

Mind



Matter

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CHRISTIANITY A FICTION.

A Poem Showing the True Origin and Mythical Character of the Christian Saviour, and the Mythical Nature of Many of the Most Eminent Heroes and Heroines of Biblical Fame.

Through J. H. Mendenhall, Medium.

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[Continued.]

There is a tale of olden times
That Christian people hold,
More sacred far than Homer's strains,
Though they were stamped with gold.
'T would seem as though a prophecy,
Sometime before was given,
Concerning some great personage,
That would descend from heaven.

When Malachi (1) declared the Sun
Of Righteousness should rise,
With healing balm upon his wings,
In lieu of sacrifice,
He said: "Behold, Elijah shall,
Before that noted day,
Come in as a divine prelude,
And thus prepare the way."

This same Elijah, afterwards,
Was called "St. John," by name,
For then metonymy was used—
The meaning was the same.
So John the Baptist, we are told,
Appeared in proper time,
To take the role of Elijah,
As you see in my rhyme.

'Tis said this "Baptist," to prepare
A people for the Lord,
Began the work of baptism,
According to the "Word."
'Tis also said that John declared
His time was growing short,
For Christ, his master, held the reins,
And ruled the upper court (2).

"He must increase," John meekly said,
"Be therefore not deceived;
I must decrease," he added then—
The people all believed (3).
Now, Christian, let us take a view,
This riddle to unfold,
Of what the author really meant,
When he thus wrote of old.

Remember that in olden times,
As we have said before,
The Sun was recognized as God,
In all religious lore,
And often God did mean the Sun
Of but a season's reign,
As that of Winter or of Spring—
This fact is clear and plain.

At other times, a single month
Was set apart as one
To represent a new-born God—
A certain course to run.
Now, let us take the Sun of June,
About the twenty-fourth,
When from his brightest point he went,
Descending from the north.

Just one degree, then he declines,
And thus till Christmas morn,
He shortens each succeeding day,
Until the Christ is born.
For then the new-born Christ, the Sun,
Was risen into view,
And John the Baptist had decreased,
His mission being through.

But Christ, the new-born Sun, still reigned,
And marching on his way,
Did verify the words of John,
And increased every day.
Now, who is Christ? and who is John?
(The way the story runs),
If not, according to our view,
The genii of two Suns?

Then what a theme for water-fowls,
Is this to fuss about,
When John and Christ are Solar myths,
Beyond a single doubt?
Sometimes this John the Baptist is
Aquarius, the Sign;
The Water-bearer sometimes called,
Up in the baldric line (4).

(1). Malachi iv, 1 to 6.

(2). Matt. iii, 1 to 12; Mark i, 2 to 8; Luke iii, 2 to 18; John i, 6 to 36.

(3). John iii, 27 to 31.

(4). That the reader may understand the relation between John the Baptist and St. John the Apostle, we will here give their relations in the Calendar of the Christian Church. That Church has fixed the festival to commemorate the nativity of John the Baptist, as stated by McClintock and Strong's Ecclesiastical Cyclopedia on the 24th of June, and says: "It was observed as early as the 4th century. The birth of John is known to have preceded that of Jesus Christ six months, and June 24th is therefore the day fixed upon for his festival."

Now it must not be forgotten that it is on the 24th of June that the declination of the Sun begins, thus showing clearly that John the Baptist was known, by the Christian hierarchy, to relate to the Sun, while on his decrease or downward march to the Winter Solstice. But as further evidence of this fact, the customs of Christian peoples will plainly show. "The Eve of St. John's," says the same authority, "One of the most joyous festivals of Christendom during the Middle Ages, was celebrated on the eve of the birthday of John the Baptist. From the account given of it by Jacob Grimm (Deutsche Mythologie, 1, 674-683, sq.), it would ap-

He was the priest of Winter's reign,
The first month of the year,
And on the twenty-seventh day,
A scene doth then appear:
A scene that helps to form the ground
For St. John's god-spell story,
For there the Sun took leave of John,
And went his way to glory.

'Twas here Malachi's prophecy,
Of him that was to come,
After St. John "prepared the way,"
Up on the starry dome,
Was seen fulfilled in very fact,
For soon Spring comes and brings
The prophet's "Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings."

For then the bruises and the wounds,
Made by stern Winter's sway,
Were healed by vernal heat, and hence
'Twas called "Elijah's day."
But who the man Elijah was,
We need not here inquire,
Since in his very name we find
The lineage of his sire.

Lo! *El-ijah*, three mystic words,
Denoting each the Sun;
Which, viewed at different times, becomes
Prophet, Lord, Healing one.
Oh! what a mystery there is
Enwrapped in "Godliness."
What wonder that the Christian sings,
"My home's a wilderness."

And modern priests, when once they learn
The texts from which they preach,
Like fools, before the saints appear
Wholly unfit to teach.
How long, O Earth, must thy dear sons
In hope and sorrow wait,
To break the spell of priestcraft's sway,
And walk through Wisdom's gate?

Not until reason mounts the throne,
And man himself dare be,
Shall Earth's poor toiling millions rise—
The "Good time coming" see.
Through toil and sweat 'tis coming yet
When men and women, all,
Shall burst the givens and galling chains
Of priestcraft's cursed thrall.

For great and mighty help shall come
From you immortal throng,
And Earth and Heaven will resound
With Freedom's ringing song.
And then the world, with a new force,
Will onward speed its way,
To gain those ever glorious scenes,
Where reigns eternal day.

THOMAS—HIS DOUBTS TOUCHING THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Saint Thomas was a man of doubt,
As sacred writers tell,
And could not see, nor figure out,
How Christ could rise from hell:
For when he lay in Joseph's tomb (5),
The fact to him was plain,
There was no power in Nature's force
To give him life again.

So when his brethren said to him,
"Behold, we've seen the Lord,"
Said doubting Tom: "'Tis all a whim,
I don't believe a word,
Unless within his hands I see
The very prints of nails,
Ye fools, ye need not come to me,
And tell your silly tales." (6).

Well, who was Tom, the doubting saint,
That he should thus reply,
To all his brethren, who had seen:
Their Lord ascended high?

pear to have been observed with similar rites in every country in Europe. Fires were kindled chiefly in the streets and market places of the towns, as at Paris, Metz, &c.; sometimes as at Jerusalem in the district of Mainz, they were blessed by the parish priest, and prayer and praise offered until they had burned out; but as a rule, they were secular in their character, and conducted by the laity themselves. The young people leaped over the flames, or threw flowers and garlands into them, with merry shouting; songs and dances were also a frequent accompaniment. At a comparatively late period the very highest personages took part in these festivities. . . . The kindling of the fire, the leaping over or through the flames, and the flower garlands, clearly show that these rites are essentially of heathen origin, and of a scientific character. They are obviously connected with the sun and fire worship of the ancient heathen nations, particularly the Aryans, and the Celts, Germans, and Slavs. In old heathen times, Midsummer and Yule, the Summer and Winter Solstices, were the two greatest and most widespread festivals in Europe. The church of Rome, in its accommodating spirit, instead of abolishing the custom, yielded to popular feeling, and retained this heathen practice under the garb of a Christian name." So says the highest Christian authority. Had the Christian Church undertaken to abolish these heathen rites, there never would have been a Christian Church, for having bodily stolen their theology and religion, they were compelled in consistency to adopt their heathen rites and observances, and this they have done with hardly an attempt to conceal their theft. While John the Baptist, the Sun of the Summer Solstice, was born on the 24th of June, he was not heard of "preaching in the wilderness" until Jesus came to dwell in Nazareth. Now "the wilderness" was the cold, desolate, and dark scenes of Midwinter, just six months after his birth, and when he reached his final decrease, when, it is said, Jesus Christ, the ascending and increasing Sun was born. On the 27th of December, when John appeared preaching on the banks of the Jordan, none other than the river that pours from the Urn of January or Johnary (the month of John the Baptist), the church fixed the festival of St. John to commemorate, not the St. John of Gospel fame, but St. John the genius, then, of Winter as he had been before of Summer. Why need any one misunderstand these gospel allegories, parables and myths, if willing to know the truth.

(5). Matt. xxvii, 57 to 61; Mark xv, 43 to 46; Luke xxiii, 50 to 53; and John xix, 38 to 41.

(6). John xx, 24 to 29.

The priests, no doubt, would like to know,
In full, his history,
For many of his written deeds
Are wrapt in mystery.

For he was always full of doubt,
When brought right to the test,
And yet he showed more zeal for Christ,
His Lord, than all the rest (7).
Now listen, Christian, we will show,
In fact, as we proceed,
That Thomas was no real man,
As taught within your creed.

Remember, anciently, all those
Who wrote of mystic lore,
Personified to suit their needs,
As we have said before.
Imagine in your view, the Sun,
December twenty-first,
Approaching Acheron (8), the space
By ancients held accursed.

When Nature, in her every phase,
Is dismal, dark, and sad,
No single scene is there displayed,
To make Earth's children glad.
At length, in Acheron's dark clime
The Sun falls dead asleep,
Where Winter's Judas, serpent-like,
With trait'rous folds doth creep.

The genius of December's Sun,
For three full days, about,
Becomes the "Thomas" of your creed,
Whose mind is full of doubt.
Eight of those days, in dark despair,
The story goes to show,
He doubted of his "risen Lord,"
As Bible readers know.

And is it any wonder then,
While death appeared so plain,
That he should doubt that Christ—the Lord—
Would ever rise again?
And sure, if Nature did not move,
In order, round and round,
How could the buried Lord—the Sun—
Among his saints be found?

At length the twenty-fifth arrived
Which brought your Christmas morn,
When Christ—the Sun—appeared anew,
The heavens to adorn;
And when he thus came into view,
By rising one degree,
He could exclaim most truly, then,
Dear Thomas, 'come and see.

The genius of the twenty-first
Could gaze with rapture then,
And thus behold the twenty-fifth,
His risen Lord again.
And then the twenty-fifth might say,
If not by speech or voice,
"Did not your father Abraham,
To see my day rejoice." (9)

But who was Abraham, that he
Should thus be glad to see;
The day of Christ—the Lord—the Sun—
Which, one and all, agree?
Why, Abraham was but old Time—
The father of the Sun—
Which fact is made, as plain you see,
As two, is two times one.

Then all this story which you read,
Of "Tom" the doubting saint,
However fanciful; and yet,
However oddly quaint,
Is but a picture to amuse
The simple reader's mind,
That he, the scribe, might know the truth,
And reader "go it blind."

And thus it is, my Christian friend,
You'll find your creed at most,
To be a figment of the mind,
Less real than a ghost.
For know, in truth there's not a theme
In all your sacred creed,
That is not fruit plucked from the vine
That grew from pagan seed.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

There is a tale wherein we read,
Of two most noted men,
Whose attributes we think demand
A notice from our pen;
For these two men in life and acts
Were useful in their day,
As factors in religious creeds
When pagans held the sway.

For recollect, 'twix rich man Dives,
Who died and went to hell;
And Lazarus, poor, who died and soared,
In Abram's breast to dwell;
A wide and awful gulf was fixed,
To keep each in his place;
Nor could old Dives, for all his wealth,
Obtain a pass, through grace.

Now these two men are often used,
By priests of modern day;
For in them they behold the key
To half they have to say;

(7). John xi, 16. "Then said Thomas, which is Didymus, unto his fellow disciples, Let us go that we may die with him."

(8). Acheron besides being used to designate one of the four rivers of Hades or Hell, in heathen mythology, was also a designation of the whole lower or infernal region.

(9). John viii, 66. "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad."

And since old Dives cannot return,
His evil to repent,
In this they see the sinner's fate,
"Eternal punishment;"

While Abram's bosom represents
The home of all the blest,
Where Christian saints and jolly priests
Forever find their rest.
So hell and heaven, here you see
Established in your view,
And every priest in Christendom
Will preach them unto you.

Now, trembling "innocent," we'll try
This riddle to unfold,
For when its meaning clear appears,
You'll find "you have been sold."
The parable of these two men,
As plainly doth appear,
Is ever found repeated in
The Old and New born Year.

For when the Old year, who as Dives,
Had passed, through time away;
He could not then repent his life,
For that had had its day.
His awful fate as pictured out,
In agony severe,
Is seen in Winter's struggle, at
The dying of the year.

And as he sunk deep into hell—
The grave or time gone by,—
'Twas all in vain he plead his cause—
You see the reason why:
The mighty "gulf" which lies between
The mispent past and now,
Admits no changing back of time,
As moralists avow.

Now Lazarus, the godly man
Is but the new-born year,
Which like old Dives did also die,
As we will make appear.
For any period of time,
However small or great,
Must merge into the endless past—
A fact as sure as fate.

