

# Mind



# Matter.

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

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{FOR MIND AND MATTER.  
ON HUMANITY.

BY T. P. NORTON.

How can the blind imperfect creature scan  
The secret workings of creation's plan?  
Beside the mystery of things unseen,  
Or comprehend from part the whole machine?  
Traverse its endless grooves—volcanic rents—  
Caused by the seething jar of elements?  
Account for dread disaster, pain, and woe,  
Which circumstance allows to man below?  
Or balance love with blood, in justice' cause—  
Supreme intelligence with cruel laws?  
Find recompense for life of time and sense—  
The bitter lessons of experience?  
Or bear that most heartrending, dreadful thought,  
Of millions upon millions grasping nought;  
Born to despair, without one gleam of light—  
No kindly beacon here, or there, in sight;  
Out on the desert waste of ignorance cast,  
To feed on Superstition's foul repast;  
Or how, beneath the burdens of the mind,  
To wisdom or to virtue be inclined?  
Or reconcile calamity, rapine,  
And murder, with beneficent design?  
Yet Nature's handiworks with praises ring,  
And Wisdom shines in every living thing:  
Her darkest counterparts with beauty blend,  
That harmony may magnify the end.  
The clouds may hide the sun for one short hour;  
Do they not finally the fruitful shower?  
Is not the darkness followed by the day?  
Though twinkling stars refuse to light the way?  
From out its womb the welcome ray appears,  
Though morn be ushered in with floods of tears.  
In darkness hath the mightiest works been wrought—  
Celestial tidings from its depths are brought,  
In secret, Nature hides, her alveates to bind;  
While sleep renounces the fabric of the mind,  
Entombed, the worms for future light prepare,  
And wait a joyful resurrection there.  
In seed it scatters o'er the barren ground,  
Or hidden deep, a vital force is found.  
Majestic oaks from buried acorns grow,  
While mosses deck the sterile rocks below.  
Where'er we turn to study Nature's laws,  
Sublime effects attest her wisdom's cause:  
And shall not reason rise to plume its wings,  
That man may peer into the soul of things,  
And through the Lethian darkness light the way?  
That Hope may animate his lifeless clay?  
While his bright seeds are planted in the mind,  
Shall not the golden sheaves be there to bind?  
Worldly buds be bursting on the dore tree,  
And flowers ne'er blossom for humanity?  
Would boundless Wisdom's gay creation's march,  
To render incomplete its crowning arch?  
The immortal spark of heaven be quenched within  
By imperfection, chance, or fatal sin?  
Let Nature speak! Her truths pervade the mind,  
That erring man to wisdom be inclined.  
Let the bright sun with warm and genial rays,  
Wake him to duty, and his soul to praise.  
And all ye stars! which cheer the gloomy night  
Disclose to him the future path of light.  
At heaven's bright gate your morning songs prepare  
To lure his weak and grovelling senses there.  
Ye towering pines! teach him to stand erect  
In all the majesty of self-respect.  
While sturdy oaks shall join the vocal wind  
To deprecate the weakness of mankind.  
Ye streams! which make the thirsty plains rejoice  
Come, join the thunder in one mighty voice,  
And with the roaring tempest from on high  
Arouse him from his wonted lethargy.  
Let universal harmonies arise  
In one grand anthem to the opening skies,  
Till man be quickened with the summat flame  
Of pure desire, to deeds of brighter fame;  
Make plain the lesson to his erring sight,  
Whatever is, is pointing to the right.  
Already glows the distant horizon  
With radiant promise of the rising sun:  
Bright messengers of truth are drawing nigh,  
Rending in twain the curtain of the sky;  
And clouds of living witnesses we see,  
Clothed in the robes of immortality.  
Oh, all ye angel visitants below!  
Come, teach man the path of truth, himself to know,  
Then chase the horrid phantoms from the tomb,  
That flounder within his sepulchre may bloom.  
Let Wisdom from his heavenly throne above,  
Inaugurate the reign of Peace and Love;  
That Virtue, Love, and Truth, the crown may be,  
And glory, of redeemed humanity.

## SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

MRS. J. M. F., MEDIUM.

June 8th, M. S. 36.

JEREMIAH KENT,  
(Rock Island, Ill.)

GOOD EVENING:—"Blessed are the lowly in spirit," has been one of the proverbs of the earth. But who are the lowly, and what makes a man blessed? It is not in being deprived of all the blessings of life. It is not in having to struggle against adverse circumstances. The real blessing of life originates in individuals making the conditions for true enjoyment; and lowliness is something that no individual desires, because it holds men back from acquiring knowledge, and knowledge gives strength, and enjoyment to the human soul, not only in the material things of life, but prepares the way for the spirit to reap an abundant harvest of happiness. And I am here for the purpose of trying to affect the human mind in the way of knowledge and truth. It is not creeds nor formalities of earth, but the actualities of human life, that breathes a spirit of true knowledge and complete happiness to mankind. I am not one who would try in any way to mislead any one in life's duties; but hope that some, at least, will be induced to begin to investigate the great problem of a future state, through my communication. I would say to the world that my name was Jeremiah Kent, of Rock Island, Illinois. My circumstances were not very prosperous; but I suppose that I was as much to blame for that, as were my surroundings.

MATILDA SHEMAMIRE,  
(Baltimore, Md.)

HOW DOES THERE DO?—I had the desire to try the experiment of holding some one as my own

spirit idently; and weaving out the history of a life full of cares and perplexities, while breathing the breath of life, and looking to that power which men have been taught to call God. I encountered many severe afflictions. Sometimes I questioned the wisdom of a power that would bring beings into existence and then make forces around them to destroy their power to live out their highest conceptions of justice and truth. And I do not know that, in this experiment, I will be able to instruct any one how to overcome any of the conditions that surround them; but I will give all the information that I possess, hoping that individuals may make an effort to understand and apply, at least, some things that may be of use to them. I do not claim to have, or cannot have the experiences of embodied spirits at the present time; but every human being understands his or her greatest needs. There is no real necessity why every human soul should not be able to strike some answering chord, if that soul has sufficient knowledge to change the forces that surround it. It is very well for every human being to understand this; and it is not well to depend upon some one else to perfect or improve them as individuals. Every soul must make a strong effort to gravitate to its own natural element. This will, perhaps, have its effect. My own life was not improved by any such force, nor by myself; for I was taught to look upon that power, called God, as ruling and controlling my life's destiny, and that it was wrong for me to question a power that created all things. And I went groping my way in darkness to the tomb—not knowing that I dared to exert my own will to overcome any of the conditions that surrounded me. And I am not alone, representing one isolated spirit; for there are millions around me, earnestly desiring to throw off the shackles that bound them while in a material form, and held them until the present time within its folds. I will not occupy time to relate my real life's experiences when in my own form; but, if possible, sometime, I will give you that in a communication that I hope to make replete with interest to struggling men and women. My name was Matilda Shemamire, of Baltimore, I was a member of the Society of Friends.

GRANNY GERDELL,  
(Kintnerville, Pa.)

Laws sakes! I thought I was dead. Why do people talk such bad talk? I feel awful sick when I get in here, and I don't know what is the matter with me. Have you got any medicine that will cure people when they get sick? [We can cure you. Give us your hand. Do you not feel well now?] Yes, I do. Why, I feel awful queer all over! Is that the way you doctor here? [Yes, that is the way. We give no medicine. We only enable people to know how to make themselves well.] Will you allow me to fetch all my friends here, as fast as I can? [Yes; bring them along.] I wonder what them folks called Moors are doing here? [We don't know.] I just see them, and I ain't been used to them kind of folks. They used to call me Granny Gerdell. I lived in a place they called Kintnerville, Pennsylvania. I lived there a long time ago. Nobody knows me there now. [Mrs. Gerdell, you have been allowed to take control of the medium in order that you may learn that there is no necessity for remaining old and sick in spirit life. This you will realize when you leave the control you are holding.] Is that so? Then I'll get back, and get young as quick as I can, and then I will come and see you again.

"BILL" or "DADDY" PICKLE,  
(Near Milford, N. J.)

I don't know that I can say anything that will be of use to anybody. But I'll tell you what I have found out since I've been in the other world. I haven't found any place called hell, and I haven't found any place called heaven. I didn't expect to go there, but I think I would have found it out if there was such a place; because there were people that looked pretty high, who seemed to be awfully disappointed about something, and I have come to the conclusion that they didn't find the chap they call Jesus Christ. And I think it is a little hard on them, after keeping a straight face and trying to be good, so long, that they should be so disappointed. If you want to know who I am and where I came from and all the particulars; my name was "Daddy" Pickle. I come from above Milford, N. J. I don't suppose any one will think it any honor to have me come back, but I don't care. They will say the old "cuss" has come back certain. Did you know a man by the name of Dauntly Robins? [Yes.] Well, he is here, and I'll get out and let him talk for himself. Ques. What was your first name? Ans. It was "Daddy." But my other name was "Bill." They tell me that if I let out a little of my old nature while I have hold of this woman, that I will have less of it to get rid of when I go out of here.

JONATHAN ROBINS,  
(Near Milford, N. J.)

How do you do? [How do you do?] I don't exactly know how I do. I used to own a farm above a place called Milford, and the people used to say I was a queer old duck; but it seems that that power or whatever it was that brought me into existence, has thought me worthy of eternal

life. While I was in my own body I had a great deal of curiosity about things, and have learned since a good deal about life that makes me feel better satisfied with myself. It seems that people are dependent a good deal on their surroundings, or the locality in which they live. That seems funny, but men who are educated and understand these things say that is the correct principle of life. They say that there is a kind of magnetic emanation from the earth that acts on people from their birth and makes them either good or bad—wise or dumb—but that there is a law of progress which, in time will overcome all the adverse conditions, and produce forces equal to perfecting all. This knowledge I did not possess while in my own form, but I have been very close to some very wise and good spirits who have instructed me, and I have been allowed to come here and give to the world the information I have received. My name was Jonathan Robins from near Milford, N. J.

RICHARD SMITH,  
(Falls of Schuylkill, Pa.)

GOOD EVENING:—I had hoped before this I would get some one interested enough to give sittings, so that I could send a telegraphic despatch home; but as this seems to be the only channel through which I can make my thoughts known, I embrace this opportunity to send my love to my mother and father, or I might say to my mothers and fathers, and to thank them for their kindness to my children. But I do not think I would have taken this evening to communicate, if it had not been for the fact that I have an intimate friend who has met with a distressing bereavement, and she feels heartbroken. I want to say to her that the bright jewel that has changed its location will be tenderly cared for by us. It will grow brighter, purer, and lovelier each hour; and will be a link in the great chain of the future to make life's experiences joyful instead of sad. The change called death is in reality nothing more than going from one room to another. It does not change your individuality, but makes you see yourselves as you really are. You will take up the thread of life and march on to a progressive sound which will lead you to investigate all things, and to hold on to that which is true. For prejudices are wiped out when knowledge enters into our souls. This is all I am able to give you at the present time; but I hope to be able to converse with you again at another time. Richard Smith, of Falls of Schuylkill, Pa.

KATIE TURNER,  
(Harper's Ferry, Va.)

I was thinking the other day that I would like to see what I could do in this kind of a shanty. I have been away a long time, and it makes it very hard for me to speak. But I would like to ask you a few questions. What is this thing going to amount to any way? Is it going to break up all religious societies? [It certainly looks very much as if it would do so.] Well, I don't like that. I am not willing it should be done. Ques. Why not if it is true? Ans. If it is the truth, it is not always well to tell the truth. Ques. Why not? The truth will hurt no one. It is only error that hurts. Ans. It ought not to be told, because it will disappoint so many people. Ques. Will they not be more disappointed if they are not told the truth; and has that not been the cause of all their disappointment thus far? Ans. Yes, that is so. But I have been taught to believe differently. Ques. Did you not find that that teaching was untrue, and that you were wronged by those who misled you. Ans. Well, I have found it wrong enough to bring me here. I mean that I find that this thing called Spiritualism is strong enough to enable me to come here somehow. Ques. Well, are you not glad of that? Ans. Yes, I am; but you put all these things in your paper and are telling about them all the time, ain't you? [Yes, and by that means we are enabling many mortals and spirits to learn the truth, and get over their disappointments.] I only found out that this was the truth by coming back here, and I hated to come and tell it, because it will be the means of disappointing so many. I have a good deal of sympathy for people, and I don't like to make them feel bad. [You will make them feel glad instead of bad.] Well, I suppose they will have to learn the truth sometime, and they might as well learn it first as at last. But I would not have come if I thought they could have gone on all the time and not found out about it, for there are so many disappointed folks on this side. I get tired looking at them. I'd like them all to get over their disappointment before they come back here, so that I'd not have to look at so many disappointed people, for it hurts my feelings. I've often thought if I had made the world I would have made it entirely different. And now you would like my name after all this complaining. Well, it is Katie Turner of Harper's Ferry.

REX LOUX,  
(Germantown, Pa.)

GOOD MORNING:—This is a new business for me, and I'll make some serious mistakes; but, as people say, if you don't succeed at first, try and try again, and that is what I mean to do. I find, since I have been in the spirit world, that I had to unlearn almost everything I was taught in infancy; and the reason that so many spirits return and hold human organizations, to give their

thoughts to the world, is for the purpose of gaining better conditions than they have ever had in the journey of life. When I was a child the first thing I remember was kneeling at my mother's knee, praying in a child-like manner to something I knew nothing about. The first impression was that some one was watching me, who, if he detected anything wrong, would punish me and cause me to suffer for the wrong done. That one falsehood put such a restraint upon me that throughout my material life, I was not for an hour or a moment my own natural self. And this experience of mine is not the only one, but the masses are held in the same condition. Now I return and give through the columns of your paper this one lesson: that so long as children are held in dread of some power they cannot really learn what they are themselves. I will say, nearly all the mistakes that men and women make can be laid at the door of the lessons of childhood. In trying to make ourselves something different from what we really are, we stumble and fall into the pit that we wish to escape. But I would say to fully matured men and women, that they cannot change the past, but with knowledge, the future holds the wealth of untold stores for human souls to appropriate and make life as nature destined it to be. I will leave you with a sense of pleasure, for I have, perhaps, given a few thoughts that may be of use; and I know I have received great benefit by holding converse with men once more. Rex Loux. I used to live in Germantown. I was educated in the church. My mother was a clergyman's daughter. I have been in spirit life a long time.

