavery meetings, but rarely as a speaker, and on coming to New York in 1852 he became interested in Spiritualism. In connection with Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Grey, and Messrs. Partridge, Fishbourgh, and Brittan, he investigated its phenomena, and from a meterialist he became a firm believer in a spiritual life. He was the founder of the Spiritual Conference in New York city. He was also a member of the Polytechnic and Geographical Societies and of the Liberal and Farmers' Clubs. At each of these he was a regular attendant.

After his marriage, eighteen years ago, to the mother of Ella and Linda Dietz, well known as actresses, he became a strong advocate of women suffrage and a frequent speaker. He listened, apparently in good health, at the Liberal Club, on Friday last, to a metaphysical lecture by Stephen Pearl Andrews, entitled "The Composition of Lemonade," and subsequently, without participating in the debate, went into an ante-room to sit by the stove. There he was attacked by heart disease, and he fell to the floor. He died an hour after being sent home. He was conscious, and expecting to recover to the last. He leaves four children.

On Sunday the Spiritual Conference, in the Harvard Rooms, passed resolutions that the chair adjoining the platform, in which the Doctor regularly sat, should be draped with black, and remain indefinitely vacant. The writings of the Doctor were confined to lectures and newspaper articles.

Mrs. Frances V. Hallock, his widow; her son Frank Deitz, and her daughter, Ella Deitz, are at present in London, England. The doctor's only son, Mr. Waverly Hallock, and his wife, of Brooklyn, and Miss Linda Deitz, a well-known actress of the Union Square Theatre, and the deceased's sister, Mrs. Allen, were among the near relatives present.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services were held at his late residence, 140 East Fifteenth street, at half past ten o'clock Tuesday morning, January 21st. Relatives and a large number of friends gathered to pay the last solemn rites.

Mr. John Tyreman, of Australia, who is temporarily stopping in the city, said he had been called upon to say a word before Mrs. Brigham delivered the address. "If a man die shall he live again?" He spoke of the deceased as being a true disciple in the faith, and though he was stricken down suddenly and without warning, he believed that he was ready to go. Death was a part of the constitution of things as well as life. He rejoiced that the friend and brother before him was a true believer. To the surviving friends he expressed his tenderest sympathies, and hoped that ere long the ties temporarily separated would be united in a region where they would be broken asunder no more forever. He hoped that the survivors would so live from day to day as to have nothing to fear, and would be enabled to say at last that they had left the world something better for having lived in it, that they had scattered a few seeds of truth by the wayside and passing on and having done this, would reap their reward where tears and death are forever unknown.

MRS. BRIGHAM'S DISCOURSE.

Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham then offered prayer, after which she delivered the funeral discourse. She based her remarks upon the words, "Behold, I send to you the comforter, even the spirit of truth." In the course of her address she said that there was nothing but what grows old, and the soul passes through the natural change called death. "If a man die shall he live again?" Those that have departed would return again and demonstrate their presence to those that they had loved and left behind. To die was to live; in this there was comfort. The truth of immortality was a balm and blessed comforter. They were called together by ties of sympathy, love and respect for the friend, the friend of men, the friend of women, the friend of children. Spiritualism was to him a light and comfort, a beautiful light, by which he saw his duty clearer, and we ever found him ready and willing to do it. Man had a true friend in him, woman had a true friend in him, for his nature was kind, pure, noble. It was beautiful to leave such a record as this. May all of you remember his life, which was so earnest, true, noble and honest, and may it be a guide and strength to your life, that when you enter the spirit land you can look back and say well done. Keep in your hearts the memory of your friend, and learn, like him, to make your pathway beautiful by good deeds, and the seeds shall spring up and grow and bear fruit for the life beyond. For those of closer ties, of wife and children, we have only the same words of sympathy; he is not lost, he has only gone before; be comforted by the blessed words of truth. The faithful friend, brother, father—all in one—will be the same as ever, only with a clearer sight. Though ocean divides you from him now, there is only one silver cord that divides you, that is what we call death. Be comforted by the blessed presence of the truth.

An opportunity was afforded to take a last look at the remains. The pall-bearers were Prof. S. B. Britton, Messrs. Charles Partridge, William Fishbaugh and C. O. Poole. The corpse was then taken to Milton on the Hudson, the Doctor's birthplace, for interment.

Among those who were present at the funeral we noticed Andrew Jackson Davis, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, Charles H. Foster, Henry J. Newton, Mrs. John L. O'Sullivan, Mr. Charles R. Miller, President of the Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists; Mrs. S. B. Nichols. Mr. Kink, Mr. and Mrs. Bisco, Mrs. Webb, Mr. Loomis, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Cohn, Mr. Alfred Weldon, Mrs. Lillie Deveraux Blake, Mrs. Charlotte Fowler Wells, widow of the late S. R. Wells; Mrs. Helen M. Cook, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Society; Mrs. Henry J. Newton, Secretary of the Sorosis; Mrs. Dr. C. L. Rowe, Mrs. H. M. Slocum, Mrs. Jenny Croly (Jenny June), Mrs. Cranz, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Mrs. Coleman, and others.

HERRERTUS.

KIND WORDS.

J.C. JOHNSON, of Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo., says: MIND AND MATTER ought to be read in every family, and all orthdox people should study its moral principles without superstition.

CHARLES R. MILLER, Kings county, N. Y., says: "You ought to be sustained in the glorious work in which you are engaged—the vindicating of mediums and mediumship."

JOHN OAKLEY, Port Richmond, Staten Island, says: "Please send MIND AND MATTER, beginning December 23d. Many copies of your paper were sold in Everett Hall, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening."

J. M. BARNES, Lafayette, Montgomery county, Va.: "Send me MIND AND MATTER regularly all the year and in that time I will send you a number of new subscribers in Montgomery, Lloyd, Roanoke, Giles and Palaski counties."