So Lazarus, the new-born year,
Passed out, with Autumn's reign,
Into the bosom of old Time,
As you may see quite plain.
For "Abram's bosom" surely meant,
In rhyming days of yore,
The same as Brahm, or Father Time,
In mystic pagan lore;

The angels who conveyed him there
Were Summer's months, indeed;
For these were angels when, aright,
You read this pagan creed.
Then what becomes of this sad scene,
As pictured forth in Lake,
A scene of hell and hellish things,
Unreal as a spook.

Like other phantoms of the kind,
'Twas used in days of old,
As but a shabby substitute,
For reason grand and bold,
To lead into obedience,
And under priestly rule,
En masse the human family,
And all of them befool.

This fiction, Christian priests, to-day,
Just like a drowning man,
Catch at this floating straw, and make
It serve salvation's plan.
When had they understood the facts,
From which it took its birth,
They'd brand old Lake, a silly scribe,
And of no earthly worth.

But more anon, as we intend,
Before our task is done,
To show that all your Christian creed,
With pagan lore, is one—
Your God and Devil, and your Saints,
Were first, by pagans, given;
And with them all your sacred books,
Which teach of hell and heaven:

THE WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.

A scene most queer, in heaven appeared,
Two thousand years ago,
Which was described by "John the Seer,"
As will be shown below.
A woman clothed, e'en with the Sun—
The "Moon beneath her feet,"
A crown of stars upon her head—
The number, twelve complete. (10)

And there appeared another sign
Of wonder, up in heav'n,
A Dragon of most frightful mien,
Whose heads just numbered seven;
And on his heads were seven crowns,
And horns just even ten;
For such the story, gravely told,
By John's inspired pen.

His tail was very long indeed,
As in the story given,
For it drew down the full one-third
Of all the stars in heav'n.
'Tis said the woman was with child,
Sprung from most royal seed,
And Dragon sought it to devour,
For he liked not the breed.

(10). Rev. xii, 1 to 17.

But when the woman in travail,
Her child to being brought,
To save his royal life, he was
Straight up to heaven caught.
'Tis said the woman fled away
Into the wilderness,
That Dragon might not menace her,
Where "God gave her a place."

But then a war arose in heaven,
And Michael and his host,
Of angels fought the Dragon fierce,
And drove him from his post;
For chief and followers, alike,
Were quickly put to flight,
And never more in heaven appeared,
To carry on the fight.

But Dragon full of pluck and vim,
In towering wrath cast down,
Perceived that something must be done
Or he would lose his crown.
So he the woman sought again,
To persecute her life,
But Eagle wings were given her,
So she escaped his strife.

But Dragon, who the Serpent is,
Assailed her as she fled,
And tried to strangle out her life,
By spouting torrents dread;
But lo! the earth came to her aid,
And swallowed up the flood;
And so the woman thus was saved,
In wilderness that stood.

How often priests of modern times,
This riddle to explain,
Have read and thought, and thought and read,
Until they cracked their brain;
And still they think, and talk, and pray,
While laymen wait in vain,
For not a single Christian priest
The fiction will explain.

Once more we your attention ask,
To wonders of the sky,
For this strange tale is written, too,
Among the stars on high.
The woman whom this writer saw,
And sketched so full and well,
Was but celestial Virgo, who
Among the stars doth dwell.

In August she was seen to stand,
'Mid figures of queer things,
Among which was, as John declares,
A pair of eagle's wings (11).
At certain times, when on their way,
The Sun and Virgo meet,
'Tis then the Moon swings just below
Fair Virgo's starry feet (12).

And then it is, this starry Dame
Her solar robes put on,
And hence the writer did declare
Her "clothed with the Sun."
Her crown, a dozen real stars,
As said in John's own lines,
Perhaps the dozen groups of stars,
The same old baldric signs (13).

But as she rises on the wing,
Old Dragon doth appear (14);
'Twas then and there the author saw
The signs of war so clear;
And how, also, the woman fled,
From Dragon in her fear,
Which fact was seen as Virgo moved,
Around the stellar sphere.

And now, the Dragon in his wrath,
As Sol sinks to the south,
Pours fourth the early Winter floods,
As if from out his "mouth."
But then at length, the Earth athirst,
Just as the tale doth say,
Swallowed the flood, and Virgo went
Rejoicing on her way.

However, one need not descend
Down to the Earth below,
To find in fact the flood which he,
The writer, tried to show;
For there is river Eridan (15),
Once river O-ri-on,
An astral stream which ever pours
The flood described by John.

The "Child," to whom the tale refers,
As one to "Rule all nations,"
And who was caught up unto God,
(None of the constellations),
But that bright genius, the Sun,
Whose light and power supreme
Reigns in the sky, thus ruling all,
As John saw in his dream.

The nations which he was to rule,
Were all made up of stars—
Not human beings any more
Than Jupiter or Mars.
It is those astral nations then,
And not the sons of men,
That constitute the whole strange theme
Of John's fantastic pen.

But who is Dragon up on high—
The Prince of Heaven's foe—
When every priest will tell you that
His place is hell below?
What business had the rascals there,
Where angels ought to dwell?
And why away from his own realm—
Can any prelate tell?

What think ye, Christians, of your heaven,
Your bright elysian home—
If Dragoh and his hellish imps
So freely there do roam?
Dear innocents, then listen while
We here proceed to show,
How Dragon roamed the angel's sphere,
Instead of Hell below;

(11). The female figure representing Virgo in the Zodiac is in the Christian sphere, represented with two eagle wings as the feathers in them plainly show. We take it she was the only woman that ever flew into the "wilderness" or any where else with such unusual appendages.
(12). The August moon the loveliest of the year.
(13). We incline to think twelve stars in the head of Virgo is meant, and not the twelve signs.
(14). Just as Virgo clears the Eastern horizon in her annual journey the head of Draco or the Dragon, a constellation near the pole rises as if in pursuit of her. His attitude is that of war. As she is about disappearing at the western horizon, the celestial river which flows from the urn of Aquarius, is coming up in the east, as if evoked by the Dragon whose gaping mouth still follows the fleeing Virgo. Before the flood can reach her, the spring signs with their drying attendant winds and thirsty earth, made an end of the flood, as may be seen on any celestial sphere; for the river Eridan ends with the rising of the sign Taurus.
(15). Eridan is the name given to the River of Aquarius, and is represented as flowing from that sign to the sign of the Bull with which it terminates.

For when you learn who Dragon is,
You'll know that he is free,
To roam the fields of Paradise,
And with the angels be.
Then Dragon is a starry group,
A northern constellation,
As Draco known, and occupies
A constant stellar station (16).

His length is full one-third of heaven,
His many heads and horns,
Were mystic attributes, with which
The scribe his theme adorns.
But now the author, to enlarge
His theme, takes wider range,
And hence the meaning of his tale
Makes corresponding change.

The Seasons now participate
In Dragon's great affray,
And Michael, heaven's chieftain, shows
His angel's in array.
But who is Michael then, that he
Should be the Dragon's foe,
And in the contest, cast him out
Into the earth below?

Why he and all his angels are,
Yes, each and ev'ry one,
The geni of the Summer months,
With Summer's chief—the Sun?
The Dragon here comes on the scene,
In Winter's icy train,
And now, as Scorpio, appears
The chief of Winter's reign:

For in October, Scorpio,
A noted baldric sign,
In all his epic grandeur stalks
Along his serried line.
Between the Seasons, Signs and Suns,
The mighty battle raged,
For Michael and the Dragon met,
And deadly warfare waged:

And each at times success would share,
And then alike defeat,
Till Michael, with the Lamb of Spring,
The victory made complete (17).
But what an awful battle, this!
If but the faithful tell,
How Mike, the chief of Heaven's hosts,
Drove Dragon down to hell.

Who would not shout from heel to crown,
At such complete success,
And unto God the glory give—
The Sun and nothing less?
No Michael, Dragon, or their hosts,
That e'er drew living breath,
Had ought to do with any scene,
Of life and war and death.

It was a vision of the mind,
With mystic figures wrought
By John the Revelator, who
Aimed to conceal his thought.
But what avails his aim to hide
The meaning of his tale,
When thus each one that runs may read
The thoughts which there prevail;

And know that all that's written there,
Was meant to hide the truth,
From those to whom it should belong,
By right, and not by ruth.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(16). Being one of the most northern constellations the Dragon never disappears from view, but seems ever to pursue the woman Virgo who flees from him.
(17). This victory is thus described (Rev. xii, 2): "And they [Michael and his angels] overcame him [the great red Dragon] by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death."

Unanswerable Vindication of Dr. D. McLennan.
Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—You have no doubt read the communication of Albert Morton (agent of the *Banner of Light*), of this city, published in the *Banner of Light*, of Aug. 6, as a refutation of statements of mine, endorsing the wonderful physical and materialization manifestations that occurred in the presence of Dr. D. McLennan, given at 111 Geary street (and now at 229 Kearney street); and on the 15th of September was published by *Light for All*, with diagram of premises and seance room, another communication from Morton. Of course, people who do not know the premises or the parties, reading in the *Banner*, "Pretender Exploded," and in *Light for All*, the certificates, accompanying Morton's diagram, would conclude the statements true. I therefore beg leave to encroach on your time, enough to point out some irreconcilable inconsistencies.

The editor of *Light for All* says: "If McLennan is genuine, he can easily be proven as such, and come off with flying colors." This is true, and hundreds of our best citizens will testify to it, who have proven it over and over, and he has come out with flying colors, and is able to and does keep them flying, as any one will say who reads the challenge of McLennan to Morton and his coadjutors and confederates, their pretended acceptance, (which simply meant a challenge to McLennan), and his acceptance in full of their own conditions, published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and in your last number of *MIND AND MATTER*. I have yet to hear of a single person who has attended McLennan's seances three times and applied their own tests (which he invariably invites them to do), that have not been fully convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations.

The seance room has an alcove at the end, used for a cabinet, or rather the curtain is drawn across the front of the alcove; the same plastered ceiling as the audience room, which, prior to McLennan's leaving the house, was without hole, crack or break of any kind whatever. The Doctor sits in front, with one hand and foot behind the curtain, and remains in sight of the audience during the entire seance, during which the hat containing the ballots (previously written by the persons present, folded and dropped into a hat, and placed beyond the reach of the medium,) is placed by spirit hands on a table before the curtain, and a hand and arm is extended in front of the curtain in view of the audience, writes the answers, and places them back in the hat, which remains in full view to the end of the seance, when they are read or handed to the proper parties. During the seance, spirit forms appear, sometimes as many as eight or nine, simultaneously with the playing on piano, banjo, bones, accordion, violin and tambourine; the music not like that ordinarily played in circles; but first class in every respect, such as would secure for the performer, from five to ten dollars per night at any theatre. The Doctor had the alcove lined with cotton cloth tacked to the studding all around the walls of the alcove, and at the close of the seance invariably invited

the closest inspection, proving the impossibility of confederates entering from trap doors or hidden closets, as it would be impossible to tack the sheeting up after their exit.
As to Morton's diagram, he says the closet is 3 feet 7 inches by 19 inches. Any one can readily see that, for it to hold at least from ten to thirteen or fourteen full grown persons, men and women, (which it must do, if Morton's statements are true), would require a very powerful pressure on the poor confederates, to make them thin enough to pack into such a place, to say nothing about how they would breathe and remain there two hours. The Doctor says the dotted lines represent trap doors, which, to any one ever in the room during the Doctor's stay, is simply preposterous. The dotted lines show a trap door immediately over the heads of the audience, so the confederates would be sure to drop on some body's head. The other trap door is over the alcove, and has a hole in it one inch in diameter. He failed to explain what that hole in the trap door was for. In his letter to the *Banner*, he said it was to pass ballots through. It seems Morton's idea of practicability must have left him, when he made the trap doors in plastered ceiling not less than eight or ten feet high, and without a ladder to descend and ascend on. And when he made that little hole in the trap door, he must have been thinking of the man who built a house, and in the foundation made a large hole for his big cat; but, on reflection, thought it would be too bad to leave the little kittens without a hole to go in at, and immediately had a small hole made for their especial use. Comment is unnecessary. It is certainly plain that Morton has made so many holes in his diagram and statement, that he has let the cats all out and left himself caught in his own trap. Why did he not get some persons, who had attended Dr. McLennan's seances, to go with him to examine the premises and make his measurements, and then sign the certificate that it was all true and correct? Why select persons almost unknown to the public in this community, and who knew nothing of the manifestations from personal knowledge?

I am told by reliable authority, that "Wall," the newspaper carrier, never attended a seance, and McAllister once went to McLennan's rooms to attend the seance (ostensibly), but made himself so obnoxious to every one present, that he was politely requested to retire. The people who know these certifiers here at home, know how much weight to attach to their statements. Besides, their certificate shows they only went at Morton's solicitation, and that, after Dr. D. McLennan had been gone from the premises some days, and delivered possession to the owner. It is a singular fact, that, so far as I have heard, all this cry of fraud and threats to break up the materializing mediums have, in a large majority of cases, if not altogether, emanated from mediums and their individual friends.

