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

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO 13

MIND-READING.

A Chicagoan Finds Himself a Possessor of the Power.

Results of a Series of Carefully Made Tests.

It appears from the Chicago Tribune phenomenal supremacy so long enjoyed by Brown, the mind reader, will soon have an end. One of our city merchants has developed the same extraordinary power in a wonderful degree, and, though he has no intention, at this time, of publicly manifesting his unique attainments, he is in all things the peer of the non-descript who has so long baffled the scientific men of the country. His name is Randolph Moyer, the subject of this sketch. He is a laborer in cigars, who has his residence at 674 Wabash Avenue. Throughout his life he has been sensibly influenced by presentiments, which invariably possessed him before events affecting himself or kindred, occurred. He has several times manifested the powers of second sight, as it is termed, but he was at all times inclined to believe that the occasions upon which this faculty seemed to be evinced were queer coincidences, rather than confirmations of his supernatural powers. Indeed, upon matters supernatural Mr. Moyer was, and is, a skeptic, and until ten days ago he did not know that he possessed the phenomenal ability which he has since developed in as high a degree as Mr. Brown, the only mind-reader heretofore known. This knowledge came to him in a manner most remarkable.

When Brown was advertised here Mr. Moyer had no curiosity to witness his performance; on the contrary, he scoffed at the notion that such a power existed. He did not go to see Brown, and he is ignorant of that person's system. A fortnight ago, a party of ladies and gentlemen, friends of Mr. Moyer, were in social converse at his residence, and in a desultory conversation the phenomenon of mind reading was introduced. Several fun-loving misses were in the party, and it was immediately resolved that the penetrative powers of the company should be tested. One and another attacked the problem, but general failure was the result. The aspirants failed to govern their minds as to give the person whom they desired to control their actions such power as would command the obedience of their physical organization; consequently they were unsuccessful.

The mind-readers were, according to the custom, blindfolded, and their performance was an exaggerated blind man's buff. Though Mr. Moyer is a very staid, sedate gentleman, after everyone else had failed, one of the holdens urged him irresistibly to make the trial, and the result was

A STARTLING SUCCESS.

The test was very simple. The controlling mind willed that the mind-reader should touch a certain object upon which it had concentrated its attention. The parties to the performance joined hands, and it was supposed that this connection would provide a way of passage for the subtle influence from the one mind to the other. Before Mr. Moyer was fairly blindfolded, the young lady who had hold-upon his left hand willed that he should touch an object in the room, and, to their mutual surprise, his hand suddenly jerked out in front of him, and, following the impulse, they crossed the room, and he pressed her hand against the object that she had mentally desired he should touch.

The test was repeated several times, and on every trial Mr. Moyer successfully obeyed the behest of the mind to whose control he was subjected. His friends were astounded, and, subsequently, a number of them, severally, put his powers to the test. He was invariably successful. On Wednesday night of last week a number of his friends induced him to exhibit his peculiar powers. The writer was one of the party, and a more

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE

he never witnessed. The company met in the parlor of Mr. Moyer's residence at 674 Wabash Avenue. The room has no extraordinary features, and the performance was such as to render the aid of mechanical apparatus unnecessary. Of those who witnessed the exhibition, not one lived in the house. There was no relative of the performer present in the company. Under the circumstances, a system of imperceptible telegraphy between Mr. Moyer and a confederate was simply impossible. The writer had very little faith in Moyer's ability, and by request he was permitted to test his powers. As a condition of good faith, Mr. Moyer consented that all the company, save himself and the writer, should leave the room. The first test was with the alphabet, the performer spelling a word which was fixed upon by the mind of the writer. Mr. Moyer had the letters of the alphabet printed on small slips of paper, which were scattered promiscuously over the table. The writer tossed the letters about until they were utterly disordered, and then Mr. Moyer was blindfolded. His mode of ascertaining the thought of the person with whom he is operating is to take the left hand of the lesser and direct it to the object, which is desired to be touched. The first word selected was Cincinnati. It is necessary that the controlling mind should be concentrated upon the letter of the word to be spelled, which follows naturally in the order of spelling. If the person should have his, or her, mind fixed upon the entire word only the mind-reader would have greater difficulty in spelling the word, though Mr. Moyer successfully accomplished this feat. The other method, however, is more popular with him. After Mr. Moyer was blindfolded and the writer had selected a word for him to spell, it seemed that at the very instant the

thought settled upon his mind the hand of the mind reader moved toward the table, and almost instantly found and settled down upon the letter C, the first letter of the word. The movement was so rapid and direct that the letter was discovered by the blinded man before the writer, who was looking for it, saw it among the mass on the table. After finding the first letter, Moyer's hand returned to his side, and, after a momentary pause, again started over the table, and found at once the second letter in the name. So with all the rest. One after another they were all selected, and the word was spelled completely in less time than one could find and arrange the letters with all the aid of his eyesight. Several other names were thought of, and in every case the blindfolded man spelled with the alphabet the unexpressed thought of the writer. When this test was concluded, Mr. Moyer was asked if, as he found the letters, their names became familiar to his mind. He said they did not, and he at no time knew what letters his hand rested upon. He could not explain what it was that impelled his arm in that direction of the object selected for his search; he merely had an irresistible impulse to move his arm in a certain direction, and obeying that impulse he invariably found the object of his search.

After a few moments of rest, Mr. Moyer was again blindfolded, and, taking his hand, the writer willed that he should

TOUCH A SMALL KNOB

on the centre-piece of a gas pendant in the room. The experimenters were some distance from the pendant, but the moment that the thought obtained possession of the mind of the writer that moment Moyer started in the direction of the gas fixtures. When fairly under the centre piece, Moyer's arm raised slowly, and, when just about to touch the knob, the writer thought he would like to have it describe a circle three times around the knob before touching it. About the time this thought occurred to him the hand of the reader moved slowly in a circle around the centre piece, and after the third round it settled upon the knob. It was not larger than a chestnut, and, as if he realized this, in touching it Moyer used but a finger and thumb, the rest of his hand being away from any other part of the fixture.

ANOTHER TEST

was tried—a more difficult one than the last. After leading Mr. Moyer to a remote corner of the room, a small pen knife was hidden under a piece of statuary. Taking him by the hand, the wish that he should find the knife was at once given control of the governing mind. No noise was made in hiding the knife, and there was nothing else in the arrangement of the preliminaries to give the mind-reader a hint of the hiding place. Without an instant's hesitation, after Moyer took the hand of the writer, he started across the room in the direction of the piece of statuary, and following the inclination of his arm he stopped, put his hand under the statue, and brought out the knife.

Finally, the writer, leaving Moyer blindfolded in the parlor, explored the house in search of something to baffle the mind reader's power of discovery. In a room on the third story a placushon was found and secreted in the middle drawer of a convenient bureau. There were three drawers in that bureau. On returning to the parlor and taking the hand of Moyer, the writer desired that he should find the placushon. When the article was hidden, no one was in the room but the hider. After a short pause Moyer, still blindfolded, walked with the writer across the parlor, up one flight of stairs, past three rooms, and into the last apartment of the flat, where the cushion was hidden. Without the slightest hesitation he went directly to the bureau, opened the centre drawer, put in his hand, and from a great number of articles of gentlemen's wear, picked out the placushon, and said, "This is the article hidden by you."

The reporter was no longer a skeptic, and it was agreed that, during the rest of the evening, the company generally should participate in the performances. What followed was even more wonderful than that which had gone before. All the tests that the reporter had been a party to were repeated for the edification of the guests. Subsequently, it was suggested that Moyer derived his power from a

SORT OF MUSCULAR ATTRACTION

that is, that, by a nervous movement of the hand of the person whose mind sought to control Moyer's body in the direction of the object which it had selected for him to touch, the whereabouts of that object was manifested to the mind-reader. Mr. Moyer said that question had challenged his attention when he first became aware of the possession of this peculiar power, and to put himself to a supreme test he attempted to read the wishes of an experimenter through a wire. This operation is performed by the parties to the experiment each taking an end of the wire in one hand. Moyer was successful on the first trial. He produced a piece of wire, and giving the writer one end of it in his left hand, and taking the other end in his own hand, he announced himself ready to proceed. One after another the series of tests above described were performed by means of the wire. There was not the slightest apparent hesitation on the part of Mr. Moyer, and each test was successfully performed.

THE FINAL AND CROWNING EVIDENCE

of Mr. Moyer's abilities was given just before the company dispersed. He asked any gentleman or lady present to write a sentence and give it to him, folded so that he could not see the writing. The writer wrote a simple sentence upon a piece of note paper, and, after folding it so that the writing was concealed, handed it to the mind-reader. He examined it

up in his hand and about his hand with it, and going to the table where the object was scattered, spelled the words that formed the sentence. As in all the other tests this was done quickly, unhesitatingly and without the slightest error.

Until the performance was concluded the business of the writer was unknown to Mr. Moyer, he having attended upon the invitation of a mutual friend. At first he was reluctant to have his peculiarities made the subject of newspaper comment; but after being counselled by Dr. Jerome, who was present, to make his power known, he consented to give the result of the trial made public.

Since witnessing the performance of Mr. Moyer the writer met Mr. Brown, who somehow had heard of the new wonder, and who was very anxious to learn the extent of the power of the new phenomena. The performance was described to him, as it is here described, and when he learned that Moyer could perform through a wire he unhesitatingly said that, if he could read and follow the thoughts of another, the means of communication between the two minds being a piece of wire, the connecting link of the mental organizations, so to speak, he was beyond doubt genuinely in possession of the wonderful power that he claimed. That he can perform by means of the wire the writer has indubitable ocular evidence. The conversation, after the demonstration, took the form of

AN INTERVIEW.

In replying to questions regarding his personal history, Mr. Moyer said that he was born in Logansville, Clinton County, Pa., thirty-three years ago. At various times during his life he has had experiences of a somewhat supernatural nature, but, until the development of the mysterious power of which he is now the master, these curious occurrences were dismissed from his mind as unworthy of special reflection. Mr. Moyer has been an inveterate traveler, and from a time so remote as to be beyond his recollection he has possessed the faculty of, when entering a strange house, at once locating every apartment in the building. This peculiarity extended to a complete knowledge of the furniture of the rooms, and he has repeatedly upon first entering a strange building tested this faculty by describing minutely every article of furniture that the several apartments in the building contained. Operating with another in a demonstration of his phenomenal ability does not weary his mind, and he requires no special preparation to manifest his power. The condition of his own mind during a test is a perfect blank. As he says himself he thinks of nothing in particular; his mind during the experiment is perfectly passive. His own mind does not direct him to the fulfillment of the wishes of the person with whom he is experimenting. His arm moves in the direction of the selected object involuntarily so far as he is concerned. He has no mental control of his physical organization, his mind being, as before asserted, a perfect blank.

Just now Mr. Moyer is not willing to give a public seance, but many of his friends insist that he should meet Mr. Brown in a friendly contest, and it is extremely probable that at some time in the near future the two will be brought together for the edification of the public.

MIND READING—HOW SYDNEY THOMAS EXPLAINS THE PHENOMENON.