ELIZABETH ASHTON,  
(Philadelphia, Pa.)

You'll excuse me for coming here without making hardly any preparation. I was attracted here by one who is very near to me, but it has been so long since I had power to talk to any one, that I felt as though it would be wrong to come and hold any one to give a communication; but I have so many friends urging me on, saying that if I controlled some one, they too would come and give evidence to some of an eternal life. While I lived in my own form I labored and worked for the best interests of every one that I was connected with, and it was with a good deal of reluctance that I gave up my physical organization. I was brought to it through a good deal of suffering. I cannot give to you what I would wish, for I find there is a chord of affection that interrupts me in using the medium to express my thoughts, and I am satisfied that my name will astonish one in particular. I lived here in Philadelphia and died of consumption. My name is Elizabeth Ashton. I wish to say that this sister knows nothing about me. She has heard my name, but nothing of me otherwise.

HIRAM REDROUT,  
(Paterson, N. J.)

GOOD EVENING:—We have told you so often about our expectations on the prospects of the future; that we do not feel like reiterating week after week substantially the same thing; yet it is almost impossible to keep back the truths that float before us. Man is the embodiment of all power, working in the direction of that great perfection that the world for centuries has gained a knowledge of through a force called religious. This makes us anxious to present the truth as it is. Men are gravitating to a place where they do not need to be held in the folds of darkness. Their eyes are becoming strong, and they can look at the light without becoming blind. Instead of their holding their brains in a narrow compass, they allow them to expand, and gather knowledge from every experience of life. The promises of the past are being fulfilled, and every hour is giving us strength to unfold that grand plan of equalizing all the forces, and producing a condition of society that will banish all discord and inharmonious, and make a government so perfect that it will, in itself, provide for its own perfection; and, in which, the interests of one will be the interests of all—a complete unity among men and spirits, unitedly working up the great pathway of life; and universal joy to all is the object of the efforts of our life. Hiram Redrout, of Paterson, N. J.

## A New Proposition to Subscribers for "Mind and Matter."

All persons subscribing for MIND AND MATTER for six months or more will be entitled to one of the following propositions, viz.: I will inform them whether they are *obsessed* or not, in most cases, who by giving name and description of the spirit or spirits, whether they are embodied or disembodied, and the cure and prevention of the same; or, will describe their spiritual condition, telling them what phase of mediumship they possess, if any, and the best manner to pursue for development; or will forward one "Magnetic Treatment" for the speedy relief and cure of disease; or, will give you a brief delineation of character; or, answer three questions pertaining to business. Any person accepting either proposition is required to forward a lock of hair, age, sex, own handwriting, and a note from MIND AND MATTER, entitling them to the same, and three three-cent stamps.

Dr. J. BONNEY, Controlling Spirit.  
Address all letters to Dr. B. F. Brown, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, (MIND AND MATTER.)

## THE CAUSE ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

Paris, May 15th, 1883.

The New World is in advance of the Old World—from which we took our origin. In almost everything, I might say, the mighty Republic takes the lead, and establishes conditions for the millions, which are greatly needed here. Westward light and civilization go—material and spiritual things obey that impulse. Go-ahead spirits on this side, dissatisfied with old conditions and anxious to improve their lot, and that of the world at large, leave these shores—one million at least yearly—to become inhabitants of our blessed country. The law of progress, as seen in that active and continuous operation, teaches the positive lesson that—none need be afraid of the political or spiritual future of the United States—none need be alarmed at the present indication of corruption in those two senses. After things can be judged more soberly, more justly—the *ensemble* is more readily perceived.

I will begin by sketching that vast and correct tableau, to encourage our brave brothers and sisters who uphold and work for the great cause, which will no doubt revolutionize the whole world, in every department. Let everyone continue to hold fast together: union is strength. Put aside and discard small sentiments of dissension, which tend to weaken individually and collectively, those engaged in any cause. Some are fitted to battle against the past, or rear; others to protect the flanks, or side issues—but let the great number be satisfied with receiving the seed of demonstrated truth and sow it quietly. Therein lies the important part, the essential one, which we have to perform, to ensure the success of our Great Cause.

Organization comes on the tapis, now and then, as a question of utility or necessity. Some promoters seem to desire that end for selfish purposes. But what of that? Organizations already exist to some extent, in State Conventions, etc. By extending organization to four yearly Congresses, including delegates (of both sexes) from all parts of the world—such I would propose as the next and best move to be made toward doing something on a large and practical scale.

That earnest proposition is suggested as a corollary to what has been done lately in Belgium. On the 24th of September last, a Spiritual Congress (attended by over 800 members of the Fraternity), was held at Brussels. It did good practical work, in a material and spiritual sense. I am now engaging the French spirits to do likewise next year. In great Britain the good example will no doubt be followed; also in Germany, &c. Those yearly congresses held throughout Europe, at different dates, will certainly tend to infuse a more active spirit, and blend the whole body into one.

In a few years conditions would become ripe enough on this side to engage us on our side, to present to the world a Mammoth Spiritual Congress—such as our planet has never witnessed. It belongs to us Americans, as spiritual pioneers, to forward that movement—free and independent—which would be immense in good results of every kind—not only in quashing local impediments at home, that naturally surge up in consequence of non-expansion outside—but also in imparting to other nations somewhat of our vitality, ways and means of doing, and linking them to us in a vast and truly Great Brotherhood.

The French are certainly the most literate people of the world. Many of their best writers have adopted our philosophy. Allan Kardec, as expounder of the doctrine, has displayed in his several works a clear perception of its main points and intricacies, and presented the whole in a concise, simple and elegant style. He begins in the *Spirits Book* (translated into English by Miss Anna Blackwell, of London,) by saying: "For new ideas new words are needed.—Instead, therefore, of the words Spiritual, Spiritualism, we employ the words Spiritist, Spiritism—as establishing the relation of the material with the invisible world." In fact, Christians are Spiritualists, as believers in a future existence, and, to distinguish us from them I have always favored or employed the terms so appropriately used by Kardec. I, therefore, beg leave to be received (writing from a foreign country) with somewhat of its style.

Kardec's works have been translated into almost every European tongue. The first edition (1855) of the "Spirits' Book" (grand in 8vo.) has had 4 editions. Under its present size (since 1858) 30 editions—or in all 34 editions. "The Mediums' Book" (1859) is at its 17th edition. "The Gospel According to Spiritism," (1864) also 17 editions. "Heaven and Hell," (1865) 10 editions. "The Genesis," (1868) 8 editions. "What is Spiritism," 30 editions. The edition of each work being of 2,200 copies. The "Revue Spirite," a monthly publication, was founded by Kardec in 1858.

I beg to introduce, *en passant*, Kardec's widow, who passed away a few months since at the advanced age of 89. Her interest in the cause proved itself in her last will and testament, by the donation to the Spiritual Society of Paris of over 100,000 francs.

Another pioneer of our cause, who has rendered good service, is Louis Alphonse Cahagnet. I went to see him with my friend Leymarie, at Argenteuil, near Paris. I was anxious to give a hand to the writer of the "Arcana of the Future Existence," 3 vols. (1847) which was the first work I had read on the subject. I found in him a fine specimen of an old patriarch, resembling indeed in many respects Horace Greeley. Although advanced in age—born 18th of April 1809—he is still erect and fine looking. Miss Adile (Magineau) his *ucide*, through whom Swedenborg and others dictated so much, still lives with him. She is now seventy-one years of age, a stout woman, not at all gifted with a spiritual appearance. Cahagnet has published seventeen different works, and he told me that his MSS. in hand are equal to what has come out in print. He is poor, notwithstanding, but does not complain.

As many of your readers might wish to know those here who have prominently helped our cause, with pen and voice, I would give the following names, a number having a world wide reputation. In Paris, Victor Hugo, Louis Figuier, scientific writer, Jean Raynaud, academician, Victorien Sardou, academician, Gounod, of the Institute and composer of operas, Arsene Houssaye, celebrated writer, M. Yacquerie, editor of *Le Rappel*, Louis Jourdon, editor of *Le Siecle*, M. Pasteur, of the Institute, Camille Flammarion, astronomer, Charles Fauvety, philosopher, Mr. Lowe, engineer, Mr. Lowe, M. D., Doctor

Barrot, Dr. Chauvet, Dr. Bureq, of the Institute, Dr. Charcot, of La Salpêtrière Hospital, Dr. Montpallier, of La Pitié Hospital, Dr. Doherty, Elie Sauvage, writer, Mr. Christian, Librarian of the Minister of Public Instruction, L'abbé Marchal, Col. Malet, Col. Deroluet, Emile Barrault, engineer, Eugene Bonnemere, historian, Francois Valles, engineer, Eugene Nus, dramatic writer, Miss de Sedieres, writer, Mme. Olympia Audouard, writer, traveller and editor of *Le Papillon*, Mme. Lucie Grange, editor of *La Lumiere*.

Those outside of Paris are:—Mr. Joubert, chief justice at Carcassonne, Mr. Roustain, celebrated lawyer, Bordeaux, Mr. Bonnami, magistrate at Montauban, Mr. Godin, founder of *Le Familistere*, at Guise, Charles Lomon, dramatic writer, Toulouse, Dr. M. Denis Goalin, of Aix, Provence, Mr. Marion, Chief Justice, Alger, Dr. M. Wahn, Guelma, Algeria, Louis Tournier, writer, Carcassonne, Michel de Figanieres, medium and author, at Marseille, Mrs. Antoinette Bourdin, medium and author, Havre, Mr. Bonnet, celebrated naturalist, Geneva, Switzerland, Clemeence Duffaux, medium, fourteen years of age, who wrote the life of Jeanne d'Arc, &c.

It were well also, I believe, to give your readers the names of the organs in Europe, etc., which advocate our cause—and statistics being at times much wanted.—*La Revue Spirite*, *Le Papillon*, *La Lumiere*, *La Vie Domestique* are published in Paris. In other parts of France there are: *L'Anti-Materialiste*, Nantes; *La Bon Sens*, Carcassonne; *Le Devoir*, Guise; *Gayant et sa famille*, Douai; *Le Populaire*, Nantes. In Belgium: *Le Moniteur*, Brussels; *Le Messager*, Liege; *Le Phare*, Liege; *L'Avenir*, Spa, all four in French. *De Roto*, Ostende, is published in Flemish. In Switzerland, *Le Journal de Magnetisme*, is published at Geneva. In Holland; *Op de Grenzen*, La Haye. In Germany: *Die Psychische Studien*, Leipzig, edited at St. Petersburg by Count Alex. Aksakoff, the *Sprechsaal*, Leipzig; *Licht Mehr Licht*, edited in Paris by Mr. de Rapport. In Hungary: *Reformandende Blaater*, Buda Pesth. In Spain: *El Criteria*, Madrid; *Revista Espiritista*, Barcelona; *El Espiritista*, Catalan, Barcelona; *El Buen Sentido*, Lerida; *La Revelation*, Alicante; *La Luz de Porvenir*, Barcelona; *El Faro*, Sevilla; *Espiritista*, Barcelona. In Italy: *Annali dello Spiritismo*, Turin; *La Nuova Epoca*, Florence. At Constantinople, Turkey: *The Speridon*, is published in Greek. In England: *The Medium and Day-break*, Light, *The Herald of Progress*, *Spiritual Notes*, *Philosophical Review*. In Australia: *The Harbinger*, Melbourne; *The Review*, Sydney. In India: *The Theosophist*, Bombay.

As I said before elsewhere, the French are too spiritual to be practically spiritual. As the representative of the Latin race, they are highly gifted with perceptive faculties—hence quick in dropping us in taking. I have often wondered at the very small number of mediums, of any account, in Paris—there being but three sufficiently developed to give tests—two are rapping mediums. Mrs. Rodiere, 31 Quai de l'Horloge, and Mrs. Hust, 173 Rue St. Honore—the other is Mrs. Babin, trance medium, who also holds dark circles, obtains flowers, like Mrs. Thayer, her address is 135 Rue St. Antoine. It seems surprising that with those few mediums, such a large number of converts should have been made. The private circles everywhere are no doubt many, but the mediums operating there through the tedious and elementary process of tipping of the table, seem to relish no development. That is the rule. Generally speaking the French are easily convinced, while with us it takes loads of proofs and tests of every sort. Seeing quickly through what is given, they arrive very soon at a conclusion—and remain there very often at a stand-still. Our Western World attracts and absorbs so much of the universal forces, that the Eastern becomes somewhat depleted. That was the explanation which my (spirit) mother gave me some time ago, and to me it seems to the point. Many of the leading stars among the lyrics, authors, actors, artists of every kind, stoutly brave public opinion and endorse our doctrine. They are so many that I will not attempt to make a list of them. A single fact I will, however, bring forward to substantiate my assertion. It happened once at a banquet given (monthly) by the *personnel* of the Grand Opera, called—*diner de la timbale*—that Gaillard, the celebrated bass singer, was somewhat quizzed by his confreres on account of his Spiritist convictions—upon which he immediately rejoined: "How many among us, (two hundred) now present, differ with me?" There were only four who lifted their hands in the negative. But for all that our philosophy, experimentally, lags behind here, and in many respects, theoretically, or as to practical notions concerning the existence, doings, &c., of disembodied spirits, it is wanting also; and that is the logical result of the scarcity of mediums. The main point which French Spiritists have evolved from the source of spiritual knowledge, is the doctrine of Reincarnation. To them appertains the merit of having appropriated that theory foreseen by the ancient sages, discarded by Christians—and which is the latch key that alone opens the many mysterious doors of the doctrine—does away with partiality or injustice, as exemplified in the many stages of the material existence, such as good allotted to bad ones and vice versa.