One of their strong arguments in favor of fraud is, that "when they have been permitted to shake hands with or touch materialized forms, they were flesh and blood and had on clothes like human beings." In other words, they thought a "spirit was a thing without body, parts or passions," as they read in the Methodist discipline; and could not believe spirits could play on instruments of music, although it is expected, when they go to the spirit world, they will be experts in music, and will have golden harps as soon as admitted, and dance around the throne, carrying the harps to all eternity.

I will not intrude further, although I should like to tell of Dr. D. McLennan's wonderful powers as a clairvoyant, healer, slate-writer, answering letters; his generous, warm-hearted disposition, and his many acts of charity to the sick. Yours, in search of truth,
L. B. HOPKINS.
617 3d street, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 8, '81.

An Appeal.
Owing to long continued ill-health. I have been unable to resume my mediumship for over a year. Our home, the savings of many years, is now about to be sold to satisfy claims to the amount of about \$500: Will the friends contribute their mite toward a fund to relieve us from the impending calamity of losing our homestead? Reluctantly we make known our distress through dire necessity, knowing not where or to whom to look for assistance except to those in whose behalf we have labored faithfully for many years. This petition is made as the last resort, having exhausted every effort to relieve ourselves rather than publicly ask aid. Respectfully,
J. NELSON HOLMES,
JENNIE W. HOLMES.

We take from the *Banner of Light* the appeal of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Holmes for assistance in their pressing distress, and we trust it will not be vain. Mr. Holmes's health, as we know, has been such for a long time as to preclude his pursuing his mission as a medium, and thus he has been compelled to incur liabilities that are now harassing him. Those who know what these veteran mediums have endured, in the service of the spirit world, should not refuse them such assistance as is in their power, and that without delay. Their address is Vineland, N. J., to which place remittances should be made directly.

Alfred James' Relief Fund.
In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:
Previously acknowledged \$154.08
C. B. Stewart, Montgomery, Texas, 1.00
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois, 1.00
A Friend, Philadelphia, 1.00
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio, 5.00
Joseph M. Libby, Carrolltown, Pa., 5.00

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.
This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for *MIND AND MATTER*, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:
Previously acknowledged \$117.28
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Ill., 2.00
B. F. Oshoon-Pleasant Lake, Mass., .50
A Friend, Philadelphia, 2.50
C. O. Thiel, Chicago, Illinois, 6.70

Another Materializing Medium.
Editor of Mind and Matter:

Ralph J. Shear, a very fine, intelligent young man, has been developed in this place (Dalton, Mass.) for form materializations. I have attended quite a number of his seances, and find him to be a true and honest medium for this phase of mediumship. I became satisfied of his honesty before I attempted to write this communication. He is willing to sit under any reasonable test conditions that the sitters may propose, and has several times been divested of his clothing, and tied to his chair, and the chair fastened to the floor; his feet and hands firmly tied and a rope put round his neck and fastened to the cabinet, so that he could not reach the curtain if he would. The forms came out just the same as when under no test conditions; and seemingly more beautiful.

His cabinet at home is a small closet, divested of everything in the shape of clothing. In a very few moments after Mr. Shear enters it, the forms begin to appear, beautifully dressed, and looking so natural, that nearly all of them are easily recognized. The forms vary in number from seven to fifteen of all sizes, from little children up to big tall Indians, very much taller and as large as two of the medium. (Mr. Shear is a small man, about the size of Alfred James, with whom I had a sitting at Lake Pleasant last August. God bless him, may the good angels ever guide and protect him). Mr. Shear, like very many others of our mediums, has come up through great tribulations. Nearly every man's hand if this place is against him; many efforts have been made, and a thousand lies have been told about him, in order to put him down and destroy his mediumship. All this in consequence of the bigotry and superstition in which this place abounds. But none of these things move the medium; he has girded on the armor, and the good angels are with him. The Methodist minister says of this medium, that if he had lived at the time of the Salem witchcraft, he would have been hung. I think this self-conceited bigot would be glad to put the rope around this medium's neck and string him up, and while doing this exclaim, "God says to me, thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Oh what mockery to accuse the all-wise father of creating witches and devils. When will people ever learn that we are all children of the Infinite father, and that all things work by a natural law.

I will now give a brief account of the first seance I attended at the home of the medium, Ralph J. Shear. It was on the evening of September 10th, 1881. Soon after the medium entered the cabinet, a beautiful female form appeared, dressed in Shaker costume, one of the medium's controls. She claims to have been in spirit life over one hundred years, and says her name is Shaker Emma. She talks quite plainly through the trumpet which nearly all the forms use. She drew the curtain aside so that we could all see both the medium and the form at the same time. The next form was that of my mother. She had been in spirit life some twenty years. This was the first time she had ever come to me. I recognized her as soon as she came out of the cabinet and said, this is my mother. She bowed several times, and seemed very much rejoiced to know that I recognized her. She reached out her hand to have me come to her which I did. She took me by the hand and gave it a hearty shake. She put a very soft piece of cloth in my hand about the size of a silver dollar, and then returned to the cabinet.

Very soon Shaker Emma came out and said, "Your mother wants you to keep that piece of cloth in your pocket, it will help her to come to you next time." Since then the cloth has dematerialized. The next form was a daughter of mine, who had been in spirit life some thirty years. She passed out at the age of three years. She called me to her, but of course I could not tell who she was. She took up the trumpet and said I am your daughter Mary, that passed away so long ago; I am grown up now, there are no dwarfs in heaven. I tried to come to you, father, at Lake Pleasant, through Wm. Eddy, but could not; but I can come to you through this medium very easily, and so can grandma.

Next was a tall female form dressed in pure white. She came clear out of the cabinet, when one of the sitters, a Mr. Dickinson, exclaimed, "My mother is that you?" She bowed her head and whispered yes. Mr. Dickinson then went to her and clasped the hand of his long lost mother and talked with her for a short time. Soon after two daughters of Mr. Dickinson came out both together, and talked with their father and brother for some time. Then came out of the cabinet a large tall Indian, and stood up by the cabinet and motioned to have some one measure him. This was done which made him six feet three in height. After being measured he went into the cabinet to get more strength, and came out and made a motion for us to sing; he wanted to dance. We struck up a lively tune, and the Indian danced splendidly, keeping up with the time very nicely. He returned to the cabinet, when Mr. Shear, the medium's father, and main control, came out. Mr. Shear was quite a scientific man when in earth life, he talks quite audibly without the trumpet, and materializes so as to look very natural indeed; so much so that one of the sitters said it hardly seems possible that Mr. Shear has ever passed out of his old body. He talked to us for a few moments, then returned into the cabinet, and brought the medium out of his trance state and disappeared. We had to help the medium out of the cabinet, he being very much exhausted.

Thus ended a very satisfactory and wonderful seance. I could write much more in this medium's favor, but think I have written enough to convince you, Mr. Editor, and the public, that we have one more honest medium added to our ranks. Mr. Shear is now holding seances at Springfield, Mass. Yours for the truth,
WILLIAM BARCOCK.
Dalton, Mass., October 19th, 1881.

P. S.—I should have stated that several other forms appeared at this seance and were nearly all recognized.
W. B.

Alfred James
Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,
A. JAMES,
No. 1119 Watkins St., Philada., Pa.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

MIND AND MATTER is on sale at Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th street, New York city, every Sunday morning and evening.

DR. B. F. BROWN, Lewiston, Me., keeps MIND AND MATTER and The Banner of Light always on file at his office for the benefit of strangers.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Spiritual Offering who fail to receive their paper on time will please notify the publishers direct, and immediate attention will be given. Address D. M. Fox, Newton, Iowa.

MRS. DR. WHEELER, No. 38 N. 5th street, Camden, N. J., late of New Haven, Conn., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, solicits a thorough testing of her powers. Examinations, \$1; treatment, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HON. WARREN CHASE lectured in Metropolitan Hall, Vineland, N. J., October 23d and 30th. He will speak in the same place November 13th and 20th, and may be addressed at Vineland, N. J., until December 1st.

RHODES' HALL, 505 1/2 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.—Regular services are held at this hall every Sunday afternoon and evening at the usual hours, 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Mrs. Dr. Wheeler will speak and give tests at each service on Sunday next, November 6th.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.—A small Spartan band of Spiritualists in the city of Atlanta, Ga., are endeavoring to publish a Spiritual magazine, and appeal to the Spiritualists throughout the country for subscriptions. Terms \$2 per year. Address C. C. Stockell, Atlanta, Ga.

SUBSCRIBERS writing to us to change the address of their paper must state their last address as well as the address they wish it changed to. Simply saying, "Change address of my paper," puts us to great inconvenience and trouble, which can easily be avoided by giving the present address.

MR. FRANK T. RIPLEY writes from Gurnee, Ill., that he has closed a most successful engagement of ten weeks, at that place, and that he can now be engaged to speak and give public tests anywhere between Gurnee and Boston. Terms reasonable. Address him at once, at Gurnee, Ill.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 27, 1881.—The Spiritualist Society hold public circles every Sunday at 6.36 P.M., in their hall, No. 14 Opera House Block, Hanover street; lectures commencing September 11th. Asa Emery, President; Jos. Freschl, Vice President; G. F. Rumrill, Secretary.

A SPIRITUALIST and Medium's meeting will be held at Grimes' Hall, 13 South Halsted street, Sundays, 3 P. M. J. Matthew Shea, M. D., clairvoyant and test medium, assisted by other well known clairvoyants, present each Sunday. Geo. Mostow, Chairman. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, 1881.

THE Chicago Progressive Lyceum will open, after its summer vacation, in Union Park Hall on Madison street, near Bishop's court. Its sessions commence at 12.30 and close at 2.30 P. M. Sundays. Socials for the children will be given every second and fourth Wednesday evenings at the same place.

CHARLES NELSON, medium, will hold a circle every Sunday evening, till further notice, at Thompson Street Church (Second Spiritual Association), between Front street and Frankford road. Seats free. Public invited. A collection will be taken to defray expenses, and perfect order will be maintained.

MR. W. HARRY POWELL, the noted slate writing medium of Philadelphia, informs us under date October 31, that he would leave Tyrone, Pa., and locate in Pittsburg, Pa., on or about November 4th, for a few days. Those desiring to make arrangements with him between there and Cleveland, can address him at Pittsburg, P. O., Penna.

J. WM. VANNAME, M. D., writes from Newark, N. J., that he will leave that place on Tuesday, November 8th, for a week's labor in Northumberland, Pa., and would be pleased to hear from parties desiring his services for lectures or circles, on his return trip. Address him, care of John A. Elliott, M. D. Northumberland, Pa.

PLATFORM CALLS.—Any prominent speaker wishing a transient or permanent engagement may meet with acceptable conditions, by addressing Dr. L. H. Nason, 277 Forquer street, or 517 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Nason has secured a hall in that city and will be happy to meet any brethren from abroad.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH.—We have on sale at our office, the very well executed half life size lithographic likeness of our lamented late President, accompanied by an autograph note, published by the Shober and Carqueville Lithographic Company, 119 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents, including postage.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.—We are prepared to furnish any of the standard or other Spiritual and Liberal publications at publishers' prices, adding postage, when such is charged to us. Such books and publications as we have not in stock will be ordered from the publishers, and forwarded, upon receipt, without delay, or sent direct from the publishers to the party ordering.

DR. HENRY SLADE and Mr. Edwin Keene, neither of whom requires any introduction to the readers of MIND AND MATTER, have been, as we learn from the latter gentleman, speaking and

giving their wonderful tests before full houses in Providence, R. I., and other places, and they expect to visit in company the principal cities of the United States.

DR. W. L. JACK writes from Chicago, Oct. 30th, returning thanks for the very pleasant and private reception tendered him in that city by a few of the friends, and reciprocating their warm expressions of good feeling toward him. He states that he has been received everywhere with great welcome and kindness, and has been very successful in healing during his stay in Chicago.

OUR valued friend, Mrs. Anna Kimball, is desirous of obtaining permanent employment some where, as lecturer and psychometrist. She would visit places wherever there is a nucleus of friends who wish to associate for progressive work. Her address is Dunkirk, N. Y. P. O. Box 241. We have had personal experience with Mrs. Kimball, and are fully and freely given our testimony as to her extraordinary psychometric powers.

DR. ABBIE E. CUTLER commences a course of lectures on Physiology and Hygiene in the Rev. Dr. Cudworth's Church, Meridian street, East Boston, Monday evening, Nov. 7th. These lectures are for the benefit of the Ladies' Physiological Society of East Boston, which Dr. Cutter was instrumental in forming, a year ago, at the close of a lecture given in Dr. Cudworth's church.