Mr. J. R. Brown, the mind-reader, gave another of his entertainments at Methodist Church Block. There was special interest in it for two reasons. One was that Mr. Sydney Thomas, a lawyer of this city, had been challenged by Mr. Brown to come upon the platform and support by proof the charge that the mind-reader performed tricks only, and that he was rather a muscle-inspector than a mind-reader. The other was the promised appearance of Mr. Moyer, another mind reader, who was expected to give some tests himself. The attendance was very light, in consideration of these facts. A committee was chosen as before, the members being the Rev. Dr. Haven, George Miller, of Hooley's Theater, Simeon W. King, and Mr. John O'Brien.

The tests were, on the whole, quite satisfactory. They were of the usual order, and were more or less successful. Mr. Brown complained of ill luck in the general choice of "operators," as he terms the gentlemen who are chosen to experiment upon him, and was forced to give up several attempts to reveal their inner consciousness. Perhaps the most conspicuous test he succeeded in was that of Mr. J. D. Adair. This gentleman thought of the initials of a gentleman in the audience, which Mr. Brown correctly pointed out to be L. L. M., and then desired the mind-reader to find him in the audience. After a little search Mr. L. L. Muffin Mills was pointed upon and the test assured. Mr. R. E. Clark, an insurance man, who has given the best tests at previous entertainments, was selected to try Brown on several points, and invariably met with success. Other tests were tried; some with good, and others with unsatisfactory results. Mr. H. Kirchoff had bottled up within himself a name which he desired Mr. Brown to uncover. Mr. Brown cut the wire, as it were, and extracted the cork, but the contents were flat. In other words, he only half succeeded in deciphering Mr. Kirchoff's native tongue.

The arrival of the doubting Thomas on the platform was the signal for hearty applause. The gentleman premises his statement with the assurance that he had only indicated to a reporter half what that gentleman published. He has been absent in Wisconsin, otherwise he could have produced a young man of sensitive, nervous temperament, who would perform the same tests as Mr. Brown. He then, with the indulgence of the meeting, read a pa-

per in which he cited authorities to support his belief that the tests were made by means of involuntary muscular action. The position he took was that Brown was not a mind reader but a muscle inspector; that he could not perform if the operator was blindfolded, and that the operation could be performed better with the operator's left hand than his right, because the left hand was less under the control of the will and more subject to the involuntary action of the consciousness of the operator. Brown, he averred, had learned the trick from somebody else, did know the way in which the mental (?) impression was conveyed to him, and was aware of its purely physical and material means of conveyance. He showed by citation from authorities that the mind controlled the nerves, and that mental action was conveyed through the brain to the nerves, to the muscles through those, and thence to the mind reader's hand. Perfect relaxation of the muscles was never attained until after death, and unconsciously the muscles of the operator were controlled by his mind. Mr. Brown was guided to an object through this medium alone.

Mr. Thomas was interrupted several times by questions as to how he could account for the wire tests, and the reading through a passive third party. His replies were not altogether satisfactory. His arguments, however, were lucid and forcible; the audience was patient and discriminating, and was willing to look at the subject fairly. Mr. Thomas was rewarded with applause when his best points were made. One of these might be given. He had noticed, he said, that when in doubt Mr. Brown pulled his operator round and gave him a great deal of exercise. This tallies with his theory; the physical exercise sent the blood bounding through the veins with additional force; this quickened the nervous power, and promoted greater force to muscular action, which gave the mind reader increased facilities in detecting his intention.

W. W. Brown replied at some length with the statement that Dr. George M. Beard, of New York, had gone over the same ground already, and that Mr. Thomas' theory was not new.

After some discussion Mr. Moyer, the new mind-reader was introduced, and announced an entertainment at the same place on his own account for Thursday evening. The audience left the hall at half past 11 o'clock.

MR. MOYER SUBMITTED TO STILL SEVERER TESTS—THE MUSCULAR CONTRACTION THEORY SEEMS PRETTY EFFECTUALLY EXPLODED

The notoriety given the phenomenon of mind-reading by the Thomas Mansfield Brown controversy induced Mr. Moyer, the newly discovered mind-reader, to give a select seance with a view of exploding the theory advanced by the two first named gentlemen of science. The entertainment was given in a room of the Bryant Block, the use of which was granted to Mr. Moyer by a business friend.

THE FIRST TEST

was performed with Mr. McVicker as the subject. Mindful of the hint offered by the theory of Thomas and Mansfield, he pulled back, slightly, upon the hand of Moyer, to see if he could lead away from the object that he had selected for him to touch. The retarding movement did not seem to have the slightest effect on the mind reader. He drew upon Mr. McVicker's hand strongly, and, after a moment of hesitation, while the influence was asserting itself, he walked slowly, but directly to the object selected—a goblet on a desk in an isolated corner of the room. Mr. McVicker said that he had hindered the mind-reader as much as he could physically, without absolutely refusing to stir in obedience to the summons of his hand. He was firmly of the belief that he had not assisted Moyer involuntarily or unconsciously, because, having read the explanations of Thomas and Mansfield, he was especially careful to deprive him of any assistance of a muscular or nervous description. After successfully performing the same test with every gentleman present.

THE ALPHABET TEST

was introduced. The letters used by Moyer are of about the size of a common playing card, and after the performer was blindfolded, Mr. Davidson scattered the letters over the table, so that they were utterly disordered. Mr. Stone thought of the word "circus," and communicated his thought to a gentleman present, and then taking the letter "R" from the table, he put it upon the head of a gentleman who sat on the side of the table opposite to which Moyer was standing. Moyer found the two first letters very readily, and when the "R" came in turn to be found he passed his hand over the table once or twice, and then drawing it back with a swaying movement he moved with his subject away from the table, walked around and behind it, and advancing toward the gentleman upon whose head the letter was, he raised his hand slowly and placed it upon the hidden letter. Mr. Stone, during the spelling of the word, kept up a steady though not very strong pull upon the operator's hand, and he was very positive that he had in no way assisted him in his search by involuntary unconscious muscular action.

In all these tests, however, the phenomenon was capable of explanation by the theory of Thomas and Mansfield, that is, it being granted that physical contact inevitably induced such nervous action on the part of the subject as would, indicate to the operator, through his exquisite sense of touch, the locality of the article selected for him to find. This fact was suggested by several of the gentlemen. Moyer exclaimed, "I'll show you that there is nothing in this muscular action theory, once for all, and, snatching up—

A PAIR OF ORDINARY TAILORS' SHEARS. he supposed to manifest his power with them as the only medium of communication or contact between himself and the person operated with. Mr. P. H. Heffron was first selected for this wonderful test. Moyer put his index and second fingers through the rings of the handle of the shears, and giving the blade to Mr. Heffron, he desired him to select an object for him to find. There was no physical contact of the parties to the test, the hand of the subject being several inches removed from the hand of the operator. The instant that Mr. Heffron announced that he had fixed his mind upon an object, Moyer started across the room in the direction of a trio of gentlemen, and selecting Mr. Andrin, he gave his nose a playful tweak, when Mr. Heffron laughingly said that that was the most prominent object that had occurred to his mind, and that he had selected it for Moyer to find. Moyer experienced more difficulty in his next test with the shears. Mr. McVicker being the subject. He was successful, however, and he subsequently submitted himself to every gentleman in the party, and in every case he implicitly obeyed the unexpressed desire of the mind of the person with whom he was operating.

In his controversy with Mr. Brown, Mr. Thomas particularly attacked the test in which the mind-reader claims to read the mind of one person

THROUGH THE BODY OF ANOTHER

who is placed between the reader and the person whose mind controls his movements. With Mr. Brown, the subjects are arranged in this order: The mind reader takes the hand of the one whose mind is to remain passive, and the person who exercises the controlling mind is required to close his hand about the wrist of the party whose mind is passive. This peculiar arrangement, the scientists assert, admits of the communication of nervous intelligence from the hand of the thinker to the muscles of the wrist of the person who is passive, and from his hand to that of the mind-reader, who thus ascertains the whereabouts of the desired object. Moyer met this objection in the most novel and unexpected manner. Mr. Baker and Mr. Cahill were selected to illustrate the mistaken views of the men of science. Mr. Cahill did the thinking; Baker was passive. Mr. Baker, whose hand Moyer took, wore a heavy overcoat, which he did not remove. Mr. Cahill was required to put his hand on Mr. Baker's arm either above or below the elbow, on the outside coat-sleeve. This was done, and the selected object was almost immediately discovered by Moyer. This test was varied in a great many ways. The hand of the thinker was successively placed above and below, over, under, and upon all sides of Moyer's arm, and the reader was in every instance entirely successful in his efforts to find the hidden articles. The manner in which the test was, in every case, performed, precluded the possibility of the thinker touching the flesh or muscles of the passive mind, and it seemed utterly impossible for that intensely delicate movement, called involuntary muscular action by Mr. Thomas, to manifest itself through the heavy clothing of the passive person to him, and from him to the sensitive hand of the mind-reader, with the exception of the Tribune reporter, who had met Mr. Moyer before, the gentlemen present were strangers to Mr. Moyer, and of the six persons who tried him in this difficult test, four at least were, before the trial, firm believers in the "muscle action" theory.

The strongest point in the argument of Prof. Mansfield against the assumption that there was anything phenomenal in the species of mind reading of which Mr. Moyer is an exponent is that none of the presumed possessors of the power had succeeded, publicly and amid an assemblage of strangers, in obeying the wishes of the controlling mind when the connecting link between the parties, to the experiment was of

COPPER WIRE

Mr. Moyer had come prepared to meet the antagonists of the phenomena of mind-reading at every point, and after bringing the tests with two persons to a successful termination, he produced a piece of copper wire about two feet in length and one-fourth of an inch in diameter, through which he said he would read the wishes of the gentlemen present, and perform with it everything that he did when in actual physical contact with his subject. Mr. E. Stone, of the Northwestern News Agency, was the first person who tried him with the wire. Mr. Stone held the wire very loosely, and it wavered to and fro in his hand with every movement of the mind-reader. At the time the wire was introduced the seance had already consumed over two hours, it being after 5 o'clock and growing dark rapidly. Mr. Moyer did not seem in the least exhausted by the severe strain under which he had been so long, and, though he had performed more than twenty successful tests, he was, apparently as fresh as when the entertainment began. His physical condition is remarkable by comparison, inasmuch as Mr. Brown, after a protracted seance, is, as a general thing, quite prostrated, nervously.

The object selected by Mr. Stone was a small knob or projection from a bracket upon a mirror in the room. The influence seemed to come slowly to Moyer, and for several moments he stood perfectly still. In the gloom the appearance of the blind folded man, standing with drooping head and holding the hand of Mr. Stone, suggested strongly to the writer a galloway scene which he witnessed some time ago, just at dusk in the mountains of Nevada, and when the mind-reader stated, for a moment, there was a feeling that one has when watching a man walking to the gallows. An

(Continued on page 20.)

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Mrs. Stewart's Seances.

BY J. H. MENDENHALL.

Bro. Jones:—I find myself still among the loved ones, who, in years gone, exchanged their mortal for a more enduring temple.

SEANCE No. 1, Sept. 24. Circle small and harmonious, but medium's health not good. Music by Dr. Pence, followed by singing; after which Minnie announced the medium under her possession.

SEANCE No. 2. Audience seated and music as usual. Minnie soon announced that Belle was absent, but another "Saw-in-em box, try make em self."

SEANCE No. 3. Audience consisted of about a dozen persons, with two new arrivals from Philadelphia. After the usual preparatory exercises, Minnie announced her presence, and made some remarks, commendatory of the good behavior and congeniality of the circle.