S. BATES, of St. Ansgar, Mitchell county, Iowa, in subscribing to MIND AND MATTER, says: "I wish you God speed. I will read and circulate and so induce others to subscribe. Your paper and the like are so many spiritual postoffices to increase and diffuse intelligence."

JOHN WEATHERBEE, of Boston, Mass., writes: "You make a very good readable paper. I think there ought one to arise in the horizon of Philadelphia, and its rays extend far and wide. Am glad also to say that it is on the right ride of the equatorial line of spiritual manifestations. 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; some have entertained angels unawares.' I had rather have a few frauds, than miss one that is genuine by my repugnance."

T. H. STUART, of Kendallville, Ind., writes as follows: Spiritualism is the great science of sciences and under the guidance and direction of the Spirits. May your weekly visits of MIND AND MATTER send out light and truth through all the land." "The trinity is composed of MIND AND MATTER, soul and body, spirit and substance." "It is unnecessary to play upon words. The superstitious may cry ghost or devil, but the phenomena were seen long before the days of modern Spiritualism—may success attend you."

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MRS. FRITZ, Healing Medium; 619 Montgomery Avenue. Sittings daily.

MORRIS HUMPHREYS—Developing medium, 1121 Wister street.

Philadelphia Spiritual Meetings.

FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS Prof. R. G. Eccles of Brooklyn, will speak under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at Academy Hall, 810 Spring Garden street, Sunday mornings and evenings during the present month. Meetings free.
No. 6, 7, 8, 9.

MISS LAURA V. ELLIS, will hold her wonderful Cabinet Seance for Physical Manifestations, at Lincoln Hall, cor. Broad and Fairmount Avenue, Sunday evening, January 19th, at 8 o'clock, and continuing every evening during the week. Admission, 25 cents. 1t.

FIRST SPIRITUAL SOCIETY of the "Golden Rule," have removed from Phoenix Hall and notice of their meetings will be found in the Religeous Notices of the *Public Ledger*, Saturday, January 25. Dr. T. B. Taylor, will deliver a lecture at 3 p. m., Sunday. January 26.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan—At the Southeast corner Ninth and Spring Garden streets, third floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

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Original Poetry.

UNSEEN FRIENDS.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

In the starry realms on high,
In the home above the sky,
Far from earth and sorrow;
In the Summer-land above,
When from fountains of pure love,
All may freely borrow;
Spirit friends are dwelling now
With halos 'round each angel brow,
Freed from every sorrow.

And when hours of even tide
Gently o'er the wide earth glide,
Come they down;
On the forehead marked with care,
On the clustering locks of hair,
Golden bright, or brown,
On the brow where hand of time
Has traced full many a bitter line,
Place they glory's crown.

To the heart with dark grief aching,
To the heart that's almost breaking,
Bring they comfort sweet,
And a holy calm comes o'er
The heart that feels dull pain no more,
When spirit friends it greets;
And soul is lifted slowly up,
And drinks of inspiration's cup,
Oh, blessed comfort fleet.

And the heart grows brave and strong,
To battle with the strife and wrong
Of life below.
And the feet are led aright;
In the paths of truth and light;
And with steady glow
Burns the lamp of earth-bound life
Till we pass beyond the strife—
The vanity and show.

That mark the passing days and years,
Made up of smiles and falling tears,
Of grief and joy;
For to no heart, however light,
Comes only sunbeams soft and bright,
Pleasures without alloy;
But spirit friends from lands above
With counsels sweet of hope and love,
Can sinking, lone hearts buoy.

Spiritual Vampirism and Kindred Subjects.

NO. 2.

Editor of MIND AND MATTER:—As you have consented to publish my first communication upon the above subject, I propose to elucidate more fully one of the most vital questions, it seems to me, that is connected with Spiritual phenomena. In order that I may not be misunderstood I will say my peculiar views upon the subjects under consideration, and the vital points connected therewith, are not sentiments gleaned from books and teachings of men; for in solving the problem as it relates to the true character of controlling spirits, I have not even thought of consulting these any further than to acquire language to express my own sentiments in relation to a discovery or a solution of a problem; one of the grandest of all problems, that has been solved by mundane intelligence. I may appear egotistical, but this I cannot avoid. I care not for the opinions of mortals, so long as I am backed up by intelligence of the supernal world. I have no more doubt of the correctness of the sentiments I am presenting to the readers of MIND AND MATTER than Columbus had in relation to the existence of this continent long before its real discovery, or than had Galileo of the reality of the spherical form and a geo-centric motion of our earth. As a rule, great achievements are the result of individual effort in stemming a popular current of opposition. The great benefacters of the race are, in most cases, the outcomes of what are termed the low-down class of humanity, "the babes and sucklings" in literature. For over twenty long years I have scarcely for a moment doubted the truth of a sentiment entirely opposed to that which has been popularized, and I may say crystalized, into an almost impenetrable dogma by those termed the "leading lights" of Modern Spiritualism. And, now, for one, over whose head more than three score winters have passed, to attempt to penetrate a dogma of almost diamond hardness and unfold the absurdities therefor would seem an impossible task did it not seem to be ordained from on high that the dark clouds of mysticism, that brood over Spiritualism, should at an appointed time be removed. Naught but the illuminating power of the angel-world can accomplish this end. Vampirism to Spiritualism is what hell-torment is to Protestantism, a clog of vast dimensions. The angel-world, unrestrained by supernal law, has full power to remove this clog at once. There seem to exist in my mind something of the processes of the accomplishment at the proper time; but that time may not come till the earthly clod shall have covered my mortal remains. No man knoweth when the appointed time may come, for "every jot and tittle of the law must be fulfilled."

"All these things need be,
In the fulfillment of a divine decree."

