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

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S. S. JONES, EDITOR.

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NO 15

THE PLANCHETTE.

The Mysteries of the Little Instrument—Its Wonderful Exploits—Its Miraculous Tests, etc.

The little gyrating tripod has proved itself to be something more than a nine days' wonder. It has found its way into thousands of families in all parts of the land. Lawyers, physicians, politicians, philosophers, and even oligymen, have watched eagerly its strange antics, and listened with rapt attention to its mystic oracles, speculators invoke its aid in making sharp bargains; and it is said that even sagacious brokers in Wall Street are often found listening to its vaticinations as to the price of stocks on a given future day. To all kinds of inquiries answers are given, intelligible at least, if not always true. A wonderful jumble of mental and moral possibilities in this little piece of dead matter, now giving utterance to childish drivel, now bandying jokes and badinage, now stirring the conscience by unexceptionably Christian admonitions, and now uttering the blindest infidelity or the most shocking profanity; and often discoursing gravely on science, philosophy, or theology. It is true that Planchette seldom exhibits this variety of theme and diction under the hands of the same individual, but, in general, manifests a peculiar faculty of adapting its discourse to the character of its associates. Reader, with your sanction, we will seek a little further acquaintance with this new species of creation, which Mr. Darwin has thus far left untraced.

The word "Planchette" is French, and simply signifies a *little board*. It is the diminutive of *plancher* (board or table) and that which will account for its antics will also account for the antics of its larger representatives, the tipping tables. It is usually made in the shape of a heart, about seven inches long and six inches wide at the widest part; but we suppose that any other shape and convenient size would answer as well. Under the two corners of the widest end are fixed two little castors or pantograph wheels, admitting of easy motion in all horizontal directions; and, in a hole, pierced through the narrow end, is fixed, upright, a lead pencil, which forms the third foot of the tripod. If this little instrument be placed upon a sheet of printing paper, and the fingers of one or more persons be laid lightly upon it, after quietly waiting a short time for the connection or rapport to become established, the board, if conditions are favorable, will begin to move, carrying the fingers with it. It will move for about one person in every three or four; and sometimes it will move with the hands of two or three persons in contact with it, when it will not move for either one of the persons singly. At the first trial, from a few seconds to twenty minutes may be required to establish the motion; but at subsequent trials it will move almost immediately. The first movements are usually indefinite or in circles; but as soon as some control of the motion is established, it will begin to write—at first, perhaps, in mere monosyllables, "Yes," and "No," in answer to leading questions, but afterward freely write whole sentences, and even paragraphs.

For me alone, the instrument will not move; for myself and wife it moves slightly, but its writing is mostly in monosyllables. With my daughter's hands upon it it writes more freely, frequently giving, correctly, the names of persons present whom she may not know, and also the names of their friends, living or dead, with other and similar tests. Its conversation with her is grave or gay, much according to the state of her own mind at the time; and when frivolous questions are asked, it almost always returns answers either frivolous or, I am sorry to say, a trifle wicked. For example, she, on one occasion, said to it, "Planchette, where did you get your education?" To her horror, it instantly wrote, "In H—," without, however, being so fastidious as to omit the letters of the word here left out. On another occasion, after receiving from it responses to some trivial questions, she said to it, "Planchette, now write something of your own accord without our prompting." But instead of writing words and sentences as was expected, it immediately traced out the rude figure of a man, such as school children sometimes make upon their slates. After finishing the outlines—face, neck, arms, legs, etc.—it swung round and brought the point of the pencil the proper position for the eye, which it carefully marked in, and then proceeded to pencil out the hair. On finishing this operation, it wrote under the figure the name of a young man concerning whom my daughter's companions are in the habit of teasing her.

My wife once said to it, "Planchette, write the name of the article I am thinking of." She was thinking of a finger-ring, on which her eyes had rested a moment before. The operator, of course, knew nothing of this, and my wife expected either that the experiment would fail, or else that the letters R-I-N-G would be traced. But instead of that the instrument moved, very slowly, and, as it were, deliberately, and traced an apparent exact circle on the paper, of about the size of a finger-ring she had in her mind. "Will you try that one again?" said she, when a similar circle was traced, in a similar manner, but more promptly. During this experiment, one of my wife's hands, in addition to my daughter's, was resting lightly upon the board; but if the moving force had been supplied by her, either consciously or unconsciously, the motion would evidently have taken the direction of her thought, which was that of writing the

letters of the word, instead of a direction unthought of.

To rush to a conclusion respecting the rationale of so mysterious a phenomenon, under the sole guidance of an experience which has been so limited as my own, would betray an amount of egotism and heedlessness with which I am unwilling to be chargeable; and my readers will not be introduced to some experiences of others.

A friend of mine, Mr. C., residing in Jersey City, with whom I have almost daily intercourse, and whose testimony is entirely trustworthy, relates the following:—

Some five or six months ago he purchased a Planchette, brought it home, and placed it in the hands of Mrs. B., a widow, who was then visiting his family. Mrs. B. had never tried or witnessed any experiments with Planchette, and was incredulous as to her power to evoke any movements from it. She, however, placed her hands upon it, as directed, and to her surprise it soon began to move, and wrote for its first words, "Take care!" "Or what must I take care?" she inquired. "Of your money." "Where?" "In Kentucky."

Mr. C. friend states that Mrs. B.'s husband had died in Albany about two years previous, bequeathing to her ten thousand dollars, which sum she had loaned to a gentleman in Louisville, Ky., to invest in the drug business, on condition that she and he were to share the profits; and up to this time the thought had not occurred to her that her money was not perfectly safe. At this point she inquired, "Who is this that is giving this caution?" "B—W—." (The name of a friend of hers who had died at Cairo, Ill., some six years before.) Mrs. B.: "Why! is my money in jeopardy?" Planchette: "Yes, and needs prompt attention." My friend O. here asked, "Ought she to go to Kentucky and attend to the matter?" "Yes."

So strange and unexpected was this communication, and so independent of the suggestions of her own mind, that she was not a little impressed by it, and thought it would at least be safe to her to make a journey to Louisville and ascertain if the facts were as represented. But she had at the time no ready money to pay her traveling expenses, and not knowing how she could get the money, she asked, "When shall I be able to go?" "In two weeks from to-day," was the reply. She thought over the matter, and the next day applied to a friend of hers, Mr. W., in Nassau Street, who promised to lend her the money by the next Tuesday or Wednesday. (It was on Thursday that the interview with Planchette occurred.) She came home and remarked to my friend, "Well, Planchette has told one lie, anyhow; it said I would start for Louisville two weeks from that day." Mr. W. is going to lend me the money, and I shall start by next Thursday, only one week from that time."

But on the next Thursday morning she received a note from Mr. W. expressing regret that circumstances had occurred which would render it impossible for him to let her have the money. She immediately sought, and soon found, another person by whom she was promised the money still in time to enable her to start a couple of days before the expiration of the two weeks—time still, as she supposed, enable her to prove Planchette to be wrong in at least that particular. But from circumstances unnecessary to detail, the money did not come until Wednesday, the day before the expiration of the two weeks. She then prepared herself to start the next morning; but through a blunder of the express man in carrying her trunk to the wrong depot, she was detained till the five o'clock P. M. train, when she started, just two weeks to the hour from the time the prediction was given.

Arriving at Louisville, she learned that her friend had become involved in consequence of having made a number of bad sales for large amounts, and had actually gone into bankruptcy—reserving, however, for the security of her debt, a number of lots of ground, which his creditors were trying to get hold of. She thus arrived not a moment too soon to save herself, which she will probably do, in good part, at least, if not wholly—though the affair is still unsettled.