SEANCE No. 4, Oct. 2. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

"Yes, bless thy precious life, While spheres immortal roll; I'll own thee as my wife— Companion of my soul."

At this Maggie retired as one going home to await my coming. Seance closed, and we all felt it was pleasant to commune with the angels.

SEANCE No. 2. Audience seated and music as usual. Minnie soon announced that Belle was absent, but another "Saw-in-em box, try make em self."

THE COMMUNICATION below, verbatim: SPIRIT RE-TRUSS, Sept. 26. DEAR MR. MENDENHALL:—How happy I am to avail myself of this opportunity.

After finishing the communication, Mattie arose, arranged the papers on the stand, placed the chair upon the floor beside the rostrum, from where it had been taken, bowed at good night and retired.

TRIMMED WITH RUFFS, and a beautiful white wreath upon her head. She advanced and shook hands with Mr. McFadden, of Salem, Ind., but was unable to give her name.

McFadden and retired. I did not learn that he was identified. Next came Charlie, a son of Mrs. Friche who was present, and who recognized him at once, but he was unable to leave the cabinet long enough to shake hands with his mother.

SEANCE No. 3. Audience consisted of about a dozen persons, with two new arrivals from Philadelphia. After the usual preparatory exercises, Minnie announced her presence, and made some remarks, commendatory of the good behavior and congeniality of the circle.

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SEANCE No. 5. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 6. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

MOVED TO AND FRO upon the rostrum, in a manner so natural and free, that some one in the audience exclaimed, "Oh! it is too life like to be a spirit."

SEANCE No. 7. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 8. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 9. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

like to become a member of the circle, and stepping from the rostrum, walked about as any lady would do, then returned to the rostrum, taking with her a chair, which she carried to the opposite side, and gave to Mr. C. D. Darius all this time the medium was exposed to full view in the cabinet.

SEANCE No. 10. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 11. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 12. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 13. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 14. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SPIRITS IN COURT. In 1790. A Parallel to the Ward Will Case.

The following remarkably story is taken from Miss Catherine Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," a rare English publication, devoted to the supernatural.

It appears that Thomas Harris had made some alteration in the disposal of his property, immediately previous to his death; and that the family disputed the will and raised up difficulties likely to be injurious to his children.

"William Brigs said, that he was forty-three years of age; that Thomas Harris died in September, in the year 1790. In the March following he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse formerly belonging to Thomas Harris.

thinks the horse knew Thomas Harris because of his neighing, pricking up his ears, and looking over the fence.

About the first of June following, he was plowing in his own field, about three miles from where Thomas Harris was buried. About dusk Thomas Harris came along side of him and walked with him about two hundred yards. He was dressed as when first seen. He made a halt about two steps from him. J. Bailey, who was plowing along with him, came driving up, and he lost sight of the ghost. He was much alarmed. Not a word was spoken. The young man, Bailey, did not see him; he did not tell Bailey of it.

In October, about twilight in the morning, he saw Thomas Harris about one hundred yards from the house of the witness; his head was bent to one side; same apparel as before; his face was toward him; he walked fast and disappeared; there was nothing between them to obstruct the view; he was about fifty yards from him, and along; he had no conception why Thomas Harris appeared to him.

SEANCE No. 15. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 16. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 17. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 18. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 19. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 20. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

SEANCE No. 21. Circle composed principally of new arrivals. After introductory exercises, Minnie called the attention of the audience to the illness of the medium, and addressed herself in friendly terms to the strangers present, proving to them her ability to discern their identity.

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This popular, attractive, and interesting Anti-Roman Catholic Monthly Journal, we regret to say, was suspended soon after its introduction to the public last Summer in consequence of the unforeseen and unexpected financial embarrassment of the late publishers.

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The prediction and surprising accuracy with which the forecasts of the weather made by me during the past Spring and Summer have been verified, are a decided daily being verified, leaves a room for doubting that a great practical trial underlies the theory that all the great cycles of the weather repeat themselves in greater or less degree according to local circumstances and temporarily existing physical conditions, and that by knowing the laws which regulate the occurrence and what their general phenomena are, we can with certainty and accuracy, foretell the day-to-day meteorological changes which will occur in the Earth and its Atmosphere at any given period.

A New Paper.

The following prospectus speaks for itself. We hope the most sanguine expectations of its publishers may be realized. We think the time has arrived that a paper should be established in this city to advocate light and truth as received; also a medium through which to advertise our meetings, circles, and our business; that we may be better known among ourselves as to our temporal, as well as spiritual welfare; making it to mutual advantage.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

N. S. JONES, PROPRIETOR. J. R. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

The Centennial.

ED. JOURNAL:—Your response to my former note concerning the proposed International Centennial Convention of Spiritualists, shows that you were indispensed to misrepresent those who have been identified with the matter in this city.

It seems, if you will excuse my assumption, that you have hardly given a careful reading of the report, or you would have seen something more than a mere "show" in the matter, or a chance occasion for eccentric utterances.

It is a mistake, I think, to apprehend as you say you do, that free discussion must among Spiritualists degenerate into confusion and license.

I am in favor of currency conventions; there is need, and I am in favor of full and free discussion of sexual relations; there is nothing more important, for therein are the issues of weal and woe, of life and death; but there is not room on one platform for every topic at once.

On the same principle, I would omit from a convention called to discuss Spiritualism, every argument which was not devoted to that which is unanimously recognized as Spiritualism.

"Things," says an old friend of mine, "are reasoned by being in season." The woman referred to above, ought to have been heard on the merits of her theme in a medical class room, but ought not to have kept herself between several hundred people and that which they were induced to come out to hear, viz:

Spiritualism. I am not for repression, or suppression; but would allow a Presbyterian to waste the time of a Spiritualist convention by a sermon on "The Infinite Mercy of Infant Damnation," just as cheerfully as listen to misplaced bap-bazzard harangues on what have been termed the "Cognate reforms."

Now, I am not afraid that any party can, as you intimate they may, capture our convention by coup de main and pervert it. If as Americans we can't protect ourselves, I am sure our European friends would stand no such nonsense; but after all perhaps, the best idea we have is the thought of fraternal hospitality to Spiritualist visitors, as they may as such especially need our good offices.

Philadelphia, Pa. REMARKS.—Bro. Wheeler's article needs no extended comments from us. The woman he refers to would be sure to be on hand at his meeting, and so would Wilson.

Then again, Mrs. Beverance, the present head-center of the National Free-love movement (since Mrs. Woodhull resigned) is also President of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, (of which Wilson is Secretary) and she has already been appointed a delegate to the contemplated Centennial convention.

The Spiritual Magazine.

"We are glad to learn that Mr. Watson is meeting with such success in the publication of his Magazine, that he proposes to enlarge it for the coming year. Mr. Watson gives the following test in his November number, furnished by that remarkable letter answering medium, J. V. Mansfield of New York:

A DISCREPANCY EXPLAINED. Some months since Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, in a lecture given through her by Judge J. W. Edmonds, in London, said it had been twelve months or more since he had controlled any medium.

JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.—Dear Bro.—Mrs. Tappan in one of her lectures is made to say in the Medium and Daybreak, that it has been twelve months since you have spoken through any medium.

This letter was returned with all the private marks, showing that it had not been opened, with the following answer:

DEAR WATSON:—Yours of August 5th reached our mutual Bro. M. on his sojourn from home. I exceedingly regret it for your sake, but what has been your loss has been his gain; his physical condition has been much improved.

CLARK, the medium who figured in the St. Louis ghost-shooting, wrote to the Lebanon Shakers, saying, "I beheld a great light in the centre of the room. Out of the light, proceeded a voice, saying, 'We have chosen you, as a medium, through and by whom we may be permitted to do great and wonderful works; we wish you to go to Mount Lebanon, for thirty days, and sit with my people, for their development.'"

We are in receipt of the New and Popular Song entitled "Silver Gray," published by S. Turney, Brockville, Ont. Price 50c. Sample copy sent to any address on receipt of 10c. by the publisher.

\$750 REWARD.

Is the Devil Dead?



[I wish the Devil was dead. Here I am in prison. I got into bad company, and in a fit of anger, killed my companion. You, under similar circumstances, might have done the same. If God would kill the Devil, I could be liberated. I am old, can walk with difficulty, and most soon die; but if Devils or Diablos are allowed to exist, I must remain here as long as I live.]—The words of E. Hyatt, an old man in Prison.

NUMBER IV.

"The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God;' but those whose erudition shines forth in the literary firmament, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens, have labored zealously to prove that there is no Devil. There are Atheists, who do not believe in the existence of a supervising being endowed with intelligence, and possessing good or bad qualities, and they will pompously designate matter as the grand actuating influence in the Universe; but, even connected therewith, the ancient philosophers will tell you, is evidence of the existence of evil that generates epidemics, causes volcanoes to vomit forth volumes of fire and smoke, breeds pestilences, and foments difficulties between nations.

Infiltrating matter, circulating in the atmosphere, dancing on the countless millions of sunbeams, and floating in the regions of space, are agents that are ever productive of serious mischief. At times poison is made to subserve wise ends, and the fierce flames which can devastate a city, if held in abeyance by a superior power, become agents of mercy.

You say, however, that the Devil and his minions are dead; that all that is required for each one of us to do is to get astride of our hobby horse, and ride right into Paradise. God is infinitely good; he is a kind indulgent parent, ever smiling approvingly on his children; ever preparing some new scenes for their enjoyment; ever unrolling the scroll of progression, and manufacturing new fields for them to traverse and have a high old time!"

Yes, God is good—for nothing—so far as giving you a successful boost into the higher spheres of the celestial regions. In fact he never has, nor can he kill the Devil at the present time. The one he contended with in the Garden of Eden was only a subordinate, and he came near mastering him.

This idea of a Devil is indelibly impressed upon the human plastic mind. A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford Times, contains a story as told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver, who was in the former city. While performing some work for Uncle Sam in one of the Southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden truck to load their boats and row them around the wharf, it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood

watching the operations of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggled eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately. The darkey, with a yell and a bound, made for the dock, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that "de debble had floated the melons and was taking them down."

He was, however, mistaken in his conjecture, in supposing that he had seen the King of all Devils. He will be compelled to progress in meanness for several years, to become an expert in mechanics, in the higher branches of celestial chemistry, and be able to control the subtle forces of the Universe, in order to subvert the action of those who are trying to redeem the world. The belief in a Devil—an evil person—is not confined to the Voodoo, the poor Bushman negro, or to the depraved tribes of the Island of the sea, but the learned Brahmin, in whose mind has been infiltrated that ancient theological lore that enables him to plainly see the order of the universe and its controlling powers, believes in antagonistic influences.

The Buddhist will tell you that the Asuras are most powerful, energetic, artful and mischievous of the wicked ones in spirit life, and are constantly engaged in a destructive warfare with God (Devas). They dwell beneath the three pronged root of the world mountain, occupying the Nadir, their great enemy Indra, the wisest and most powerful of the Buddhist Gods, occupies a position on the pinnacle of a mountain in Zenith. The Meruliy tree between the earth and the celestial spheres, is the battle field of the Asuras and the Devas. The lower divisions of the Meru, are held by various races of demons, the fourth being the lowest heavens, and occupied by the four Maharyjhs, who are appointed to be King of the Demons. Around Asuras cluster numerous associated groups as the Rakshasas, appearing sometimes as gigantic opponents of the Gods, sometimes the terrible Ogres with bloody tongues and long tusks, eager to devour human flesh and blood, and lurking in fields and forests. According to their nature and offices, the different species dwell in the air, the water, the earth, in holes and cliffs, in the lower portions of the moon, with the Gods whose servants they are, or on the golden mountains, which enclose the Island seas in the Buddhist systems of worlds. Such are the views of the Buddhist.