A new dispensation must be inaugurated, but not until the nearing of the fulfillment of the old. The hell dogma is being replaced by a Spiritual dogma, which last must be replaced by a doctrine more consistent with reason and philosophy. At Hydesville, in the State of New York, over thirty years ago, a new dispensation was inaugurated for the gradual displacement of the dogmas of orthodoxy. From that time forth has the angel-world dispensed the doctrine of free communication of spirits, of all grades of character and intellectual development, unrestrained by any supernal law and without qualification and identification of spirits. By assimilation, in connection therewith, has also been dispensed a new teaching as a stepping-stone to a higher philosophy. The want of an understanding of the supernal laws by which spirit guardians or controls are governed has quite naturally, considering the intense desire to hold converse with spirit friends or relatives, led to the belief that—laying aside reason and philosophy—spirits are ever prompted by irresistable natural attractions; and are, therefore, bound to earth and earthly associations, rather than yield to the council and invitation of superior spirits to "come up higher" and enter at once the schools of supernal wisdom; laying aside the tendencies of progressive law, after casting off the mortal coil; wholly ignoring the idea of the reasoning powers of spirits being exercised in preeminence over mere animal instinct. Furthermore a want of an understanding of supernal laws governing controlling spirits, has led to the fallacy that ignorant "undeveloped spirits" seek council and instruction from mortals; as much as to say that such council is not easily obtained in a supernal sphere. In other words, that the spirit world is deficient in facilities for taking in charge and educating the undeveloped new-born spirits, but such are left to prowl about in a wilderness of vampires, "seeking whom they may devour." To show what vague ideas may be entertained by even an editor of a Spiritual paper, a teacher of the science (?) of Spiritualism, I will quote from an editorial in the *Spiritual Scientist*, (?) of April 8th, 1875, thus: "Let us briefly refer to the guides. For the most part, they are children in the common acceptation of the term; or, if not, the language they employ is not that of an average child. Their heathenish phrases, their compound-comparative adjectives, their ungrammatical sentences, might, as in earth life, soon be replaced with others more correct; thus enabling them to convey ideas more clearly than at present. This is not a supposition, but a fact." This editor then goes on to give elaborate instructions how to educate these child-guides. Is it possible that this editor can be so befogged by these assimilated spirit-messages, which I shall prove in the sequal to be mere assimilations, given in accord with supernal law by qualified angel emissaries, sent from on high with a mission from the courts of Heaven. Bear with me, dear reader, for there certainly are more things in our philosophy than we have thought of. The above idea of baby-guides is not of the vampire order proper, but a border question relating thereto.

Mr. Peebles quotes William Howett as speaking of obsessions and manifestations of certain mediums in England, as follows: "With them the approach of spirits is not a visit, nor simply a visitation, but an inroad. They come, the door once open, in crowds, in mobs, in riotous invasion. They run, they leap, they gesticulate, they sing, they whoop and curse, etc." Mr. Howett further says, "There is no question with the wretched sufferers of their phantasmagorial assaults that they are the life and quintessence of hell." He further says, "They move and remove articles; they hide and steal." For further particulars of the evidences (?) of Spiritual vampirism the reader is referred to almost any popular work in the literature of Modern Spiritualism. These wierd pictures of the vampirism of Modern Spiritualism sounds very much like the hell-pictures of Christendom, of which I will give a sample, viz: "We shall be in the hands of devils, quailing under the cruel manipulations of those hideous incorporeal, shapeless, formless, gigantic spirits. They will do what they will with us. It is their office to distress, to rack, to torture us with vindictive cruelty and a demoniac skill of which we can form no conception." Volumes might be quoted to prove the fact of an orthodox hell. A volume of similar evidence (?) might be quoted to prove the fact of Spiritual vampirism to no effect when the sunlight of true angelic Spiritualism shall have been dispensed to and accepted by the people of earth. Do not understand me, gentle reader, as finding fault, for it is understood, as before stated, that "all these things are but the natural outcome of natural and supernal law. There is a divine purpose in them, as all will see, when the advent of true angelism shall have cleared away the clouds of theological darkness and Spiritualistic mysticisms. Chaos always preceeds order and harmony. There is much chaos in the realm of Spiritualism. The agitation produced about fraudulent mediumship can but result, eventually, in great good to the cause. Were there no agitation, no antagonism, there would be no progress. Positive and negative conditions are interchangeable factors and motors in progressive law. *Good and evil* are also interchangeable motors.