THE NAMES OF PLANCHETTE.
In Planchette, the public journalists and pamphleteers seem to have caught the "What is it?" in a new shape, and great has been the expenditure of printer's ink in the way of narratives, queries, and speculations upon the subject. There are now lying before me several publications and articles, in which the Planchette phenomena are noticed and discussed,—from which we propose to cull and condense such statements of fact as appear to possess most intrinsic interest, and promise most aid in the solution of the mysteries. We shall also discuss the different theories of these writers, and also some other theories that have been propounded.

"Planchette's Diary," edited by Kate Field, is an interesting pamphlet, consisting of details in the author's experience, with little or no speculation as to the origin or laws of the phenomena. The author herself was the principal medium of the communications, but she occasionally introduces experiences of others. The pamphlet serves to put one on familiar and comfortable terms with the invisible source of intelligence, whereas they may be illustrating the leading peculiarities of the phenomena, giving some tests of an outside directing influence more or less striking, and candidly recording the failures of test answers which were mixed up with the successes. We extract two or three specimens:—
"May 28th, Evening.—Our trio was reinforced by Mr. B., a clever young lawyer, who regarded Planchette with no favorable eyes—had no faith whatever in 'Spiritualism,' and

maintained that for his part he thought it quite as sensible, if not more so, to attribute unknown phenomena to white rabbits as to spirits. * * * Planchette addressed herself to Mr. B. thus:

"You do not think that I am a spirit. I tell you that I am. If I am not an intelligence, in the name of common sense what am I? If you fancy I am white rabbits, then all I have to say is, that white rabbits are a deal cleverer than they have the credit of being among natural historians."

Later, doubt was thrown upon the possibility of getting mental questions answered, and Planchette retorted:

"Do you fancy for one moment that I don't know the workings of your brain? That is not the difficulty. It is the impossibility—almost—of making two diametrically opposed magnetisms unite."
After this rebuke, Mr. B. asked a mental question, and received the following answer: "I am impelled to say that if you will persevere in these investigations, you may be placed in rapport with your wife, who would undoubtedly communicate with you. If you have any faith in the immortality of the soul, you have no doubt of the possibility of spiritual influences being brought to bear upon mortals. It is no new thing. Ever since the world began, this power has been exerted in one way or another; and if you pretend to put any faith in the Bible, you surely must credit the possibility of establishing this subtle connection between man and so-called angels."

This communication was gibberish written until within eleven words of the conclusion, when Planchette stopped, and I asked if she had finished.

"No," she replied.
"Then why don't you go on? I continued. I can write faster than this."

Planchette grew exceedingly wroth at this and dashed off an answer:

"Because, my good gracious! you are not obliged to express yourself through another's hand."
I took it for granted that Planchette had shot very wide of the mark in the supposed response to Mr. B.'s mental query, and hence was not prepared to be told that it was satisfactory. In proof of which Mr. B. wrote beneath it:

"Appropriate answer to my mental question. Will my deceased wife communicate with me?—I. A. B."

May 28th. At the breakfast table Mr. G. expressed a great desire to see Planchette perform, and she was brought from her box. Miss W. was also present. After several communications, Miss W. asked a mental question, and Planchette immediately wrote:

"Miss W. that is hardly possible in the present state of the money market; but later, I dare say will accomplish what you desire to undertake."

Miss W. Planchette is entirely off the track. My question was, Can you tell me anything about my nephew?"

Mr. G. "Well, it is certainly very queer. I asked a mental question to which this is to a certain extent an answer."

Mr. G. was seated beside me, thoroughly intent upon Planchette. Miss W. was at a distance, and not in any way in rapport with me. If this phenomenon of answering mental questions be clairvoyance, the situation of these two persons may account for the mixed nature of the answer, beginning with Miss W. and flushed with Mr. G."

We will now proceed to notice some of the theories that have been advanced for the solution of the mystery.

THEORY FIRST.—THAT THE BOARD IS MOVED BY THE HANDS THAT REST UPON IT.

It is supposed that this movement is made either by design or unconsciously, and that the answers are either the result of adroit guessing, or the expressions of some appropriate thoughts or memories which had been previously lumbering in the minds of the operators, and happened to be awakened at the moment.

After detailing his exploits (whether real or imaginary he has left us in doubt) in a successful and sustained course of deception, the writer in *Harper's* reaches this startling conclusion of the whole matter:—

"It would only write when I moved it, and then it wrote precisely what I dictated. That persons write 'unconsciously.' I do not believe. As well tell me a man might pick pockets without knowing it. Nor am I at all prepared to believe the assertions of those who declare that they do move the board. I know what operators will do in such cases: I know the distortion, the disregard of truth which association with this immoral board superinduces."

This writer has somewhat the advantage of me. I confess I have no means of coming to the knowledge of the truth but those of careful thought, patient observation, and collection of facts, and deductions from them. But here is a mind that can with one bold dive reach the inner mysteries of the sensible and super-sensible world; penetrate the motives and impulses that govern the specific moral acts of men, and disclose at once to us the horrible secret of a conspiracy which, without preconcert, has been entered into by thousands of men, women, and children in all parts of the land; to one of the great of the human race—a conspiracy, too, in which certain members of innumerable private families have banded together to play tricks upon their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters! I feel awed by the overshadowing presence of such a mind—in fact, I do not feel quite at home with him, and therefore most respectfully bow myself out of his presence without farther ceremony. As to the hypothesis that the person or persons whose hands are on the board move it un-

consciously, this is met by the fact that the persons are perfectly awake and in their senses, and are just as conscious of what they are doing or not doing as at any other time. Or, if it be morally possible to suppose that they all, invariably, and with one accord, lie when they assert that the board moves without their volition, how is it that the answers which they gave to questions, some of them mental, are in so large a proportion of cases, appropriate answers? How is it, for example, that Planchette, under the hands of my daughter, has, in numerous cases, giving correctly the names of persons whom she had never seen or heard of before, given also the names of their absent relatives, the places of their residence, etc., all of which were absolutely unknown by every person present, except the questioner?

A theory propounded by the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Chicago, in an article published in *The Advance*, some time since, may be noticed under this head. He says:—

"How, then, shall we account for the writing which is performed without any direct volition? Our method refers to an automatic power of mind separate from conscious volition. * * * Very common is the experience of an automatic power in the pen, by which it finishes a word, or two or three words, after the thoughts have consciously gone on to what is to follow. We infer, then, to ordinary facts known to the habitual penman, that if a fixed idea is in the mind at the time when the nervous and volitional powers are exercised with a pen, it will often express itself spontaneously through the pen, when the mental faculties are at work otherwise. We suppose, then, that Planchette is simply an arrangement by which, through the outstretched arms and fingers, the mind comes into such relation with the delicate movements of the pencil, that its automatic power finds play, and the ideas present in the mind are transferred unconsciously to paper."

That may all be, Doctor, and no marvel about it. That the "fixed ideas present in the mind," should be "transferred unconsciously to paper," by means of Planchette, is no more wonderful than the same thing should be done by the pen, and without the intervention of that little board. But for the benefit of a sorely mystified world, be good enough to tell us how ideas that are not present, and that never were present in the mind, can be transferred to paper by this automatic power of the mind. Grant that the mind possesses an automatic power to work in the grooves, as it were, or in a manner in which it has been previously trained to work, as is illustrated by the delicate fingerings of the piano, all correct and skillful to the nicest shade, while the mind of the performer may for the moment be occupied in conversation; but not since the world began has there been an instance in which the mind, acting solely from itself, "automatic powers" or otherwise, has been able to body forth any idea which was not previously within itself. That Planchette does sometimes write things of which the person or persons under whose hands it moves never had the slightest knowledge or even conception, it would be useless to deny.

THEORY SECOND.—IS IT ELECTRICITY, OR MAGNETISM?

That electricity or magnetism (a form of the same thing) is the agent of the production of these phenomena, is a theory which, perhaps, has more advocates among the masses than any other. It is the theory urged by Mr. Headley with a great amount of confidence in an article in *Hours at Home*; and with his arguments, as those of an able and, in some sense, representative writer on this subject, we shall be principally occupied for a few paragraphs.