Whatever portion of the globe you visit, there is a general belief in the existence of one supreme evil one, constantly engaged in thwarting the action of God, and supplanting him in his undertakings. From the very nature of things, such an idea is reasonable. On this earth of ours, we witness a constant warfare between good and evil? The strife of contending parties never ceases for a single moment! The war cry no sooner dies away in the contending provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, than it is heard sounding forth among cloud capped summits of Italy's mountains—the bandits have gathered, and carrying on their infamous depredations. No sooner ceasing there, than the mountain robbers of Mexico take up the expiring echoes, and sound forth the bugle blast of rapine and murder. For a single moment—not for the millimoth of a second—does peace prevail on this terrestrial sphere.

Talk of peace—why, there is no peace! When civilized nations do not take up arms and fight, then savages engage in hostilities. Peace is local. Here and there, like oases in a desert, with their flowers scintillating in the sunbeams, it exists. But the Devils are never at rest. At times there is a general war, and the whole world is deluged in blood, and it becomes one magnificent butcher-house. There never was, however, for the space of one second, universal peace, showing conclusively that the demons have a controlling influence here.

This world of ours is simply a vast battle plain. Fights are not confined to the animal kingdom. Disorder permeates the whole human family. Railroads are gigantic swindles, whose managers will resort to the most unscrupulous lies and intrigues to force bonds out of each county town. The city governments of all our large cities are conducted on one grand steal. Our Indian affairs is simply a charnel house of corruption. Congressmen and senators steal themselves rich in one session. Tweeds and Jim Fisks exercise a controlling influence in all our municipal affairs. A President will go in poor, and come out rich! Our late war was founded on human slavery! The world is full of corruption, and yet the philosopher, the Divine, the casual reasoner, and the Spiritualist, who reasons to the purpose, will tell you that there is no Devil, no serious disturbing influences!

Oh! for a quiet retreat where nothing but the strains of harmonious music, emanating from the souls of the children of earth, will fall upon the ear to gladden the senses. Where the flowers have no thorns, the air no poison, the mind no dishonest impulses! Where love forms a beautiful bouquet of human hearts, and entwines the self-interest of each with all the rest! Where angry passions never surge through the human soul, expiring there in demoniacal laughs! Where charity, dressed in the garb of an angel, greets all with a holy kiss and claims each one as her child. Where benevolence, with a benignant countenance, and radiant with divine impulses, throws over all an influence partaking of the Divine! There is no such place on earth. The walls of that palatial residence are not designed to protect or add the unfortunate. It was a stormy night. The heavens were covered with surging clouds, and flashes of light bursting forth here and there, it seemed as if the windows of heaven had been momentarily opened for an angel to

look through to see the infamous actions of one of earth's children! Oh! what a ghastly, dreary night, as if a demon had covered up the bright stars, and scintillating planets with the debris of the infernal regions. Did we say that the walls of yon palatial residence were the barricades of a selfish heart? We did. Ellen H. was there that night, a waiter in the kitchen, and enduring labor pains, and those walls of selfishness, the home of one of earth's demons, ejected her forth in the driving storm, and left her there to perish. Found by a Chicago policeman, she was tenderly cared for. Is it strange, then, as we look forth with our spiritual eyes, and peer in secret places, that we yearn for a locality where selfishness, avarice, dishonesty, etc., all have been cast out, like so many Devils.

(To be continued)

The Devil.

Christian Boller, of Bremen, Ind., writes:—Your proposition in regard to the capture and delivery of His Majesty the Devil at your office, and the reward offered by you, is very tempting in these hard times, and if it were not that it looks so much like going for unsuspecting innocence, I should be in favor of organizing at once in this town, to give him a chase, for I believe we have got the material here that will outwit the old orthodox Devil every day in the week, and a baker's dozen will catch him in a twenty-acre field inside of one hour. But, then, the consequence must be considered, for to take the bread and butter away from a multitude of Bible-bangers, is a matter of serious reflection, and to look at it from this point, I doubt whether any one would jeopard his life or become a refugee from an infuriated priesthood, just on account of catching a scare crow that is over eighteen hundred years old.

Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry.

The Osceola (Is) Beacon says:—Mrs. M. H. Parry who closed a series of lectures in Montonye's hall last Sunday night is certainly one of the most remarkable women of the age. A synopsis of her discourses, or any of them, is utterly impossible and we must be content to express the almost uniform opinion of those who listened to her. In logic, language and oratorical power, her equals are few, of either sex. Always modest and courteous, she presents her subject in a clear, methodical and convincing manner, which carries to her hearers a conviction of her sincerity and the justice of her conclusions, without imposing upon them her opinions, simply because they are hers. Her audience increased in numbers, steadily, from first to last, and at the conclusion, not less than five hundred people were anxious and attentive listeners to her eloquent and thrilling utterances. All the churches in Osceola combined, could not have drawn so large and so attentive a hearing. If Mrs. Parry should ever visit Osceola again, she will come back to hosts of friends who will greet her most cordially and prize the opportunity of hearing her once more.

That Convention of Ministers.

We call especial attention to "A Convention of Ministers," in another column, signed, "Good Will to All." All the ministers of the Gospel in the United States, have been called to meet in convention in the city of Atlanta, Ga., on the first Wednesday of April next, to devise "some general plan for the abrogation of stated salaries, pew renting, and all manner of devices by which religion is corrupted and made a profession for the attainment of ease and comfort without labor."

We shall be greatly disappointed if the convention shall succeed, as it is hoped, in "restoring the Gospel of Jesus." However, we shall await results with much interest.

Mrs. Tappan's Lectures.

On Sunday evening last, the hall, corner of Green and Washington streets, was crowded to hear Judge Edmonds speak through the mediumship of Mrs. Tappan. It is refreshing to see the interest manifested since the society shook off the "free-love" incubus, and asserted in plain language that it was not germane to Spiritualism. The narration of Judge Edmonds attracted the closest attention. We have several of her lectures on file for publication.

MR. JOHN COLLIER from England, has been lecturing successfully at Cleveland, Chagrin Falls, and Geneva, since he left Chicago about two months since. He is now returning West by way of Berlin Heights, where he will be the guest of Hudson Tuttle. He comes by the way of Clyde, Toledo, and Detroit to Chicago, where he is expecting to speak again. Societies desiring his services are requested to address him without delay, to Lock Box 187, Springfield, Mass.

G. B. STEPHENS lectures in this city Sunday, Dec. 19th, morning and evening, at the hall, corner of Green and Washington Streets. Mr. Stebbins is one of our most able speakers, and we are glad that he has been engaged to lecture here. If the Society will only be careful and keep out from its list of lecturers, all those who believe that "Free-love" is germane to Spiritualism, the substantial-Spiritualists, and citizens of Chicago will sustain it well.

Not One and the Same.

We have received several letters recently, inquiring if Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, the lecturer, and Mrs. Parry the materializing medium, is one and the same person. Our reply is no,—they are two individuals, with different phases of mediumship.

The Devil!

Mrs. A. Kline, a prominent medium of Van Wert, Ohio, writes: "The articles in your paper, entitled, 'Is the Devil Dead,' have made a deep impression on my mind."

FISHER DORRITY Crawfordville, Ind., unable to say No, now wants to know the whereabouts of A. A. Noe. We don't know, will Noe let him know?

A Letter of Travel.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I promised you a letter from Boston, and to write a connected series of travels would be wearisome alike to myself and your readers. I therefore have jotted down a few items of particular interest.

THE BANNER CIRCLE ROOM.

Here, with our friend A. E. Giles, for escort, we met the gentleman who has stood by the helm of the good ship BANNER OF LIGHT through all the storms which have befallen it. Laboring excessively, oppressed by extreme unhealthiness to the last of discord, Luther Colby never indicates in his paper the distress of this antagonism. The success of the BANNER has been due to the fact that it has consistently carried out the harmonical theory it advocated. How much in this has been effected by the sublime doctrine taught by A. B. Child of saying the good, and leaving the bad unsaid!

Mr. Colby conducted us to the circle-room. There were the rows of seats for the audience, the platform, its vacant chairs, its reporter's table with a snow-white dove with extended wings suspended over it. There was the shrine, the oracle had fled! A profound stillness brooded over the place. As that priestess was unique, so her place can never again be filled. The feature in the BANNER maintained through and by her must cease to be, for it will allow of no substitute.

THE SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

On calling at the office of this new and promising journal, we were surprised to find Mr. Brown, its editor, not a venerable grey-headed man as someone we had imagined him, but a young man with life all about him. A trained journalist, he has embarked in the enterprise of establishing his paper, well knowing the cost, and with a determination, and zeal which appears indomitable. When a man throws his life into his purpose, he is sure to win.

Mr. Brown wields a somewhat caustic pen at times, and the admission of some articles into his columns has somewhat prejudiced certain Spiritualists, yet these are exceptional, and his journal is as a whole worthy of all praise, and as an eminent literary gentleman remarked to me, "an honor to Spiritualism." Its sphere is so different from the other papers devoted to the cause that it does not interfere with them, while the intrinsic merits of its articles should give it a wide circulation.

EPES SARGENT.

This celebrated author, is as his many works show deeply interested in the cause of Spiritualism, and is by no means depressed by the frauds, deception and rascality which it is compelled to bear. He particularly impresses one with his quiet, harmonious and scholarly manners; easy, free and unostentatious. No man has done more towards giving direction to the education of children for the past twenty five years, and his numerous educational books are in constant demand. His pen has still greater work to do for Spiritualism than it accomplished in those sterling volumes, "Pianchette," and "Proofs Palpable." They who accuse Spiritualism of deficiency in scholarly thought, forget such men as Epes Sargent, whose name is wrought into the very fabric of American literature, who ranks first as a writer and has few peers as an editor.

MR. A. E. GILES.

met and accompanied us to his pleasant home at Hyde Park, ten miles from Boston. Mr. Giles is well known to the readers of spiritual literature by his able essays and reviews, and as the author of one of the ablest pamphlets that has yet appeared on "The Sunday Question." His residence is on a hill-top overlooking village and the country far and wide. Here, as he quietly expresses it, "he has a horizon." This pictures his character, and the anxiety he feels to look beyond the material objects which obstruct the view of most of mankind. A lovelier spot it were difficult to find, and it, and its surroundings are expressions of Mr. Giles' character. He has wrought himself into his home. His house is like a library. There are books every where, strange niches and unexpected corners are all occupied with volumes rich and rare.

Once before we have spoken of his ability to write the history of ancient Spiritualism, which he probably is best qualified by erudition and careful thought, to do, of any one within the ranks of its modern phase, and we most sincerely hope he will feel impressed to engage in the great and needful task.

REVERE BEACH.