The inquisition was instituted by the pious and holy at a certain time, and was deemed by its founders, a divine institution, but eventually, it became as infamous as a council of fiends. The blue laws of Connecticut were made by "the governors and magistrates convened in general assembly, and are the supreme power under God of this independent dominion." This institution was formed for a *good* purpose by *good* men, or so called by the people of that dominion, and, therefore, the *goodness* was indisputable. I will give a few samples of the law made by these *good* people, viz.: "No one shall be a free man, or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion." "No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officer." So it is quite clear that none but the *converted* and, therefore, holy men are permitted to help make lawmakers, and therefore, the law-makers can be none other than *good* ones, and the laws made by them can be no other than *good*, as the following will show, viz.: "If any person turn Quaker he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but on the pain of death." "No Catholic priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return." "Priests may be seized by any one, and without a warrant." This is enough to show clearly what *good* is at one period of the world's history, and what at another period would be no less than the acts of the devils and fiends. Now if we admit the truth of the axiom, "That it is a poor rule that will not work both ways;" it must be admitted that if *good* at one time is *evil*, at another time, and under other circumstances, it must be admitted that what is evil at one time, may be good at another time, or under other circumstances. What is rigidly positive at one time is reversed at another time, and treated with indifference, and eventually becomes negative, and finally repulsive, and positive in an opposite direction, thus making *good and evil, positive and negative* interchangeable mottoes in progressive law. In the progressive intellectual economy, the supernal, directing, controlling influence is wisely and divinely brought to bear powerfully, yet almost imperceptibly felt, by the *controlled*, in such manner as to produce the required interchanges of *factors* or *motors*, *good* to *evil* or *evil* to *good*, in accordance with supernal laws that are "without variableness or shadow of turning." Spiritual phenomena in all of their essentials are positive, and cannot be materially changed by mundane intelligence, only seemingly assimilated by controlling spirits. *All spiritual phenomena are conducted in supernal wisdom by qualified angel emissaries, who are perfectly competent to lead a Jesus into the wilderness of human depravity,* psychologically, and tempt him of the evil for forty days and nights; or until the *tempted* is prepared to foreknow the temptations to which he would be exposed, in the fulfillment of his mission. A full understanding of the processes of the temptations of Jesus, as recorded in the 4th chap. of Matthew, would be a means of unfolding very many of the mysteries of Spiritual phenomena in respect to the ordeal through which most mediums have, in some measure, had to pass a preparatory process, which is called obsession or "tempted of the devil." Mark the language of the first verse of the 4th chapter of Matthew. "Then was Jesus led up *of the spirit* into the wilderness do be tempted *of the devil*." It is quite remarkable that this passage should retain so perfectly the interior or original meaning in passing through the hands of fallible translators, as it cannot be construed as conveying any other meaning than that "the spirit," (the good spirit or God) led Jesus into the wilderness to be tempted *of the evil*, and not *by the Devil*, for even the word *devil* is minus a capital D and therefore means simply *evil*, and does not say who tempted Jesus; but we may infer that as a *good spirit* led him to be tempted, that it was good for him to be tempted, and that a *good* qualified angel tempter tempted him. In my next I shall elucidate this subject more fully for the processes have been revealed to me by passing a similar *ordeal* by controlling spirits.

D. G. MOSHER.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"The primary department of human progress" is greatly neglected amid the many attractive themes and important topics now agitating thought and intensifying attention in metaphysical and scientific pursuits. This disregard of a sound physical basis should not exist, when its needs are known to be clamoring for care and aid through the inefficiency and dissipation of this reforming age; and while that basis is known to be the sustaining power of mental and moral integrity as well as the supplying force of all purifying and perfecting agencies of human growth. Scientific minds perceive that in this neglect perversions multiply and increasing strength, and facilities in one branch of vice accelerates increase in all; which must culminate in calamitous crises, unless arrested ere reaching a stage that defies the influences of reforming efforts by the philanthropic few against sordid opposition of the indifferent many. People who prize goodness and progress should no longer move parallel with lines of popular wrongs but avow antagonism to it, strike a tangent to it, plainly stand out from the exciting career and strive to rectify the source of depraving streams; lay firm foundations for well vitalized structures by obeying and teaching physical law, and thus instituting a permanent, fearless movement for the practice of that law. Energetic measures must be adopted. Occasionally commending hygiene, and deprecating gross drinks and diet, warning against stultifying narcotics and imprudent tendencies effects very little. Now and then advising, through ridicule, about pinched, deformed feet and bodies; fettered limbs, and disgusting mops fastened to them; the mopping making the fetters horrid; the fetters making the mopping hideous, effects as little.

To begin a proper education, men and women of character and knowledge must cease to abet and countenance violations; must work, as well as speak; *do* by their best wish; *be*, by open action, for the true; not *seem*, by passive reluctance, for the false. Do not gasp, good friends, saying this is a cross to heavy. I assure you there is heavenly invigoration in the resolve, and more in the work. Public speakers and laborers should earnestly write and utter on this topic; not hesitate because it involves woman's worst habits and may prevent their appearing gracious. I think they will manifest more gallantry, as well as honor, in exertions to enhance her health and happiness, and, through hers, that of both sexes and of coming ages.

Physicians will at first frown on this culture, for private reasons; fancy goods dealers, for reasons all known or mercenary; speculators generally, for fear it will divert financial currents; pulpits will decline till platforms make the advocacy agreeable; journals will defer till the public is prepared to approve; except a few brave enough to say righteousness is preferable to unprincipled support; while staunch patriots, with love of truth warming every drop in their veins and human sympathy glowing along every nerve, will carry it through the hard lessons, long rules and tiresome explanations into plain, comprehension and easy rehearsal. The press now favors it, through generalities; then it will feel sustained in a frank advocacy of necessary amendments, changes and abolishments. Then progress will be apparent in works, and womanhood and manhood be acquiring qualifications for earth's permanent prosperity, pure parentage, the present acknowledged demand. If the average of physical condition, in our nation, is already too meagre to rouse adequate moral energy for embracing the science of life, abandoning known evil and fostering strength for wholesome states, the crisis now so complex must be made devastating by such mortality as we have never witnessed; and a few, by weary endeavor, finally reach a rising grade, and by the "fittest" among "survivals," produce an improved population, adapted to progress in all its phases, and to liberty that cannot be usurped. Whether fictitious customs have made such mortality a fate or not, the best possible course to be pursued is to turn one of the main levers of present power to physical renovation, and thus aid natural law in accomplishing the most and best that is left possible. If this is not a work for Spiritualism, liberalism, and science to promote their own advance and ultimate success, I fail to reason rationally. They have labored too long on a crumbling basis; the best that theologysts long night had laid. Out of the practicalized idea that religion, salvation, morals, had no relation to physical purity, common habits, etc., has grown present demoralization. Now, all who have the physical power to enable mind to see its divine demands, should adopt law and order in the most essential departments, basic ability. In the present sordid antagonism besetting those who, to live truly, must deviate from usage, a movement is needed to concentrate encouragement and aid initiatory steps towards self-salvation. I have meditated on what woman could do, and how do it, very long; have consulted women in several of our large cities, and think when one city is ready to move in this culture the rest will move with it. Since our brother's strong effort at organization for defense against oppressive measures and proceedings by church and state authority, I see clearly that in present society arrangements, nearly all women, however liberal, give their influence and much support to church compacts which are so blent with fashion and formalities that they control; and long have given feature and coloring to the standard generalization and observance of popular opinion, the respectability of the times. Can progressives court that respectability by observing their sham usages, after seeing that in so doing they strengthen the oppression that will bind them to its rules, and silence the utterance of their convictions if it can? I believe it is time to divide the ranks and make a progressive standard of honor.