When this theory is offered in seriousness as a final solution of the mystery in question, we are tempted to ask, Who is electricity? what is his mental and moral status? and how and where did he get his education? Or if by "electricity" is here simply meant the subtle, imperceptible, and imperious fluid commonly known by that name, then let us ask, Who is at the other end of the wire?—for there must evidently be a who as well as a what? In the case, but when the advocates of the electric theory are brought to their strict definitions, they are compelled to admit that this agent is nothing more than the medium of the power and intelligence that are manifested. Now a medium, which signifies simply a middle, distinctly implies two opposite ends or extremes, and as implied in this case, one of those ends or extremes must be the source, and the other the recipient of the power or influence that is transmitted through the medium or middle; and it is an axiom of common sense that no medium can be a perfect medium which has anything to do with the origination or qualification of that which is intended simply to flow through it, or which is not absolutely free from action except as it is acted upon. That there are so-called mediums which reflect, pervert, falsify, or totally obliterate the characteristics of that which was intended to be transmitted through them, is not to be denied; but these are by no means perfect or reliable mediums, either in physical or psychic matters.

If the little instrument in question, therefore, is, through the medium of electricity or any other agency, brought under perfect control and driven to write a communication, the force that drives and the intelligence that directs it cannot be attributed to the medium itself, but to something behind and beyond it, which must embrace in itself all the active powers and qualifications to produce the effect. Now let us see where Mr. Headley gets the active powers and qualifications to produce the phenomena manifested by his Planchette. He shall speak for himself:

"That a spirit, good or bad, has anything to do with this piece of board and the tips of children's fingers, is too absurd a supposition to be entertained for a moment. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that what is written (by honest operators) has its origin either in the minds of those whose hands are on the instrument, or else it results from communication with other minds through another channel than the outward senses. At all events, on this hypothesis I have been able to explain most of the phenomena I have witnessed. I have, with others, laughed at the stories told about Planchette, when a lady visiting my family from the city brought, as the latest novelty, one for my daughter. Experiments were of course made with it, with very little success, till a young lady came to visit us from the West, whose efforts with those of my son wrought a marvelous change. She was modest and retiring, with a rich brown complexion, large swimming eyes, dark as midnight, and a dreamy expression of countenance, and altogether a temperament that is usually found to possess great magnetic power. My son, on the contrary, is fair, full of animal life, and enjoying everything with the keenest relish. In short, they were as opposite in all respects as two beings could be. As the phenomena produced by electricity are well known to arise from the opposite poles, or differently charged bodies, they would naturally be adapted to the trial of Planchette."

Mr. H. now finds the mysterious agency, "electricity," completely unchanged, and under the hands of this couple, Planchette becomes "very active." Indifferent to its performances at first, he was induced to give it more serious attention by the correct answers given to a couple of questions asked in a joking manner by his wife, concerning some love affairs of his before they were married, and which were known to none present except himself and wife. Of course these answers, being in his wife's mind when she asked the question, were supposed to be "communicated through the agency of electricity or magnetism to the two operators," and the mystery was thus summarily disposed of. But an interest being thus for the first time aroused in Mr. H.'s mind, he proceeds to inquire a little further into the peculiarities of this new phenomenon, and proceeds as follows:—

"Seeing that Planchette was so familiarly acquainted with my lady friends, I asked it point blank, 'Where is Mary O—?' This was a friend of my early youth and later manhood, who had always seemed to me rather a relative than an acquaintance. To my surprise it answered, 'Nobody knows.'"

I supposed I knew, because for twenty years she had lived on the Hudson River in summer, and in New York in winter.

"Is she happy?" I asked. "Better be dead," was the reply.

"Why?" "Unhappy" was written out at once.

"What makes her unhappy?" "Won't tell."

"Is she in fault, or others?" "Partly herself."

I now pushed question in all shapes, but they were evaded. At last I asked, "How many brothers has she?"

"One," was the response. "That," said I, "is false," but not having heard from the family for several years, I asked again, "How many did she have?" "Three." "Where are the other two?" I continued. "Dead." "What is the name of the living one?" "John." I could not recollect that either of them bore this name, but afterwards remembered it was that of the oldest. Now I have no means of ascertaining whether this was all true, but convinced it was not, I began to ask ridiculous and vexatious questions, when the answers showed excessive irritation, and finally it wrote "Devil!" I then said, "Who are you?" "Brother of the Devil!"

"What is your occupation?" "Tending fires."

"What are you going to do with me?" "Broll you."

"What for?" "Wicked."

Now while I was exceeding amused at all this, I noticed that the two young operators were greatly agitated, and begged me to stop. I saw at a glance that the very superstitious feeling that I was endeavoring to ridicule away, was creeping over them, and I desisted.

"* * * Another day I asked where a certain gentleman who failed great ago, talking in his fall a considerable amount of my funds. I said, 'Where is Mr. Green?' 'In Brazil.'"

"Will he ever pay me anything?" "Yes."

"When?" "Next year."

"How much?" "Ten thousand dollars."

Neither of the operators knew anything about this affair, and the answer, "Brazil," was so out of the way and unexpected, that all were surprised. Whether the man was there or not, I could not tell, nor did I know if he ever had been there—indeed, the last time I heard from him he was in New York.

Now, observing that no conscious or intelligent agency in shaping these answers is assigned to the board, and who, it appears, did not know anything of the persons concerning whom the inquiries were made, it would, perhaps, as we desire nothing but a true philosophy on this matter, be worth while to look a little critically at the answers and statements that were given, and the further explanations propounded by Mr. H. For convenience, they may be classified as follows:—

1. Answers that were substantially in the interrogator's own mind when he asked the questions. Such were the answers to the questions, "How many brothers did she (Mary O—) have?" "Where did she formerly live?" etc.

(To be continued.)

THY COMFORTED ME.

BY MERRIE CANTON.

(From the Ope Ann (Hess) Advertiser.)

Youth promised fair, The world looked bright—life's pathway gleamed With rosy hues: I fondly dreamed No shades were there.

The dream soon fled; Sorrow and care left impress deep, Until I saw those who sleep— The peaceful dead.

I longed for rest, So tired of life's weary load, My burden heavy, and the road Beset with rough and heat.

I knelt to pray; My troubled breast must find relief, So deep its anguish, sore its grief, That autumn day.

There was a calm; Peace drew her mantle o'er my soul, And angel power held control With healing balm.

Then came to me Friends gone before, In joyous bands They soothed me, and with loving hands Made sorrow flee.

Such words of cheer, Such heavenly songs they sang— How the sweet music rang— In accents clear.

Filled with sweet peace, My heavy heart grew light again, Freed from its sorrows and its pain— Of glad release.

Baptized in love, The voyage of life seems pleasant now, Was angel hands have touched my brow, There's joy above.

Life is now bliss, For spirit friends lend me their power, And brighten all my weary hours, Giving me rest.

"No more, no more," The words are music to my soul, As I press forward to the goal, To lay my burden down.

Gloucester, Nov. 27, '76.

EX ORIENTE LUX.

On the Connection of Spiritualism With the Bible, Faith, and Salvation of the World.

By George Farmer, of England, Author of "Spiritualism and Christianity, Their Mutual Relationships, Parallels and Contrasts," etc., etc.

INDIA: THE SACRED IS ONE OF THE BRAHMINIC PERIOD.

(REVISED EDITION.)

Another of the Sacred Epics now claims our attention, viz.—The Mahabharata, which is, to literally translate its title, "the great history of the descendants of Bharata," with which is incorporated a great number of episodes and legends—the latter comprises more than three-fourths of the whole. It is the work of different authors at different periods of time, and contains above 200,000 lines. The main story deals with the history of the incarnation of Vishnu as Krishna, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. Meanwhile, the following brief resume of one of the stories of the Mahabharata will be interesting.