Mr. Eugene Nus, a celebrated dramatic writer, etc., lately read before the Psychological Society snatches from a work which he is getting published. Its title is, "Nos Betises," or "Our Blunders," which is a humorous and cutting satire against the several scientific and would-be philosophical schools of our day. Therein our doctrine is presented as penetrating every avenue of social life, and erecting its basic structures in defiance of all opposition. The author's style is well fitted to amuse highly the bean-monds and instruct everyone. There is much in him of the finesse and bonhomie of Beranger, who revolutionized many things with his admirable songs.

There is a man in France, whose doings for the advance of the cause deserve to be known everywhere as a fit example to be followed. That zealous and practical confrere is Mr. Jean Gaerlin, of Villenave-de-Rions, near Bordeaux. That gentleman is erecting, in the city of Bordeaux, a large temple or hall, devoted to spiritual purposes, for lectures, reunions, etc., which will seat 1,800 persons, and cost 150,000 francs. He also expends every year 5000 francs to help defray the expenses of lectures: that amount is given to the committee of the society in Paris, of which Mr. Leymarie is administrator.

Mr. J. B. Andre Godin, a Spiritist also, who founded the famous *Familistere* of Guise, in the Department of Aisne, deserves as well a particular notice. I had met that gentleman at the Society in Paris, and been invited by him to visit his co-

operative establishment. I availed myself of the opportunity while going to Brussels, and stopped at St. Quentin (about half way from Paris to Brussels), and took another line: in two short hours from there I arrived at my destination. Guise is a nice little town of 6,000 inhabitants, well built and paved with granite blocks. The principal attraction at Guise is the *Familistere* and its work shops. The co-operative system, or the union of capital, labor and talent, form the base of this great establishment. Its success, so far, is quite satisfactory. The father of this system in France was Chs. Fourier, who drafted the *Phalanstere*, from which the *Familistere* took its origin, with some alterations effected by M. Godin. Saint-Simon and Fourier, of the Communist school, had prepared the way for the practical execution of combining capital and labor under a system which should profit both. Robert Owen, the father of Robert Dale Owen, had also, in England, worked effectively for the welfare of the working classes, and spent millions in establishing various reforms in manufacturing districts. But to our subject—Mr. Godin.

Mr. Godin, born 26th of January, 1817, at Esquerie (Aisne), was the son of a poor blacksmith. At 17 he left his father's shop and went to work in several cities to perfect himself in his trade. At 20 he returned to his native village, and in 1840 married a young girl in the neighborhood. Being an inventive genius, Mr. Godin, as soon as his marriage took place, began to improve the style of stoves then in use. His business becoming prosperous, he removed to Guise in 1846. Soon after he employed several hundred hands, and then inaugurated various reforms among his workmen, which redounded to their benefit and paved the way for the expansive system which he has since established. In 1848 Mr. Godin published his first work—*Solutions Sociales*—which signaled him out as a dangerous revolutionist and brought him many ordeals under the Napoleon rule. It was then that Mr. Godin and others started in Texas a Socialist establishment, which failed, however, for want of proper management. In that experiment Mr. Godin lost 100,000 francs, or a third of his fortune. At that time Mr. Godin had already fourteen brevets or patents for his inventions; at present they amount to more than fifty. The models of articles manufactured at these works are about 1200.

In 1851 Mr. Godin discovered the process of enamelling cast iron, and later, of coloring the enamel in all colors. In 1859 he began his favorite project by laying the foundation stone of the *Familistere*, or rather, of the right wing. The central portion was erected in 1862, while the left wing and other annexes, separated from the main building proper, were completed only in 1877. In 1871 Mr. Godin was elected member of the National Assembly, and other honors, such as Mayor of Guise, Councillor General of the Department, etc., were conferred on him. As to his literary works, in promulgating his system, Mr. Godin published, beside the first named, "The Socialists and the Rights of Labor," "The Sovereignty and Rights of the People—The Policy of Labor and the Policy of the People." He devotes also much of his time in delivering public lectures at Guise, to initiate his workmen and others in the principles of Sociology, etc. And to further make known and spread afar his views, plans and doings, Mr. Godin has established, since 1878, a weekly paper styled *Le Devoir* (The Duty), ably edited by Mr. E. Fortis, and to which he contributes much himself.

Mr. Godin is not, however, the only directing head of the *Familistere*; homage is due also to a lady—Mme. Marie—who is in every way the right hand of Mr. Godin. This lady—highly gifted with intellectuality of a poetical kind, which shows itself at first glance by the formation of her head, and such a vast brow—is, in reality, I might say, the Providence, with winged attractions—whose mission it is to preside over the destinies of this most important institution, and with her feminine tenderness and finesse of instincts, smooth away many of the angularities which happen under a strictly masculine government. It is such a difficult undertaking to do good on a large scale in this world; and were the drawbacks in this case to be told, they would no doubt fill a large volume. It is a herculean thing, to me, to see in this conservative, routine-like Europe, especially in France, such a stupendous reality existing and maintaining itself, if nothing more. Sooner or later the example will be followed elsewhere in France.

The *Familistere*, or the palatial home of about 1200 persons of this co-operative institution, is of a hard and fine red brick work, three stories in height. Its form is rectangular or three linked squares—the interior courts, which are large and nicely paved with cement, are protected and lighted above by glass roofs or skylights; and to each upper story (inside) are galleries, which communicate from one wing to another. Gas is established throughout, but some tenants use lamps. The rental is according to story and position, and is determined by the square yard. Mr. Godin resides in the *Familistere*, in the left wing. Water of a pure kind is plentifully supplied from an artesian well in proximity. The front of the palace faces the town, close by, and is of about 600 feet in extent. The cost of these buildings has been over one million francs, and the rental brings between 5 and 6 per cent. of the expenditure. Herein are established offices, stores, reading rooms, libraries, hospital, nurseries, and washing rooms. The schools are in other smaller buildings; there is also a theatre and concert hall. There are large parks, play-grounds and gardens in the immediate neighborhood, belonging to the institution.

In May and September the festivals of labor and of the children take place, in grand style, and prizes are then allotted to merit. These festivals are held in the interior courts, highly decorated; and bands of music fill these halls with joyous sounds. Dancing is also carried on there. As to the material organization, the workmen, or co-partners, elect committees or boards to superintend and manage the affairs along with Mr. Godin. A branch of the *Familistere* exists in Belgium, at Lacken, and the round number of this kind of great brotherhood amounts to about 1600 persons.

The *usines*, or work shops, within a few acres from the *Familistere*, are plain buildings, but very extensive. The articles manufactured are principally stoves, of many models and sizes, and household utensils in common use. The system and order prevailing in these shops are very interesting and pleasing. I was introduced to several foremen and leading mechanics, who took a lively interest in our cause, and was induced by them and Mr. Godin to stop over a second day, so

as to organize a circle and instruct some fifteen in number, who stood by us in true fraternity.

## Mrs. Fletcher's Flower Seance.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

Flowers are the fairest and sweetest adornments with which our Father has graced our earth, and it is a joy to us to know, that in the fadeless summer of the spirit world, bloom lovelier flowers than mortal eyes behold. But sometimes the dear ones who have passed into that immortal realm, wish us to get a glimpse of its beauties, and they come back with gracious blossoms in their hands for us. Most truly was this the case at a remarkable seance given by Mrs. Belle Fletcher, our excellent and popular medium, at her pleasant and commodious home at 300 Vine street, this city, a few weeks since. Her materializing seances are always fine and attract a first-class attendance; but at the one of which we speak, many bore away with them substantial evidences of the visit of their spirit friends, in the shape of beautiful flowers which they had brought.

Upon this evening the cabinet was, as usual, thoroughly inspected by those present after the medium had entered it. In a few minutes a spirit appeared and gave her name as Elizabeth, and was recognized by Mr. J. Thornton as his mother. He went over to the cabinet, and she gave him her hand, but retired into the cabinet, saying that it was too light. The light having been lowered, she again appeared, holding a beautiful white lily, which she gave him. There were about twenty-six present, and twenty at least received flowers from their spirit friends. These flowers were all divinely beautiful, being snow white, deliciously fragrant and sparkling with dew. A large number were distributed, each one receiving a small bouquet.

After a number of spirits had materialized, the lovely spirit child Nannie Keniston appeared. She is one of the medium's controls, and all who come to know her learn to love her; she is so bright, and her childish talk and songs are so sweet and entertaining. She asked a gentleman present to come forward and take a small music box from a stand and hold it while she played. After playing she talked with several in the circle. A young gentleman asked if she would bring him a flower. She answered, "Oh, yes;" and going into the cabinet, quickly returned, bringing him some flowers.

The spirit of a lady giving her name as Rebecca, appeared, holding out her lovely hair at arm's length, and saying: "Look at my hair. How beautiful!" She was recognized by her sister. The spirit of a large gentleman was recognized by Mrs. Travers as her husband. The spirit of Mr. Thornton's youngest sister appeared and affectionately patted him on the head and face. Turning around to look at her, he beheld her beautiful face wreathed in smiles, so pleased was she to see him. Many of the spirits manifesting themselves outside the cabinet, held back the curtains and revealed the spirits and the medium within.

At the earnest request of some strange gentlemen present, Mrs. Fletcher held a private materializing seance on Sunday morning, so anxious were they to test her power. It is very seldom that she will do so; but they were so urgent, she complied with their request. They departed entirely satisfied.

The independent flower seance was remarkable, but it only serves to show how rapidly this excellent medium is developing into ever higher phases of mediumship. This affords great pleasure to her friends, and should rejoice the hearts of all Spiritualists. But many are like the majority of humanity—many are jealous of her success and try to stand in her light; but the shafts of envy are harmless against true merit, and we hope to see our fine little medium go on to still greater triumphs. We also trust that the spirits and the medium may give us more of those delightful flower seances.

K. G. WALKER.

Cincinnati, June 8, 1883.

## Notice.

An astounding narrative left by the late Alexander Smythe, author of "Jesus of Nazareth," is now in the hands of a reviser and editor, for the press, to be produced in book form at an early day, entitled, "Travels and scenes in Foreign Land," through mediumistic control: whose descriptive powers of scenes, has no parallel in the annals of published history. The book will comprise about four hundred pages, executed in the most modern art, on fine tinted paper. The price of the book not definitely determined but will not exceed \$2.00. The editor and compiler is desirous to obtain as many orders for the book before publishing, as no hired canvassers will be employed to enhance the cost. To whom this notice may come, by addressing the undersigned, giving their name and address plainly written, can have mailed to them anywhere in the United States, at the subscription price, when the book is completed. Yours truly,

JOHN M. WASSER,  
Richmond, Indiana.

## Testimonials.

We, the undersigned, do hereby affirm that we have used Doctor J. H. Rhodes' Vegetable Sugar-Coated Lozenges, and are satisfied that they are the best anti-bilious remedy we have ever used, as they reach all the various ailments for which he recommends them; and many others. As a Laxative and an Alterative they are perfect. They are a good Tonic to tone up the system.

Mrs. Sarah B. Mode, Modena, Pa.  
" Maria Bayley, Yardleyville, Pa.  
" Kate Bayley, Ocean City, N. J.  
" Joseph Willard, 1620 South St., Philada.  
" Cordelia Myers, 1702 Brown St., Philada.  
" L. J. Walters, 732 Parrish St., Philada.  
" Mary Ellen Van Kirk, 1702 Brown St.  
" Ann Heasley, 937 Buttonwood, Philada.  
Mr. Sam'l Bayley, 2721 Cambridge St., Phila.  
Mr. J. Willard, 1620 South St., Philada.

We might procure hundreds of names, as we have made and used in our practice, with those sold through the paper, 22,500 Lozenges during the last eighteen months, and the first dissatisfaction is yet to be heard from those using them.

When ordering, please name this paper. For sale, wholesale and retail by the proprietor, Dr. J. H. Rhodes, care of MIND AND MATTER office, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa. See advertisement in another column.

[Continued from the Eighth Page.]

spirit seems to have corrected a mistaken date. The spirit says he lived in or near the year 1600, which is one hundred years after the time he is supposed to have been born. He claims to have been a contemporary of Jacob Boehme, whom he speaks of as the "great mystic," which would indicate that he recognized him as his leader. Gemistus referred to Frank as having lived and taught a hundred years after his time (and Gemistus died after 1441, but how much later is not known). If that is the fact, then Frank must have been born long after the death of Gemistus. It is known that Boehme was not born until 1575. It is therefore in the highest degree probable that instead of Frank having been born in 1500, he flourished as a contemporary of Boehme in 1600 and later.

Unlike Boehme, who seems to have been an uneducated man, but a wonderfully gifted medium; Frank seems to have been a learned philosopher and an able and polished writer. It was therefore not unnatural for the acknowledged learned Gemistus to speak of Frank as a teacher of his doctrines in Germany, and not to mention Boehme, who was perhaps inspired to write under other influences. It would seem the spirit of Gemistus was aware of what Frank was doing unless he learned from Frank himself, as a spirit, the nature of his labors.

Within the period named by the spirit, between B. C. 40 and A. D. 325, there was the greatest commotion in the theological speculation that the world had ever known, and great indeed were the changes that religious thought underwent. It was within the first century of that period that the Cappadocian sage Apollonius, adorned with all the wisdom and learning of his time, arrested the attention of the world by the wonderful display of his natural and acquired gifts of body and mind. Never before, nor since, has any one man exerted so wide and lasting an influence on mundane humanity. Although every possible measure that priestly ingenuity and dishonesty could devise has been exerted to rob him of the credit of his mighty labors; yet all the way down, for eighteen hundred years, there is the evidence of his surviving influence in the ever-recurring protest against the validity of the claim of the Christian Church to the religion that it professes to teach.