The trip to Revere Beach, Lynn, and Nahant is among the most charming that can be taken from Boston. A narrow gauge railway extends to Lynn, and a splendid carriage road from thence to Nahant. Revere Beach is seven miles in length, and at low tide, nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. It is as smooth as a floor, and so hard the feet of the horse scarcely make an impression. There is a succession of hotels, along the Beach with piazzas looking out to the ocean, at any of which the train stops by request. At this season they are closed, and the throng of pleasure seekers have departed. It was all the more pleasant for the place was left to Nature, and could be better enjoyed. The Revere House was still open for the few transient guests, who came on excursions to the "deep, deep sea." We strolled along the beach, gathering the strange and beautiful mosses, or examining the unique forms scattered along the tidal line, and the hours rapidly went by. Weary we sat down on the sea-drift, and admired the beautiful sea view.

To the left the narrow strip of beach ran far out to Little and Great Nahant, beyond which the white light house of Egg Rock, gleamed in the sun. In front, far over the misty waste, the groves and the Brewer Islands were dimly discernible. The tide was out, and the sea was smooth as a lake, reflected the fleets of fishing vessels which floated like great birds on its emerald surface. Over the scene reigned profound quiet, unbroken even by the murmur of a wave. The tides possess a never ceasing interest. They are like the breathings of the great deep. Without a ripple on the surface the tidal waves roll in, each higher than the preceding, breaking in a deep monotone unlike the sound of any other waters.

We had spent the day until three, walking, talking, musing when our appetites brought us to a prosaic realization of the material world. Our host at the Revere, did not make great promises, but said he would do his best at a "shore dinner." What that was when announced may be learned when I tell you that it consisted of clam chowder, fried clams, fried smelts, and broiled mackerel, with accompanying vegetables. A hungry man ought to be satisfied with such a course, or he must be unreasonable indeed.

A drive to Nahant was the event after dinner. Nahant is a rocky promontory, and one gets a better ocean view from its wave-worn ledges than from the Beach.

Then away from the broad, free sea to the narrow crookedness of the city streets! Why do we love to cage themselves, to herd in an asphalt, and fret and fume their life days? The city narrows, dwarfs and stifles. Talk of

country boys, the city boor knows perhaps more of the manners of other boors to be found than has only his broadcloth. The city is the stygian pool, where misery crime and degradation, contend with elegance and plethoric self-admiration; where to collect rent, and to pay rent are the chief occupations; where the mill grinds close over the workers, and ultimately grinds all to dust.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the kindness of Mr. A. E. Giles I owe three pleasant hours with the well known author, Allen Putnam. We found him in his study, busy at his task, and a venerable man he is with all the sweetness and gentleness of a child. His history of the Salem Witchcraft interpreted by Spiritualism has been for some time in the printers' hands and will soon be issued. From a rapid glance at the proof sheets, I became deeply interested in its contents, and there is no doubt but that it offers the true explanation of that most mysterious episode in colonial history.

Mr. Allen occupies one of the oldest estates in Roxbury, and is surrounded with fruits to which he gives great attention.

A FRUIT ITEM.

When he asked if I would not be interested in visiting the original Bartlett pear trees from which all other Byrtlett's in this country have been derived, of course I expressed delight at this unexpected treat. As we crossed the street he related to me the following piece of history. Sometime about 1800, Mr. Brewer, a sea captain purchased six acres of land in what is now Roxbury, or rather Boston, built a splendid residence for those days, and imported from England fruit trees sufficient to plant five acres in orchard. After this he went to sea and neither ship or captain was heard of more. Mr. Enoch Bartlett purchased the place in 1821 for six thousand dollars. Among the pears there in bearing he found one of peculiar excellence, to which he repeatedly called the attention of the Boston Horticultural Society, and such was its great merit that it at once became the popular favorite. It was identified after fifteen years with the English Banne Oretta, which is said to have originated in the garden of a schoolmaster, by the name of Williams. It does not perfect in the climate of England, but is small, green and undesirable.

The old orchard has now given place to imposing buildings, and the magnificent view commanded from the hilltop it occupied, of the great city, is now cut off on every side. The value of the six acres has fabulously advanced. The two Bartlett trees are hemmed in by buildings, but are sacredly spared. One is in a little front court, the other at the entrance of a narrow alley too small for it, and hence it is closely pruned to fit the place. They are dwarfish scraggy trees, about fifteen feet high and eight inches in diameter, usually bearing about four bushels of fruit each annually. The soil is gravelly and hard, and they are so heavily loaded with fruit that they can make but little wood. I was here also shown a new variety of grape from the woods of New Hampshire which Mr. Putnam has named the Nahant. The solitary vine has extended its great trunk across the south side of his house, and covers the whole exposure with foliage and fruit. It resembles the Concord, but is sweeter, with tougher skin, free from the peculiar flavor which renders that grape to many objectionable, if possible more hardy, a rapid strong grower, and prolific bearer. The cherry trees on the ground were not healthy, but the pears of many varieties were all vigorous. The soil and climate seem peculiarly adapted to their growth and perfection. Mr. Putnam leads me into his fruit room where his pears were ripening, and I confess, I never tasted such luscious, highly flavored pears before. Even that sold at the fruit stands, is large, smooth, high colored and of exquisite flavor. Boston, Mass.

MONTREAL (CAN.) WITNESS.

A Hindoo Heathen in Advance of Thousands of Montreal Christians.

In number fifty two of the Journal of the National Indian Association edited by Miss M. Carpenter, and filed in the library of McGill College, is reprinted a lecture by Lalla Lugmeh Narayan, banker and honorary magistrate, delivered at the Baevilly City Library in Bengal. We hope that our French contemporaries will translate, for the benefit of Dr. Codrere's lambs, some of the following quotations. He appears to be a Brahma in religion, but has learnt from his sacred books (the *Dharm Shashtra* and *Shra*) lessons which many professing Christians have failed to learn from the Bible. For instance he says: "It is one of the doctrines of our religion, again and again repeated in our sacred books, to spare no effort or remedy to effect the cure of disease. The most unwearying solicitude for our children is one of the most sacred obligations of the Hindoo faith. We hold again and again in the *Shastras* that God beholds with peculiar favor the parents who are the most devoted to their offspring. In the sight of God, to neglect your children is to murder them. If they die by your neglect, to you may be imputed the crime of having taken their lives."

In Bengal small pox is the most malignant and inveterate enemy of the infant community. Among the more ignorant classes, the most cruel superstitions are connected with the awful visitation of the disease. The sanguinary goddess who presides over it is irritated by nothing more than by the use of medicine. She is supposed to be appeased by offerings of the eyes or legs, or arms of helpless victims; and death itself would often be infinitely preferable to the condition of those who survive these wretched mutilations. So, before the days of Jenner's reformation it was quite common in Europe and America to find those blinded for life whose eyes had been offered in sacrifice to these goddesses, whose special legacy is to substitute a pock marked form for the beauty which was "created in the image of God." Just as the Furies were called by the Greeks the "Eumenides," or "Well-disposed Ladies," so the name given to this Fury of the small-pox meant, in the language of the Hindoo sacred books, "God, the Refresher."

In those ancient times, there was much to commend both in the views and practices of the people in relation to this terrible disease. They had recourse both to prayer and remedy. They attached great importance to giving the patient fresh air and pure vegetable food. Hence an assembly of gardeners was the usual accompaniment of the sick bed in cases of small-pox. Vaccination is not in principle a new discovery. In another form, as inoculation, it was known and practiced in India in very ancient times, both by the wild tribes of the Himalayas and the people of Lower Bengal. The children were taken away for fifteen days by the inoculators, who were regarded as priests, and when the sore was completely healed, they were brought back. The parents did not like the separation, which was necessary to prevent infection, and the practice fell into disrepute. It is pleasing to see how the Hindoo people, who are "not deficient in sagacity and pene-

tration," can speak of their conquerors. The *Baloo* says: "The blessings we enjoy under the paternal administration of the British Government are manifold; but it behoves us to be specially grateful for the inestimable privileges we possess in being allowed the most entire freedom of action in everything relating to our moral welfare, intellectual improvement, and personal comfort. The attitude which the Government has assumed towards us is one of friendly interest, and not one of dictation; they advise and suggest, rather than order or command. The sincerity of that interest is attested by the large expenditure they are always willing to incur in furtherance of any scheme of social improvement amongst the native community. Nothing is neglected. Schools, colleges, hospitals and dispensaries, every useful, every philanthropic institution, multiply through the land."

Would that our governments, Municipal, Provincial and Federal, would mark what follows!

"But the physical health of the people must always remain the first consideration of a wise Government, the most important element of happiness or misery amongst a great people; and it is apparent from the most obvious causes that the physical health of the infant community is in a peculiar manner under the special care of the Administration. This is clear, because (1) the physical helplessness of children renders them incapable of looking after their own interests in matters of health (2) They are dependent on people who may be wholly ignorant of great sanitary laws. (3) The health or disease of infants is the source of the health or disease of the whole community."

"The Government must treat its subjects as a parent would treat a child. It must die, at first, in all gentleness and love, argument and persuasion; but, if these fail, it must have recourse to coercion. Argument and persuasion have not succeeded in making people converts to vaccination; it was therefore necessary to employ more stringent and decisive measures."

"Lately the Government ordered that no unvaccinated person should be permitted to enter their service; but even this failed to produce the desired effect. We are, therefore, justified in calling upon them to adopt other measures, even of a more decisive character. Our heathen magistrates, by a sweeping objection that the British promised not to interfere with their religion. He says, 'The infamous sentence was supposed to be a religious injunction; but the sentence was suppressed, and the people in general have carefully acquiesced in its suppression. The general public welfare must give way to the general public welfare.' We commend this article to the 'Association Sanitaire' et *Amalgamuse*."

THE SPIRITS.

What They are Doing at Pence's Hall, Terre Haute.

If the reader will imagine himself with me in the seance room, I will try to make him see just what I saw—not during all the seances I have attended here, but at a single one. There stands the cabinet, a plain, simple thing made of thin walnut boards. The folding doors are swung wide open; the light shines into every part of it, leaving not the sign of a shadow in any nook or corner. Look all around, behind, and underneath it, nothing can you find to awaken suspicion in the most suspicious mind. It is 7 o'clock in the evening. Here comes the little woman, crying about her no indications of the wondrous power she possesses. Plainly, yet feebly dressed is she, modest, and unassuming; greets you with a sweet smile, and takes your hand with cordiality; converses a little with her friends; passed on to the cabinet; enters and closes the door after her.

The light is turned down, but not so far as to make it possible for any confederate to enter the cabinet without being seen. Now we listen awhile to the tinkling sounds of a music box, which our accommodating friend, Dr. Pence has just brought in. By and by one wing of the cabinet door slowly opens, and out steps a slight, but beautiful figure, robed in pure white garments, looking like a young girl of seventeen; not quite so tall as the medium, but with step more elastic. Pausing an instant near the threshold, she said, "Good evening!" in the softest imaginable tones; then turning round, threw open the other wing of the cabinet door, showing us the medium sitting in a chair, apparently asleep, and deadly pale. At this a stranger whispered me, "May not the figure in the chair be made up, and consist of something other than flesh and blood, while the creature in white is really the medium playing ghost?"