Savitri, the lovely daughter of King Aswapati, loves Satyavan, the son of an old hermit, but is warned by a seer to overcome her attachment, as Satyavan is a doomed man, having only one year to live. But Savitri replies: "Whether his years be few or many, he is gifted with all grace or graceless, him my heart has chosen, and which choicest not again." They are married, and spite all her endeavors to forget the prophecy, as the last day draws near, she becomes possessed with an irresistible anxiety. At last the dreadful day arrives, and Satyavan sets out to cut wood in the forest. His wife asks leave to accompany him, and she walks behind her husband smiling, but with a heavy heart. Satyavan soon makes the woods resound with his hootings, when suddenly through his temple shoots a thrill of agony; and feeling himself falling he calls out to his wife to support him. "Then she raises her fainting husband in her arms, and sat herself on the cold ground, and gently laid his drooping head on her lap. Sorrowing she called to mind the seer's prophecy, and reckoned up the days and hours. All in an instant she beheld an awful shape standing before her, dressed in blood-red garments, with a glittering crown upon his head. His form, though glowing like the sun, was yet obscure; and his eyes he had like flames; a noose depended from his hand; and he was terrible to look upon; as by her husband's side he stood and gazed upon him with a fiery glance. Suddenly she started up and laid her dying Satyavan upon the ground; and with her hands joined reverently, she thus, with beating heart, addressed the shape: "Surely thou art a God, such forms as thine must none than mortal be. Tell me thou Godlike being, who thou art, and wherefore art thou here?" The answer is that he is Yama the Death-god, and that her husband's time is come, and that he must bind and take his spirit. Then from her husband's body forced he out, and firmly with his cord bound and detained the spirit, like in size to a man's thumb. Forthwith the body, left of vital being and deprived of breath, lost all its grace and beauty, and became ghastly and motionless.

After binding the spirit, Yama proceeds with it to his own habitation, followed very closely by the faithful wife. Yama bids her go home and perform the funeral rites, but she persists in following; and Yama, pleased with her devotion, agrees to grant her any boon except the life of her husband. She is not content with this and still follows the king of the dead, who at last overcome with her constancy, grants her the life of her husband, whereupon she exclaims: "Naught, mighty king, this time has thou excepted: let my husband live. Without him I desire not happiness, nor even heaven itself: without him I must die." "So be it, faithful wife," replied the king of death: "Thus I release him; and with that he loosed the cord that bound his soul."

THE BHAGAVAT GITA. One of the episodes of the Mahabharata, embodies in the form of a dialogue a revelation by Krishna to Arjuna on the field of Kuru. A deadly feud exists between Arjuna and his kinsmen, and having qualms of conscience against destroying human life, Krishna

attempts to remove his scruples. The opposing armies being drawn upon either side to wait the close of this communion between man and the god, Krishna is represented to say: "The wise grieve not for the departed, nor for those who yet survive, as he is the time when I was not; nor thou, nor yonder chiefs; and never shall be the time when all of us shall be not; as the embodied soul in this corporeal frame moves swiftly on through boyhood, youth and age, so will it pass through other forms hereafter—be not grieved thereat. The man whom pain and pleasure, heat and cold affect not, he is fit for immortality; that which is not, cannot be—that which can never cease to be. Know this.—The being that spread this universe is indestructible; who can destroy the indestructible? Immortal, have an end—but he who thinks the soul can be destroyed, and he who deems it a destroyer, are alike mistaken; he kills not, and is not killed; it is not born, nor does it ever die; it is not past or future—unproduced, unchanging, infinite; he who knows it fixed, unborn, imperishable, indissoluble—how can that man destroy another, or extinguish aught below? As man abandons old and threadbare clothes to put on others new, so casts the embodied soul, far cast of frame to enter other forms. No dart can pierce it; flame cannot consume it; water wet it not; nor scorching breeze dry it; Indestructible, incapable of heat or moisture, or aridity—eternal, all pervading, steadfast, immovable; perpetual, yet imperceptible, and incomprehensible, unfading, deathless, unimagable."

Further on he says: "The soul is the principle of life, which sovereign wisdom employed to animate bodies; matter is inert and perishable; the soul thinks and acts, and it is immortal. Of thought is born will, and of the will is born action. Hence it is that man is the most perfect of terrestrial creatures, for he operates freely in intellectual nature, knowing to distinguish the true from the false, the just from the unjust, good from the evil."

"That inward knowledge, that will which guides itself by the judgment towards what it likes, and withdraws itself from what it dislikes, renders the soul responsible for its action, responsible for its choice, and for this cause has God established rewards and punishments."

Christna then details the means whereby rewards and punishments are obtained, and the path of purification. These glances of his teaching, however, must suffice for the present.

In closing it may be mentioned that a legend of the Deluge is found in the Mahabharata, one incident of which being that, when the flood was over, it was discovered that among the treasures which had been lost was the "Amaris or Drink of Immortality." The gods met in council to consider how the loss might be repaired, and Vishnu advised them to churn the ocean, that the vessel sea might give back its spoil. The legend goes on to call how, with the aid of Brahma and the king of the Serpents, the lost Amrita is recovered.

(To be continued.)

A NEW EVANGELIST.

Reprinted from St. James' Magazine, September, 1876. Revised and Corrected by the Author.

It is an autobiography of an important personage long since passed away, but of whom history gives no certain account; though we are told records of him did at one time exist, and may possibly yet be found. Hated, Prince of Persia, tells us that his birthplace was a lonely spot situated on the eastern shores of the Persian Sea. He saw first the light in the castle of his ancestor,—his father having descended from a long line of chiefs of Persia, renowned in the history of their country for bravery and patriotism. His mother was a daughter of a chief of Cashmere—that favored Paradise of earth where Harat and Marat, as the ancient legend tells us, two angels of instruction sent down from heaven to teach mankind, fell so desperately in love with each other that they refused to return to their home above. The princess is described, with a burst of filial affection, as the loveliest of woman and the kindest of mothers, and at the same time truly devoted to God: so much so, that when she first looked on her infant son, overpowered by feelings of gratitude to Him whom she fervently worshipped through the emblems of the great son, she solemnly dedicated the babe to the service of the God adored.

The deadly scourge of war broke loose once more, and desolated the home of Hated. Ruthless foes fired the lonely Paradise, in which angels might have sought to dwell, and murdered the beautiful mother and the innocent child. With the disfigured bodies of the dear ones before him, he raised his hands and swore by the gods of the heathen—he would have avenged the great God of Heaven, but the words stuck in his throat—He would have revenge that foul deed, and though he should have to follow to the ends of the earth the heathen monster who had perpetrated the cruel wrong, he would tear him limb from limb. His guardian angel appeared, with the suddenness with which the Angel of the Lord revealed himself to Abraham when he arrested the patriarch's arm; and found another victim for the uplifted knife that was to slay the youthful Isaac. The pursuit, the character, the spirit of Hated were changed from that moment. There was a revolution throughout all his nature, and the dedication of his devout mother seemed from that hour to take effect. He had already been admitted into the order of the Magi; and his name was familiar to all the brotherhood as one who had visited many countries in pursuit of knowledge, and whose careful education specially qualified him to become the head of the order. He was accordingly selected for the office, and was made the Archmagus.