The spirit of Frank plainly tells us that himself, Boehme and others, fully understood the fact of spirit return and communion with mortals, and that in 1600, they witnessed in their "inner circles" the same or similar manifestations to those which are now occurring among mediums, but that they did not dare to make the facts known for fear of destruction. More than this, Frank tells us they were seeking, by the help of spirits and the study of ancient religions, to get up a universal religion that would take the place of the spurious Christian religion. He tells us that both Protestants and Catholics refused to accede to such a proposition, and Spiritualism was remitted back two hundred and fifty years until America was prepared to receive it, and a few faithful and fearless souls were developed to nurture the new evangel, or herald of salvation to humanity.

It is with natural solicitude that Apollonius, Stephanus, Gemistus and Frank, as spirits look on the desperate and apparently unequal contest that we are waging in the interest of Unity among all Liberal and Spiritually developed people, on a basis so broad that every human being, whether old or young; wise or simple; learned or unlearned; enlightened, civilized or savage; can thereon find a resting place, assured that their happiness here and hereafter will be promoted thereby.

Friends, why can we not unite upon the one common ground of co-operation with the spirit world, in giving the truth to mortals, as they see and feel it is best to do. They and not we know what is best for humanity on both sides of life; for they, and not we, have had the experiences which alone can teach this. Let us then be content to co-operate with, and not seek to control or impede the work of our spirit friends and benefactors. It is unity we are contending for; and hence our energetic opposition to all action that can only divide and weaken forces that should all be working for one common end. Unite and conquer. Divide and suffer. Which?

[From "Man."]

The Proposed State Liberal Conventions.

We have some response to the suggested series of Liberal conventions for the coming season. These conventions ought to be, indeed must be held. They will do an immense amount of good. It is not enough to publish newspapers, print books and circulate tracts. We must disseminate our principles by word of mouth as well as by pen of hand. We must assemble the people together to hear the living voices of our best speakers. There is nothing like this for stirring up souls, warming cold hearts, rousing the indifferent, enlisting new recruits to our organization. Every Liberal convention I ever attended has richly repaid all its cost. There is nothing like it to enable timid Liberals to free their minds, speak out their sentiments, and throw off the shackles which have been slowly and stealthily imposed on their mental liberty.

One of the commonest refrains that run through the letters received at this office, is that the writer, or such and such friends and neighbors of the writer, would help organize, would take Liberal papers, would do something for Liberalism, if they only dared to come out and speak what they think. This shows an astounding state of things. It shows that this free republic is full of intellectual slaves. It shows that hundreds of

thousands of thoughtful minds, bright, keen intellects, born free and equal with the rest of their fellows, do, nevertheless, submit to snubs, consent to take orders from a specially favored class, confess themselves sinners, look up to their tyrants as saints, and sing small whenever they do dare to air a sample specimen of their own thought. To free such souls from their oppressive environment, there is nothing like bringing them into the presence of orators who are free, and who do dare to speak out, ringing and clear, their deepest, best thoughts. Then the newspapers report, the people read, everybody talks, the timid ones see that nobody is hurt, and soon begin to protrude one little peep out of their own shell, and then another, till by and by there is no more shell. So freedom grows and public spirit becomes catching.

Let us have the conventions then. They bring our Liberal speakers before the public, and make them personally acquainted. They furnish avenues to sell Liberal books, circulate tracts, take subscriptions to the Liberal papers. They are, in fact, Liberal fairs, social and intellectual bazaars, free thought market days, where the best Liberal works and wares are kept on sale. Liberalism has arrived at that stage in this country when it should avail itself of every avenue of communication for the circulation of free thought. Yield the monopoly of stump, pulpit or rostrum to nobody. When the theologians sap and ruin, we should burrow lower, strike a profounder lead, sink deeper shafts. We should do everything—neglect nothing. Our "Lord's anointed" are losing faith in the ointment. It doesn't heal any more. They are clamoring for a "New Theology." Their own journals are full of it. They are now on a leisurely, orderly retreat from the old untenable dogmas. Let us organize a line of aggressive attacks and hurry them up.

Now for the practical details. In New York, Illinois, Kansas, and Iowa, where there are State Leagues, it will not be difficult to organize State conventions. We leave those further West to Mr. Walker and Mr. Follet. In Pennsylvania, Iowa, Indiana, and Michigan, there are no State organizations, and nobody feels authorized to start the movement. What is everybody's business is nobody's, and nothing will be done. It seems proper, then, for the National League to initiate proceedings. To that end the Secretary will take a trip through these States, meeting Liberals, conferring as to the best convening places, making appointments, and arrange for expenses. He will be at Philadelphia (223 North 12th St.), June 16th and 17th; Harrisburg, 18th; Altoona, 19; and Pittsburg 99 Fifth Ave.), 20th and 21st. In Ohio he will reach Salem on the 22d; Alliance on the 24; Cleveland; the 25th; and Toledo, the 26th. In Michigan he will be at Detroit on the 27th; Jackson, the 28th; Dowagiac, the 29th. Here he will take a good rest with our first class Liberal friends, Amos and Abbie Knapp, and go on to Kalamazoo, July 2d, and to Burr Oak, the 3d. On his return he may visit Indianapolis and other places in Indiana.

He will arrive at these places as nearly as possible on the morning on the days named, stopping at one of the well known hotels, so as to be easily found, and he hopes the Liberals in these places and from the region around will take some pains to call upon him for the purpose of advice, suggestion, consolation, and help in the proposed convention work. He will be glad to meet them.

Mr. E. C. Walker, in a late *Man*, suggested that there should be three series of these State conventions, all converging towards Milwaukee and closing there, with the seventh annual congress of the National Liberal League. And he promises that there shall be speakers enough to supply the three. But it is questionable whether two would not be better. Two would more compactly fill up the time, and give the most States a chance to hear some of the best known speakers. On the plan of the three series the following would be about the schedule time:

Table with columns for location (N. Y., Pa., Ohio, Ind., Mich., Wis.), dates, and closing days.

One advantage of this programme is, that it would bring Sunday as one of the convention days, and that the closing day, in nearly all the conventions. The disadvantage is, that some of our best speakers who are men in professional pursuits, and who can hardly get away anyhow for such a long trip, would have to lie over three or four days unoccupied. If there were an assured demand for their lectures in intervening and neighboring towns, this might not be an objection. But on the whole, the two series plan seems to us, here and now, the safest, and combining the most advantages, as follows:

Table with columns for location (N. Y., Pa., Ohio, Ind., Ill., Mich., Wis.), dates, and closing days.

Now, Liberals and Leaguers, the preliminary programme is before you. What do you say? Let me hear from you at this office, and while I am on the wing.

T. C. LELAND, Secretary.

Appreciative Letter From Savannah, Ga.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 6th, 1883.

Editor Mind and Matter:—Thanks for sending me a reminder that my subscription is about to run out, and thus preventing a gap. I tell you your journal is the spiritual paper par excellence. It would not matter much, if all the rest of the spiritual papers in these United States were discontinued, so MIND AND MATTER would only be safe. It was yourself, and that chiefly through MIND AND MATTER, who first pointed out the insidious and dangerous warfare that is carried on by the church in the spirit world, (in conjunction with the church in this world,) against the great liberator of mankind—Spiritualism. I can realize the magnitude of your great merits on this particular point to a greater extent than perhaps the majority of the Spiritualists; for during the last six years I have been suffering from the annoyances of the spirit Jesuits who, as it were, garrisoned my house, destroyed my wife's mediumship, and prevented my immediate friends from getting access to us. We have been promised though, that relief from the war of these enemies of Spiritualism is near at hand, since a decisive battle is imminent. Enclosed please find post office order for renewal. With my best wishes for your continued success, and for your happiness and good health,

I am yours fraternally, LOUIS KNORR, M. D.

Spiritualism in Eaton County, Michigan.

POTTERVILLE, Mich., June 6th, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

We herewith send you a brief report of the sixth annual meeting of The Windsor Society of Spiritualists, of Eaton County, Michigan, desiring you to publish the same in your valuable paper, which many of us have the pleasure of reading.

The members of the Society and many other friends of truth, met at the Pray School-house, in Windsor, on Sunday June 3d. The house was called to order at 10.30 A. M. by the president, Addison Koon. After some appropriate music and a short conference, the meeting was addressed by Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, of Disco, who vividly portrayed the good effects of Spiritualism upon the intellectual and moral nature of Man, and contrasted them with the dwarfing effects of Church theology. The meeting was then dismissed for dinner.

At 1. P. M. the house was again called to order, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Dr. G. W. Lusk; Vice President, E. Jay Martin; Secretary, Irvin Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. Seth Cronkite; Representatives, Matilda Coulter and Wm. Redfield; Trustees, Addison Koon, Samuel Lesher and G. W. Snyder; Collector, Adelia M. Koons. Seven persons added their names to the list of members, which now numbers fifty-seven. The remainder of the afternoon was profitably spent in listening to the lectures of Mrs. Pearsall and Dr. Lusk, the president elect.

The Society adjourned to meet again on Sunday September 2d, 1883.

IRVIN JONES, Secretary.

CHATTANOOGA, June 5th, M. S. 36.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I have been a subscriber of MIND AND MATTER since the commencement of its second volume, and all this time I have been intending to insert a professional card in its columns. I know of no reason why I have not done so; perhaps it was not needed—perhaps the time has now come when numbers will exert an influence that they never could before; and then again, perhaps the time has come when all should unfurl their standard, that each may know its own. Truth has a permanent altar with us; it was reared many years ago. My adopted brother, Syd. Smith, together with a few other earnest, truth-loving souls, and myself, strive to keep its fires bright and glowing with love and fealty.

My work is almost entirely outside the spiritual ranks, but scores have been brought to understand the truth through their own medial powers, developed through the power brought to bear upon them while being professionally treated by me; leading them to inquire of me what they shall do to be saved, and of that which is given unto me I give to them freely, without money and without price; receiving an hundred fold in the knowledge that I am esteemed worthy to be an instrument in the hands of the wise and true, who are each day lifting higher and still higher the veil that hides from human eyes the wondrous beauty of truth.

I am urged by many friends to give more attention to the spiritual phase of my profession, so that suffering media everywhere may know of one more centre from which the fountain of love and truth is continually sending forth its healing balm, and from which all that is false, hypocritical and mean must flee as from a consuming fire. Facts, and nothing else, are what are being called for at this stage of the great battle between truth and error; and facts, and facts only, are what I desire to present to suffering humanity. Let us sift the true from the false, though mists and mire of our pet idols and theories fall; cast them out into outer darkness, and let us cherish the one truth until it grows and expands, and there be no room within our souls for any form of error. Word pictures of the beautiful summer land are perhaps necessary for the weak and timid; those who have not yet arrived at the standard of true man and womanhood, but those of us who have stood facing the foe these many years; who have suffered persecution, ostracism and all the ills that an ignorant world could inflict. We know that we must march onward with firm tread, bearing aloft our standard of truth until every soul shall bow down in submission to its beauty and power.

When we look over the land and see so many true and noble mediums, who are all unconsciously led by the enemies of truth, put forward as teachers of the spiritual philosophy—giving forth their rhetorical nothings to please the fancy and retard deeper thought—striving in every way to temporarily satisfy the cravings of the human soul for the true knowledge of life, its duties and its tendencies—when we know that these same medial instruments would be used for the real advancement of truth, if they could be released from the power of the enemy, we feel like stepping out from the retirement that we so much love, and reaching forth a helping hand to rescue these innocent slaves of error and superstition. None, perhaps, appreciate more truly, beauty and wit in all its manifold places, but life is real and the soil must be prepared if you would enjoy the rich bloom of the flower. The canvass must also be fitted to receive the glowing colors of the picture, and we can but feel that many will be sadly disappointed who may listen to the overdrawn descriptions and are led to believe that there are no duties, only selfish pleasure, to fit them for the beautiful land beyond. Spiritualists, one and all, let us set to work and prepare our soil and canvass while here, by showing to suffering, ignorant human souls the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth, though we have to clothe it in homely garb sometimes, in order to get rid of its false and fancy covering.

DR. MAY C. MARSTON.

Caution.

The public are cautioned against a woman who is going about soliciting money from the charitably disposed among Spiritualists, showing as authority for so doing a letter of recommendation purporting to come from myself, and stating that she had received aid from me.

I know no such person, and as she is procuring money under false pretences I shall be very glad if you will state this in your valuable journal, as I learn that some of my personal friends have recently been duped by her.

Very respectfully, M. E. WILLIAMS, 462 West Thirty-fourth Street. May 29th, 1883.

Wicket's Island Home—East Wareham, Mass.

This institution will open on July 1st, proximo, for visitors.

Invalids and others will find this one of the most healthy places on the American continent. Situated high above the surface of the beautiful Onset Bay; surrounded on every side by beautiful scenery; the atmosphere heavily charged with ozone; sea bathing; vapor and medicated baths; electric and massage treatment; lectures on spiritual philosophy, hygiene; these are some of the many advantages which this institution affords for those needing rest or medical treatment, or who seek the most advantageous recreation. The facilities for recreation upon the water cannot be surpassed. The opportunities for sailing and fishing are all that could be desired.

Special arrangements can be made for learning the electric and metaphysical sciences. There is an extensive library of medical and liberal works, dissecting manikin, physiological models and charts, and every advantage for improving both mind and body.

Seances for spirit communion and the development of mediumship will be held, and everything done to assist the spirit world to return and manifest their powers for the good of humanity, mortal as well as spirit, that can be done, under their direction. Rooms, cottages and grounds for tents to let.

For further particulars, address with enclosed stamp, DR. ABIE E. CURTIS, Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.

A. F. ACKERLY, materializing medium, is now located at 333 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., where he will give seances, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Special Notices.

SUNDAY FREE MEETINGS at 213 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, in the afternoon, 2 and 3 o'clock.