THE First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings every Sunday evening in Fairbanks' Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. Bible interpretations, through Mrs. Richmond, in Martin's parlor, corner of Wood and Walnut streets. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, regular speaker; L. Bushnell, M. D., president; Collins Eaton, secretary.

VOICE OF ANGELS, Vol. VI., No. 21, Nov. 1st, now on our table, impresses us as coming fully up to the high standard which it has hitherto maintained, in the variety and interest of its contents and the genuine quality of the Spiritual bill of fare which it offers its readers. Those of our subscribers who are not such already to the Voice of Angels, would do well to add it to their list, and will not regret it.

REV. DR. MONCK, of England, lectured last Wednesday at Phenix Hall, Brooklyn, when, it is said, spirit raps were plentiful, and heard by the audience. He lectured and publicly healed the sick at New Haven, on Sunday last. He does the same at Worcester, Mass., on next and the following Sundays, November 6th and 7th. He gives daily attendance (Thursdays excepted) to heal the sick, at his New York office, 205 East Thirty-sixth street, and on Thursdays at 402 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y., from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. He also heals by magnetized paper, sent through the post.

CORRESPONDENTS sending us articles intended for publication must invariably, to secure notice of the same, adhere to the following RULES: Write plainly with ink on one side of the paper only, and avoid inclosing scraps to be arranged and dovetailed on by the editor; and don't write carelessly and hastily, with the request to the editor to "excuse haste and correct mistakes." Whatever is worth the time of the editor or his assistants to arrange or correct, is assuredly worth the writer's time, and should be done by the latter. This notice is final, and will not be repeated, but all communications not conforming to the above rules will either be returned or cast aside.

SECOND SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW YORK CITY.—The exercises at Frobisher Hall, 23 East 14th St., on Sunday October 30th, were very interesting; Cephas B. Lynn, the well known eloquent speaker occupying the rostrum. The morning address on "Ingersoll and his Critics," was attentively listened to and appreciated by a large audience. In the evening the hall was filled to overflowing, and Mr. Lynn delivered a practical discourse on Spiritualism, in his own inimitable manner. Sunday next November 6, and on each Sunday morning and evening during the entire month, Rev. Moses Hull, formerly a noted Second Advent minister, and one of the best Biblical scholars living, will conduct our services, discoursing on "The Old and New Testaments," and "The Maid of Orleans or Spiritualism four hundred years ago."

ALFRED WELDEN, 23 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

Editor of Mind and Matter: Being in Chicago, and having previously heard of Dr. Shea, the materializing medium, we called on him, Sunday, October 10th, at his rooms, 87 West Madison street, and also attended his materializing seance in the evening. There were, I think, twenty-two persons present, and all had some spirit friend come and speak their own name; and all, or nearly all, were recognized. Many, like myself, were attending the seance for the first time. All went away perfectly satisfied of the fact that we live after the change called death.

My husband materialized and spoke his name, and walked out about three feet from the cabinet door. My mother and brother also came. I am happy now in the knowledge of a life beyond the grave; but I must admit that I have had many doubts of the reality of a life after death; have in fact thought it might not be; but now I know these things are so. If there are any who want to test the truthfulness of spirit manifestations, I hope they will attend one of the Doctor's seances. They will find the Doctor gentlemanly and courteous, with large charity, seeing some good in all, whether sceptics or believers.

Yours for truth,
MRS. FRANK JOHNSON.
Darjen, Wisconsin.

Coleman vs. Burr.

We have received from Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, of San Francisco, under date of October 24th, a communication in reply to that of Mr. W. H. Burr, of Washington, D. C. (published in a late issue of MIND AND MATTER), which Mr. C. must excuse us from publishing, as our columns have been given to quite as great an extent as we can spare, to this purely personal discussion. Suffice it to say that Mr. Coleman flatly denies the charges of literary dishonesty, preferred by Mr. Burr in the article alluded to, and demands (quite justly, as we conceive) the name of the person quoted by Mr. Burr, as having loaned him (Mr. C.) books from which he had selected passages and published them as his own. Charges of such nature should not be made at random, nor at any time, without a responsible name at their back.

Mediums' Home Fund.

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

CASH. Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER \$122 40. John H. McElroy, Pittsburg, Pa. 50. Jacob Kuhn, York, Pa. 50. Christopher Lug, Pittsburg, Pa. 1 00. Mrs. Phebe A. Haines, Altoona, Pa. 1 00. R. F. Haelet, Spruce Creek, Pa. 1 00. Isaac Iselt, 50. Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ambrosia, Philadelphia Pa. 1 00. George Belzer, Philadelphia, Pa. 1 00. Charles Bingham, 50. S. A. Morse, 1 00. H. Schook, 1 00. James Marlow, 1 00. B. C. S. Kulner, Vineland, N. J. 1 00. Carrie Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y. 50. Mrs. S. B. Casey, 1 00. J. Rowan, 1 00. Mrs. M. A. Newton, New York City, 1 00. Mrs. H. J. Newton, 1 00. Mrs. Mary H. Billings, 1 00. Effie Foster, per Mrs. Crindle, N. Y. City, 50. A Friend, N. Y. City, 1 00. Mrs. H. O. Shepard, N. Y. City, 1 00. Margaret Loth, Brooklyn, N. Y. 50. Mrs. H. W. H., 5 00. Mrs. Eliza Young, Champaign, Ill. 50. W. H. Best, Dayton, Ohio, 1 00. Jos. Caulfield, Southport, Ct., per Banner of Light 1 00. Spirit Lotels, per Miss Sheelhamer, 1 00. Mrs. McIntyre, Pensacola, Fla. 1 00. R. Gessler, Basle, Switzerland, 3 00. Contributions of 40c. each (2) 80. " 30c. " (8) 240. " 20c. " (10) 200. " 10c. " (5) 50. Total Paid..... \$169 20.

PLEGGED. Pledges previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER \$258 00. Samuel Graham, Kintbury, Ind. 1 00. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dogson, Terre Haute, Ind. 2 00. J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind. 50. Mrs. Corbit, Malvern, Ark. 1 00. Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark. 1 00. J. V. Pedron, Camden, Ark. 5 00. Total Pledged..... \$268 50.

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. J. Matthew Shea's Liberal Offer.

Bro. Roberts:—If you will say to the public that any one who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER for one year, I will give them one private sitting and one ticket to my Materializing Seances; this to hold good until further notice. JOSEPH MATTHEW SHEA, M. D., 87 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

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

An Extraordinary Offer of Dr. A. B. Dobson.

DEAR BROTHER:—You can say to the readers of your noble paper, that any diseased person who will send me two 3ct. postage stamps, a lock of hair, age and sex, and one leading symptom, I will diagnose their case free by independent slate writing.

A Most Valuable Offer—Spirit Obsession Diagnosed.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—You may say in your paper that I will give a free examination of persons who would like to know whether they are obsessed or not, if they will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER six months or one year. Any person accepting this offer must send a note from you to that effect. All applications by letter must contain a lock of hair of the applicant, age, sex, etc., and one three-cent postage stamp. Address B. F. Brown, Box 28, Lewiston, Maine. This proposition to remain open until further notice. B. F. BROWN. [We regard the above proposition of Mr. Brown as a most important one to the afflicted apart from the interest we have in it.—Ed.]

A Vitapathic Physician's Kind offer.

Any person sending me \$2.00 and two 3-cent postage stamps, with lock of their hair, age, sex, and leading symptoms and location of their disease, I will give them a free examination and advice, and send the two dollars to pay for MIND AND MATTER for them one year. J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D., 268 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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D. M. & NETTIE P. FOX, Editors and Publishers

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Among its contributors will be found our oldest, ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical, and Spiritual subjects; Spirit Communications and Messages; In No. 1, Vol. IV., of date September a new Inspirational Story was commenced, entitled, "Mysteries of the Border Land; or, The Unconscious Side of Conscious Life," by Mrs. Nettie P. Fox.

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Upon the above terms the OFFERING will be sent for the time paid for, to all who subscribe during the first six months. If our circulation shall have reached 5,000 it will be continued at the same price; if not, the price will be advanced to one dollar and fifty cents per annum. By earnest effort, and the aid of friends, we confidently expect to get at least the 5,000. Address, D. M. and NETTIE P. FOX, Newton, Iowa.

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(of Baaham; we suppose) "were in no sense astral or astronomical"; and that "they pertained exclusively to the old Phallic religion" is like all the rest he asserts right in the face of all monumental or historical facts. We wonder Mr. Briggs, good worshipper, as he is, of "Our Bible," as he calls the Jewish and Christian fictions of the "Old and New Testaments," did not think of that Bull seen by Ezekiel in the heavens, (Ezek. I, 1 to 28). That bull had feet with soles like brass, and "burnished brass" at that. He had wings also, which touched the wings of a winged lion on one side, and a winged man on the other; and "the appearance of that bull was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps"; and "it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning"; and this bull "ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning"; and this bull had a ring that was so high that it was dreadful, and this ring was full of eyes round about the bull; and when the bull went, his ring went. Now, will Mr. Briggs have the hardihood to pretend that the bull described in Ezekiel is not the Bull of the zodiac? If the bulls of those ancient peoples, the Jews included, had not sole relation to the Bull of the zodiac, how comes it that in a Jewish book there is such a manifest theological reference to the zodiacal Bull as having relation to the Jewish God Jehovah? and this also, if the Jewish Jehovah, Chaldean Baal, the Persian Mithra, and the Egyptian Apis, were not one and the same object of veneration and worship—the Sun at the vernal equinox, in the sign of the celestial Bull? Neither are we confined to the Jewish Bible to find the relation of the celestial Bull, not to the Phallic worship, but to the one common God of all religions, the Sun—the only Light that ever lighted all men that come into the world. In Revelations, iv., 6 to 9, the celestial Bull is manifestly referred to as having relation to the worship of the Lamb of God. For the information of Mr. Briggs, who does not seem to have recognized the fact, that the celestial Bull had direct relation to the Christ—the anointed one—the Lamb of God, we will here quote his own Bible:

"And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto a crystal. And in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind."
 "And the first beast was like a lion, and the second like a calf, (a bull calf) and the third beast had the face of a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle."
 "And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within; and they rest not day and night, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' which was, and is, and is to come. And when those beasts give glory and honor, and thanks to him that sat on the throne—the Lamb of God, who liveth for ever and ever." etc.

Now we ask Mr. Briggs to remember that all this relates to his Jesus Christ the Lord. The sea of glass seen by The Revelator was the azure dome of heaven. The duration and vision was just the twenty-four hours of the day and night. The throne was the position of the Sun in the sign of the celestial Lamb, of the Persian spheres, from the religion of which people, the Jews and Christians, derived so many of their dogmas, doctrines and religious observances. The "four beasts full of eyes before and behind," were the zodiacal constellations, Leo, Taurus, Aquarius, and the Eagle which although without the zodiac, is made to substitute the Scorpion or malignant sign, the enemy of the Lamb, and placed just 180 degrees from it at the opposite side of the heavens. The six wings of each of the beasts, represented the six hours during which each of those constellations were passing from the horizon to the zenith, thus dividing the day and night into four equal parts; and the sum of all the wings, twenty-four, was the number of the hours of each day and night. The eyes within the wings were the stars that filled each of the four grand divisions of the heavens, corresponding with the four seasons of the year, while the stars of the four constellations were the eyes of the animals before and behind. That the four beasts appeared to "rest not day nor night" is the fact, for as the earth revolves on its axis, the whole starry heavens seem to revolve continually, although the constellations as they revolve above us, are not seen during the day on account of the all absorbing light of the Sun. Now as we have shown what the beasts were, one of them a mythical man, we need not be mistaken as to the nature of that which The Revelator saw sitting on the throne, which the four beasts addressed as "Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." That enthroned thing was the Sun in the sign of the Lamb, the only thing which could with any consistency be spoken of as the "Lord God Almighty" that is to come. The whole vision relates to the state of the heavens at the vernal equinox, 1881 years ago, when the sun reached that point of its apparent annual course, no longer in the sign of the Bull, but in the sign of the Lamb as the Persians, Jews and Christians, regarded the celestial sign in which the Sun, at that time, rose to reign in glory during the summer months. The part which the four cardinal constellations of the older astro-theological systems toward the Lamb that was slain in order that he might reign, was a sufficiently expressive way of imparting to the initiated, the fact that although the Lamb and not the Bull was the apparent object of Christian veneration, yet it was the same beneficent ruler and governor of all mundane conditions and

events—the "King of Day"—which was the great esoteric or concealed object of their veneration. Having labored to show, that to establish the fact that all religious systems have been essentially materialistic in their origin and outward manifestations; would be to show "that the spirit world is an invisible and imaginary world, superadded to that which is visible and real, and it is altogether a mythical and fabulous world;" Mr. Briggs says: "The Spiritualist will say correctly: That is all theory, a mere hypothesis. And it matters not how skillfully it may be framed, and with what plausible arguments the theory may be sustained, it cannot overthrow or prevent facts and legitimate conclusions from those facts." Say you so, Mr. Briggs? So say we. We have piled fact upon fact until mountain high, and we fear to the disgust of many persons, whose friendship we would be glad to have, but who prefer to allow error to prevail, rather than that the truth should become known, and we have looked and waited in vain for the opposing facts of which Mr. Briggs speaks, but of which he produces none, in opposition to the mytho-theological theory of religions. He has certainly written enough to be able to point to one fact that he has adduced to shake that theory. Can he do it? We have yet to perceive the first one fact of that nature.