Did some invisible ear, as well as my own catch this whisper of suspicion? Immediately the chair in which the medium sat entranced commenced rocking, and the unconscious occupant thereof, lifted her arm, waved a white handkerchief. But all this failed to satisfy the skeptic. "Ah, the thing is a machine," said he, "moved by wires." These words, though uttered in an undertone, fell not unheard by the apparition moving before us. Going at once to the medium, the figure in white raised her to her feet, brought her out of the cabinet, and stood side by side with her. Having thus swept away dark suspicion, the apparition returned into the cabinet with the medium still closed the door. Very soon a tall figure, in male attire, came out of the cabinet, made a graceful bow to the circle, and looked the full orbed man. Fixing his gaze steadily upon a lady who sat next me, he whispered a few words, but so feeble our dull ears caught them not. The lady at once claimed him for her husband, and he bowed, as if to confirm the claim. Raising the lady offered the apparition her hand; advancing a pace, he sought to grasp it, but failed, being suddenly pulled back by some invisible force.

Now, returning to the cabinet, the apparition closed the door and remained about two minutes in the dark, as if to gain new strength, then came out again, and by what seemed a painful but determined effort, made his way to the lady already mentioned, and took her hand in his with a whispered, "God bless you!" Several other figures, variously attired, and differing greatly in size and stature, came one after another during the seance.

Finally the figure in white came out again. I requested her to give us the best proof she could that she was not a mortal like ourselves. After expressing a willingness to try, she called for a pair of scissors, which, being furnished, she handed to me; then kneeling down before me, requested that I should cut a lock of hair from her head. I complied, clipping quite a large lock from her crown. The tress was passed around the circle, as all were curious to feel of it. The apparition then taking the hair into her own hands, laid it upon a white handkerchief close by me, and folded it carefully therein; then rising, she went into the cabinet and closed the door. Directly the handkerchief deliberately unfolded itself, and the hair straightway appeared to act like a thing of life, rolling over and moved about with a strange activity. After a little while it leaped off on the carpet, and began travelling towards the cabinet. While it was proceeding

in that direction, the apparition opened the door, came out, and stood motionless, while the lock of hair leaped upon her white skirt and climbed slowly to her shoulder, and then sprang slowly to her crown, seeming to fasten itself to the very spot from which I had clipped it.

ISAAC KELAY.

Voices from the People.

HUMBOLDT, KAN.—J. E. Elliot writes—Times are hard up here at present, but I can't do without the Journal.

VINTON TOWNS.—James Good writes—I hope the "Globe" will get all the credit it is worth when here—a dose of physic—a sure antidote for egotism.

SAUK RAPIDS, MINN.—Mrs. A. E. Morrison writes—Mr. Morrison thought so much of the Journal that I can not think of giving it up. The more I read it, the better I like it.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.—John P. Hellich writes—You will find enclosed remittance for renewal of my subscription to the Journal. I am a kind of a crazy Dutchman, but have sense enough to think for myself. The Journal suits me, and I believe it will do good wherever it is circulated.

LAFER, MICH.—James W. Hazzard writes—I read one year ago that I could not do without your Journal, and I say the same to-day. I long may its pages be read as its fluttering leaves wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

SOUTH CANAAN, PA.—Juliette Arnold writes—I have been a reader of the Journal for one year, and I like the doctrine you advocate. Why will not some good text mediums come through here as a missionary; they would be well taken care of.

SOUTH ADAMS, MASS.—James W. Carter writes—I write you in order to find the address of Louis D. Force, the Spiritual lecturer. It is said by some that she is an associate editor of a Spirit ual paper in San Francisco, California; how is this? Will some one who knows drop me a postal card and oblige?

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Henry A. Tewksbury writes—Please send remittance to apply on the Journal. I like your paper very much, and will continue taking it as long as possible. Can any one tell me through your columns anything about the doctrine of the incarnation of man, whether or not Spiritualists accept it as a fact?

CADIZ, IND.—J. W. Bond writes—The Journal gets better all the time. That communication from Thomas Hunt is most excellent. I think there is not the truth on that subject in all the writings of the seances. I would like to know if the medium had personal acquaintance with him while in the body.

WAT TOMA WIS.—Mrs. L. O. B. Johnson writes—The Journal seems to me valuable than ever. I never take it up without thinking of your kindness. I am sure the good angels will help you, and I hope and pray you will continue in the earth-form until every "free-luster" is convinced of his or her error.

UNION FORT, ILL.—Nash Tanner writes—If any medium or lecturer shall journey West, and pass through Salt Lake City, I should be happy to have a call from them. I have a hall that shall be free, and shall take pleasure in doing all I can to make the journey as comfortable as possible. My place is ten miles south of Salt Lake City. I think a good text medium could do something here. If they could not, it will cost them nothing to try, and I should be very much gratified.

CAIRO, ILL.—Mrs. Jacob Martin writes—Allow me through your Journal, to say to Spiritualists and Liberals, that, if they desire the services of one of the most remarkable speakers in the world, they will find that speaker Mrs. A. H. Colby. She is an inspired speaker, and allows the audience to select their subject. Her superior in fluent language, sound reasoning and flights of eloquence is, yet, in my opinion, to be discovered. She may be addressed through her Secretary, Mrs. O. K. Smith, Terrill, Kaufman County, Texas.

WICHITA, KAN.—S. M. Tucker writes—I intend to take the Journal, as long as it keeps on in its present course. We had here a few days ago a man by the name of Besanmont, who advertised that he would expose Spiritualism at the Court room. On that evening, among others, I went and listened to a few feeble tricks performed, which he deemed "exposed" all the phenomena of Spiritualism, but even one of his own ignorance of the subject. We are doing all we can to advance the cause here; but being so far on the frontier, we get but little assistance from mediums and lecturers.

LOUISIANA, MO.—Mrs. Mary DeGroot writes—(Butcher Jones, while I can only watch the movements of the spirits in wonder and amazement, since my visit to Chicago for since that memorable Friday night, I have been filled with dreams and visions of that wonderfully beautiful being who materialized herself for our benefit and gave us such convincing proofs of spirits return. I thank you again for your kindness to us while in your city. And praying that you may ever prosper in the good work you so ably perform and maintain, I have the honor to be your sincere friend and sister in the faith.)

DEFIANCE, KAN.—A Subscriber writes—A number of persons here, including myself, have never witnessed any spiritual manifestations, and greatly desire to do so; not out of mere curiosity, but from a desire to know by observation and investigation, if there is anything in Spiritualism. Can not some of your mediums send spirits here to us, say at my house. My father who is an old acquaintance of Mr. Dougherty, formerly of Crawfordville, says at the time of the Fox excitement, Mr. Dougherty wrote them, and they answered that manifestations might be seen and heard at a certain time in the vicinity of Portland Mills, Indiana, and it was so; and likewise at a meeting in Bainbridge, Ind., he was told, they would appear at his house in Postland Mills, and such was the case. Will not some one send here?

TOPEKA, KAN.—James Burke writes—The Journal, in my judgment, is one of the best papers in America—it opposes all wrong doing, you will find enclosed \$5 for its continuance. I am sorry to learn that you will be put to the trouble and expense of defending one of the most "August law suits" ever instituted; not that I have any idea that old Wilson will get one cent of damages awarded for a reputation that he (Wilson) destroyed, if he had any to destroy. Every reader very well knows that the good Journal did more to rid Spiritualism of the odium of free-love than all the other papers and lectures put together in America, and it would be nothing more than just and honorable for the Spiritualists of this country to pay the expense of that most unholly persecution for you.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter from Bozeman, Montana:—"We still have startling manifestations through Mrs. Mounts, of the same character, as you witnessed before you left, excepting the pulling of a tooth for her, without the use of instruments: She sat down with her mouth filled with water, her head between Cy's hands, with her hands over her jaws. After sitting a few seconds she received a shock which caused her to act like one having a tooth pulled by a dentist. Upon the influence passed off, and she found the tooth loose in her mouth and spit it out. It bled as freely as though a dentist had pulled the tooth."

HOLYOKE, MASS.—E. E. Howard writes—In reading the liberal and charitable views of the Journal, I often soar above, as it were, the jeering and gossiping masses on our section, and almost imagine myself living in humanity's millennium—the ultimate of our country's aim—"freedom to worship God." But alas, we have "Silver Threads among the Gold" pretty badly yet. Although the voice of the Liberator is occasionally heard proclaim-

ing freedom for all, yet there is but few who avail themselves of this God given right; on the other hand they seem to prefer bondage and poverty to freedom, and appear satisfied with the occupation of those who are their equals in the eyes of the spiritual view. We have but few in our town who believe or who dare to profess to believe in humanity's boon, spirit communion, but nevertheless, through the exertions of three of us we engaged Prof. W. W. Wheelock, the editor and lecturer, to open the subject of the rights of the colored race to general consideration. The "Banner of Light" was "lost," however, even of those who profess liberalism behind the scenes, and but few attended with the view of obtaining spiritual knowledge. However, I think that some of them had their "teeth cut" by the wise and practical discourse of that available and high toned thinker. The Spiritualists in general of our vicinity seem to be in a sort of barbaric condition, and appear to have lost all faith in "showing" the glorious cause of immortality. Now what we want this way, is a general shaking up—a revival of human sensibilities, a good agent of the Banner variety—enthusiastically considered—armed with some lively and truthful journal, the Banner of Light, or the Journal of Inquiry, for I have about come to the conclusion that your paper is the one for the masses to travel through our towns and villages and induce every one bond or free to subscribe. If the Journal does not entirely extricate those who carefully peruse its columns, from the "mirey clay," it gives them a wholesome hint. Then quiet on, friend of progress, if there is a 425,000 holet and occasionally, truth will triumph at last.

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For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religious and Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago. \$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers, and 15 cents pays the postage one year, which has to be paid in advance, making \$1.65, which must be remitted in advance.

Bastian and Taylor.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Chicago is a little world in itself and the Times mirrors so clearly its excellencies, its frailties, and its secrets, that I believe it will cheerfully find room in its columns for the wonders happening at its very doors, especially as a report of the same will be a simple act of justice to home enterprise.

Bastian and Taylor appear to be young men of practical talent and moral worth and gentlemanly demeanor, yet providence or nature has endowed them with those peculiar gifts so feared and despised by some and so revered and loved by others, known under the general head of mediumship. That the phenomena given through them are astounding can be proven by anyone who will attend their seances, which are held every evening, except Saturday, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams street, about one block from the Grand Pacific. The room and cabinet are free for examination, and are plain and honest, with no chance for trickery or the help of a confederate. The routine is about the same each evening. From 20 to 30 people, including Taylor, who is an independent clairvoyant, are seated in a circle. Bastian, the medium, sits in the centre of this circle with a music-box, a trumpet, and guitar at his feet. The door is locked, hands are joined, so that no one will be free to play tricks, the light is extinguished, and the trouble begins. The medium continually claps his hands, so he can not molest us without our knowledge, and yet hands of all sizes caress us, shake hands with us, and carry knives and rings from one to another in the company. What appears to be little child forms climb up into our laps, and little hands pat our faces, and whispering voices close in our ears speak the names of our loved ones, and mention things known to no one present but ourselves. Five or six whispering voices are heard simultaneously parleying with their friends, which certainly is beyond the range of ventriloquism.

The music box is not only wound by the invisible, but floated, still playing, to the ceiling, and to the remotest corners of the room, and thence around and around the circle with great rapidity, and finally settle down quietly upon the floor. A large guitar is taken to the ceiling and about in the same way, playing frequently "There is a happy land," and imitating the ringing of bells. Discordant and boisterous people have sometimes been severely rapped on the head with the guitar, and advised to behave themselves. One of the controlling spirits talks to us audibly and naturally, and another speaks through a trumpet in a heavy tone. All the others whisper, but generally distinctly enough for their friends to understand. My, a spirit, fashions rapidly beautiful worsted flowers for anyone who will bring the worsted and wire.