An organization for physical culture might do a double work; that a culture's acquisition would naturally withdraw liberals and their strength from circles sustaining tyranous powers; and create a nucleus of the truthful and equal order; where influence would be exerted for justice and the highest attainments. An appropriate name would be Physical Culture Club; School of Use; Emancipation Society; Woman's Liberating League; some of these or any other. I said *woman's* league because she suffers more than man from existing usages; and events point to her as the suitable factor of humanity to be prominent in conducting the hygienic branch of progress. Of course man will co-operate, and it is expected that he will proffer aid and advocacy before the fearful woman will move at all. I hope he will see it important and do so immediately. Efforts of all abnormal habits fall on woman with more than equal weight, though in some abnormal habits man is the larger violater, for depraving costume being the most extensive and exhausting of the catalogue, and she the soul violater is disarmed of resisting power. In magnetic interchange, he is compelled to help to bear her loss, though free from trammelling perplexities that are constant with her. Continued improvements have bequeathed him scientific costume; it will be but manly in him to extend kind hands to release her from bonds. That fashionable dress is the greatest infringement of the laws of health none will deny; that it should first be considered, will not be questioned; that dread of attacking it should hold all basic growth in check, and continue in entailing destruction on all, should be deemed a degredation no longer to be borne. Mend this burden and other helps will readily have effect on the freed system; but to attempt other relief with this great vampire preying on every part of the body, little good results. Our nation languishes in every line of activity for the physical power forbidden by this costume.

Though the phrase ~~physical education~~ has sounded forty years in the ears of many now listening to it, and will be but a sounding phrase till woman is enlisted in it with spirit, buoyed above the follies and flatteries that are a part of the fashion speculation. It is well here to say, that corrupting branch of trade has wrought more poverty, as well as disease, than any half dozen branches tending to create this far-from-finished crisis. When woman awakes to duty in this branch, the right working of which will lay the foundations of a new earth of which new heavens will be legitimate products, we may hope for more harmony generally, and look forward to a generation with health sufficient to work out much happiness. If the woman interested in radical thoughts and theories could only make a hygienic departure from old wrongs, their example would soon ramify among sects. If women ever show that they are intent on perfecting themselves as far as possible, I believe men will see that their characters do not darken greatly in comparison. When this transition time calms into peace and a staid quiet, a more equal status will be likely to prevail between the sexes, because of the unveiling of concealed ills. "Men and things," and I will add women and doings, will carry in appearance more of their real natures. But it never answers to relax, trusting to resolution for blessings. Every ones best efforts are required. While progressive men are leaguing in efforts to secure our threatened liberties; women believing in progress, and craving a purer, higher life, should seize that branch of effort that they can manage better than men, and which they need to engage in for their own, as well as public good, and bestow their best exertions. Bestowed on physical culture they would yield enduring benefits and lessen the severity of all conflicts through which justice must, in these days, be reached; they would cast a glow on the horizon of Spiritual enlightenment, and make provisions for pure relations that send their blessings to future ages.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Vineland, N. J.

ATHEISM AND THEISM.

Percy Bysshe Shelly.

However absurd and untenable may be the theory of Atheism, I hold it to be preferable to that normal Theism, which, in fact, is real demonism, being a deification of man's worst passions, and the transfer, to an imagined friend, of that worship which belongs to an all-loving God.

* * * * * *

Any attempt at an impersonation of the Deity, or any conception of Him otherwise than as the pervading spirit of the whole illimitable universe, I hold to be presumptious; for the finite cannot grasp the infinite.

* * * * * *

Without asserting the absolute perfectability of human nature, I have a confident belief in the almost limitless improvability; especially as I am persuaded that evil, an accident, and not an inherent part of our system, might be so materially dimished as to give an incalculable increase to the sum of human happiness.

All the present evils of mankind I attribute to those erroneous views of religion in which originated the countless wars, the national hatreds, the innumerable public and private miseries that make history a revolting record of suffering and crime. Every national creed and form of worship, since the world began, has successfully died away and been superceded; experience of the past justifies the same anticipations for the future; the fueds and schisms and separations in our own established faith are the rents and cracks that predict the approaching downfall of the temple.

Now, if mankind, abandoning all those evanescent systems, could be brought universally to adopt that religion of nature, which, finding its heavenly revelation in man's own heart, teaches him that the best way to testify his love of the Creator, is to love all that he has created;—that religion whose three-leaved Bible is the earth, the sea and the sky—eternal and immutable scriptures written by God himself, which all may read and none can interpolate, there would be a total cessation of the *odium theologicum* which has been such a fire-brand to the world; the human race, unchecked in its progress of improvement, would be gradually uplifted into a higher state; and all created beings, living together in harmony, as one family, would worship their common Father in the undivided faith of brotherly love and the gratitude of peaceful happiness.

CHILDRENS' COLUMN.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

BY SUSAN COOLRIDGE.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
And over the cool wet brink,
The heads of thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
Is read on the stone below,

Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toil worn creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates,
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of their gracious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long and after life,
They must the happier be,
For this "cup of water" given by them
When they were children three.

The Sin of Forgetting.

"Now, don't scold, aunty. I only forgot. Everybody forgets sometimes."

It was aunt Ellen's niece Clara, aged thirteen, who spoke—a half coaxing, half reproachful expression on her bright young face, as she confessed to forgetting a very important something she had been asked to get in town, from which she had just returned.