ELLEN M. BOLLES, Eagle Park, Providence, R. I., will answer calls to lecture, wherever her services are desired.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained in Chicago, at the book store of Pierce & Snyder, 122 Dearborn street.

Mrs. Lizzie S. Green, clairvoyant, trance and materializing medium, 309 Longworth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We do not keep any books on hand for sale, but we will order them at publisher's lowest prices for any parties desiring us to do so.

FRED. H. PIERCE, psychometric, clairvoyant seer, test and business medium; also trance lecturer. Box 201 Berlin, Wis. Sittings \$1.00.

DR. ANNER RUSIT, magnetic healer, is permanently located in Santa Barbara, California. The powers of the Doctor, in that direction, are well known in Philadelphia and vicinity.

MIND AND MATTER can be obtained in Chicago, Ill., during the week at the office of the Watchman, 993 W. Polk street.

The Spiritualists and Mediums Meeting, (formerly at 13 Halstead St.) now meets at Shrum's Hall, cor. of Washington and Green Sts., Chicago. Speaking, Reading and tests by Dr. Shea, Miss Mansfield and others.

MAGNETIC AND MEDICAL SANITARIUM.—Dr. J. Dooley has moved his office from 16 E. 7th st., to 1326 and 1328 Central st., KANSAS CITY, MO. Send for circulars for particulars, etc., to the above address.

MRS. DR. MARY J. JENNINGS, trance, test, business and healing medium, has removed to Newfield, N. J., where she will give sittings and heal the sick, and examine and prescribe for disease by lock of hair, in connection with Dr. Jennings. Fee \$1.00.

Dr. G. Ames Peirce, 171 Pine street, Lewiston, Maine, keeps MIND AND MATTER, Banner of Light, and other Spiritual papers on hand. Specimen copies free; call and get one. See seventh page for his post office address and advertisement.

We have on hand a supply of the "New Inspirational Songs" from C. Payson Longley, which are on sale at this office. Single songs 25 cts., or six for one dollar. We have also received a supply of the song "We'll all meet again in the Morning Land," with a fine steel plate engraving of Annie Lord Chamberlain, by Sartain. Price with engraving 35 cents, or 4 for one dollar.

Still Screams!

The Saratoga Eagle, a popular and fearlessly progressive watering-place weekly; unique, didactic, intensely original, salient and sparkling, brilliancy and brevity combined, worth ten times its cost to anybody anywhere who reads and thinks, and has brains to profit by information and instruction. It is enlivened with splendid stories, edifying and enjoyable contributions on the issues and problems of the century, earnest and outspoken editorials, pungent poetry, sprightly and brilliant fashion gossip, banquet or fun, mysterious disclosures, philosophical comment and local letonics, and the novel and immensely popular feature known by the taking title of screaming! Best advertising medium in Saratoga; rates, one cent a word, half rates each subsequent insertion. Send one dollar and get the Eagle a year, 25 cents for three months, or 3-cent stamp for specimen copy. Address, JOHN JOHNSON & Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Saratoga Eagle has more life to the square inch than any other paper in the country.—Unionville New Century. Enclosed find a nest egg for your Eagle, \$1. Your support of free and general education is most praiseworthy.—Ned Bantline. The Eagle is a fearless bird, and a proud representative of American soil and principles.—Clayville Sentinel. John Johnson, formerly city editor of the Times, just lets the Eagle scream. He says the enterprise is a financial success as everybody knows it is a complete triumph in other respects. Our quondam attache is a brilliant paragraphist.—Troy Times.



**AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF ALFRED JAMES.**

We make a special appeal to the friends who duly appreciate the importance of the spirit work that is being done through the mediumship of Alfred James, to aid and assist him to maintain the position in which he has been placed as a medium. Few, indeed, too few, are the number of those calling themselves Spiritualists, who are sufficiently developed, either mentally or spiritually to understand the importance of his mission, hence he is opposed to such an extent by the ignorant and prejudiced as to be reduced to the most trying necessities. He needs and deserves assistance from those who can and do appreciate the vast importance of his mediumistic services to the cause of Truth; and we feel it a duty, not only to ask such assistance for him, but to urge it as a matter of the gravest moment to the public, as well as of justice to Mr. James. Any contributions sent to this office for that purpose, will be promptly acknowledged and handed to him. If desired, public acknowledgment will be made in these columns of any or all remittances for that object.

**Remarkable Spirit Manifestations at Terre Haute, Indiana.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 29, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—I this morning returned from a brief visit to Terre Haute, Ind., where I witnessed some extraordinary, and to the uninitiated, very remarkable phases of the phenomenon called spirit materialization, through the mediumship of those truly wonderful mediums, Mrs. Anna Stewart and Mrs. Emma Hurst, who are well known to your many readers. I have been a prominent visitor at Terre Haute during the past year and a half, and have always gotten the greatest satisfaction, having had several private seances with each medium; but the seance of which I spoke above is somewhat out of the ordinary way, and I think an account of it would be read with much interest by your readers, should you see fit to publish it; and at the request of those present, I promised to send you as faithful an account as possible.

Yesterday, Monday the 28th inst., was the date of the 13th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, and at the instigation, and under the direction of the controlling spirits of the two mediums, aided by the many warm friends of Mrs. Hurst, a surprise was prepared for her. In the afternoon, Mrs. Hurst was notified that her presence was desired at Mrs. Stewart's public seance, that evening, and the little woman came, little suspecting what awaited her. On entering the seance room about 8 o'clock in the evening, she was somewhat astonished at the magnitude of the audience there assembled, and on discovering in front of the cabinet a heavily laden table, groaning under all the delicacies of the season, she stood amazed not knowing what to think. When quiet was obtained, Mr. Hook, a member of the Pence Hall committee arose, and requesting her to step to the head of the table, presented to her the token of appreciation her friends had prepared for her; expressing the feelings of those present in a well worded presentation address; while she, who was the recipient of this token of friendship stood with tearful eyes and quivering lip, her heart too full for utterance. On receiving the present, Mrs. Hurst said: "My friends, I do not know what to say to you, only to thank you," and choking with emotion she sank into her chair. Her friends well knew with what gratitude her heart was filled and merely suggested that all the returns they asked were for her and Mrs. Stewart to enter the cabinet and send the denizens of the summer land to partake of the feast prepared for them. This they did with alacrity, and after the audience had sung a lively air, the pleasant voices of the Indian controls "Minnie" and "White Dove," were heard in the cabinet, giving voice to their happiness. In a few minutes more they had given the control of their mediums to other hands, and presented themselves in full view of the audience, dressed in full Indian apparel, at the same time showing us the mediums in their chairs. They each talked in audible voices, and after greeting the assembled friends with a laugh, Minnie called for a needle. She then passed to each one two pieces of velvet, which had been cut out for a pair of slippers, or, as she called them, moccasins, requesting them to see for themselves there were no beads on them. She then gave one to White Dove, and turning the gas jet a little lower, they came out of the cabinet, and seating themselves in front of it, in less than five minutes had worked on each slipper a beautiful spray in beads, arranging the colors with a nicety that astonished the most credulous.

While this work was being examined, Minnie called for a pitcher, and after passing it to each person present, to convince them that it was empty, took it with her into the cabinet, and returning with it in less than a minute, poured into glasses and passed to each one present as fine a quality of wine as it has ever been our lot to taste. This done, she proceeded to cut the cake, while White Dove dished out the strawberries, and when that was done, strawberries, ice cream and cake were served to each one until all were supplied. While this was going on, the two spirits were carrying on a desultory conversation between themselves or with different members of the company, calling each by name. When all had finished the repast, which spirit hands had served, Minnie and White Dove retired into the cabinet without any ceremony, and at the conclusion of another song, two other spirit forms appeared at the threshold of the cabinet, and displayed themselves and the two mediums. One of these was immediately recognized by Dr. Pence as his spirit wife, and the other by Mr. Hook as his spirit daughter. They greeted the spirits in the most loving and affectionate manner, and after lowering the gas, they left the cabinet and proceeding to the table partook of the dainties and chatted with the friends to whom they came.

I am afraid Mr. Editor, my communication has already become too voluminous, and I will shorten my account as much as possible. During the remainder of the seance, fourteen spirits made their appearance, coming two at a time, and all leaving the cabinet and partaking of the viands spread before them. While the spirits materialized, forms were at the table conversing with their friends in tones that could be distinctly

heard by all in the room, the controls in the cabinet, using the mediums' vocal organs, would speak to different persons in the room, thus demonstrating clearly, and beyond cavil, that the mediums were in their chairs while the materialized spirits were at the table conversing with their friends. All who came were immediately recognized, and their names were as follows: Mrs. Fannie Stoker to her husband; Mrs. Thursa Connor to her husband; a Mrs. Rush and Mrs. Somers to their husbands; Mrs. Lizzie Walling to her husband; W. P. Walling of Battle Creek, Michigan; Mrs. Mary Clash to her sister, Mrs. St. John of Terre Haute; next came my wife, who passed to spirit life less than two years ago, she came as natural as in earth life, and while she ate of the cake, conversed with me, giving me information upon subjects of vital interest to me. I suppose I have seen her materialized as often as twenty times since she passed to spirit life. One time in particular, in a seance with Mrs. Hurst, she came out of the cabinet, and sitting by my side, took our little daughter, a child of four years in her lap and conversed with me for fully an hour. With her last evening, came Mrs. Dixie Deane, the spirit wife of my friend, Mr. M. O. Deane of Springfield, Illinois. This was Mrs. Deane's fourth attempt at materialization, and she came sufficiently strong and lifelike to be easily and thoroughly recognized by her husband. She also came from the cabinet, my wife leading her by the hand. Following these came Miss Martha Scholtz to her father and mother, and conversed some with them in German. With her came Miss Metta Freichte to her mother. Albert Pence then came to his parents, and Nellie Deinning to her mother, and last came Lizzie Conover to her father, and Louise Barnes to her parents. The seance had lasted until after 11 o'clock, when the controls took their departure, and when all present had enjoyed the spiritual feast to the utmost.

**Strong Testimony as to the Terre Haute Seances.**

ANN ARBOR, Mich., April 10th, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I enclose two dollars for my paper the coming year, and congratulate you upon being able to do so much in the service of Spiritualism. I together with others who were with me, had some wonderful experiences at Terre Haute, Indiana, last Fall and the Fall before, while attending Mrs. Stewart's and Mrs. Hurst's seances; and they were made interesting from the fact that many of the spirits whom I saw there, I had never heard of before, excepting through the mediumship of Mrs. N. H. Pierce, the best medium for writing that I ever knew, also an excellent healer.

I received letters from many spirits who gave me their names, and promised to meet at Terre Haute. No less than seven spirits met me by appointment, of whom I never heard, excepting through her mediumship, besides I met hosts of my relatives and acquaintances.

My son Charles, who passed to spirit life at the age of one year and nine months, wrote to me, saying he was grown to manhood, and had a beautiful bride whom he would introduce to me. And when I went to Mrs. Stewart's seance, a year ago last Fall, he came with his sweet bride. She was dressed in elegant white bridal costume. They stood in the cabinet door together, and first Charles, and then his wife, came out and greeted the assembly, shaking hands with all. Last Fall they came again, and she went to a lady and took her babe from her arms, and carried it to the cabinet for a moment, then returned it safely to its mother. Charley dematerialized outside of the cabinet, and when he was nearly gone I ran to him and got a last kiss, just as naturally as if he were in full form.

Dr. Hall, (Mrs. Pierce's control,) Professor Meredith, (my spirit guide,) Arthur Dalmont, Herona, Shonohosko, and Dr. Wentworth, were all strangers to me, except as I have stated, in their writing to me.

At Mrs. Hurst's, spirits came out and gave magnetic treatments to invalids. Two of Mrs. Pierce's patients were treated, one by Dr. Hall, and another by Mattawauk, (an Indian.) Many of the spirits came out of the cabinet and talked to us at Mrs. Hurst's. Dr. Hall, Longfellow, Professor Meredith, Lord Byron, Daniel O'Connell, Thomas Moore. Oh, we had a regular jubilee. We staid two weeks the first time, and three weeks the last time. Judge Lawrence was there both times. He scolded at me saying I and my party took up all the time, but I think he was not neglected. We had three seances the last day.

I thank you with all my heart for your defence of our mediums. I wish I could help you, but I will do all I can, in every way. Mrs. Pierce was with us when we were there, and White Dove said, "Medium squaw Pierce was a great help," for two spirits were out by the room with us at one time, while another was in the cabinet. Many spirits came and thanked Mrs. Pierce for the privilege of writing through her hand. Excuse my long letter, but I can't keep all the good things to myself.

Respectfully,  
MRS. AMANDA H. TAYLOR.

**Testimonials.**

SHAKERS, N. Y., May 6, 1883.

Dr. J. H. Rhodes—Kind Friend:

The three dollar boxes of your very valuable lozenges, one addressed to Eldress Pauline and the others to myself, have been received all safe. We prize them very much, and wish that every invalid could be advised to try a box, and they then would feel the effect. We know it they had one they would want another. Sister Pauline joins me in sending you this testimony for your very valuable medicine.

ALVIRA CONKLIN.

Parkersburg, W. Va., March 1883.

Dr. J. H. Rhodes—Dear Sir:

At the earnest request of my wife, I have been taking your remedies for kidney complaint, with decided benefit. Enclosed you will find one dollar for one large box of the same.

Yours truly,  
T. T. DAVIDSON.

R. Neely, Chicago, Ill., in renewing subscription, says: "Some say they cannot do without your paper, and therefore urge you to send it. What I say is, that MIND AND MATTER, the only reliable paper I know of, must be sustained."

**Transition of Mrs. C. M. Morrison.**

Boston, Mass., 10th June, 1883.

MR. ROBERTS—DEAR FRIEND:—As already announced to you by letter, Mrs. C. M. Morrison passed to spirit life Friday night 11 o'clock—cause of physical death, was paralysis of the heart.