During the occurrence of these phenomena Mr. Taylor describes the various spirits who are trying to communicate, giving name, age, length of time they have been in the Spirit-world, and the general appearance. Most of these descriptions are acknowledged to be strictly correct, and when they are the spirits express their gratification by general caresses. This is but a brief and meagre outline of the dark circle, which lasts about twenty minutes, and is succeeded by the light seance, which is still more remarkable. A committee of the strangers present go into the cabinet and examine that and the medium thoroughly, to see that he has no masks or drapery hidden. The door is then shut, the light turned down a little, yet leaving everybody and everything plainly in view. The company seat themselves in rows about eight feet from the cabinet, and sing sweet hymns or listen to the music box for about 15 minutes, when faces begin to appear. Children, women old men with white beards and bald heads, middle aged men with full long beards and mustaches, and young men with smooth faces have appeared in one evening, and so closely following each other that if the medium had the means it would be quite impossible for him to change so quickly besides this, two faces have appeared at once several times, sometimes at both windows, and sometimes two at one window. One evening two young men showed their faces together at one of the windows and called their mother to them. She went and talked to them both, recognized them fully and they kissed her. From five to ten spirits come every night and about half are recognized by their friends at once, and sometimes those who fall of being recognized at first lean far out and say, "Don't you know me," or reply to a doubt of their identity, "Oh, yes, you do know me," and then mention a name. A departed friend of mine has come often and seems to grow stronger with each appearance. One night recently he put his face far out of the window and turned his head from side to side, stroking at the same time a full long brown beard. We all saw him as plainly as we did each other, and I assert that it was exactly like him in every feature and expression. A far better image than a photographer made of him. Previous to this I had been up to the cabinet window conversing with him and not only knew him by the tone of his voice, and the features, but tests he gave in conversation were conclusive. Last night he opened the door and stood in full form before us several times, and as the most casual observer can see is as unlike Bastian as could well be. The medium is a brunette, my returned friend is a blonde in complexion. The height and size are different, the expression of eyes and the shape and size of forehead are totally unlike. Thus much all could see while I should fail to recognize my own mother as readily as I could forget a single lineament, or expression of a clear, familiar face belonging to my counselor, guide and friend since I was twelve years of age, and but just passed from my presence to the Spirit-world. If he had died long ago I might believe that I could be deceived, but memory holds his identity fresh and perfect.

"The gates" are not only "ajar" but opening wider every day.

MAUDS.

A New Feature.

Mr. BROWN.—Being a subscriber to your journal, I eagerly look for anything new in Spiritualism, and suppose others are truthfully investigating. I take pleasure in adding my mite toward the general fund.

We have one of the most wonderful mediums (in my humble opinion) with us, a resident of this city, one who seeks no publicity, receives no remuneration, and all manifestations in the strongest light. He is a good seer, delineates character, sealed letters are dropped in his presence without regard to time or place, and many other phases; but the most wonderful is, he has one of the company tear a corner from a piece of paper, the person retaining the piece, the larger portion is then burnt in the presence, and by one of the party, and is restored with a written communication, which has been found two miles from where burnt. Any one doubting this, can have the act vouched for, and copies of the communications or any other information on the subject, by addressing Messrs. Batters & Co., manufacturers of Mowers, Reapers and Automatic Brick Machines, 178 Chippewa street and 760 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PLANCHETTE MYSTERIES.

An Investigator's Friend and His Shadowy Double.

I was visiting a friend some weeks since, when one evening, as he and I were seated alone reading the daily papers, we were much interested in an article in the Sun upon Spiritualism. After reading and commenting upon the article, my friend asked me what I thought about Spiritualism. I replied that I knew very little about it; that I had, once seen a Planchette write, and if that was a form of Spiritualism I should say it was all a deceit and humbug.

My friend then said, "I have a Planchette somewhere in the house, and as we are alone, let us see if it will write." After much searching he produced a beautiful Planchette of heart shape. After arranging the pencil in its proper position we took our places at the table, our hands upon Planchette and Planchette resting upon a large sheet of paper. We were thus seated for a minute or two in silence, and were about despairing of any satisfactory results, when the pencil began moving over the paper in an irregular and aimless way until it reached the margin, when it wrote in a plain hand, "Shall I write E—?" naming a gentleman living near my friend's house and a very warm friend of his. In a moment more the words, "Yes, write," were written, but in a different hand from the first writing. The next thing written was, "What tests would you like?" I said to my friend I will hide this silver coin and see if Planchette can tell us where it is. Planchette immediately wrote, "I will bring it to you." We were astonished at this communication and curious to know what the medium of conveyance would be.

We were seated in the back parlor with only the light from one gas burner lighting the room. The sliding doors leading into the front parlor were slightly open about enough to admit a person. No light was in this room except that admitted from the back parlor. I took the coin into the front parlor and placed it under a rug. I then returned to my place at the table and placed my hands upon the board, which wrote at once "go." At first I could not comprehend its meaning and was about to speak when my friend asked, "Shall I go, E—?" again naming his friend. The answer was written "go."

I chanced to look up into his face at this moment, and I shall never forget to my dying day what I saw there. His eyes were wide open, set and glassy; they had a steady, searching look, as if seeing some object afar off, or searching for such an object. He was deathly white, and his hands were as cold as marble. I felt for his pulse, but he had none that I could discover. Yet he breathed as one in a heavy slumber, and his breathing could have been heard in any part of the room. I was thoroughly frightened, and asked him if he was sick. He replied, "No," in an unearthly tone. During all this time that terrible searching gaze was never changed.

He finally arose mechanically, placed his hands to his head, glided to the sliding door, and reached his hand through the opening. He remained there a moment, and then retraced his steps to the table and placed the coin upon the Planchette board. The coin had been hidden sixteen feet from the sliding doors, and my friend never placed a foot in that room.

After this he took his place at the table again with his hands upon the board. His appearance had not changed in any way from what I have described. I again took the coin, passed through the front parlor out upon a portico, and laid it upon a seat. Returning, I locked the door and put the key in my pocket. I then repeated myself at the table, and placed my hands upon the board.

He immediately inquired, "Shall I go, E—?" naming his friend as before. The answer was written, "Go." He arose, as in the first instance, and went direct to the sliding doors. I watched him closely, and as he approached the opening I saw what seemed to be himself approaching from the opposite direction. I can not describe the appearance of my friend's "double," or second self. It seemed shadowy and real at the same time. As he and his apparition approached each other, they each held out a hand, which seemed to come into contact. My friend then returned to the table, and placed the coin upon the Planchette board. He then took his seat, and placed his hands upon the board. I then went through the parlor, unlocked the door, and stepped out upon the portico. The coin was gone.

My next question was: "How much money have I in my wallet?" After going through the usual form, my friend told me correctly, not writing it.

After one or two more tests, my friend passed into a natural slumber and gradually resumed his natural appearance. In ten or fifteen minutes he awoke with a start. I informed him as to what had occurred, and particularly about his asked permission of his friend whenever anything was required of him. His only reply was, "I know it, I know it; I am his, soul and body." Not another word would he say concerning it. Was this mesmerism, or Spiritualism? O. D. T.

Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y.

The Worst Foes of True Religion.

Some religionists are always in dread of the progress of scientific skepticism. They fear least such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer may undermine the very foundations of religious beliefs, and leave mankind without a God, a Bible, a soul, or a hope of immortality. Other religionists dread the influence of the subtle speculations of those modern philosophers who turn facts into figures of speech, ecclesiastical rights into symbols of thought, and sacred personages into mythological shows; and hence they are apprehensive over the spread of the works of such men as Renan and Strauss. Other religionists look with dread upon the clearer forms of materialism and infidelity, such as are supposed to exist among certain portions of the so-called working classes. Many clergymen are so much exercised over the power and pretensions of these enemies that they consider it their most important duty to wage relentless war upon them from the pulpits. They thunder against them, argue against them, quote Scripture against them, and, as Hudibras says, "prove their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks."

Now, we hold that the greatest danger and injury to religion, in these times, are not from scientific skepticism, or speculative mysticism, or subterranean materialism, but from the men who profess to believe in religion, but do not practice it. We mean those men who nominally accept the Scriptures, but, instead of conforming their lives thereto, follow in the wicked ways of the world; those men who belong to the Church while they remain in partnership with the devil; those men whose lips are sweetened with piety while their hands are foul with wrong doing; those men who pretend to believe in the awful sanctions and penalties of the Divine law; yet, in reality, scorn them as though they were sham; those men whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who are like unto whitened sepul-

chres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

It is such people as these, of whom there are so many nowadays, that are the worst foes of religion, the most formidable obstacles to its progress, and the most successful propagators of unbelief. The unregenerated look at them and say, if this be your religion, it is a fraud; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. The scoffers jeer at them; and even those who live in debauchery despise the thin veneer with which they try to cover themselves. There is nothing to be wondered at in all this. Suppose men followed the course of these religionists in other departments of life. Suppose the misers in the community praised generosity, or the drunkards praised sobriety, or the thieves honesty, or the corruptionists purity—they would certainly be called pretenders; and though people would still be bound to maintain their faith in these virtues, there are many whose respect for them would be weakened by such eulogists. Example is more powerful than profession; and when a man professes belief in a doctrine which he does not practice, he is but a stumbling block in the path of wayfarers. The life must be adjusted to the faith, if the latter is to be a power in the world.

There are in this city, perhaps, a hundred thousand church members, more or less. Now suppose these hundred thousand men and women practice in their daily lives the great truths to which they have sworn allegiance. Suppose they illustrated by their actions the beauty and glory of their nominal belief. Suppose they were distinguished from the unregenerated world in all ways. Suppose they could be pointed out as children of the light, radically diverse from the children of darkness. Suppose that religion, instead of being put to shame in the house of its friends, were the governing forces therein. Suppose these things we say, and then do you not know that there would be a visible transformation in the community? Would not wickedness be turned back; would not irreligion hide itself; would not the Devil be dumfounded? Nay, suppose there were but ten thousand of professors of religion in this city who properly exemplified it, surely this is not asking too much.

We desire, then, in this war against the powers of hell, to rouse up the religious professors. We desire that they should realize what it is they profess; that they should illustrate it by their practice; that they should show it, not by cant and flattery, but as an actuality, and a controlling power. If this can not be done, then, alas! for the pretences of so-called religion.—N. Y. Sun

Shall We Import a Fakir?

[From the Spiritualist, Eng.]

Certain Indian officers, and not a few persons who have written standard books about Hindoostan, have told marvellous stories of things done in the presence of Fakirs and of Indian jugglers, and this is such an extent as to have excited natural curiosity on the part of the British public. The natives of India are more susceptible to mesmerism than the English, and the more sensitive a man is to such influence, the more likely is he to prove a powerful medium. A well-authenticated case was recorded in the last number of the Spiritualist, setting forth how Covindassamy, the Fakir of Travandram, "crossed his legs in Oriental fashion; then rose about two feet from the ground and remained immovable, in a position similar to that of the bronze Buddhas which every tourist now brings from the far East, although the greater part of these statues are manufactured in all probability in Birmingham." Some years ago, when one of the English newspapers was abusing Mr. Home, it asserted that he claimed to be an especially gifted individual, simply because he could "sit in the air," but, alleged the editor, "that is nothing at all, since Indian jugglers can do the same thing." Nevertheless, how convenient it would be at the present time if we had a Fakir who could sit in the air, whenever he chose. For instance, if one of the very intelligent and reliable journals, published daily in Fleet-street should assert that it is impossible that solid objects can rise in the air in opposition to the force of gravitation, the only thing the National Association of Spiritualists would need to do, would be to send its Fakir to Fleet-street, and ask him to sit in the air half the morning outside the said office. He might also be turned into a "sandwich man" for the occasion, and on the large bills before and behind him might be printed in clear type the quotation from the newspaper which asserted the thing to be impossible.