Aunt Ellen was really annoyed, but she answered very quietly, "no, I shall not *scold*. That would avail nothing, and put us both out of temper; but, seriously, Clara, I do wish you would begin this very day to break yourself of this sinful habit of forgetting."

"Sinful? O, really, aunty, that is to bad. If every *forget* be a sin, I shall have a long list to answer for, I am thinking."

"Well," said her aunt, "That may be too hard a word. Webster defines sin as any deed or omission, in violation of the will of God; and I *do* know that this habit of forgetfulness may lead to very evil consequences. It certainly lessens greatly, and ultimately undermines one's capacity for usefulness. Come, sit down, and let me confess to you my own delinquencies in this direction, and how I was finally cured of the habit."

"And so you were once forgetful, too," said Clara, with increasing interest, as she drew a low ottoman to her aunt's feet.

"Very," said her aunt. "Not a day passed, perhaps not an hour, that I did not forget something that I was told to do."

"My father used often to twit me severely for it, but my mother who was very indulgent would say, 'There don't scold the child; it is only her forgetfulness.' And so I went on, annoying and oftentimes distressing my family and friends, with my inexcusable thoughtlessness. ~~More than once I forgot~~ to close the barn door, as I had been told to do, and the cows got at the bins and nearly killed themselves. Sometimes it was the pigs in the garden, or the horse at the young trees, or the result of my leaving gates open that should have been shut. I was often heartily ashamed and sincerely sorry about my failing, but I always shielded myself with the excuse that it was natural and could not be helped. When I suffered enough, however, I learned that it could."

"My mother was a good woman, and went much among the poor and suffering; hardly a day she was not called somewhere on an errand of mercy. One morning as I was starting to school, she called me to her and said very impressively, 'My daughter, can I rely on you to do me an errand this morning? You know poor, sick widow Green, who lives in the little red house at the corner. I had a note from her yesterday, saying that she was in arrears for her rent, and if that she has not the money this morning the landlord will turn her out into the street, sick and almost dying as she is. Here is a five dollar bill for her. Be sure you carry it carefully, and deliver it on your way. Don't leave it till noon. Tell her I am called away and shall not get to see her for a day or two, but this money will keep a roof over her head at least. Surely, now that you understand the importance of the case, you will not forget. Remember the neglect to do what I have told you might cost the poor woman her life."

"O, I shall not forget, but attend to it at once," I said, very confidently, as I folded the note and put it in my porte-monnaie. Then I strapped my books, and kissing mother good-bye, started off.

"I cannot to this hour comprehend how I could have turned the corner at widow Green's and not have remembered the important errand intrusted me, but I did."

"No, aunty," cried Clara, "that was not possible."

"You would indeed think so; but so much had this evil habit grown upon me that it *was*. I believe some of the school girls joined me before I reached the village and were describing a grand party they had attended the night before, but anyhow I forgot it entirely. Sometime during the evening my little sister had asked me for a penny I owed her, and on changing the things in my pocket to another dress which I meant to put on in the morning, it occurred to me to open my book and see if I had one to give her. I undid the clasp and the first thing that my eye fell on was not the penny, but the five dollar note my mother had given me that morning for widow Green. How it smote me! I took it out in my fingers and looked at it, utterly bewildered. Then the whole thing rushed over my mind and I realized what I had failed to do. Pale, and trembling in every limb, I sat down on the foot of the bed, holding the note in mute despair. It was terrible! Mother had not yet come home, and father was in bed and perhaps fast asleep. Poor Mrs. Green! Had that brutal landlord really turned her into the street? I took some comfort in the belief that no one could be so inhuman. But what had been her thoughts of my mother through all the long hours of that wretched day? Something must be done at once to repair the wrong. I went to the window, raised the curtain and looked out. It was a cold night in January, and the wind was blowing fiercely. If she had been turned into the street she had found shelter ere this. Then I threw myself on the bed and cried bitterly. But I could not sleep. At last I fell off, but only to dream of seeing poor Mrs. Green lying cold and dead upon the pavement, while a policeman, whose face finally assumed the expression of my own father's, seized me roughly by the arm, accusing me of being her murderer. It was little breakfast I could eat the next morning, and as soon as it was over I started to Mrs. Green's. Before I reached the corner I heard two men speaking of some poor woman who had been turned in the street the day before. I walked slowly and listened, and thought I heard the name Green. When I reached the house, sure enough it was closed up, and some pieces of old furniture were standing about. I summoned courage enough to inquire at the next house where the poor woman had gone. They thought she had been taken in by some kind people four doors below. When I came to the house there was fresh crape upon the door. I tried to knock, but could not. At last I turned and ran home as fast as my feet could carry me. I went at once to my room, where I waited in agony and remorse for mother's return. About ten o'clock I heard her steps in the hall. I never shall forget the look she gave me as she entered the room. Reproach, pity, sorrow, were all blended in it. Traces of tears were were on her cheeks. I saw in a moment she had called on her way home and knew all. "Mother! mother!" I cried, "don't tell me she is dead. It must not be;" and, throwing myself in her arms, the nervous tension gave way, and I knew no more. When I became stronger mother sat at my bedside and told me all. Mrs. Green had indeed died that night, but as she had not been on the street five minutes, it was hardly thought that this could have hastened her end. The hardest part to me is the thought that my daughter could be so neglectful, and that the poor woman died under the impression that I had disregarded her appeal."

"Oh, mother," I cried, "no one can blame me as I blame myself."

Clara's eyes were full of tears.

"My dear child, said her aunt, "I do not want such an experience as this ever to come to you. It darkened many days of my life. Depend upon it, Clara, while it is an easy thing to say lightly: 'O I forgot,' it is a glorious one to feel, 'I never forget.'

"Yes, it must be," said Clara, earnestly. "I am ready for anything."