If we are to accept this testimony, there creeps over us a sacred awe as we peruse the strange pages of this volume. But this is not all. Hated says of Jesus Christ, as one whom he had known in the flesh from His childhood: "For Him I cared; Him I followed; for Him I suffered and died." The life and character of his Prince he unfolds to us from personal observation. Hated was one of the wise men who, following the star in the east, sought out the young Child and His mother, and brought their gifts of myrrh and frankincense to the Babe as He lay in the manger at Bethlehem. But there is still a stronger and more bewitching attraction in this strange narrative. Hated and a dear companion were at length called to the martyr's crown; so that here is the testimony of one of the very earliest to suffer death for Christ. Brought out in the arena where gladiators were wont to contend, the aged Christians were made a sport for pagan Romans when the cruel conquerors pressed their iron heel on vanquished Persia. The touching scene is best described in Hated's own words: "Clearly we look around, fearing none. We had the word of Jesus,—we knew He would protect us—that neither man nor beast could

harm us. They let loose the animals from their den, while we stood in the center of the arena and calmly looked on as we saw the hungry beasts narrowing into a point from which to make their spring. We had dropped the weapons which had been placed in our hands, and were standing with folded arms. The tiger crawled stealthily on his belly, while the lion paced about as if he shrank from the ignoble use man had put him to. At length the tiger bounded, and dropped dead at our feet! The lion followed, and leaped on the prostrate body of the tiger, on which he stood like a statue of stone. He, too, was struck by the Angel of Death! They brought out other animals, but they would not approach us. We were then led off, while the spectators expressed their great disgust at such an unlooked-for interference with their sport. The second day came; and that day we knew to be our last. Both of us knelt in prayer to the Great Spirit, and asked our Prince to receive us to Himself. There we continued on our knees in the midst of the great arena—thousands of spectators gazing on us. We arose not. The beasts made a great spring. I saw one of the animals fix on my companion. That is the last I remember seeing in the body: I opened my eyes, and found myself on the glorious home on high."

Such is a brief sketch of the career of this early martyr of the Christian faith, as he has come back to earth to depict it for our edification, if indeed we are to accept the narrative at all.

But the dazzling seductiveness of the story of Hated's sufferings and life, of his experiences, his character and his learning, of his martyr's death, pales its infatigable fire before the transcendent fascination of that which follows. Hated was forty-three years old at the birth of Christ; and after the flight into Egypt became the friend, the actual tutor, the traveling companion of the Child Jesus.

Jesus, while yet of tender age, was admitted as one of the Magi, and was regarded by the brotherhood as more than man—as God. But Hated stood against his brethren in this; and Jesus himself protested, "I am but a boy. My Father in the heavens created me; He also created you. But I am sent to do a special work; the path is before me; and He will strengthen me for my work." As to the parentage of Jesus, Hated is most explicit. "Jesus," he says, "had no earthly father. I knew him at the time. The Magi of Persia, the priests of Corinth and Athens, would tell you the same thing if they could appear to you. There have been many wonder-working men in the world; but can you find one born of an earthly father and mother to compare with Jesus? He had no law."

How shall we trace the biography of the Child Jesus as unfolded here? We have already alluded to the journey to Bethlehem. The narrative continues with the designs of Herod, and his attempts to make the knowledge of the wise men subservient to his covardice and cruelty. But being warned of God, they went not back to the expectant tyrant. The return of the Magi to Persia is carefully noted. They proceeded by the shores of the Salt Sea, into which Jordan pours its waters. But Hated controverts the tradition, that this mysterious sea covers the ancient site of Sodom and Gomorrah. Thence they traveled through the wilderness to Ararat; and finally, after many wanderings, reached their home in Persia. During these wanderings they found themselves in Egypt. After Joseph and Mary, driven away by the fear of Herod, came in due time. The arrival of the Holy Child and His parents in Egypt having been intimated to Isaha, the venerable priest of the Temple of the Nile, arrangements were made by him whereby the Child should be educated within the temple; and gladly did the holy man undertake the task.

A letter from the venerable Isaha speaks in glowing terms of the wondrous Child who dared to face alone the dark and solemn recesses of the Inner Temple—that silent floor where even the oldest priests dare not venture alone. "This young Prince, as thou callest Him, to be indeed the Son of God, having in Him the spirit of the father." A third letter tells of the incomparable wisdom of the Child. Jesus was given up by his mother to the care of Isaha as soon as He was able to walk; and Joseph and Mary his wife stayed in Egypt, Joseph labored at his craft as a carpenter. When Jesus was about eight years old, He and Isaha paid a visit to Hated in Persia; but their visit was sudden and unexpected; nor was their journey without perils and adventures. Here the Holy Child was placed under the care of Hated, and was instructed in Persian literature and theology. He had been indoctrinated by Isaha not only in the theology of Egypt, but also in that of the Hebrews; for Egypt at that time possessed of the best translations of the Hebrew records—the work of Jewish doctors who had lived in the country; and Jesus was here instructed in the prophecies concerning Himself. Joseph and Mary were all this time residing in Egypt; and we are left to conjecture their parental solicitude for the distant Child with whose life their own lives were indissolubly bound.

In Persia, Jesus was admitted as one of the Magi; here He disavowed the adoration that His friends were so eager to bestow. He declared Himself but a creature, but spoke of a pre-existence in a brighter world; and on one signal occasion, when the heavens were opened, the vision of a mighty temple was seen, and in its midst thereof a throne. "Father Hated, yonder is my throne," said the young disciple—for though dealing with a wisdom more than human, he was still a mere pupil. Hated writes: "I could not help expressing my belief that He was more than mortal. 'Nay, my father,' said He, 'I am just such as you are; but my young charge traveled together to Greece, thence to Rome, and back to Egypt, and afterwards to Judea. Now, who shall tell the value of any authentic record of the manner in which the Child Jesus spent the interval between the flight into Egypt with Joseph and Mary, and the time when we find the boy of twelve years old in the Temple at Jerusalem, disputing with the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions? This is precisely what Hated has undertaken to supply; and our estimate of the worth of the record will naturally be measured by our faith in its authenticity. In order, however, to pursue without interruption the thread of the story, we raise no cavil here, but postpone for final remark all discussion on the authenticity of this wonderful history."

Hated, Prince of Persia: his Experiences in Earth Life and Spirit Life. With Appendix containing Communications from Spirit Artists. London: J. B. Bury, 15 Southampton Row, Glasgow: H. Nisbet, 212 George Street.

The spiritual world, the eternal home of man after death, is not remote from this world, but is in direct conjunction with it, and we are, though unconsciously, always in immediate communion with angels and spirits. —New Jerusalem Messenger (Swedenborgian.)

Communication from Theodore Parker.

Mr. R. S. Jones.—This may be a little unexpected, but I will explain the cause of my unlooked-for message to you this morning. We have directed our medium (Mrs. Dr. Dodge), to send you some of our communications, which she will do, enclosed with this. Her hand is a very large one and her control, one of the most noble of spirits, highly educated, refined, and possessing one of the most brilliant minds that the world ever knew, and this country mourned his loss deeply. He is a most worthy leader of our circle, and has had to use some persuasion to induce Mrs. Dodge to consent to send these messages to you.

She writes unlike any medium we have ever controlled; very plain, and very easy to impress with the idea we wish to convey, and her messages are not copied, but you see them just as they came from our pencil. Knowing that you are interested in this noble work, we place these pages before you, and hope you will not consider the time lost, that you spend in their perusal.

Very Truly, THEODORE PARKER.

COMMUNICATION OF EDWARD GIBBON, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF HELEN M. DODGE.

The immortality of the soul is truly a subject of profound interest to every one, and more hours should be devoted to its contemplation by mortal, and less of worldly affairs allowed to fill the mind. Cicero reasoned well; he fully believed that the true life was the after-life, and did not hesitate to tell the learned Romans of his conviction, and although he lived before Christ, his faith in a future state of happiness was as strong as any Christian's of the present day. His words on the "Immortality of the Soul," are divine thoughts of his great mind, and none can read them without admiring the immortal orator, who passed on to a higher life before the date of the Christian Era. You have meditated much upon the subject that heads this message, have turned over in your mind the problems of Bible theory, and yet have not been satisfied with any explanation that could be given you in regard to its authenticity, or its origin.