But now we come to the animus that has prompted Mr. Briggs' labored effort to save the Christian religion from the most annihilating exposure of its real origin, nature and meaning that it has ever had. He says: "Yet, they (Spiritualists) ought to be consistent, and not bring up spiritual manifestations to disprove this Zodiac Bible, and then fly to it to disprove the personal existence of Jesus, his mother, John, the Apostles, and other ancient persons, so as to deny the truthfulness of any such manifestations." That Mr. Briggs intended that to apply to himself, he will hardly be so wanting in frankness as to deny. Just how it applies to us, we cannot for the life of us perceive. We can see no connection between Spiritualism and the Zodiacal Bible, the Brahminical Bible, the Buddhistic Bible, the Chaldean Bible, the Persian Bible, the Jewish Bible, or the Christian Bible. Those Bibles were one and all concocted to keep truth and knowledge from the masses of men, and to secure a monopoly of those priceless blessings, to the selfish and tyrannical priests who assumed to make and expound them. If Mr. Briggs will show what Spiritualism has to do with any one Bible more than another, or with any Bible whatever, we promise him that we will show him that he is lying under a great mistake.

We had thought to conclude our reply to Mr. Briggs articles in the *Banner of Light*, but we find that impossible without crowding out current matters of special current importance. We will therefore reserve until next week what we have to say in relation to the planispheres of Dendera and Esne, which so positively attest the antiquity of the Egyptian Zodiac and the twelve zodiacal constellations of our present sphere. Having done this, we will have completed what we shall have to say upon that and kindred theological subjects through our paper. This will take us to the end of our third annual volume. With the fourth volume, we will have a clear field to defend and advance the Spiritual cause; and can give more attention to questions of general reform in education, ethics, politics, legislation, and social and individual improvement. In the discussion of all questions, we will adhere to our past rule of editorial courtesy and fair dealing, and allow those from whom we feel called to differ, a fair hearing in their own terms.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWER.

HULBERT STREET, Chicago, Ill.,
 October 17th, M. S. 84.]

"Come let us reason together."

Mr. J. M. ROBERTS:—Since reading your good paper to-day, (dated October 5th), my eyes fell on an article entitled "Important Lesson—Shall It Be Forgotten?" which prompts me to write this. I refer to the last twenty lines, in regard to Spiritualists. Now I am a Spiritualist, and a musical and test medium. My abilities can be attested by all the best Spiritualists in this city. I am also a Socialist. I belong to the Socialist Labor party of Chicago. There are to my knowledge about twenty Spiritualists that are Spiritualists. I could give their names and addresses, if necessary. And when you say, "As worthless a set of demagogues as ever cursed any country," I am compelled to answer, from my sense of justice and truth, that the Socialists, as a rule, have as strong love for peace and the welfare of humanity as any persons living. I know what I am writing about, and can prove all I say. I don't know of any Socialist who sanctions the cowardly assassination of the President. And let me ask you how you know that Guiteau ever had anything to do with Socialists? Also, do you know anything about their principles? Have you ever read our constitution, platform, or anything that would give you any knowledge of what Socialism is? If it would please you, I can send you Socialistic tracts, constitutions, etc. You also say, "We are watching these plotters, and will fearlessly expose any of their proceedings we can unearth." Now, if you want information as to the doings of the Socialists, good or bad, I will take pleasure in giving you all I can. Or I will refer you to the Monday editions of the *Chicago Daily Times*, or *Morning News*, or the *Inter-Ocean*. Or, I will send you printed lectures, etc. Or, I will give you some logic from my own cranium, or from the inspiration of the spirit. Whatever will please you best.

I get MIND AND MATTER every week at the West Side Opera House, on Madison street, where we have the very best Spiritual food every Sunday at 3 P. M. Mrs. Maud C. Lord has returned from Colorado, and very kindly donates her spiritual work to our meetings. She is the best test me-

dium I ever saw; she tells everything correctly to strangers; and her efforts are appreciated by all. This letter may be a good contribution to your waste-basket; but if I can stir up your reasoning faculties, I shall feel satisfied. I would nevertheless be glad to hear an answer to this, by letter or in your paper. I will enclose a lecture by Lucinda B. Chandler, a Socialist and Spiritualist, who reads MIND AND MATTER.

Yours for the good of humanity,
 SILAS ARTHUR.

Waving all punctilio with our correspondent, we will answer him, and shall be very much mistaken if Mr. Arthur does not find that our "reasoning faculties" need no stirring up at his hands. Before we answer any of the many questions with which he has plied us, we demand that he will answer one question, and that is: Whether he is a member of a secret oath-bound political Socialist organization, the operations of which are intended to effect unfavorably the interests of any portion of the citizens of this nation? If he is not, then we do not recognize him as in any respect competent to answer for those plotting demagogues against whom our animadversions were directed. We have a knowledge of the existence of such a political and social revolutionary organization in this city, the most prominent leaders of which are as arrant a set of good-for-nothing demagogues as ever labored for the overthrow of republican institutions. We have talked with two of these men, who sought the use of these columns for the dissemination of their incendiary nonsense, and therefore know whereof we speak. These men, we know, were as fully competent to speak for the secret organization they represented as Mr. Arthur can be for the Association to which he belongs. A Socialist Labor party, whatever may be its aims and objects, so long as they are openly avowed and publicly advocated, is as proper, and stands on the same basis of right, as any other political organization. It is not of such a party, or of those engaged with it, that we have written; but of a secret organization whose hostility to social order is as deadly as the Jesuitical influences that directed and controlled the hand of the mediumistic Socialist, Guiteau, to strike down the chosen head of the nation, that political anarchy might be the forerunner of social anarchy. If Mr. Arthur, and those with whom he is associated politically, do not sanction the assassination of President Garfield, there are those in this city who call themselves Socialists who do. They are doubtless only Socialists in name, their real purpose being identical with the Communism of Paris during the French and German war, and the Nihilism or Nothingism of Russian disorder.

We have read the address of Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, sent to us by Mr. Arthur, which we find to be made up of general fault findings with every body, who does not adopt the views of Mrs. C., and with everything which does not square with her immaculate ideas of the eternal fitness of things. If Mrs. Chandler's views are those generally entertained by the Socialist Labor Party of Chicago, we suggest that they change their party designation, and call themselves the Chronic Grumbling party of Chicago. But in order to do Mrs. Chandler and those for whom she speaks no injustice, and with due courtesy to her, we will cite the only passages in which we can see any suggestion of remedies for the numerous and "mountain like" wrongs which they propose to remove from American civilization; or *swagery*, as their allegations would show that civilization to be. Mrs. C. says:

"The spirit of the age, eyeless as the mole on the side of equity and common human sympathy overrides every consideration but the facilities of gain to itself." Who represents that eyeless "Spirit of the age," if not the masses of the people, the Socialist labor party of Chicago, and Mrs. Chandler included? Or do these stand outside of and opposed to the "Spirit of the age." From anything that Mrs. Chandler has said, we cannot see that they so pretend. But what is the method by means of which Mrs. C. and the Socialist Labor Party of Chicago propose to knock two eyes into the "mole-like spirit of the age?" She answers: "There is one remedy, and it seems to me one only solution of this problem, for the toiling non-capitalist; the co-operation of labor and capital, or to make labor capitalist." Well that is curious. Mrs. Chandler, who claims to understand the principles of political and domestic economy, has not learned that first principle of the subject of which she treats, which is, the fact that the true value of anything that is required to satisfy the natural or acquired wants of man, is not the amount of money (so-called) that it commands, but the amount of human thought, time, and skill, and the physical wear and tear, that is necessary to produce it. In ages when metallurgy was unknown, the rude stone axe of the savage, was a greater treasure than many axes of metal are at this time, even for the practical uses of life, and so with everything; labor does not need to be "made capitalist" or capital. It is capital; and not only is it capital, but it is the true measure of value of all human possessions. If Mrs. Chandler, were so far governed by "the spirit of the age," as to desire to possess a piece of ground, and to build a house upon it, in order that she and her family might enjoy the peace and comfort of a home, how would she proceed to know whether she could effect it with the resources at her command? She would first have to obtain the land. To do that she would have to give a higher equivalent in labor than others who might desire to possess the enjoyment of that spot

of ground for the same or other purposes. She would then require bricks or stones, lumber, lime, sand, hardware, nails, glass, paints, and other materials of that kind. The cost of each of those articles she will find to be the number of days work that it will require to produce each and all those materials, and put them upon the ground selected; then she would have to ascertain how many days of work, by carpenters, masons, plasterers, painters and common laborers, would be called for, to prepare and put each of those materials in the portions of the edifice for which they were required. Mrs. Chandler might have money enough to fill the house, when built, and it would be of no more use to build that house than so much common dirt. Human labor alone could do that, and that house will be worth just what it costs in human labor and skill, whether it be much or little. Money or capital, as it is called, is not the governing power in society, but is the servant of human industry and skill, and when this fact becomes thoroughly and properly understood, we will see less of the desire for idleness and luxury which now so lamentably prevails. So far from enying the idle or luxurious liver, the industrious and frugal man should pity, rather than scorn or hate them. Half the poverty and misery in the world, and the worst half at that, has grown directly or indirectly out of a morbid desire for ease and luxurious living; and a very large part of the other half is the result of wasted time in repining over lost opportunities of usefulness, until a chronic feeling of dependency takes the place of energy, and of the will to be self-supporting. The man, or woman, or child, who does not feel that he or she is doing something that is of use to humanity, does not know what true happiness is. No one can enjoy money except they use it in a way that will benefit others. They cannot eat it, nor wear it, while they are here, nor can they take it with them to the other life; and if they pass to the other life having failed to use their money for the good of others while here, those whom they leave behind them will sooner or later spend it, and owing to their misdirected training, will often contribute to swell the ranks of those who constitute the burthens of society. As in nature, outside of human efforts, so in nature within the various provinces of human effort, the never varying law of compensation holds good; and he or she who thinks they can escape the effects of that law will surely find themselves mistaken. That governmental and social policy which aims the least to interfere with the operations of that perfect law, will be the most successful and permanent.

Our main ground of opposition to Socialism, as it has been presented to our mind, is its constantly expressed tendency to regulate the natural rights and duties of men by legislative enactments; or, failing in that, to overturn all law, and set at naught all those natural rights and duties which are at the bottom of all social or civil order. The idea of Socialism, which we gather from Mrs. Chandler's address, is, that she would have things made equal by legislation, however unequal they may be under the operations of natural laws. This can never be done; and, therefore, any attempt to do it must not only fail in the end, but be a disturbing evil so long as it is persisted in. But, if this unnatural and irrational purpose is sought through the means of secret oath-bound political associations, then all so concerned are alike the enemies of social order and humanity.

Mrs. Chandler closes her address by saying: "Will American religion," [We do not know what that religion is; it must be something new in the religion line.] "and statesmanship secure these to the people? is the question of the hour. God grant that the discontent now alarming patriotic divines may become an irresistible potency working in a fraternal spirit, to the end that American society and American institutions shall serve humanity, and abolish every vestige of despotism." There is no despotism at this moment that American society and American institutions can abolish; and no "discontent" will ever be irresistibly potent enough, whether working in a fraternal or inimical spirit, to abolish things which have no existence, but in the crank-like imaginations of a parcel of would-be tyrants, who, not knowing how to govern themselves, would like to govern every body else. We say to these would-be dictators of American society and American institutions, have a care as to what you attempt in the way of your ill-concealed hostility to public peace and order. Guiteau, the poor weak-minded pro-clyte of just such inculcations as those to which we have referred, in Mrs. Chandler's address, in stigated, not "by the devil," but by Jesuitical Christian spirits, who have always done the work attributed to His Majesty "Old Horny Cooty" and his imps, by their Christian mortal confreres,—took the life of President Garfield, and set at naught the wishes of the nation as duly expressed at the ballot-box. That assassin's act was the natural outcome of just such nonsense and irrational fault-finding with the natural condition of things, as Mrs. Chandler has so profusely indulged in. It should be manifest to any one having just claims to common sense, that no good can result from such organized efforts to incite people to violence to right imaginary wrongs; which is the work that so many persons are engaged in who should know better and act differently.