"Devise your own plan about it," said aunt Ella, "but see that you make it effectual. The chains of habit are strong, but they can be broken. There must be, however, an obstinate determination on your part. No one can do it for you. Whatever you make the penalty, see that you never escape it. Remember what Emerson says:

"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The soul replies, 'I can.'"

And the young brow was lifted for a kiss.

ANNE F. BRADLEY.

Bloodhounds in the Penitentiary at "Cherry Hill."

BROTHER ROBERTS:—Enclosed I send an article which I would like to see in the columns of your paper, dated as it is. My name correctly is Wardwell, not Wardel. I am getting letters from the best men and women in this nation, approving your paper and encouraging me in my work. I tried to get the enclosed into other papers, and could not. "Blood hounds in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary" will sound like a loud "amen" in a Quaker meeting. Oh, that it was in my power to aid you.

BURNHAM WARDWELL.

January 6, 1879.

EDITOR OF MIND AND MATTER:—When John S. Morton and Samuel P. Huhn arrived at the Penitentiary and the wide gates were swung open, the baying of the *blood-hounds* in the yard was the first sound which greeted the ears of the party. There were Tipstaff James Ericson, and Deputy Sheriffs Wildemore and Gordon who accompanied the men. The officers bade their charges good-bye, and then they were taken into a small apartment known as the receiving room. Adjoining this is the pen where the *blood-hounds* are kept, and no sooner did the *dogs* hear the movements of the men in the room than they commenced a ferocious barking, which was kept up until their departure.

Thus reads a portion of the report of the reception of Morton and Huhn at the Penitentiary, as given by *The Press*, of this city. When a prisoner, during Rebellion times, while under one Capt. George Alexander, a very bad rebel, he had a very large, wicked dog. Since then I have always been afraid of dogs. Can it be possible that bloodhounds have a room adjoining the reception room of the convicts, when taken to the Pennsylvania Penitentiary? North of New York no one will believe that story.

The use of blood-hounds in governing men reminds me of what I saw and felt during the late Rebellion. It really reminds me of what I have today read of the management of prisoners at the island of Cyprus, by Great Britain, years ago. I can understand why the large sack is thrown over the heads of the prisoners when being taken to their cells, but the use of those dogs?—*blood-hounds!* Pray tell everybody what those *furious blood-hounds* are expected or permitted to do? I have seen men dreadfully torn by blood-hounds. They are not messengers of *humanity, Christianity, love* or *peace.*

BURNHAM WARDWELL.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20, 1878.

[The following letter from Wendell Phillips is an endorsement of which every man should feel proud.—ED.]

"I have known Burnham Wardwell, Esq., for some years, and respect him most highly for his generous sacrifices to the loyal cause while at Richmond and since. His labor for humanity, his investigations and testimonies touching prisons and their abuses, ought to have the support of all humane and Christian men. I commend him to all such.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"*Boston, Nov.* 5, 1878."

MR. EDITOR:—I would be pleased to have what I have here written appear in the columns of your paper. I have letters from the most distinguished men in the nation. One from Dr. E. C. Wines, D. D., of New York, received yesterday. I am not friendly to blood-hounds or whipping-post government. In this city I take the liberty to refer to Alfred H. Love, 219 Chestnut street, in whose care I have my letters come; Col. I. H. Shields, Capt. Paul, R. Hunbreck.

Hopefully yours, BURNHAM WARDWELL.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

It is said that spirits of turpentine sprinkled occasionally through the house, is a preventative against scarlet fever and other diseases; and it keeps moths out of carpet.

Honey Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of honey, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as can be stirred; bake at once in a stiff oven.

Potato Balls.—Mash eight boiled potatoes; add butter, size of an egg; two spoonfuls of milk; a little salt; stir it well; roll with your hands into balls; roll them in eggs and crumbs; fry them in hot fat or brown in the oven.

Boston Crackers.—One quart of yeast, one quart of water and one pound of flour, mix well and let stand for twelve hours, then add a cupful of butter and a teaspoonful of saleratus; knead thoroughly, and let stand another twelve hours; after which the preparation is ready for baking.

Paradise Pudding.—Three eggs, quarter pound of bread-crumbs, three apples, currants, juice of half a lemon, nutmeg, salt; mince the apples, beat the eggs, and stir them into the bread-crumbs and other ingredients. Rub the currants before putting in. Boil for one and half hours. To be eaten hot with sweet sauce.

Apple Pudding without Paste.—Pare and core two large apples. Put them on to stew with one or two large spoonsful of water and the peel of a large lemon. When done mash up smooth, and stir in eight ounces of butter, one pound sugar, two small biscuits powdered. Let them cool, and then add eight yolks and four whites of eggs, beaten. Add lemon juice or any other flavor to your taste.

Rice Griddle Cakes.—Cook half a teacup of whole rice till every grain is dissolved and like jelly. Warm half a pint rich milk, put in half teaspoonful of salt, stir the rice into the milk until it is smoothly mixed. Beat three eggs, whites and yolks separately, until very light, and put into the rice the last thing. Bake on a hot greased griddle till brown and light.

Apple Jelly.—Slice the apples, skins, cores and all; put them in a stone jar, with a small quantity of water to keep them from sticking: then place the jar in water, and let them remain boiling until perfectly soft; then strain, and to one pint of liquor add three-quarters of a pound loaf sugar; boil and clear with the whites of two or three eggs beaten to a froth. When it jellies, pour into the glasses to cool, and then seal them.

Cranberry Jelly.—Take two quarts of large-sized cranberries; add one pint of cold water; put them in an earthen saucepan; let them stew slowly two hours; then strain and add one cup of granulated sugar to each cup of juice; let them simmer very slowly half an hour more; try it by putting in a spoon and dipping it in cold water; if it should jelly on the spoon it is done, if not let it cook a little more; put in jelly-moulds. This will be fit for use the next day after being made.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

A WOMAN may not be able to shoe a horse, but she can shoo a hen.