I think that you have present company who have felt likewise, and now let me say to you, let it not in any way deter you from this most beautiful intercourse with departed spirits, who well know that the whole book from title page unto the "finis" is a medley of fables, and that the great minds Addison, Locke, Bacon, Johnson, Burke, Pierpont, King, and a hundred others, who have talked to you about it, have spoken only truth. Demosthenes, Plato, Socrates, Mark Antony, Cicero and others that I might mention, lived before the advent of Jesus, and consequently them he could not save, yet they are not lost, and they believed most of them in the immortality of the soul. Ask Julius Cæsar to day if he can tell you any thing about the Savior of the world, this man Jesus, and he would tell you that Christ was one of the heathen gods, or not unlike them, that he was an imaginary redeemer that people on the earth worshipped, but which none had ever seen. Now, since this person is only a creature of the brain, how very wrong it is for mortals to cling to such a poor creed, when by a little thorough investigation they might gain much useful knowledge in regard to the all-important subject. They need not believe every person who pretends to have this power of mediumship, but let them first find out what kind of a medium they are talking to, and then be careful who comes to give them light upon the subject; let them weigh every word if they choose, and when they find a true medium, one whose daily life is pure and good, then they will get the revelations of great and good minds, and know too that they are not being deceived. There is no excuse in this enlightened age for people to go on in this old orthodox ignorance, when by a little reflection they might see the light shining and walk in the path that it displays to mortal eye, and then they would begin to learn that the Bible was not the corner stone, but that it was a bundle of old histories or fables,—it does not matter which—for true it is that not one person mentioned in its pages, was ever heard of, not even Lucifer, who seems to be quite as conspicuous as Jesus himself. After being told all this by spirits, who while they were in the form perhaps believed in this same Jesus, but who now know how shamefully they were deceived in supposing they would find him in the after-life; after, I say, all this has been revealed unto the children of earth, why not at once commence a search at least into this way, and clear it up if they can, and when they have become convinced that the immortal mind can control the mortal, let them acknowledge the fact and proclaim the truth throughout all the land, and throw down the old book that they have guarded so long, and learn to live as men and women should live, with the belief that the life to come is the true life, and that their actions on earth will affect them here in the upper land.

Let them be ever anxious to do right and at all times live as though they expected to pass over to-morrow; but let it not sadden them for the pure in heart it is a lovely change, and the freed spirit is divinely happy. If mortals could only be persuaded of this doctrine throughout the whole world, there at once would begin a revolution, such as the earth has never known, and the Summer-land would have no dark spirits seeking to control some mortal for the express purpose of deceiving them whenever they can, and doing evil instead of good as you are well aware has often been the case. These evil spirits would cease to be evil if the earth was convinced of this doctrine; but sin, misery, and crime walk in the world constantly, and these people on entering Spirit-life immediately set themselves to work, to see who else they may destroy, and as a consequence in many instances, you hear of false messages and evil deeds committed by mortals who are controlled by Diakhs, but when people see the light of this phenomena as they should, mankind will depart from their evil ways and we shall then only see good spirits, and feel their divine influence wherever we go.

EDWARD GIBBON

Edward Gibbon writer of the celebrated "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" died 1794.

A BRAVE LADY.

What Susan B. Anthony has done—A Strong-Minded Female not to be Longer Laughed at.

From Demorest's Monthly Magazine. Miss Susan B. Anthony has done a noble thing, which deserves to be widely known. She has lectured 150 times during this season. It is said, and has paid off the last of the debt of \$10,000 which she was compelled to assume in the failure of the Revolution. In the days of its weakness, when the advocates of woman's suffrage were hopelessly divided into two rival organizations, and the Woman's Journal was flourishing in Boston, Miss Anthony courageously took the Revolution, and became financially responsible for it. That she has felt obliged to work for years after its failure to pay its debts, at a time when thousands of

men avail themselves of the privilege of the Bankrupt act, is a phenomenal exhibition of a moral sensitiveness and personal honor. A woman is thoroughly qualified to plead for the claims for her own sex when she respects the rights of human nature so keenly.

Confession and Crime.

The Roman Catholic Church is a part of a great system of despotism that ruled the past, but is fading before the light of modern progress.

The Pope has no quarrel with Emperors and Kings; if they are only good Catholics. Republics, the Pope curses, no matter who are in power.

It has been a part of the policy of Rome in all ages, to support the crown. The Church and the State went hand in hand in deceiving and oppressing the people. The priest and the prince went hand and glove with each other. The prince protected the priest; and the priest aided and abetted the prince.

No wonder then, that they played into each other's hands. The priest said, "The powers that be are of God," however bloody and abominable the tyrant might be. And the tyrant, on the other hand, gave privileges to the priests that they might effectually serve him. Among all other devices of the dark age of oppression, that of the confessional was the darkest and most abominable.

Here is a little kingdom, with a Catholic king, and an established Church. They have all things their own way. The people had no rights which a prince or a priest was bound to respect. The king was a soldier, whose hours of peace were spent in drunkenness and debauchery. Civil affairs were in the hands of the priests alone.

But no community could be crushed to death without some discontented spirits perceiving the wrong, and exciting their fellows to resistance. And how to detect and prevent these outbreaks was a standing question for the king and the priest.

"I have it! I have it! I have found it!" said a cunning Jesuit. And he laid his plan before the tyrant. "Our priests can do this thing, nicely, safely, and our government shall be secured forever. All the people shall confess to the priests. They shall thus learn the secrets of every family. Conspiracy can not whisper a breath, but it shall come to us. We will tell it to you! And you can nip it in the bud!"

"It is good," said the King. "But will the people do so? Will they tell you their secret thoughts? If they will, we have nothing to fear forever."

"They will!" said the priest. "We will persuade them that if they only tell us these things, we can forgive them. We will make a clean sweep of it, because we will say that if they do not tell all, they can not be forgiven at all!"

"This well!" said the King. "But in regard to conspiracies against me, knowing that you are my friends, will they not fear that you will tell me, or so defeat their plans?"

"Oh, I have thought of that," said the Priest. "We will teach them that this confession is a secret, not to be told, except to Heaven! We will persuade them that under no circumstances will we disclose these secrets to you, or your officers!"

"And mind, you will confirm this idea, and order all your courts and judges to respect the priest, and not call on him to tell what he has heard in that way. In no public court must we be compelled to disclose the secrets of the confessional. It would break the charm, and shake the confidence of the people. We should hear no more, and could serve you no longer!"

The King agreed, and the confessional became a fixed fact. But it made the priest the master of both the people and the king. They heard all. And they told just what suited themselves. The king was isolated with his own petard. The people ruined and enslaved by their own credulity. The priest knew all, and governed all.

In the great Republic we have no need of this secret spy system, and it should have no countenance among us. It has but one effect here, and that is to smother and discourage crime.

If a Protestant commits a great crime, it rests on his mind, on his conscience. He broods over it. He can not rest. By some word or sign, or change in his manner, the truth is revealed, and the crime is punished. But with a Catholic it is different. He has his confessor to speak to. He tells his story, he relieves his conscience. He does some penance, or pays a price, and is absolved. He is at ease. Another knows his dark secret. When he feels heart-sick, he can speak to that one again and again. And thus his mind acquires ease and rest, and his crime goes under cover.

And our laws are baffled. We call on the priest, or we have a coroner's jury over the dead body, to inquire who was the assassin. The priest who heard that confession stands by, and says not a word. He knows it all. Summons him as a witness, and he is dumb. He says he knows nothing, though the whole dark diabolical murder has been told to him.

And our law does not open his mouth. It does not say to him as it should, "The object of the law is to reveal, and not to smother crime. It will not permit any man to be a repository of criminal secrets. Outside of crime keep what you will. But when criminal knowledge comes to you, it must be revealed, or you will be held guilty as an accessory after the fact." We can not allow this advantage to the criminal of unburthening his conscience to a priest. It encourages crime. It obstructs the proper and healthy operation of the law. The Republic does not want the priest's advantage, and it will not grant the tyrant's immunity. —Illustration's Illustrated Jolly Grant.