The following day, Saturday, I called on J. William Fletcher, No. 2 Hamilton Place, Boston (an entire stranger to him and he knew not of Mrs. M.'s departure), and had a sitting. His regular control came, and at once said the newly-arrived spirit, Mrs. Morrison, was present, and had impressed me to call or to go to that medium, and that she would control, and speak for herself. Very soon she did take control and such delight as she expressed in being able to see me and her boy who was also present, and whom she had never seen while in the mortal is beyond description. Her delight, mingled as it was with her regret to so suddenly leave her earth work was marvelous and highly satisfying to me, as connected with her in said work. She and her Medical Band desire me to continue on in the remedial part of the work, and assured me of success. For some time, they have drawn more from me than from her, to magnetize the herbs, etc. And they positively assure me that they can impress me, with the knowledge I have, to write out the proper prescriptions. The ten years' experience with them and the remedies they use, enables me to know the proper proportions, and I feel fully competent to make prescriptions, when I have an idea of the nature of the disease. Now, my friend, I am at a loss to know how to get myself, or the work wanted of me, properly before the public, so as to receive a decent competency. I am poor, with just money enough to give the mortal part of dear Mrs. Morrison a decent interment.

Pardon my scrawl at this trying time. I am all unnerved at this sudden bereavement.

Yours fraternally,  
H. B. WILCOX.

P. S.—We shall bury her remains at Cedar Grove Cemetery, Dorchester, to-morrow (Monday) at 4 o'clock. J. William Fletcher will be present and speak, or be spoken through.

**Reply to B. Shraff.**

J. M. Roberts—Dear Sir:

In your issue of June 9th, I notice a letter from Mr. A. Schaff accusing Mr. C. A. Miller of defending "in the Psychometric Circular" the exploded theories of Christianity, in order to cater to popular whims of a few quasi Christian Spiritualists calling in the aid of a few men like Judge N. Cross and Prof. Kiddle, company who have not thrown off yet the swaddling clothes of popular Christianity and who cling to the flesh pots of the respectable(?) churches.

Now, Mr. Editor, I contend that justice should animate every individual claiming to be a Spiritualist, for if Spiritualism fails to impart justice to any one accepting its teachings, its mission is a failure, or the individual is incapable of true Spiritualism.

It is therefore in the name of simple justice that I am coming forward to vindicate men, who, for years, have labored in the field of Spiritualism pure and untainted, and who have stood, and stand to-day, its firm and fearless defenders against all its opponents, the Christian Church included.

I am personally acquainted with these gentlemen, and have often conversed with them on this very subject, and I am ready to affirm that the grand and comprehensive truths of Spiritualism are sacred to them, and are held by them in such high esteem that they would scornfully resist any attempt to attach them to the tail of any creed or religious denomination whatever.

For thousands of years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, has humanity struggled in the pursuit of light and truth. Has the spirit world been inactive during all that time? Has not Inspiration from the celestial spheres brought to every age strong gleams of the truth which has in our own age been so gloriously demonstrated by spiritual phenomena? And shall we reject what truth has been revealed in times past, because there exists differences of opinion as to the human channels through which inspiration has expressed it? Every particle of demonstrated truth is necessary to the spiritual structure no matter from what source it is obtained.

Men who like the above named have become convinced of this, have no "particular hobby" to serve, and have long since "thrown off swaddling clothes" of every kind; yet are generally not understood by people who, although they may believe themselves superior, have not as yet "thrown off the swaddling clothes" of prejudice. Justice towards Spiritualism imperatively demands that its beautiful light shall be kept bright and untarnished, and carefully guarded from the nefarious influences of creeds and dogmas; but it also demands that the usefulness of those who labor towards that end shall not be impaired by undeserved insinuations grounded only upon unimportant side issues.

Before closing, allow me to thank you for your denunciation of the Bronson Murray meanness as ventilated through the R. P. Journal, of the 2d inst. I can assure you that it has been appreciated among us here.

Wishing you continued success in your noble work, believe me to be fraternally yours,  
J. F. JEANNERET.

64 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**Spirit Communication Confirmed.**

FRIEND ROBERTS:—Believing it the duty of every true Spiritualist to vouch for the truthfulness of all communications from their friends, published through your paper and all other Spiritualist papers, I wish to say that I lived many years in Taunton, Mass., and was personally acquainted with Stephen St. Clair for many years, and knew him to be a firm believer in Spiritualism and a hard worker in the cause. It gives me great pleasure to read a communication from the spirit of so noble a man as our friend St. Clair was while here on earth. Hoping to hear from him again at some future time, and also from his old friend Timothy Fuller, who has passed to spirit life, I remain as ever,

C. H. PHILLIPS, M. D.  
128 North Main St. Providence, R. I.  
June 11th, 1883.

**Spirit Communication.**

CHICAGO, May 25th, 1883.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

The following communication from the spirit of the Indian Chief Red Jacket, was given to me recently through his medium, Mrs. C. L. Bryant. I thought it was sufficiently interesting and important, to be published, and so I forward it to you for that purpose by Red Jacket's request.

Respectfully yours,  
JOHN WESLEY HOWLETT.

**RED JACKET'S COMMUNICATION.**

The Catholic Church is as strongly organized as a power in spirit life, as it is on earth; and popes and priests have as strong a rule over their subjects there, as here. They are not only well organized and determined, but they far outnumber any other organization. The Irish Catholic spirits are especially positive and determined. Indeed, more so than any other class, as that is a national peculiarity of that race. Those who have been laboring in the spirit world to establish communication on earth, have always had the Catholic power to contend with; and we are now passing through the hardest period of the strife between the friends and foes of Truth. But that strife will not last much longer, and the advocates of Truth, who have been battling for years to sustain it, will be victorious over their opponents. Then the manifestations of spirit power will not only be more abundant but more powerful; as the forces that the supporters of truth are now obliged to use in the struggle in spirit life, will be transferred to earth again, and used in connection with mediums for the ushering in of a new era of spirit power.

The power of the spirit bands of mediums has of necessity been withdrawn, in a measure, from the mediums at the present time, in order that they might participate in the struggle that is now in progress in spirit life. But when that struggle is brought to a triumphant termination, then they will again turn their attention to their respective mediums with greater power, and receive less interruption from opposing forces.

Mediums are now passing through a very trying ordeal, and many of them are being destroyed—deposited of their mediumship—by the Catholic power obtaining the ascendancy over them and their spirit guides, if they are not of their own faith; while those who are now, or who have ever been of the Catholic faith are strengthened and sustained by the Catholic power in spirit life.

Those spirits fought against Spiritualism as long as they could, so as to prevent mankind from receiving the benefits to be derived therefrom; but when they found that they could no longer prevent it, they endeavored to control it, and destroyed all mediumship except what was to be found within their own ranks, and such mediums they have endeavored to sustain, in order that they could have attributed to themselves the whole credit of the Spiritual cause.

Another great cause to which is attributable the apparent deficiency of spirit power at present is, *disunion among mediums*; the spirit of inharmony and lack of unity that exists among them. So much jealousy and slandering of each other—endeavoring in a spirit of envy to lessen the good that might be accomplished; instead of all coming together in a spirit of unity, love and harmony, and extending to each other that sympathetic assistance that mediums especially stand so much in need of from each other. If they would pursue such a course, they would not only strengthen each other, but they would be affording the proper facilities and spiritual conditions for their spirit guides to approach with strength that is born of that love that the Great Spirit enjoins upon us to extend towards each other.

Spiritualists have also invited defeat, or, at least, a decrease of spirit power, by the manner in which they have abused the mediums and others who have engaged in proclaiming and maintaining the grandest truth, the holiest gift that was ever bestowed as a divine blessing upon humanity. They have opposition enough to encounter from those who are outside of the Spiritualist ranks, without having to contend with every species of injustice and opposition from those within its ranks, who should be their earnest supporters and defenders in the cause of Truth.

[We know this spirit testimony to be true in every particular, so far as the Spirit Catholic opposition to Spiritualism is concerned; but how long that opposition can hold out against the spirit forces that are sweeping down upon it, remains to be seen. We are inclined to believe it is not far in the future.—ED.]

James U. Stewart, National Military Soldiers Home, Montgomery County, Ohio, writes: "I send you a postoffice money order for two dollars as a continuation of my subscription to MIND AND MATTER—the only paper that does not mix up with the myths of Christianity. I took the Banner of Light for a dozen years, and was entirely disgusted with the mixture and dropped it. I have taken the Psychometric Circular of Miller for two years, but shall drop that. I had some faith in Psychometry before I read Miller's Psychometric Circular, but I have lost it entirely. I never had any confidence or belief in Christianity, although my father was a deacon in the Baptist church for forty years. I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and want to learn all I can before I leave my 'old clothes' behind. They will not be worth much to any one. Pure Spiritualism, without any gods or myths, with the best moral actions to go with it. Yours truly."

We invite especial attention to the account of the remarkable spirit manifestations at Terre Haute, Indiana—Mrs. Anna Stewart and Mrs. Emma Hurst, mediums—occurring on the 23rd of May, the 13th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hurst's wedding.



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## PEGGY'S TRIALS.

(St. Nicholas Magazine.)

Peggy was out in the orchard picking up apples. They were summer apples—yellow, crisp, and so ripe that they would crack open just as easy! And some of them had grown so fast and so freshly after the late showers, that they were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning were enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well indeed. She had never been taught, but that didn't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandma say, "She will make a cheerful woman!"

But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and, on the morning when our story opens, she was singing gaily a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang, and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover head, sometimes making a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forehead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, eight glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. "Well," said she, "I am so glad!" Just then, "Peggy! Peggy!" came pleasantly from the house. "I must go," said she to herself. "Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it; I know she will! But it is mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to keep it." Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. "I will not tell her yet," said she to herself. "I will think it over."

When she got up to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was "up to her ears in flour"—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. "Oh!" said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, "my little 'help' has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my 'help.' But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Peggy, rather sullenly, "I'm not." And then she blushed. She thought to herself: "I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something has happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did."

On the first opportunity she ran up stairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cunningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like icicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her "Child's Philosophy of Little Things," of what they were composed of, and how difficult it was to obtain them. "I have a fortune of my own now," she said to herself, as she shut down the cover of her chest and turned the key. "I am a rich lady; and if I ever want to sell my beautiful ring I can buy ever so many things with it—books, and pretty dresses, and even a necklace like Cora May's! Hum! I guess if the girls knew what I have got they would not put on so many airs over their little gold-heart rings and coral chains. I should just like to show my lovely diamond once!"

Then she began to sing, but in the very first line of the song she stopped. She turned a little pale, and stood looking out of the hall window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old windmill swung its great sails lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fashioned garden, with its troop of herbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard rippling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "had fun" with her little friends.

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't feel like singing; but I can't, I won't, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner's any more. They should not have lost it. I found it, and now it is mine. I don't care if I can't sing. I can look at my ring whenever I please."

Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would break, just to prove how happy she was in doing wrong. But in a few minutes she brushed away her tears, for she was a resolute little girl, and went down stairs.

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying, I am sure," said her loving grandmother immediately. "Or are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about it. Do, I know I can help my little girl."

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly, "I have only a headache. I have nothing to tell." ("That

was not true," she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge).

Peggy was no ignorant wrong-doer. She knew just as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

"They've had a great time up to the boardin'-house," she said.

Now, Grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you grow up, I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peak and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story against somebody,—(never for anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing injury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern you.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart, "they've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring. It was stolen from her by a chambermaid. Poor gyurl! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, and when she come up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she's agoin'."

"What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.

"'Twas that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-tryin' to buy your chinney-t'other day. She feels very badly, too! 'Twas her mother's ring, and folks say 'twas worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said: "Which way did she go home from here, Grandma? Was it while I was at school?"

"Yes; it was day before yesterday, in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding house through the orchard, because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as if her heart would break, and a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you can never tell! Those gyurls are so deceivin'! I presume she's got the ring somewhere about her clothes now. At any rate, she won't get another place very soon. I kinder pity her, and yet it serves her right."

"Is she going away?" asked Grandma.

"Yes; in the stage,—why, I hear it now,—good-bye. I'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!"

Peggy sprang upstairs like a deer. She went straight to her chest. Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boarding house, and go on. Peggy looked for the key. It was not under the mat, as usual. Where could it be? Peggy tried to think, but her head seemed in a whirl. "What could I have done with the key?" she sobbed. Putting her hand up to her neck, she happened to feel a little ribbon. "Oh, yes," she sighed in relief. She had tied the key to a ribbon, and placed it about her neck; for now that she had a diamond ring in her chest, she would have to be more careful, she had said to herself. But the ribbon was tied in a hard knot, and was too strong to break. The ominous rumble had stopped; the stage had reached the boarding house. "What shall I do?" groaned Peggy, her heart beating with fright and anxiety. "Oh! I must get into my chest." Then she saw a penknife on the table. In an instant she had cut the ribbon and unlocked the chest, caught up the ring and run down stairs. Her grandma called, "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orchard; she still kept on; but just as she came in front of the trim boquet ground, she saw the stage start off from the door.

After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared and almost disliked, because they were so "airy" as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Driver! Stop!" "Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!" "Stop!" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them. Come!"

The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped Peggy to her heart and said:

"You dear little girl! How good of you to run so! How glad I am you found it! I can never thank you enough."

Peggy was panting and half sobbing, but she went with the happy maid to the house, and handed the ring to the delighted Miss Dulcimer.

"Where did you find it, you splendid child?" said that gushing person, who had not been kind and just enough to make sure before she had had the unoffending maid discharged. "I want to make you a little present, to show my gratitude. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken the bill in her hand, she said to the maid, who was standing by, a silent witness of the scene: "You deserve it much more than I;

keep it," and with a half laugh, half sob, she put the bill into the maid's hand, and fled out of the room and down the line without another word. It was not very polite, but she really couldn't stay there another minute. She wanted to get to her dear grandma, and be comforted and forgiven. She ran down home almost as fast as she had come up the hill; but this time she was not anxious or unhappy. She noticed the sweet smell of a bed of mignonettes in the door yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled. "Peggy," said she, rather severely "how strangely you act this morning. What is the matter with you?"

Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her everything about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing as she stood by the window that morning. "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill as happy and free as any bird's.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma, with a smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment, the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temptation and obeying the voice of conscience."

And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind.

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

MEDIUMS' meeting—433 W. Madison street, Chicago; Sundays 3 P. M.

SPIRITUAL CIRCLES in Camden every Wednesday and Friday evening at 8 o'clock. 575 Ridge Ave., above Broadway, Camden, N. J. Admission, 15 cents.

We invite the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Alfred James, in another column, and recommend them to try these spirit prescribed remedies.

H. F. BUNGARDT, M. D., Kansas City, Mo., treats patients at a distance, by magnetized remedies. For full particulars address H. F. Bungardt 16 E. 7th St. Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. S. E. BROMWELL, trance and test medium. Phenomenal seance Thursdays and Sundays at 8 P. M. Private sittings daily at 687 W. Madison street, N. E. corner Wood street, Chicago, Ill.

PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER, is now giving seances and slate writing sittings in Boston. Address, Boston post-office. His brother, Dr. W. M. Keeler, is at present resting at his home on the Hudson.

FRANK T. RIPLEY writes that he is ready for engagements anywhere—to lecture, give platform tests, or parlor lectures with tests. Address Frank T. Ripley, Room 24, Exchange Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

JAY CHAAPPEL has moved from Rochester to Brighton, (a pleasant suburb of Rochester), N. Y., where he has permanently located for the summer, and where he wishes all communications to be addressed hereafter.

MIND AND MATTER is kept constantly on hand at: Rush's news stands, Eighth and Race and Franklin and Vine streets, as well as at the post office news stand and the Central News Co.'s corner of 5th and Library streets.

We will continue our offer to send the paper to clubs of ten for one month for one dollar, and we hope all those who are interested in promulgating the truth will avail themselves of this offer and send in their clubs.

MRS. ELLEN M. BOLLES, has taken rooms at City Hall, Taunton, Mass., where she will use her clairvoyant and magnetic powers in healing the sick, and will also give private sittings to those anxious to hear from their spirit friends.

MRS. H. S. LAKE began her second engagement the Liberals of Salem, Ohio, June 3d. She will with the Independent Church at Alliance, and will speak at the Michigan State Convention in August. Permanent address, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

PROF. SEYMOUR lectures during the month of June, before the Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at Thompson Street Church, between Front Street and Frankford Road, every Sunday morning at 10.30 A. M. and every Sunday evening at 7.45 P. M. Seats free. Public invited.

THE fifth annual camp meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists will be held at Flint, commencing Friday, August 17th, and closing Monday 27th. I wish to correspond with two or three mediums of marked powers with the view of securing their attendance.

S. B. McCracken, Secretary.  
Detroit, May 12, 1883.

W. L. JACK, M. D., clairvoyant and magnetic physician, informs us that he can be found at his residence, corner of Merrimack and Main Streets, Bradford, Mass., opposite Haverhill Bridge Depot. Post office address always Haverhill, Mass. No notice taken of postal cards. All communications must be accompanied by two 3ct. stamps to insure reply. Notice will be given where office is located in Boston.

MRS. O. F. SHEPARD, of Philadelphia, will answer calls to lecture in towns and villages along the line of the Hudson River and New York Central railroads. Subject: The Moral Power of Spiritualism. Subscriptions taken for MIND AND MATTER and copies of the paper sold. Address Mrs. O. F. Shepard, 111 Oliver Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

MR. F. O. MATTHEWS holds circles every evening except Wednesday and Saturday evenings at his residence 1223 South Sixth St., Philadelphia. Admission 15 cents. Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00. Mr. Matthews also keeps MIND AND MATTER on sale at his house, and will also take subscriptions for the same.

FOR SALE.—A cottage at Lake Pleasant—most eligible site on the ground—substantially built—excellent rooms—with view of rostrum and music stand. To be sold at once. No one need apply except those meaning business. Enclose two 3-cent stamps for reply, and address for one month, W. L. Jack, M. D., Box 1241 Haverhill, Mass.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, Walhalla, S. C., has on hand about 200 copies of his small work upon "Statuolence and Its Uses," and makes the following generous offer. Any person sending him one year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER, and one 3-cent stamp, he will send them the book post-paid, and MIND AND MATTER for one year. Address, Wm. Baker Fahnestock, Walhalla, S. C.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BLISS, the well known materializing mediums, left Boston June 5th for Onset Bay. Mrs. Bliss proposes to rest from her labors and not hold seances oftener than once a week, while Mr. Bliss proposes to hold developing circles and sit for magnetic healing and private developments all through the summer season. Their address until October 1st will be Box 112 Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.

We have on hand a supply of the "Faraday Pamphlets," which should be read by everybody. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, ten cents each. No. 4, fifteen cents. We also have on hand a large lot of "Rules and Advice," by J. H. Young, including hymns and songs designed for circles—price, fifteen cents. We will supply circles with "Rules and Advice," songs included, for \$1.50 per dozen, post paid on receipt of the money.

We ask our friends everywhere to send us the names and address of any persons whom they think would take an interest in our publication, and we will send them sample copies at once. The spirit communications that are appearing in these columns from week to week, are worth more than money to those who duly understand the value of spirit teaching—concerning the varied experiences of the spirit life.

SPIRITUAL TEMPLE ASSOCIATION.—"In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity." Baker Hall, N. W. Cor. Broad street and Columbia Avenue. Mr. Walter Howell, inspirational, trance speaker, late from Manchester, England, will, until further notice, lecture every Sunday, at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. For further particulars, see Public Ledger. The public cordially invited.

DR. B. F. BROWN, of Lewiston, Maine, clairvoyant, test, trance and healing medium, has taken rooms at 454 North 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., where he will receive patients to treat. Give clairvoyant test sittings and hold developing circles. Patients visited at their residences if required. Also treated by mail. Accommodations for patients visiting from out of the city. One of his principal phases is the treatment for obsession, his guide (Dr. J. Bonney) having had remarkable success, through him, in the treatment of such cases. We advise all who are afflicted in such a manner, to call on or consult with him. Testimonials can be furnished of the many remarkable cures which have been effected through his organism. Office hours 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Progressive Spiritual Work in Marion, Wis.

Editor of Mind and Matter: We have with us a young medium, Fred H. H. Pierce, from Berlin, in this State. Since coming here, he has been doing a good work in helping to open the eyes of the blind, and has made quite a number of converts and many warm friends. All the sittings he has given have been satisfactory so far; and they have given food for thought to many. He lectures every Sunday evening in Binklemers Hall, to large and appreciative audiences.

Since his coming here we have organized a society, which is called the Marion Spiritualist Society; E. Ramsdell, President; J. W. Odekirk, Secretary. A hall is about to be erected, in which we hope to enjoy many happy hours listening to the truths of Spiritual teaching. There are a good many believers in our doctrine here, and every one seems to be interested. It is not a Methodist revival, but a revival of free thought in the minds of all.

Hoping that the cause of truth may ever advance, and that the millennium of progress may be seen in the future,

I remain yours in truth,  
Jos. W. ODEKIRK, Sec'y.

E. W. Maxson, Hop Bottom, Pa., writes: "Dear Sir:—Enclosed find \$2.00 for renewal of my subscription." I have liked the spirit of MIND AND MATTER from first to last, and do not wish to miss a single number. I was especially pleased with the very proper attention given to the Oahspe business in the two or three last numbers. I like MIND AND MATTER for several reasons, chief of which is, because it is a spiritual paper without adulteration."

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## SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

May 9th, M. S. 36.

GEORGIUS GEMISTUS.  
(A Greek Writer.)

I salute you, sir, by saying: May the shafts of truth shatter the armor of error:—

I had dealings with all the learned of my time, and was especially instrumental in founding a library in Florence, Italy, under the patronage of Cosmo. I may make some errors in my communication, but I will try to be as correct as possible under the circumstances. I went to Italy to teach Greek. I attempted to revive the eclecticism of Apollonius of Tyana, but I was woefully defeated by the Catholic church. I endeavored to do that to the extent of my ability, but they charged me with trying to promulgate the doctrines of Zoroaster and Hermes. I contended for my views as long as I could, but the Catholic church, at that time, was too strong and powerful for me to succeed against them. Ques. Did they put you out of the way? Ans. No. But they kept gradually lowering me until my influence was gone. But after all, my teachings survived—not exactly what I taught, but what I wished to teach. To prove to you that my ideas survived, you will find that one hundred years later, they were taught by Sebastian Frank, the German mystic. He will be able to give you clearer views about them than I can. You see that our testimony connects one with the other. As we grow in spirit life, we naturally attract that which has an affinity for us. I want to be distinctly understood when I say I tried to revive the doctrines of Apollonius of Tyana. [As the spirit said this a smile wreathed the medium's face, and we asked: "Why do you laugh?"] Ans. It amuses me when I recall how the priests fought me to keep me from disclosing what I knew. They knew full well that I had the writings of Apollonius, at that time; and they managed to keep them from becoming known. I was naturally of a mirthful disposition, and many times saved my life by that means. When I lived at Florence, I was the most ardent friend of Cosmo, and I aided him to found his library. Cosmo wanted to bring Apollonius to the front as against the Christ of the Christians; but we found ourselves in danger of losing our lives, and therefore desisted in our purpose. Georgius Gemistus, sometimes called Pletho.

[We take the following account concerning Georgius Gemistus, from Smith's Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Georgius Gemistus, or Georgius Pletho, one of the later and most celebrated Byzantine writers, lived in the latter part of the 14th century, and in the beginning of the 15th century. He was probably a native of Constantinople, but passed the most of his life in the Peloponnesus. In 1426 he held a high office, under the emperor Manuel Palæologus. He was called *Gemistos*, or *Pletho*, on account of the extraordinary amount of knowledge which he possessed in nearly all the branches of science; and the great number of writings which he left prove that his surname was by no means mere flattery. Gemistus was one of the deputies of the Greek Church that were present at the Council of Florence, held in 1438, under pope Eugenius IV., for the purpose of effecting a union between the Latin and Greek Churches. Gemistus at first was rather opposed to that union, since his opinion on the nature of the Holy Ghost differed greatly from the belief of the Romish Church, but he afterwards gave way, and, without changing his opinion on that subject, was active in promoting the great object of the council. The union, however, was not accomplished. Gemistus was still more renowned as a philosopher than as a divine. In those times the philosophy of Aristotle was prevalent, but it had degenerated into a mere science of words. Disgusted with the scholastic philosophy, Gemistus made Plato the subject of long and deep study, and the propagation of the Platonic philosophy became henceforth his principal aim; the celebrated cardinal Bessarion was one of his numerous disciples. During his stay at Florence he was introduced to Cosmo de Medici; and having succeeded in persuading this distinguished man, of the superiority of the system of Plato over that of Aristotle, he became the leader of a new school of philosophy in the West. Plato's philosophy became fashionable at Florence, and had soon gained so much popularity in Italy as to overshadow entirely the philosophy of Aristotle. But Gemistus and his disciples went too far; it was even said that he had attempted to substitute Platonism for Christianity; and before the end of the century Plato had ceased to be the model of Italian philosophers. Gemistus is, nevertheless, justly considered as the restorer of Platonic philosophy in Europe. He was, of course, involved in numberless controversies with the Aristotelians, in the West as well as in the East, among whom Georgius of Trebizond, held a high rank, and much bitterness and violence were displayed on each side. In 1441 Gemistus was again in the Peloponnesus as an officer of the emperor; he was then advanced in years. He is said to have lived one hundred years, but we do not know when he died.

We take the following additional notice of Gemistus from the American Cyclopædia:

"We held a high position at the court of the Palæolog, and at the Council of Florence in 1439 opposed the union of the churches of the East and the West. Subsequently banished from his country, he found an asylum in Italy, and declared himself in favor of the Latins. While the philosophy of Aristotle was still reigning, he became an enthusiastic votary of the Platonic theories in metaphysics and natural theology, and being admitted to the circle of the Medici, prompted Cosmo to found his celebrated Platonic academy. His treatise in praise of Platonism inaugurated the long quarrel between the disciples of the two great masters of antiquity, which produced a profound study of their systems. Gemistus, however, mingled with the Platonic philosophy the notions of the later Alexandrian school, and of the spurious writings attributed to Zoroaster and Hermes, and revived in the West that eclecticism, half Christian and half Pagan, half oriental and half Greek, which flourished during the decline of the Greek philosophy at Alexandria.

Now we do not know the sources from which the last quoted writer drew his information, but he has in the fewest possible words disclosed a

most important fact, and one which, in the light of the spirit communication of Gemistus, discloses, as clearly as the light of day, the fact that it was not Platonism, as has been pretended, that Cosmo de Medici and Georgius Gemistus sought to revive, and with which they tried to overthrow Christianity at as late a date as the middle of the fifteenth century, but the eclectic philosophy of Apollonius of Tyana.

The spirit tells us he had dealings with all the learned people of his time, and was instrumental in founding a library at Florence, Italy, under the patronage of Cosmo. This is undoubtedly correct. While one of the authorities cited speaks of Gemistus as becoming the leader of a new school of philosophy in the West, and the other that Gemistus induced Cosmo to found the Florentine Platonic Academy, the founding of a library is not mentioned. It is very evident that there was a library founded at Florence in connection with that celebrated school, and that the spirit of Gemistus regarded the books collected in that library as vastly more worthy of mention than the school he founded.