THE FORCE OF EMPHASIS.—"Sir, do I understand you, that you imagine me a dead beat?"

"No, sir, I certainly do not *imagine* you to be one."

CHILDLIKE COMPARISON.—I was rocking little Nellie on my knee the other evening, and said, "I suppose you like this?" "Yes, it is very nice, but I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Every husband at Honey Lake, calls his wife honey, and occasionally there is a play on the sweet word: The following is the latest. "Maria," said the husband the other day, "what is the difference between bribing a man with a five dollar bill to keep mum, and a mixture of Indian meal and water." She almost lost her breath when he said, "you see one is hush money, and the other is mush honey."

A BOY'S FAITH.—Two little boys were talking together about the lesson their grandmother had been giving them on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, but would'nt you be afraid to take such a ride as that."

"Why, no," replied Charlie, "if I knew the Lord was driving."

EDITORIAL JOKE.—A gentleman with a bright little boy, while passing along on the aristocratic side of Chestnut Street the other day suddenly ejaculated:

"O! papa, here comes the man they call an editor."

"Hush, hush," said the father quickly, "don't make sport of the poor man, for God only knows what you may come to yet."

PRAY ON MY PLATE, TOO.—A bright eyed three year old boy, was seated in his high chair at the dinner table. The mother did her level best to keep the little fellow quiet, while the father, seated at the head of the table was preparing to say grace before meat. Directly in front of him was a pile of plates, over which the blessing was pronounced. After this devotional ceremony the little fellow picked up his plate in front of him, and before the word Amen closed the invocation, said:

"Please, papa, pray on my little plate, too."

TWIN CHILDREN.—The "mother in a dilemna," of which there was a publication in last week's MIND AND MATTER, about twin children, brings to mind other jokes in reference to such individuals.

Joseph and John were fine looking twin brothers. One of them died at the age of ten years. The survivor was met in the street by an acquaintance, a good hearted son of Erin, who expressed sympathy because of the grave event, but desiring to know which of the two was dead, seriously asked; "Is it you or your brother that's dead?"

SOMETHING ABOUT HASH.—Restaurant hash may be regarded with more or less suspicion, and the same may give rise to practical joking even in the domestic household. The following is the latest development.

"My dear," said a hungry husband coming home late to supper, after having performed a full and hard day's work, "is this hash worthy of implicit confidence."

"Certainly, Joseph, I made it myself, and I know it is good, you can eat it with impunity," replied the wife.

"I don't know about that," said he, I would rather eat it with a "spoon," was his laconic reply, as he proceeded to put the savory compound under his ribs.

IRON CLAD TRAMP.—He was an iron-clad tramp of Wisconsin, he never remained still while the world went ahead. On one occasion he stopped at a house and asked for dinner.

"Got no food" was the reply.

"Can't you give me an old coat?"

"No."

"Pair of old boots?"

"No."

"Pair of old socks?"

"No."

"Piece of bread?"

"No."

The fellows chin fell as he fumbled in his pocket and with tremulous voice he said, "well, if you can't do any better, I'll have to be satisfied with yer ottergraff. Please use blue ink."

BEFORE AND AFTER.—A son of Hibernia, the gem of the ocean, sold a horse to Crooks, who was a cavalry officer in the service of uncle Sam.

"Are you sure he's a good horse," said Crooks.

"Fath sur, he's as gentle as a lamb, and a war horse when the cannons roar—he's a charger sur, that will take ye as fast as the wings of the wind."

"Will he shy before the discharge of a cannon?"

"Sure he will not shy at all, at all, I'll warrant ye that, sur."

The bargain was struck, and Crooks mounted the steed and gallantly drove away.

In a few days, Crooks drew up his men and battery to fire a salute, and at the first round, his charger dashed away at a fearful speed frightened half to death.

Not long after this, the cavalry man saw the seller, and thus accosted him.

"Pat, you rascal, did'nt you say that the horse you sold me would not shy before the discharge of a cannon."

"Be sure I did," replied Pat," "but he run away with me when the first round was fired."

"Is that so," replied Pat, scratching his head.

"Yes," replied Crooks.

"Be japers, sur, then he did'nt shy until after the discharge of the cannon—you know I told you he would'nt shy before the discharge."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A Methodist minister, rejoicing in the somewhat enlightened name of J. S. Day, was called to a circuit in the western country. On the first Sunday morning he started from his domicile to the meeting house, half a mile distant. The weather was cheering in every respect, the handiwork of the creator was beautifully and practically illustrated by his great artist, nature; it was just such a morning as one might suppose to be necessary for the "ease of creation." The minister observed several boys playing in and about a pond of water, bathing, making "mud-pies" and indulging in divers other things incident to the recklessness of youth.

The "man of God" advanced slowly towards the crowd, and addressing an intelligent looking boy, bright as a prairie flower, said.

"Come here, my son."

The nude boy stepped up to him, and the others collected around.

"Do you know" said the minister "what day this is?"

"O! yes," they all shouted, "it is Mr. Day, our new Methodist minister."

Upon saying this, the boys in high glee, like so many frogs, plumped themselves into the water and the minister—well—he walked to the church.

On another Sunday, another man grey-haired and old, named Bumm, who had recently been converted to the glorious cause, was walking along the same road. He observed a score or two of boys, bathing in the swimming ditch.

"Come here you little sabbath-breaking rascal you, come here," said he, to one of them.

The boy looked at the stranger, and said, "what's the matter?" his young America back was evidently on the rise.

"Tell me what day is this, will you?"

"Here fellers," said the wild youth to the crowd, "here's an old bummer that don't know what day it is. Go 'long; pull down your vest; and kindred vociferations make the welkin ring. Moral—speak kindly, especially to boys.