Contents of the Little Bouquet for December, 1876.

Practice vs. Preaching; Day Dreams; A Remarkable Boy; The Resper and the Flowers; Death and Funerals; Science for the Young; The Three Little Orphans; "Jimmie's Sister;" The Tower of Babel, (Illustr.); Nettie was Truly Angelic in Spirit; A Mother's Advice to her Children; Have Animals Spirits? Angelic Childhood; A Vision; Instructive Items; Who Are the Angels? The Witch Wife; Why Fussy Are the Canary; Listening; Cathedral at Milan, (Illustr.); Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven; The Golden-crested Wren, (Illustr.); Of Such is the Summer-land; Animals Illustrate Spiritual Changes; The Recording Mirror; God Works Through General Law, Juncos; Varieties; The Philosophy of Life; Fat Prairie Dogs; Mrs. Richmond. Every family of Spiritualists should subscribe for the LITTLE BOUQUET. Only \$1.00 per year. Address RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

KNOWLEDGE IS THE TRUE SAVIOR.

Beneath Recalling from Organization.

"THINK FOR YOURSELF AND EXPRESS THAT THOUGHT!"

"WHEN YOU USE WILL GIVE US FREEDOM!"

There are Spiritualists scattered all over the civilized world. They are holding communion daily, with not only the loved ones who have recently passed from their family circles, and hence are fresh in the memory of mourning friends, but this spirit communion is rapidly being extended to spirit scholars, statesmen, philosophers, savans, scientists, and the thinkers, who not only had large experience while in earth-life, but much greater in the spiritual spheres.

The inquiring Spiritualist is becoming familiar with conditions that exist upon the spiritual planes of the after life. He learns that all improvements made upon the material plane of life, are but imitations of institutions existing in the Spirit-world; and that as yet our best thinkers have but a faint conception of the labors bestowed by the wise and good in Spirit-life, to ameliorate the condition of humanity—mortals and immortals.

In view of this grand truth what ought Spiritualists to do, to accelerate the more perfect ushering in of spirit communion? Millions of money is annually collected from the people and paid out to dogmatize, and indoctrinate them into the fallacies of old and false systems of theology.

While the world is progressing in the arts and sciences it should keep pace in the field of thought. To that end a united effort must be made; and to the end of making such a united effort, Spiritualists must devise means, as they would to secure any other great, good and desirable result.

Experience has taught the civilized world, that by united governmental efforts, great good is effected; and further experience has taught thinking people, that that form of government which is most simple, and leaves the individual in possession of the utmost freedom of thought, unoppressed by restrictive burthens, is most desirable. Even so with our organizations—let them be divested of everything that restricts freedom of thought, and the expression thereof.

By proper local organic efforts, the fact of spirit communion will be brought home to every neighborhood. In a short time, conditions and circumstances will elicit a spirit of inquiry in every mind; as one friend after another passes the ordeal of death, the inquiry will involuntarily press itself upon the mourner, what of my beloved child, father, mother, sister, brother or friend? Where are they, and how are they situated, and do they know of our loved hearts, and do they still love and sympathize with us in our afflictions?

In these moments of sorrow and deep mourning, a well organized society of Spiritualists will be appealed to, for that knowledge and sympathy that binds up the broken heart, and affords the wise of consolation to the disconsolate mourner.

Its doors being wide open for the entrance of all, without creeds or dogmatic assumptions, even as much as as the laboratory of a scientist, or the halls of a bureau of public lectures, constant accessions to the ranks of such societies would be manifested.

As members increase, influence and capital would aggregate. As a result, enterprises innumerable could be devised for the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity.

Entranced and inspired mediums as mouthpieces for the wise and the good, would be developed from the young of both sexes in every neighborhood. Great and glowing truths would Sunday after Sunday fall from the lips of such mediums, even as they do from the lips of Cora Richmond, and many others, when inspired by the wise men and women in Spirit-life, even to the interblending of the mortal with the immortal spheres of existence.

This outpouring of the spirit of inspiration would unite the men and women, so that all would work as of one accord, to carry out any grand and good measure, that might be suggested by the controlling intelligences of the higher life.

Knowledge of all things that appertain to spiritual life, originates in the spiritual spheres. The developments in the arts and sciences—the inventions of the mechanicians, are transmitted through the receptive mediums. Not an inventor, a discoverer, or a philanthropist has ever lived on earth, who was not inspired to action by the wise and the good in Spirit-life. And yet it is a lamentable truth, that these wise men have been first ridiculed and coldly treated by religionists and self conceited men and women. How much more could have been accomplished by the inspired thinkers of the higher life, if their mediums had been cordially seconded by intelligent societies that had knowledge of Spirituality, and a will to aid in the promulgation of the great truths being revealed.

But as yet, we have spoken only in general terms, of the wonderful revolutions in thought and practice that await the civilized world, through the instrumentalities of spirit communion. The baptism of spirit inspiration is passing over the world like an irresistible tidal wave, and it becomes us who appreciate spiritualities to be true and faithful servants to the high inspiring intelligences, engaged in this good and noble work. He that buries his talent or hides his light under a bushel, will most certainly carry the record of his doings, (imprinted all over his being), into the higher life, to his own chagrin and sorrow.

DECLARATION. We the undersigned do hereby organize ourselves into a Society of SPIRITUALISTS and adopt the following:

MOTTO. "THINK FOR YOURSELF AND EXPRESS THAT THOUGHT!"

"WHEN YOU USE WILL GIVE US FREEDOM!"

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. Article First. NAME. This Association shall be known as the SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS of

Article Second. OBJECTS OF ORGANIZATION. The objects which the members of the Society have in view, in organizing, are, in general terms, the attainment and promulgation of knowledge, as means for promoting the welfare and happiness of all mankind, now and forever.

Article Third. MEMBERSHIP. This Society may receive members on such terms and conditions as its By-laws may provide.

Article Fourth. OFFICERS. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Representatives, three Trustees, and such other officers or agents as may be deemed necessary, and whose duties, in general terms shall be such as devolve upon like officers, representatives and agents in other similar organizations, when not specifically limited, or provided for by the by-laws of this Society.

Article Fifth. REPRESENTATIVES. For the purpose of co-operation with other Societies of Spiritualists, formed upon a similar basis, this Society may annually elect one representative for the Society at large, and one additional representative for each twenty five members, or fractional part thereof, for the purpose of uniting with representatives of other like societies, in forming a district or state association, of Spiritualists, without creed, confession of faith, or platform of principles, provided, however, that such District or State Association shall be composed exclusively of like representatives, duly elected by similarly organized local societies.

Article Sixth. AMENDMENTS. The articles of association of this Society may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all of its members, at a regular society meeting, provided the proposed amendment has been submitted in writing at a like regular meeting of the Society, at least one week before the vote is taken.

Article Seventh. BY-LAWS. By-laws not inconsistent with these articles, may be adopted and amended at any regular meeting of the Society, by a two-thirds vote of all the members present.

Article Eighth. RESTRICTIONS. Any amendment of, or addition to, these articles of association which shall provide for a creed, articles of faith or platform of principles shall be utterly void and of no effect, any provision in these articles for the amendment of the same, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Article Ninth. OFFICERS; HOW ELECTED. The first board of officers may be elected on

the day of organizing the Society, without formality. All subsequent elections shall be held in accordance with the By-laws of the Society. Officers shall hold their respective offices until their successors are severally elected and enter upon the duties of their offices.

Section First. A failure to elect any officers or all of them when provided for by the By-laws, shall in no wise affect the organization, but officers then in office shall severally hold over until their successors are elected and enter upon the duties of their offices.

Article Tenth. VACANCIES, HOW FILLED. Any vacancy which may happen by death, resignation or otherwise, of any officer may be filled in such a manner as the By-laws may provide.