This would be an immense advertisement to Spiritualism. Fleet-street would be blocked, and the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London would necessarily have to interfere for the purpose of removing the obstruction to the public highway caused by the assembled crowd. The police would feel it their duty to take active measures, but there would be two difficulties in the way. "First catch your hare," says the old proverb, "and afterwards cook it." The first problem would be how to catch the Fakir. Ladders would be of no use, because directly they were planted he would gently and elegantly flow further away; the police would not dare to throw stones, because that would constitute an assault, neither would they shoot at him, as some French gendarmes did recently at a madman who had climbed up a steeple, and would not come down; if the City police shot the Fakir, it would be murder. Then again, what knotty points of law would arise over the matter. There is no act of Parliament compelling a man to walk on the ground as he goes along Fleet-street, so if anybody is clever enough to travel in the air, there is no law at present to meet the case. Long discussions in the Lords and Commons, and a special Act of Parliament, signed by an agitated Queen, would consequently be necessary to deal with our Fakir. Another use to which the Fakir might be put would be to take him to the meetings of the learned societies. If during one of them Dr. Carpenter were to argue in his usual self-distracted style that Spiritual phenomena are all unconscious cerebration, a representative of the National Association might rise and remark, "Sir, if you utter two more words in that strain, up goes the Fakir!" as athletes at fairs inform the public that they require another two shillings, then "up goes the donkey." Spiritual phenomena are fugitive in their nature, and it would be a very good thing to be able to exhibit them at will in the open air, in broad daylight, as Indian Fakirs are said to be able to do, on which account alone it would be advantageous to Spiritualism if Fakirs of the first water were to be imported. Our Fakir could be made to clear the expenses of those who imported him, if they made a show of him in the evening at Egyptian Hall, in that part of the building not occupied by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke; his performance would throw their entirely into the shade, so that those astute performers would have to devise some more extraordinary tricks than they show at present, or to emigrate to Botany Bay or to some other congenial region, where competition is marvellous would be less keen.

N. B. COOPER writes to this office, but does not give Post Office address.

FREEDOM.

BY JEREMY H. BUTLER

I'm free as the air in its viewless sound! I'm chained like the sea in its circle bound! I'm free as the bird on its fluttering wing! I'm bound like the lake, ere the breath of spring!

I'm free as the earth in its speedy flight! Round the day God, its source of life and light! I'm drawn in its course round the luminous flood, Like the stream to the sea, or the soul to its God!

I'm free in my love, as the ocean wave Which dashes and foams to its rock-bound cave! And I cease like the wave, to froth and foam When I reach the bounds of the happy home!

I'm free as the horse in his native wild! But led on my way like a fostered child! I'm free as the soul when it flies away From the night of earth, to the light of day!

For the concave heights have their limits above; And the spirit is bound in its circle of love. I'm free as the sound of the lover's lute, Which floats on the air till its echoes are mute!

I'm free as the thought of the absent friend That dreams and sings of the journeys end! I'm free as the flower to the zephyr's kiss, Which fall, to the earth, in its perfect bliss!

I'm free in my speech, when I whisper sweet To the sorrowing heart, till its pulse shall beat And echoes my song till we both rejoice!

I'm free in my love, when my love drinks deep, From the heart of the world, in its generous beat, When self is lost in the boundless sea, Of kindred life's eternity!

I'm free on the mount where all great souls have stood, I'm free as the universe's good! I'm free as a God, when the God-like power, Draws time in the grand immortal hour!

I'm free when faked with sorrow and pain, For the body's loss is the spirit's gain, When earth returns to the earth, I shall be Still bound in my love, but eternally free!

I'm free in my life, when my life is pure; And my broad domain is the earth's wide floor, I'm free as the spring when its waters flow Through its flowery banks to the vale below!

I'm free to drink of the fountain of life Mid the toils of earth, in the battle's strife; I'm free to pluck the bright flowers of faith, And sing the conqueror's song in death!

'Tis a blessed life, is the life of man! Not a star, since creation's chime began, Has been free as the soul in its onward way, To the central orb of eternal day!

Then sing Amen! where'er thou shalt be, The song of the pure, of the good and free! Thou art bound in the bonds of sweet nature's love, In the sorrows of earth, in the home above!

A Convention of Ministers.

[From the Atlanta Commonwealth.]

I noticed in the Atlanta Herald of Sunday morning that a call is made for a general convention of the ministers of the United States, to be held in Atlanta on the first Wednesday of April next. The object of the Convention seems to be to provide some general plan for the abrogation of stated salaries, pew renting and all manner of devices by which religion is corrupted, and made a profession for the attainment of ease and comfort without labor.

It is hoped that the call will meet with general approval, and that we will have the largest assembly of ministers ever convened in the United States. I hope that it will be an occasion of a great revival among the preachers themselves, and that some effectual means shall be adopted by which the Gospel of Jesus may be restored and religion may no longer assume the aspect of a profession for the attainment of ease and comfort without labor, and become a burlesque on the Kingdom of Heaven taught by Jesus.

Let the citizens generally, make timely preparations to entertain the immense number of ministers that may be induced, by the spirit, to attend this glorious Convention.

The call is made in the interest of humanity. "The common people," both saints and sinners, everywhere, are being seduced from the ways of truth and humility, by the loss of pretentious formalism, while they are groaning under the heavy burdens it imposes, in these hard times, made harder from year to year, through the influence of example.

Example in the spiritual dominion is truly leading the common people to seek ease, and comfort, and luxury, by the toll of others.

"The workman is worthy of his meat," is a question that, perhaps, will be fairly and candidly discussed and determined by the Convention, as well as the style of living and the character of the work, defining what will present the best example for the common people, and the poor to whom the gospel is preached. Godspeed the Convention in its labor of love and humanity. —GOOD-WILL TO ALL.

Contents of Little Bouquet for December, 1875.

The Wanderings of a Spirit in Dream-land; Ministering Spirits; The Bouquets; Death of Little Paul; Portuguese Superstitions; The Guardian Angels of the Rail Road Train; Okinawa; The Angel Monitor; Mrs. Emma Mount, the Mountain Medium; Little Del Daniel's Dream; The Bogus Savior; Tom; Read to the Children; How Little Alice Died; Spirit Flowers; Tired; Little Sunbeam; Disrespect in the Family; Varieties; A Talk About Our Little Ones; Married Life in China; Names of Countries; Give Children Candy; The Marine's Return; An Angel Visitor; A Fragment; The Angel in the Gulse of a Fairy; The Angel Promptings; Interesting Compilations; Work; Educating Children; Attacked by a Monster Black Snake; Items for Young Theologians; Editorial—The Philosophy of Life; An Adventurous Boy; Touching Incidents.

Every Family of Spiritualists, should take the LITTLE BOUQUET, \$1 per year. Specimen copy 5 cents. Address RELIGIO-PUBLISHING PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

E. L. PRAY sends \$5.00 but does not give his Post Office address.

The Late Vice-President.

The Boston Herald says:

"The high civic functionary recently alluded to in this column as a Spiritualist, was the late Henry Wilson. He was a frequent, if not a regular, visitor to mediums in Boston and presumably so to those in other parts of the country where he traveled. The last day the writer of this saw him was that on which he attended a floral seance at Mrs. Thayer's, on which occasion the neck of the Vice President was encircled by a wreath of similar and his hands filled with lilies and roses. He used to invoke the spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Wildes and Mrs. Hardy, and was sometimes so delighted with the result as to insist on doubling the fee of the medium. For reasons which he doubtless deemed politic, he refrained from a public confession of his faith, and to all outward appearance continued to move in the Orthodox grooves."

Prof. Green.

The Cairo Sun speaks as follows of this physical medium: "Prof. Green permits the skeptical inquirer to sit beside him in the cabinet; or he takes his seat outside among the audience, yet in the broad glare of gaslight speaking faces, young and old, appear at the cabinet aperture, while musical instruments within create a din that speak of the presence of at least a dozen active hands. That such phenomena are nightly occurring at Vincennes, we have the testimony of many of the most reputable citizens of the place; and we have equally reputable testimony that trickery or collusion, in the production of the phenomena, are entirely out of the question."

To the Spiritualists and Free Thinkers of Wisconsin.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold its next quarterly meeting in Ripon, Wis., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, of Dec. 1875. Mrs. Dr. Severance, of Milwaukee, is already engaged for the occasion. Other prominent speakers will be in attendance. Let all come up to the work and not leave the burden for the few. The meeting will be called to order at 3 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, the 17th.

ISAAC ORVIS PRES.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

Omro, Wis.

Bound to Stir the Blood.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Nov. 6th, has reached our table, and is full of the most pointed, radical, and original sayings which we have found in any paper for years. It always glows with originality and is bound to stir the blood.—Oscoda (Iowa) Beacon.

J. M. FOLLETT writes that, Dr. E. C. Dunn, will lecture before the Henry County, Ill., Association of Spiritualists, the first three Sundays in December, 1875, at the Court House in Cambridge, Henry Co., Ill. All are invited to attend.

We call attention to the article on first page on "Mind Reading." It is full of interest.

J. BROWN, April 3rd, '75, sent money order \$1.00 from New Albany, Ind., but did not give his Post Office address. Do so, and oblige.

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

Money.

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

Wonderful Success in Healing the Sick.

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

THOUSANDS OF INVALIDS testify to the wonderful cures performed through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson. See her advertisement in another column.

PROGRESSIVE SONGSTER.

—COMPILED—

By WILLIAM H. WESTCOTT.

Comprises a collection of some of the best and most popular selections of the day, (over 300 pages,) arranged for the use of Spiritualists for the Lecture, Circle or Lyceum. These "Gems" are adapted to familiar melodies, and the Songster is intended to take the place of more ponderous music books for general use, and has met with hearty approval from all who have seen it. Every Spiritualist needs a copy. The following are a few of the

SELECTIONS:

SWEET BY-AND-BY. STRIVING FOR THE RIGHT. BEAUTIFUL RIVER. MOTHER KISSED ME IN MY DREAM. REST FOR THE WEARY. DREAMING TO NIGHT. HOME ABOVE—(Air: "Home Again.") HOME OF THE ANGELS—(Air: "Star of the Evening.") LOVE AT HOME. HOME, SWEET HOME. SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF—By Order. WAITING BY THE RIVER. Nearer MY GOD TO THEE. ERROR'S TEACHINGS SHALL MOULDER IN THE GRAVE—(Air: "John Brown.") SWEET SISTER SPIRIT COME—(Air: America.) DO THE SPIRITS OF LOVED ONES COME? "ROUND US—(Air: "Do they miss me at Home.") A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW. MESSANGERS ANGELS—(Air: "Star Spangled Banner.") I HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING—(Air: "Ever of Thee.")

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