SPECIMEN copies of MIND AND MATTER and the *Spiritual Offering* will be sent free to all who apply at either office.

THE ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM, MORTAL AND SPIRITUAL.

We have seen with pain and concern ever since Mr. Charles R. Miller began the publication of the Psychometric Circular, that he was being deceived and used by the spirit enemies of Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mr. George Cole, (by Mr. Miller designated the Cole medium). They have been all the more successful in their efforts to render the cause of Spiritualism absurd in the sight of sensible people, but who are too indifferent concerning that cause, to look beneath the surface of things to find the truth; because of the fact that Mr. Cole is known to be a perfect psychic sensitive, and the communications given through him, are the absolute outgivings and utterances of spirits. We have from time to time called the attention of Mr. Miller and the public to the fact, that communications that had been given through Mr. Cole, and at the request of the communicating spirits, published in the Psychometric Circular, were not what they purported to be. We thus called down upon ourself the unfriendliness of Mr. Miller and his friends. While this was a cause of deep regret to us, we could not do less than we did, and claim to be an honest and independent defender of truth as it is involved in Spiritualism. We last week repeated our caution to Mr. Miller and Spiritualists, against giving any credit whatever to a spirit communication given through Mr. Cole, and published by Mr. Miller, purporting to be an oration on the death of President Garfield. This course on our part has called forth the following correspondence:

BROOKLYN, October 29th, 1881, Office of Psychometric Circular.

"DEAR SIR:—Herewith I enclose a personal communication from Marcus Antonius, received in the presence of Miss Sara Williamson and Charles R. Miller, Esq.,

"I would have you distinctly to understand that though I do not advocate such communications, I feel as though I would deprive you of your own property, did I withhold or suppress it. Therefore, trusting to your manly sense of right, I send the communication without approval.

"Respectfully yours, GEO. COLE."

In reply to which we most sincerely thank Mr. Cole for his kindness and courtesy. We give the communication with its heading just as sent to us by Mr. Cole.

"A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION TO J. M. ROBERTS, EDITOR OF MIND AND MATTER, BY MARCUS ANTONIUS."

"You appear to doubt my identity, and class me among the Catholic hierarchy—an error only equalled by the erroneous deductions drawn from my oration on the character of your late President.

"Of course we do not expect all men to be intelligent and observing, but we do insist and command that this mass of humanity shall at least be modest and respectful, and that they shall leave to better cultured and more extensive minds, the consideration of facts and phenomena so far beyond their grasp. This former class of which you are the exponent, serves but to obstruct the development of spiritual truth, and mislead the confiding and susceptible. Hence you would supply apostles to pandemonium, and seek through your childish efforts, to turn the civilization of many ages back into the Promethean era, from which they emerged. This is too ridiculous.

"In friendship to yourself and those you represent, I shall deprive you of the power you would exercise to mislead innocent people who are seeking light, and shall now commence by permitting your strictures to provoke the ridicule they deserve. In a brief space you will stand unpitied and alone, and then you may become a more sincere and better follower.

MARCUS ANTONIUS."

Now, we want the reader to remember that that communication is sent to us from the office of the Psychometric Circular. This fact alone shows that "Marcus Antonius" has one sincere and subservient follower in our poor deceived and too credulous friend and brother, Charles R. Miller. When "Marcus Antonius" succeeds in making good his threat to compel us to stand unpitied and alone, and to become his helpless tool, we hope our friends will put us in a straight-jacket and carry us to a hospital for the insane without delay. If we had not most successfully exposed the murderous villainy of this spirit personator and foe to all decency and truth, in our criticisms of his attempted fraud, the tacit admission of the correctness of our conclusions, which the above communication implies, would more than suffice to do so. We showed, from the positive declarations of this "Marcus Antonius," that he, and the spirit villains with whom he was co-operating to destroy the republican institutions of this country, had, by their psychological influence, exerted upon the mind of Guiteau, their unfortunate medium, assassinated the man at whose funeral obsequies he, assuming the character of a Roman spirit, sought to stir up factional disorder among American citizens, by charging honored and influential public men with the murder which he and his spirit coadjutors wrought to effect their accursed ends. Liar, murderer, spy and villain as he was, he did not dare to deny that we had rightly construed his self-convicting, but unintentional betrayal of his soul-damning guilt. But coward and sneak-like, he seeks to escape the consequences of his blunder by other blunders, which make his dishonesty and guilt all the more apparent.

With the infatuation that seems to attend the acts of all men who abandon themselves to a career of villainy and crime, "Marcus Antonius" makes this frank confession: "Of course we do not expect all men to be intelligent and observing." Why, you poor untruthful fool, any sensible person could have seen that, who read that bogus "Oration" of yours. You thought that we would be as lacking in intelligence, and as unobserving,

as you knew Mr. Miller would be, under the infernal influence you had thrown upon his meditative and impressive mind; but such smart spirit liars and fools as you have proven yourself to be, are always sure to put their foot into their own mess of fraud and deceit.

But, Mr. "Marcus Antonius," Esquire, Major-Domo of the Psychometric Circular office, who are you any way, if not a Catholic Jesuit and priest? That you are not the spirit of Marc Anthony is very certain. Marc Anthony would have more common sense than to utter such twaddle as you have falsely put into his mouth. That you are a Roman is sufficiently apparent, but a Roman Catholic, and nothing else, your own words show you to be. Do you not say, "We insist and command that this mass of humanity shall at least be modest and respectful," etc.? Who are the we for whom you assume to speak? Tell us, and we will tell you who is morally guilty of the assassination of President Garfield. We are very glad to know that "this mass of humanity" is in rebellion against your infernal spirit tyranny. Insist away until you are blue in the face—command until you split your accursed throat—it will avail you nothing; manhood and womanhood, not "modesty," have taken the field, and bear themselves, not as superstitious slaves, but as free and intelligent beings. The time for "insisting and commanding" has gone by, and this you will be made to know, so far as we can do so, at least. "Insist and command" with Mr. Miller, Jenny Leys, Guiteau, and such other helpless ones as you can control, and load your guilty souls with the moral responsibility of your acts; but know that there, your infernal power will have to end. The "mass of humanity" you cannot touch.

Again we ask you, you conceited, blundering fool, who are the we for whom you speak, that "this mass of humanity" shall leave to them, as "better cultured and more extensive minds, the consideration of facts and phenomena so far beyond their grasp"? If your spirit demonstrations are a fair, or even a perfect specimen of the "better culture" and "more extensive minds" of those whom you claim to represent, then all we have to say is, that the best thing that can possibly be done, is to sit down and bury from the sight of mortals such arrogant assumption and such disgusting conceit. Was there none among "we" who had a mind extensive enough to see and tell you what an ass you were making of yourself?

But here we must decline the honor that "Marcus Antonius" would confer upon us if he could. We have never pretended nor desired to be the exponent of any one person other than ourself, much less of a class of persons that include "this mass of humanity." It is all a mistake. "Mark Anthony, rest assured, that is a mistake. And now, will you tell us who authorized you to denounce the mass of your fellow-men as the obstructors of Spiritual truth and the misleaders of the confiding and susceptible? That the Christian priesthood, whether Catholic or Protestant, are so engaged, is very certain; but so far from their being the mass of humanity, they are, thank the Good Spirit, a very small and comparatively insignificant class of social drones.

As to supplying "Apostles to Pandemonium," we can only say that the apostles to that neither region of human habitation can only be found among a class of spirits who control the minds and hands of assassins to counteract the will of the masses of the people by murdering their chosen representatives, and then come up from hell to confess their infernal mission. "Marcus Antonius," you and those you speak for are such apostles of pandemonium, and you have a complete monopoly of that department of apostleship.

You lying spirit you know we have made no "efforts to turn the civilization of many ages back into the Promethean era from which they (sic) emerged." If you mean by "the civilization of many ages" the domination of the Christian hierarchy over the interests of mankind, then we have sought and will continue to seek the destruction of the direst curse that ever afflicted humanity. That hierarchy found the world ablaze with the light of advanced knowledge, and the then civilized world was advancing with mighty strides on the road to prosperity and complete success. To destroy all traces of that fact, was the work of the Christian hierarchy for sixteen hundred years; until the invention of the art of printing rendered their work of destruction and suppression no longer possible. From that time civilization set out anew, despite all the efforts of those enemies of truth, knowledge and humanity, to prevent it, until to-day the revelations of wise, truthful and good spirits, have rendered all further efforts to obstruct the car of free and enlightened civilization, by them, impossible. Our efforts to assist those spirit friends of humanity may have been "childish" as you feign to believe, "Marcus Antonius," but so were the efforts of the infant Hercules, when with his puny hands, he strangled the serpents who sought to crush the truth in which he was cradled. Impudent boaster, remember the "stripling youth" who the vain glorious Goliath slew. Truth is a weapon which when even wielded by childish hands, is death to error, however old or powerful.

But we have given this poor floundering and discomfited spirit fool more space and attention, perhaps, than his case needed, and will now allow him to give his last kick, and then leave him where he has fallen,—a warning to all spirit liars

and murderers not to imitate his silly and impotent wickedness. He says: "In friendship to yourself and those you represent, I will deprive you of the power you would exercise to mislead innocent people," &c. Well, we are not asking that kind of friendship just now, thank you, "Marcus Antonius." And how will you do that, pray? Do you expect to find some "facile tool" to assassinate me, as you did James A. Garfield, whose influence for good you so much dreaded that you wrought his murder? If so, then know that I defy you and all the power you can summon to your assistance. This poor, senseless form of clay you may kill, but the spirit that animates it, never. To remove our spirit from our body will only be to place it where it can meet you on equal terms, for know that so long as you continue your infernal work of opposing truth and human freedom, we want no peace nor rest. We have been an apt student of your tactics, and you will find your every movement foreseen and provided for before you have had time to do the intended harm. If you seek to influence some Guiteau to imagine that our office is an offence in the sight of God, and should be destroyed, like the Phoenix it will rise from its ashes as fresh and young and vigorous as when it was first established. Do you understand? But you have certainly begun your work of destroying our power to oppose you, "Marcus Antonius," in an amusing manner, when you say: "We shall now commence by permitting your strictures to provoke the ridicule they deserve." The "ridicule" our strictures have provoked is all at the expense of the blundering spirit fools who set you to speaking for them to betray their devilish acts.

And now, "Marcus Antonius," spirit liar, murderer, cheat, and wind-bag, you have the floor. The columns of MIND AND MATTER are at your service. If you do not avail yourself of them, we will conclude you are dead, and will erect over your stinking moral remains this epitaph:

Of Pandemonium's choicest crew,
Of imps who do the Devil's will,
The flower of brimstone, filled with dew
From Clef-foot's noted fourth-proof still,
Lies here: a warning be his fate
To all who seek fair Freedom's life,
Whether by Guiteau's murderous arm,
Or Anarchy's insensate strife.
As "Marcus Antonius" he did sail
A guise which poorly did conceal,
The papist grimalkin whose tail
Projected from that "bag of meal."

Dr. Abbie E. Cutter's Amulets and Magnetized Remedies.

Dr. J. C. Warren, for himself and his associates, members of this band, directs me to say to those persons suffering with cancers and tumors, and all sensitive who are liable to obsession by underdeveloped spirits, that the band are now prepared to specially magnetize and send to any part of the world remedies or articles that will heal those afflicted with these diseases or evil spirits. He says the persons applying must write their own letters, if possible; if not, hold it in the hand after it is written. Spirits of Washatony, Wicket and Swift Arrow will take special charge of the remedies sent out for these terrible afflictions. The Electro-Magnetized Amulet will be prepared, and sent out for the prevention and cure of all diseases, and to unite those who order and wear them with the band of spirits who reside at this island, an Amulet and communication will be sent for \$1.00 and stamped envelope. My daughter-in-law will submit the questions to the band, and copy the answers and mail them during my absence.

Extracts from some of the letters that have been received stating the good effects from wearing the Amulet.

April 3d, 1881.

Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Henderson, N. C., writes: "Dear Mrs. Cutter.—I have had no chill since wearing the Amulet, and the two friends to whom I gave them have improved in health; they were having chills badly when they commenced using them, but have had none since, thanks to you and the good spirits for this blessing."

Sept. 6th, 1881.

T. Hartman, Wheeling, W. Va., says: "The Amulet is efficacious and is very pleasant on account of its fine medicinal properties. It is worth ten times its cost to any person, sick or well."

July 21, 1881.