The spirit then plainly tells us what was the nature of his teachings. He says I attempted to revive the eclecticism of Apollonius of Tyana; and frankly admits his woeful defeat by the Catholic Church. If there was any Platonism in the teachings of Gemistus, it was simply because Apollonius, in forming his system of philosophy and religion, had drawn largely from the metaphysical spiritual doctrines of Plato: and beside, Cosmo and Gemistus, as a matter of policy and to protect themselves against the enmity of the Catholic Church, may have thought it wise to allow the issue to appear to be between the two Greek systems of philosophy; while, at the same time they were advancing the whole of the doctrines taught by Apollonius, Plotinus, Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Herenius, Amelius, Longinus, and other Neo Platonic philosophers, as they were called by their antagonists to the Catholic priesthood. The spirit says further that he was charged by that priesthood with trying to promulgate the doctrines of Zoroaster and Hermes. This statement is shown to be correct; for as the writer last quoted says: Gemistus mingled with the Platonic philosophy, the notions of the later Alexandrian school and of the spurious writings of Zoroaster and Hermes, and revived in the West that Eclecticism, half Christian and half Pagan, half Oriental and half Greek, which flourished during the decline of the Greek philosophy at Alexandria." We need nothing more to show the absolute truth of what the spirit stated than this admission. The philosophy and religion of Apollonius was just what this writer states the nature of the teaching of Gemistus were; but it was just that religion, "half Christian and half Pagan, half Oriental and half Greek," from which the Christian priesthood stole their whole religion, bodily, as we have been able to clearly prove, guided as we have been, in our researches, by these unprecedented communications. Apollonius as we have before shown, was master of every system of Greek philosophy, and especially of the systems of Pythagoras and Plato; he was equally conversant with the Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Gymnosopic theologies and philosophies of India; not less conversant with the Chaldeic worship of Baal, and the Zoroastrian religion of the Magi of Persia; the Essenian religion of Syria and Judea; and with every phase of Greek and Roman mystic initiation. From this vast store of theological and philosophical speculation; Apollonius of Tyana conceived the almost divine design of reforming the world, by uniting all mankind under one grand bond of fraternal interests, sympathy and effort, in the direction of purity, love, and a desire for truth. Could that immortal effort to aid and bless humanity have been permitted to perform its beneficent mission, what might not have been the condition of humanity to-day? Who can conceive? Not mortal certainly.

There can hardly be a doubt, that the spirit speaks the truth when he says that the Catholic priesthood "knew full well that I" (Gemistus) "had the writings of Apollonius at that time." What have become of those writings since then? Think of it! the writings of Apollonius were in existence and in the possession of Cosmo de Medici and Gemistus as late as 1450, perhaps, and that the promulgation of those writings by a single Greek scholar, was enough to shake the Christian church to its very foundation, even in Italy, the very centre of the papal power, and to keep it trembling and reeling for nearly one hundred years after the reviver of them had passed to that spirit life from which he returns, and discloses the secret of his effort to overthrow the Christian fraud and the means he used to that end. The work that then failed of accomplishment in priest ridden Italy more than four hundred years ago: is again resumed in America, the land of Washington, Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, Madison, and their free thinking contemporaries, and this time not to fail.

The spirit refers to the teachings of Sebastian Frank, the German mystic, as identical with his own, and in that way we are enabled to form a good idea of just what it was that Apollonius taught and Gemistus sought to revive; but as the spirit of Sebastian Frank has communicated as below, we will not anticipate what facts he narrates in that direction.

The mirthfulness of the spirit was not out of place, for he must have felt amused when he recalled the consternation into which he threw his priestly enemies; and it must have occurred to him, that the time had come when the present priesthood were to be as badly frightened as they were then and much worse hurt.

It was a bold attempt that Cosmo and Gemistus made to break the power of the Christian Church, and the nearly successful result of it shows that all that is needed to topple it down, is the clear and absolute proof of its heathen origin and fraudulent nature. That proof is being heaped up mountain high, and will yet be given to the world as freely as the winds that sweep over its surface.

SEBASTIAN FRANK.

(A German Writer and Scholar.)

How Do You Do?—I am Sebastian Frank. I lived in or near the year 1600. At that time we were giving to ancient authors the deepest and most thorough research; and of two things, the mystics of my time had become absolutely satisfied. First, that all religions were of an astro-theological character; and second, that between B. C. 40 and A. D. 325, the then existing religions underwent changes. As the Mahomedans declare there is but one God and Mahomet was his prophet, so I declare there was but one central intelligence and Spiritualism is its prophet. I understood what you call Modern Spiritualism when on earth, and with that great mystic, Jacob Boehme, and many others, made use of it. We were striving for some cosmopolitan religion, in which all systems should be tried upon their merits, and what was good in them retained, and what was bad cast away. But the foolish Christians of that time, both Protestant and Catholic, employed all means of isolation, and would not unite upon any basis whatever. And the consequence was, what will again take place if the Spiritualists of to-day do not reach more unity on the basic principles of Spiritualism and pursue the interests of individuals less than they are doing. Individual interests are not had in themselves, but if too strongly adhered to, they are detrimental to any cause.

We, in Germany, in my time, tried to revive the inner circle spoken of to you by the spirit, Plotina Pompeia. We succeeded to a certain extent, but we could never get those who joined in it to publicly state what they saw occur in those circles. They were afraid of their heads. When I recall the risk they would have incurred at that time, I cannot blame them.

There is an effort being made around you to unite Spiritualists and Liberalists of all views, as well as Unitarians, Universalists, etc. If they do not unite in one common centre of effort to maintain mental, civil and personal liberty, before long an effort will be made on the part of orthodox Christians, Protestant and Catholic, to crush them out of existence. I see this going on in their convocations and assemblies and in their cathedrals and churches; and I see the necessity for liberalists of all kinds and classes to concentrate for a mighty effort, for the day of their trial is not far off. And this, sir, will end this sitting. [The communications of Galba, Justinus, Stephanus and Gemistus had been previously given at the same sitting.] Ques. What did you know of the work performed by Gemistus whose spirit preceded and referred to you? Ans. We were mystics and worked in the same way to revive the Eclecticism of Apollonius. He tried to revive the practice of Apollonius of congregating in circles or assemblies to evoke spirits. Ques. Were you aware, in your time on earth, of that fact? Ans. Yes. Ques. Was Cosmo, the friend of Gemistus, a writer? Ans. He was more of a collector, but at the same time a great thinker.

[We can find but little mention of Sebastian Frank in the English or French biographical works. We take the following from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia of Ecclesiastical Literature.—Ed.]

"Sebastian Francus or Frank, a so-called enthusiast of the time of the Reformation, at Donauwerth. He was first a Roman priest, then a Lutheran minister, afterwards soap manufacturer and printer, always a thinker and writer. He anticipated a class of modern divines in certain views: e. g., extolling the spirit of Scripture in distinction from the letter; viewing religion in a thoroughly subjective way: holding that one believes only on the united testimony of one's heart and conscience. Well read in ancient and mystical philosophy, he imbibed from it a sort of pietistic pantheism. He held that whenever man passively submits to God, the God becomes incarnate in him. The divines of Smalcald (1540) requested Melancthon to write against him, and signed a severe declaration about his writings 'as the devil's favorite and special blasphemer.' He was driven out of Strasburg and Ulm, and died at Basle, 1543. An account of him may be found in Wald, De Vita Franci (Eerlangen, 1793); Ch. K. am Ende, Nachlese zu F's Leben u. Schriften (Nuremberg, 1796). See also Herzog, Real-Encyclop. iv., 450; C. A. Hase, Seb. Franck von Word, der Schwarmergeist, (Leip. 1809); Hase, Ch. History, Sec. 373; Bayle's Dictionary.

Such is the extent of what we can find concerning Frank, unless we can obtain some further information from Bayle's Dictionary, which we hope to do before publishing what we have given above. As the spirit speaks of "the great mystic," Jacob Boehme, as holding the same views as himself, it may suffice to show who Jacob Boehme was. McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia says of the latter:

"Jacob Boehme, a theosophist or mystical enthusiast, was born at Old Seidenburgh, a short distance from Gorlitz in Upper Lusatia, 1575. \* \* \* He had the good fortune, for one in his station at that period, to learn reading and writing at the village school, and this was all the education he received; the terms from the dead languages introduced into his writings, and what knowledge he had of alchemy or the other sciences, being acquired in his own rude way subsequently, chiefly, perhaps, from conversation with men of learning, or a little reading in the works of Paracelsus and Fludd. He tells several marvellous stories of his boyhood; one of them is, that a stranger of a severe but friendly countenance, came to his master's shop while he was

yet an apprentice, (to the shoemaking) and warned him of the great work to which God should appoint him. His religious habits soon rendered him conspicuous among his profane fellow townsmen; and he carefully studied the Bible, especially the Apocalypse and the writings of Paul. He soon began to believe himself inspired, and about 1600, (this date cannot be correct) deemed himself the subject of special revelation. Acquiring a knowledge of the doctrines of Paracelsus, Fludd, and the Rosicrucians, he devoted himself also to practical chemistry, and made good progress in natural sciences. Revolving these things in his mind, and believing himself commissioned to reveal the mysteries of nature and Scripture, he imagined that he saw, by an inward light, the nature and essences of things. Still he attended faithfully to the duties of his humble home, publishing none of his thoughts until 1610, when he had a fresh revelation; the substance of which he wrote in a volume called "Aurora; or, the Morning-Red," which was handed about in manuscript, until the magistrates, instigated by Richter, dean of Gorlitz, ordered Boehme to 'stick to the last' and give over writing books. In seven years he had another season of 'inward light,' and determined no longer to suppress his views, he wrote all the books named below, but only one appeared during his life, viz. "Der Weg zu Christo, (1624, translated into English, The Way to Christ, Lond. 1769, 12mo.) Richter renewed his persecutions, and at last the magistrates requested Boehme to leave his home. To avoid trouble Boehme went to Dresden. It is said he had not been there long before the Elector of Hanover assembled six doctors of divinity; and two professors of mathematics, who, in presence of the elector, examined Boehme concerning his writings and the mysteries therein. "They also proposed to him many profound queries in divinity, philosophy and mathematics, to all of which he replied with such meekness of spirit, depth of knowledge, and fullness of matter, that none of those doctors and professors returned one word of dislike or contradiction." Soon after Boehme's return to Gorlitz, his adversary Richter died; and three months after, on Sunday, Nov. 18th, 1624, early in the morning Boehme asked his son Tobias if he heard the excellent music. The son replied, "No." "Open," said he, "the door that it may be better heard." Afterwards he asked what the clock had struck, and said, "Three hours hence is my time." When it was near six he took leave of his wife and son, blessed them, and said, "Now go I hence into Paradise;" and bidding his son to turn him, he fetched a deep sigh and departed. His writings (all in German) are as follows: 1. Aurora.—2. Of the Three Principles (1619).—3. Of the Threefold Life of Man (1620).—4. Answers to the Forty Questions of the Soul.—5. Of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ; Of the Suffering, Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ; Of the Tree of Faith.—6. Of the Six Points, great and small.—7. Of the Heavenly and Earthly Mystery.—8. Of the Last Times to P. K.—9. De Signatura Rerum.—10. A Consolatory Book of the Four Complexions.—11. An Apology to Balthasar Tilken, in two parts.—12. Considerations upon Isaias Steifel's Book.—13.—Of True Repentance (1622).—14. Of True Resignation.—15. A Book of Regeneration.—16. A Book of Predestination and Election of God (1623).—17. A Compendium of Repentance.—18. Mysterium Magnum, or an Eposition upon Genesis.—18. A Table of the Principles, or a Key of his Writings.—20. Of the Supersensual Life.—21. Of the Divine Vision.—22. Of the Two Testaments of Christ, Baptism and the Supper.—23. A Dialogue between the Enlightened and Unenlightened Souls.—24. An Apology for the Book on True Repentance, against a Pamphlet of Godfrey Richter.—25. A Book of 177 Theosophic Questions.—26. An Epitome of the Mysterium Magnum.—27. The Holy Weeks or the Prayer Book.—28. A Table of the Divine Manifestations.—29. Of the Errors of the Sects of Ezekiel Meths and Isaias Stiefel, or Antistiefelius H.—30. A Book of the Last Judgment.—31. Letters to Divers Persons, with keys for hidden words.

"These works certainly contain many profound philosophical truths, but they were closely intermingled with singular and extravagant dreams respecting the Deity and the origin of all things. He delivered these as divine revelations. Swedenborg, St. Martin and Baader are his legitimate successors. A large part of the matter of his books is sheer nonsense. After his death his opinions spread over Germany, Holland and England. Even a son of his persecutor, Richter, edited at his own expense an epitome of Boehme's works, in eight volumes."

We have given this very full account of Boehme and his labors, for the reason that the communications of Stephanus of Byzantium, Gemistus, and Frank, all tend to show that as late as, perhaps, 1650 or 1675, the teachings and practices of Apollonius of Tyana were known in Europe, and an effort was made by Boehme, Frank and other German mystics to revive the Apollonian religion as against the spurious perversion of it by the Christian priesthood, Protestant and Catholic. Certainly no one can read that account of Boehme and not see clearly that he was an extraordinary medium for spirit control. From the stated fact that in his study of the Bible he gave especial attention to the Apocalypse, and the Epistles of Paul would show that he clearly saw and felt the difference existing between those books and the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospels, as to their origin and import. More than two years ago the spirit of Apollonius communicated the fact that the Pauline Epistles and the Apocalypse were written through his hand, he being himself controlled as a medium to write them. As Boehme was undoubtedly a medium, as he himself claimed in a communication given by him long since, and as he was especially attracted to that part of the Scriptures especially written by, or through, Apollonius, we may infer that the spirit of the Cappadocian sage, or some of his disciples influenced Boehme to write that vast amount of Spiritual literature. Like Apollonius, Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus, Boehme, Swedenborg, St. Martin, Baader and others, made the mistake of supposing that they were in communication with the Deity or his special inspired agents.

But here we come to another instance where a [Continued on the Third Page.]