D. E. Swank, Swanton, Ohio, writes: "I received the Amulet in good condition, and am much improved in health since wearing it."

July 26th, 1881.

Mrs. E. H. Buell, Avilla, Indiana, says: "My daughter and myself are much benefited by the Amulet. She is becoming mentally developed. I can perceive a great change since she has worn the Amulet."

July 6th, 1881.

Mrs. E. D. Schull, Oberlin, Ohio, says: "Since wearing the Amulet, I very sensibly feel the presence of spirits that bring with them an exhilarating and hopeful influence. I sent for the Amulet for development especially, and as I did not state what I wished it for, I consider it a good test. While writing, I was impressed not to ask any questions."

September 29, '81.

Abba F. B. Sawtelle, of Westminster, writes:—"Dear Friend and Sister.—Your letter came with a healing balm. I have felt so well and free from anxiety since the Amulet and your reply came. Many thanks for the sweet spirit of peace and harmony your soul letter brought. God bless and keep you."

July 28th, 1881.

E. Wingate, Bedford Station, Michigan, says:—"We believe the Amulets are what they are recommended to be. My wife, who sent for one about a month since, has been much benefited by it, for which we feel grateful to you. Her eyesight is improving and her general health is much better."

October 12th, 1881.

H. B. Cutter, Chelsea, Mass., says: "Our children which were subject to severe attacks of croup, have had no symptoms, ever since wearing the Amulets, and the sore throats which troubled all

our family during the cold weather, have been entirely cured by the Amulets, and would not allow one of the children to go without them for twenty times the price you charge. I believe they will prevent Diphtheria in every case."

August 1, 1881.

G. H. Ballou, Manchester, Vt., writes: "Dr. Abbie E. Cutter.—My wife has been wearing the Amulet we sent for last winter with decided benefit."

July 2d, 1881.

Mrs. J. F. Rotner, Decorah, Iowa, writes: "Dr. Cutter.—The Amulet I got for my husband has been a great benefit to him. His health his better than it has been for a great while, many, many thanks to you and the good spirits."

One lady writes that her daughter who had suffered with headache for two years, has been entirely cured by wearing the Amulet. Several persons have written that their children had been exposed to Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever, but had shown no signs of the disease, and they believed it was owing to the healthy action kept in the system by Dr. Abbie E. Cutter's Electro-Magnetized Amulets.

Deborah Perkins, of Worcester, says: "My Catarrh is well, my Asthma much better, I never realized as much benefit from any remedy I ever tried as I have from the Amulets."

All persons who have realized the evil effects of vaccination and poisonous drugs taken into the system, cannot do a greater good for humanity than by using their influence to induce persons to wear these amulets and magnetized remedies, as a means of preventing diseases from developing in the system.

All letters requiring an answer must contain stamps for return postage, and all letters of importance, or with money enclosed, must be registered; as E. Wareham is not a money order office. For amulet, magnetized articles, or information, address,

DR. ABBIE E. CUTTER,
E. Wareham, Mass.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

The whilom Rev. Franklin-Josephus Briggs, makes the statement in his part third of his anti "zodiac theory of the origin of religion," in the Banner of Light, that the Rev. Robt. Taylor, "among other of his extravagances, formed words and names, deriving them from roots, and attributing definitions to them, in reckless defiance of all rules of comparative philology." He furthermore states that he has not quoted him "because he (Taylor) has made so many reckless statements, and after some years went back on his own works, publicly renounced his zodiac religion, rejoined the church with a full and earnest confession of faith, closed his public career, and spent the remainder of his days in tranquility, in the bosom of his church."

Here is a broad statement that smacks too much of lying for the glory of God and the Christian religion. Here we have a clean (?) statement from an ex-priest, without a shadow of a foundation, other than that of downright falsehood, and the habitual method of the priests of false religion for the disposal of all opponents of their villainy. Voltaire, Thomas Paine, and scores of others have met the same fate at their hands.

With regard to Mr. Taylor's honesty as to his philological statements—what reason have we to believe that F. J. Briggs is competent to judge in the matter, so long as we know he has blundered all the way through his series of four articles, in his attempted refutation of the writings of men who tower, intellectually, as much over him as did the renowned Gullivar above the kings of Lilliput.

Mr. Wm. M. Payne, costumer, 81 Asylum street, Hartford, an Englishman by birth and education, remembers Mr. Taylor well, having heard him deliver those inimitable lectures, which constitute the "Devil's Pulpit," at the Rotunda Blackfriars, London. Mr. Payne authorizes me to say, (from his personal knowledge of Mr. Taylor at that time, and his subsequent history of which but little is known, except that he married a French lady of some means, and retired from public life after enduring nearly six years of persecution and imprisonment for blasphemy, at the hands of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus); that the whole statement of the Rev. Briggs is false. Moreover he informs me that our old friend, Abram Rose, a native of England, now deceased, and one of our most staunch and true Spiritualists, was a pupil of the Rev. Robert Taylor, and that during the many years of their personal intercourse and friendship, no word ever fell from the lips of Mr. Rose, indicating that he, was in the possession of a single rumor, even impeaching the integrity of Mr. Taylor his old teacher.

The thanks of every friend of human progress, are due you, Mr. Editor, for your grand work in this great struggle between fact and fable, and especially for the splendid manner in which you have thrust your hook into the "snout" of the mighty theological leviathan (cuttle fish of which F. S. Briggs, et al., are very small fins), which is seeking to defoul the sparkling waters of the great ocean of truth, with its inky exudations.

S. W. LINCOLN.

Hartford, October 10th, 1881.

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborative information, as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking, involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

COMPENSATION.

BY MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE.

Summer, in the lap of Autumn,
Pours her rich and golden store;
Bursting buds proclaim the Spring time,
When the Winter storm is o'er;
So upon life's tolling journey,
Like the circling round of years,
We may trace the deep emotions
Moving us to smiles and tears.

Yet again, might Spring-time gladden,
Did we keep the fountain clear,
And with high resolves, determine,
Only by the right to steer,
Moving thoughtfully, serenely,
Like the onward march of Time,
Noble deeds may be accomplished,
And a destiny sublime.

Grandly Nature tells her story,
As the seasons glide along,
Full of symbols, hints, and warnings,
That to every age belong;
Hers a quaint and ponderous volume,
Every page is lettered o'er;
Such as this need no revising—
Earnestly its truths explore.

Reap the harvest of the future,
Rich experience will be there,
If within life's early Spring-time,
Thou hast sown the seeds with care,
Golden sheaves of thought and feeling,
Will adorn the Autumn years;
Noble acts, and deeds of mercy,
When life wintry gloom appears.

Note the emblems of the morning,
Scan the lessons of the day;
When the twilight hour is dawning,
Thoughtfully review the way;
Let the night's deep inspiration,
Eloquent with heavenly light,
Nerve thee—guard thy every action—
Keep thy spirit's armor bright!

As the Matter Appears to an Unsophisticated Citizen.

"Science and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Science dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

Nothing in the wide world now, nor in the history of mankind heretofore, has excited so much attention as the death of the President, and the manner in which his lamentable case was treated by his doctors. Shot by a dog of an assassin, his case was forced, it seems, immediately into the hands of an incompetently learned physician; and by him were gathered together, to aid and assist him in his incompetency, a half dozen other doctors, who, it seems, possessed no more ability or competency than he. And these learned, scientific physicians, acting entirely upon falsely assumed premises from the very beginning, labored themselves, and belabored their poor patient, for the long period of more than eleven weeks, until death at last delivered the patient President from his manifold sufferings and miseries, occasioned mostly, we must say, by the malpractice of the learned doctors. Why, what was at first done? An inefficient investigation and examination of the gunshot wound, and the ministration of poisonous opiates and stimulants. What should have been done? Why, common sense would say, that that wound should have been most thoroughly investigated at once, and all the facts should have been found out in reference to it. There should have been no fancy nor speculation of any kind about it; but all the facts should have been seen and known for exactly what they were. Could this have been done? Yes, it could have been done in the case of a common man, by a wise and common surgeon; and why not in the case of an afflicted President? Then these scientific physicians, scared to death about the prominent position of their patient, and, therefore, losing their presence of mind, were unfitted to be at the patient's bedside, to administer to the body diseased? If so, whatever science they might have had, they had no wisdom, they were not wise, and should have had the courage to remove or displace themselves, and be replaced by others who had been more equanimous and wise, and who had attended to the real facts of the case, which these learned physicians never found out until after the death of the patient and the post mortem examination and investigation.

Instead of finding out the facts in the beginning, what did these learned, scientific men do? Why, they began, in the very beginning, to make an assumption—a scientific(?) assumption. The President was not dead; this was an open, clear and an astounding fact. The external wound was on the right side of the back, just above the eleventh rib, and the bullet from the pistol was in the body some where. But where? This was the great fact to be found out, and of course, in the condition of things, upon the true principles of the Baconian philosophy, it must be discovered in true inference from other facts; because the fact was necessarily a concealed one, being out of sight and of the immediate observation of any of the other senses. But in the emergency, what did these learned physicians do? Why, they falsely assumed that the bullet went down in almost a direct course on the right side, back of the abdominal regions; and on this assumption alone, they at once began to probe for the avenue of the wound in this direction. They had but one single other fact to go upon, to at all confirm them in this assumption, and this was the fact, that the body of the eleventh rib had been fractured, and some of the splinters had been taken out from the external orifice of the wound; and upon this fact alone, they concluded that the bullet, striking the rib and splintering it, must have, by the percussion, had its direct course diverted downward and right laterally into the abdomen. And then they began to probe in earnest, and of course make a wound inside where never was a wound before. Yea, so persistent and indefatigable were they in the probing of this new cut out course, that they absolutely, day by day, drew forth pus from the new avenue wound they themselves had made, while the real wound, and the real wounded course of it, had no attention at all, not the least. What ignorance! What scientific inefficiency! What mal-practice! It was nothing less.

In their false diagnosis, on some days, they were further confirmed, as they thought, by the great facts, that the evacuations from the bowels were right, and the urinary system was all right; manifesting, as a matter of common sense, too, beyond all peradventure, that the stomach and the intestines had not been injured, that the liver had not been perforated, and the kidneys had not been touched by the course of the bullet. These all-important facts—very important—manifesting that the vital functions of the lower viscera had not been fatally hurt, nor were in the least permanently injured; of course, said they—still bigoted in their first assumption—we are decidedly right in our diagnosis; the ball has gone down behind the liver, into the abdomen, and may have lodged some where in the pelvis, in the iliac bony region.

But what, in the investigation, or the opinion of these learned physicians, became of the important fact, that was the earliest developed fact immediately after the poor President was hurt? This was the tingling—the continued terrible tingle—in the feet of the patient—all night and all day—all nights and all days at first. In their diagnosis, or in the make up of it, they seem to have entirely overlooked the most important symptom and necessary element of any comprehension of the true nature of the wound. Why, this tingling of the feet and legs of the patient should have at once taught these learned attendants, that the nervous system was immensely shocked by the infliction of this wound; and how could that have been done effectually, so as to produce this most significant and alarming symptom, without the spine being somehow or other hurt or wounded. How could these feet and leg-tingling effects have been produced without the bullet striking somehow or other the vertebral column? To be sure, they had the right to conclude that the spinal cord and marrow were untouched, for if not so, the patient had died immediately. But they ought to have known, from the feet and leg symptoms, that there had been a grievous shock to the spinal column; and this could only have been occasioned by the bullet striking, in its course, the bones of the spine, the vertebra of the spinal column; and from the situation, the lumbar vertebra of the spine, as the autopsy after death so readily manifested. No, these scientific physicians—these learned pundits—were cock-sure that their diagnosis was entirely correct, upon their own assumption; and they kept on probing, and delivering pus from this probing, of a wound and an avenue which they thought of, and confirmed themselves in persistently, and made by probing thoroughly, themselves.

If, from the terrible shock to the nervous system of the patient, these doctors had concluded, as they ought to have done, that the spinal column was somewhat involved, they had hunted for a different course of the ball toward and across the spine; and if they had closely pursued, they would have found the true course of the bullet, and the true nature of the wound; and perhaps many weeks had not elapsed before the President had arisen from his bed a restored and well man! It might have been so.

But, say those learned, scientific physicians, the autopsy plainly revealed that the wound of the President was necessarily fatal, and therefore no harm was done by their false diagnosis. Recollect, these physicians say so! Of course they do; otherwise, before the American people, they would stand in no very enviable position; and they can get their allopathic brethren throughout the length and breadth of the land, for the sake of the profession, to sustain them, too, and even to so testify on the coming trial of the cur-dog assassin. But, look you, people; has the autopsy revealed to your common-sense intelligence, that this wound was necessarily fatal? Now, learned allopathic physicians—the regular faculty altogether out of the question—let us really, anatomically, look at this wound and its course; and see as much as we can about it.

In the first place, it is quite apparent, from the autopsy, that the course of the ball was just as it was shot from the pistol. It hit the eleventh rib, shattered it, and pursued its course, across the projecting vertebra of the spinal column, one of the lumbar vertebra; splintered it, and was of course much stopped in its course, and finally lodged in the left side of the upper abdomen, immediately behind the pancreas and mesentery and spleen in the neighborhood of the stomach, which is before the pancreas and mesentery and spleen, and very near, as it was manifested by the autopsy, to the large superior mesenteric artery and splenic artery, and then it became encased; that is, a sack of flesh was provoked around the bullet and held it firmly, so that, of itself, it was incapable of any further harm to the body of the patient.

Now, it was possible for these physicians to have known all this, if they had become calm, wise, and unscientific, and common-sense like, in their first investigation. Why did they not take a competent magnifying glass, and look at the edges of the orifice of the wound, at the very first, to see and find out from their cut and shape, what direction the ball took on its first entrance into the body? Surely, the edges of the orifice would have mechanically told something, and the looking at it, through the magnifying glass, would have told more. Indeed, a microscope might have been used to excellent purpose, and by this, it would have been found how the ball began its course into the body; and thus its first direction could have been ascertained, and its pursuit, perhaps, of the same direction. But no; these physicians seem to have been determined that the thing was so, beforehand, as it were, and all their subsequent ministration and manipulation was governed by the first false assumption; and the consequence was, that the real wound received no attention from them. But they were working, on one side of the patient's body, when they should have worked on the other side, and right in the direction, too, the ball must have gone, if they had considered properly, from the way the President was standing with Mr. Blaine, exactly at the moment he was shot.

The President was standing up and erect, not turned over or stooping, and in his exact position, his back was presented to the bullet of the assassin, and there was no downward course of the ball into the body, indicated by this position of things. How these scientific, learned doctors should have assumed and concluded that the bullet took the downward course on the right posterior part of the abdomen, I cannot, for the life of me, understand, or for a moment conceive. Surely, all their learning, all their science, was of little, or no avail. Their science, and the application of it, was not wise. Their science and their wisdom were far from being one. Their science had no connection at all with wisdom. Their heads were replete with the thoughts of other men,—gathered from books and medical authorities,—while their minds were not at all attentive to their own thought, which might have properly resulted from a close and accurate examination and thorough investigation of the facts before them in the case, in a wise and just conclusion from the premises.

But what shall we say of the boasted sciences of Medicine and Surgery, in the face of this diagnosis of these heads of the profession, and the subsequent manipulation and treatment of the case of the President? Since the days of Hippocrates, more than two thousand years ago, every thing excellent has been claimed by the regular faculty of doctors; and so sure have they always been of their proficiency, that they have always sought and asked the protection of the government for

their way of doing things; seeking to exclude all knowledge of cure and remedy from any other source but their own; and what is curious and lamentable to know, somehow or other, they have always obtained and received that protection. Why, even at this late day of the nineteenth century, these doctors of the land have had enacted laws in almost every State of our Union, protecting them exclusively in their practice, and discharging all others who have not their diploma. In this great State of Ohio, even now, there are laws upon the statute books of our State, absolutely prohibiting any person from administering cure and remedy without the sanction and diploma—we might say diplomatic certificate—of these learned physicians; these fellows who are so skilled and learned, as is conclusively proven in the case of the lamented President, that they cannot, by all their science, accumulated these two thousand years, successfully diagnose a common gunshot wound.

Out upon such stuff—lie upon it for shame—that our people should thus be held in the hands or fangs of these learned poisoners! Is there not something else in these improved times, for the cure of disease, and the remedy of hurts and wounds, than we obtain, or can obtain, from the brain and hand of the learned and legally-protected, regular faculty? Shall we always have to submit to their death-dealing ministrations and manipulations? or shall the people, in their own native strength, take this great occasion and opportunity to say and declare and loudly proclaim, that we want no more of these doctors of the land?—they are shallow fellows, they are charlatans, they are cheats, and humbugs; and our bodies and our lives are no longer safe in their hands, or under their dominion and commands?

Is not the opportunity a fit one—a great one—for the people of this country to take up resolute arms, against the exclusive claims of these physicians and surgeons? and insist upon it, and persist in it, that they shall have no more exclusive protection of law,—these fellows who, when the dear President of our common country was stricken down with the bullet of the assassin—when a fellow-being whom all his fellow-countrymen sincerely and deeply loved, was dreadfully wounded—showed and manifested such dreadful ignorance of the situation, that, with all their prominence as physicians and surgeons, with all their science and learning they were not able to tell anything just and true about the case. Oh, it grieves us to the soul, to know that such things can be, and not excite us to immediate action, and the wholesale repudiation of these learned doctors of the land! Let there be immediate action, and at least deprive these members of the faculty of the exclusive protection of law in their nefarious business.

Shall it be said, that these scientific attendants of the wounded President were not to blame, that they did all that any physician and surgeon, or any set of physicians and surgeons could have done? If so, then their system of medicine and surgery is all at fault, and it is quite high time that we should be looking elsewhere, for diagnosis of disease, and of hurts and wounds, for the benefit of the people. If these men attending the bedside of the President, did all that could have been done under the circumstances; then we be from their cabined, cribbed, and confined science of medicine and surgery, or if not, we be to them, certainly we will result from them.

To be sure the gunshot wound in the poor body of the President, was inside, and not subjected to the direct outward vision of those doctors, but should not their science, if it be a science, of such long existence too, have taught them, what was inside? If their science be a science, should not what was seen of the case, taught them what was unseen in the case. Should not all the multifarious and multitudinous symptoms manifested to their external vision have taught, and assured them of the true nature of the wound? Should not their great boasted science of surgery have told them? If it could not, then there was no science, there was no knowledge, either upon the principles of the Baconian philosophy, or *ab initio*, either *a posteriori* or *a priori*, and the so-called science of surgery as it exists to-day, must be laid down as incompetent and inefficient, and something else must be resorted to to diagnose, and heal, and cure dreadful hurts and wounds of the bodies of mortals.

And what shall this be? This question in the light of these progressive times can be well answered. There is a something by which the invisible to the naked eye can be looked into, penetrated, and fully determined. There is a something which can look into the body of a wounded man, and ascertain the nature, course, and lodgement, and finale of a wound—and this is CLAIRVOYANCE, now a fact of many years existence, but totally excluded by the learned faculty, because looking through the glasses of authority and books, and the thoughts of others, they think they know it all! But how have the mighty fallen by the recent terrible experience! Now by clairvoyance, of a proper medium, we say that the nature of the President's wound could have been fully ascertained and known. And it would not have been guess work either, like the work of those learned physicians and surgeons. It would have been work eliciting the exact truth, and giving forth the exact facts. If a good clairvoyant had been invited to the bedside and body of the illustrious patient, undaunted by the greatness of the occasion, or of the destruction of the President, he or she could have told all about the invisible things of the dreadful wound, which could not be determined by the materially learned men from the signs, and symptoms which were shown, and were visible to their outward eyes. Clairvoyance is clear-seeing, permeating, penetrating clear seeing, not obstructed by the coercing of skin or flesh; and this could have been successfully used in the case of the President, and all about his wound could have been ascertained; and if the clairvoyant who might have attended the poor President, had also been a magnetic healer, as is frequently the case, the mysterious healing powers of the medium, might have been successfully employed to bring forth the President to his health and life again.

But these limited doctors would have none of this, they knew it all. But the autopsy showed, that they did not know it all, that they did not know anything, they were totally lost in the maze of their own bigoted scientific ignorance, and false pride of profession, and as a consequence, their dreadfully false diagnosis. And what possible harm could have resulted to any body, or anything, in bringing in a healing clairvoyant to see the patient President? Will any body please inform? No other harm could have possibly been done, than perhaps the total discomfiture of those attending physicians and sur-

geons in their pride, of position, and assumption of all knowledge and science in the premises. And this, as the events sorely proved, would have been a blessing, a secure blessing, a blessed blessing. Let this be as it may, the thing was not done; there was no clairvoyance and no magnetic healing, and none called for by the learned faculty, and the diagnosis of the President's case was wholly false, and the great patient died—alas for the country!

Will the American people wake up, and seize the opportunity of more freely investigating and understanding this most important subject of cure and remedy of disease and wounds?

COMMON SENSE.

The Eddy Brothers.

MESSES. EDITORS:—I notice in your issue of September 15th, an allusion to the Eddy brothers, by "an old Spiritualist," who has investigated, and "heartily endorses them."

As there is still a great diversity of opinion in regard to these well known mediums, I wish to give my testimony as to their reliability; a full statement of my experience at their home in Vermont, having been given in my published volume, entitled "A Southerner among the Spirits." This volume is now published by Colby and Rich, of Boston, and contains a circumstantial account of the process through which I passed in investigating the blessed truth of spirit return and communion.

I was at the Eddy homestead twenty-three days. This was in 1875, the year after my beloved husband, Rev. R. D. Shindler, an Episcopal clergyman, had been translated to the higher life. Every night during my visit, with one or two exceptions, when he was very ill, William Eddy went into the cabinet, and there appeared before us a succession of forms, varying in number from one dozen to twenty-two. Perhaps these figures were mortals—secreted in the very small cabinet—to the number of from fifteen to twenty-two, besides the medium in the chair, or perhaps they went up the chimney, as the astute Mr. Bishop suggested, notwithstanding that Col. Olcott, who examined the chimney with two regular brick-masons, affirmed that there was not a hole large enough for a mouse to get through. These figures were all different in size and shape, in gait and general appearance. The circle room contained four double bedsteads, all of them occupied by gentlemen visitors; and all day long, even up to the time of taking our seats for the circle, the boarders were going in and out of the room, so that there was no opportunity to carry in figures, masks, or the varied costumes in which the figures appeared.

It was just so everywhere. There was no hiding place about the premises. Think of a collection of more than fifty people with nothing to do but to roam about from morning to night, where there was no room, outhouse even, under lock and key, and one can easily imagine how dangerous would be the least attempt at fraud. And some of the visitors were terrible sceptics, and full of suspicion.

During my sojourn at Chittenden, or rather, "Spirit-vale," I did not content myself with merely attending the seances of these famous brothers, but watched them continually at their daily tasks, and in their hours of relaxation, and I am firmly persuaded that their manifestations were perfectly genuine. Especially did William impress me as a man of singular honesty and simplicity of character, too guileless to protect himself from the wiles and snares of others. I loved him as one of the chosen instruments to bless and comfort the mourning hearts of those whose friends had been removed, and buried out of their sight.

I could write much more in regard to the Eddy mediums and others, and tell of a great many interesting and convincing tests of the reality of spirit return and communion, but as this is my first appearance in the pages of *Light For All*, I must not weary the patience of your readers, but will promise to return once in a while to hold communion with you, and to throw my faint beam of light to help forward the grand illumination which is beginning to lighten every man who cometh into the world.

My dear friend and brother, Herman Snow, with whom I am in constant correspondence, first turned my attention to the pages of *Light For All*, and since then I have felt much interested in its success. Wishing you every blessing which cometh from the angel world. I am yours sincerely,
MARY DANA SHINDLER.

—*Light For All*, San Francisco, Oct. 15th, 1881.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 10th, 1881.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

DEAR SIR:—Through the kindness of our mutual friend, H. T. Forbes, Esq., I am in receipt of a copy of *MIND AND MATTER* of Oct. 15, 1881, containing a notice of our enterprise here, viz: the publication of a 32-page Liberal and Spiritual magazine. I am indebted to you for your kind mention of it. Our friend falls into an error about its price, which is \$2.50 per annum, instead of \$2. I believe this is the only magazine of its character published in the South; but as there are a good many Spiritualists in the Southern States, we hope to get them interested finally in this work; and if our friends elsewhere will give us good practical encouragement now, we can make it an assured success from the beginning. It is in press and will be ready for subscribers by the first of November. Our address is, "The Progressive Age," Atlanta, Ga.

Yours truly, etc.,
C. H. STOCKEL.

J. Nelson Holmes Fund.

Please acknowledge the following sums received since last reported:

Previously acknowledged	\$41 00
Wm. R. Tice, Brooklyn, N. Y.	20 00
Thos. Middlemist, Yreka, Cal.	5 00
A Friend, Henderson, N. C.	1 00
Henry Seibert, Philadelphia, Pa.	10 00
A Friend, Pawtucket, R. I.	10 00
E. N. Foster, Fond du Lac, Wis.	1 00

Mr. Seibert generously offers to further aid us if a subscription is started to save our home. Also Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, has kindly offered to subscribe to that end. Very truly yours,
J. NELSON HOLMES.
Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5th, 1881.