Article Eleventh. POWERS OF THE SOCIETY. The powers of the Society are unlimited, except by the provisions of these articles of association, the By-laws of the Society, and the laws of the land.

BY-LAWS. Section First. ANNUAL MEETINGS. This Society shall meet annually on the first Sunday in January, for the election of officers at the usual place of holding meetings, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

Section Second. ELECTION BY BALLOT. The officers shall be elected by ballot, and the one receiving the highest number of ballots for any office shall be declared elected.

Section Third. TERM OF OFFICE. Officers shall hold their offices one year and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their respective offices.

Section Fourth. VACANCIES, HOW FILLED. In case a vacancy shall occur by death, resignation, or in any other manner, of any officer of this Society it may be filled pro tem, by appointment of the President.

Section Fifth. DUTIES OF OFFICERS. The duties of the officers shall be similar to the usual duties of the officers of other Societies.

Section Sixth. In general terms the President shall be the presiding officer, and in his absence (the Vice-President shall perform his duties, and in the absence of both President and Vice-President, a president pro tem, may be elected to discharge the duties of president for the occasion.

Section Seventh. The Secretary shall keep a regular record book, in which he shall enter the proceedings of all meetings of the Society.

Section Eighth. The Treasurer shall keep a regular account book, wherein he shall make specific entries of all money received and disbursed by order of the Society, and make a full report of his doings at each annual meeting, and at such other times as required by resolution of the Society.

Section Ninth. The Trustees shall see to the incorporation of the Society in due and legal form, under the statute laws of the State of _____, thereby securing the necessary franchises for the holding of estate, real, personal and mixed; and shall discharge all other duties devolving upon similar officers in other societies, and in accordance with the laws of the State.

Section Tenth. All other officers and agents that may at any time be appointed or elected, shall perform their duties in accordance with the directions or resolutions of the Society.

Section Eleventh. The President may call a Society meeting at any time he may deem it expedient, and at the request of any ten members shall do so.

Section Twelfth. MEETINGS, HOW CALLED. Meetings shall be called by posting a notice in some conspicuous place on the building where the Society usually meets, or by a verbal or written notice to a majority of the members.

Section Thirteenth. MEMBERSHIP. Members may be admitted into this Society at such times and on such terms as shall at the time be deemed expedient, provided the candidate for membership shall receive a majority vote of the members present. But a membership fee of \$_____ shall be required to be first paid, unless specially remitted by a majority ballot vote of the Society.

Section Fourteenth. LETTER OF FELLOWSHIP. This Society may on application of any member, grant a Letter of Fellowship to him or her, certifying that such applicant is a member of this Society, in regular standing, of good moral character, and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.

Section Fifteenth. FORM OF CERTIFICATE. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Society of Spiritualists of _____ Hereby certifies that _____ is a member of this Society in good and regular standing, of good moral character and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.

Section Sixteenth. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at _____ County of _____ and State of _____, this _____ day of _____ A. D. 18____.

Organization. In a few days we shall be prepared to furnish a neatly bound Record Book of 200 pages of heavy paper, which will contain the foregoing form of organization in beautiful type. Any

change in the form can be made, deemed expedient, as the book will be made of the best account book paper.

The book will also contain forms for keeping the records of the proceedings, of the meetings, that will be concise and of great practical utility.

It will be nicely gotten up and sent by mail to anyone ordering the same on receipt of \$1.50.

THEODORE PARKER.

He Occupies the Rostrum at Crows Opera Hall, and Inspires Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan-Richmond.

Theodore Parker was the controlling spirit who inspired Mrs. Tappan-Richmond on Sunday evening, Dec. 8th. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the speaker, and all seemed deeply interested in the sublime truths that fell from her lips. The name of Theodore Parker is familiar to the people of America; the echo of his voice has hardly yet died away in the hearts of the people, while the sentiments he uttered still exist as a flaming fire to inspire and encourage Liberalists.

Mr. Parker was naturally aggressive. Wherever he saw what he conceived to be an error, he vigorously attacked it, and his influence on such occasions was always felt. As a lecturer he was always popular, and whenever he spoke, a radiating influence seemed to extend far and wide, affecting to a greater or less extent, the opinions of the people. In November, 1853, his congregation, perhaps the most critical and intelligent that ever assembled in Boston to hear the "Gospel" preached, occupied the great Music Hall, which was crowded every Sunday. His health, however, interfered with his ministrations, and he was compelled to travel, in order to recuperate the same, in various parts of Europe, passing the Winter of 1853 in Rome. In the Spring of 1860, he went to Florence, Italy, where he soon after died. He was buried in the cemetery outside the walls. His library, consisting of more than 18,000 volumes, he bequeathed to the City of Boston. It is one of the glorious privileges of this century, that advanced spirits can return to earth, and through their chosen instruments give expression to their thoughts. Through Mrs. Tappan-Richmond, Mr. Parker gave expression to the following eloquent thoughts:—

I have to thank you first for singing the hymn just sung. It was my favorite hymn when on earth during my ministrations. The fervor of its thought is taken from the sorrow of human life. I know of no more beautiful or simple melody. The subject to which I shall take into consideration, is the "New Church, or the New Religion." I use the word religion, since church signifies not the spiritual, but the external expression of religion. From my present stand-point in the Spirit-world, I wage no war with past religions. I recognize the established forms of religion of humanity; I have been ostracized while in the trammels of creed. Religion is one thing—the sublime and lofty contemplation of truth is one of the spiritual instrumentalities of the soul; creeds, however, are quite another thing. Between these two the soul is incessantly at war, and that which men call religion, is no more than the shell of it.

Of the religions of the past, we know their history, and I presume the most of you can feel their influence in the world to-day. In nations, the infancy of the race is depleted by its religion. Every race has had its stages of religious experience. We perceive that, at first, the religion of mankind was brutal—blighting to the senses, being a religion of that which is external. At one time the God of the past was a God of fire, of wrath, of vengeance, of murder. In the God of Moses, justice was but little tempered. He was an angry and vindictive God; indeed, he was a representation of that power most regarded and feared. We must not forget that nations very often lose sight of the spiritual through the instrumentality of which all improvements in the race are made. Childhood is everywhere the physical demonstration of life. The infant demands our physical attention only for the first few months of its existence. So it is with man's religious nature. That which ministers to the material pride, is the first demonstration of religion.

We have among us the children of Israel, the evidence of this power of pride, etc., to influence remote nations. Failing to recognize the divine spirit of Brahma, their God recognized his ability to save them from danger. We have also among many of the Eastern nations actual physical power by which God or the Deity claims to control by force of prayer. But it was left to the God of the Hebrews to manifest this physical tendency alone. Here we must separate the God of the first portion of Genesis from Jehovah. Jehovah was only he of whom they learned in the East. The Lord of the Egyptians was the spiritual monitor of the Israelites. The unseen powers demonstrated their presence constantly. All the time prophets were springing up, revealing the evidence of spiritual power, while the people would wonder amid conflicting opinions. The Deity that enforced his commandments was the one to be obeyed; the Deity that governed with the strictest order in reference to worship, was served. I don't say that this spiritual influence which descended upon them was less in power than that of any age; I fear the latter, however, used up the spirit. The external sign became more important than the real meaning of the spiritual. When Christ came unheralded, when there was no burning chariot to convey him, did they not turn away from his spiritual gifts, and seek a literal kingdom? Did not the Children of Israel expect that the literal kingdom would come? They did not fully understand this manifestation of the spirit, and that their own love of power was crushing them; it was the fostering of the external, and they had reason to dread its effects. But this religion born in dis-

congruous influences, in infancy surrounded by strife, secured its spiritual place and power at once in the world; it came with vigorous potency, the spirit of Christ; the spirit of truth in him descended in Rome; in Protestant America, as to-day. The external form of the Hebrew church was no more to the Children of Israel than the church of Rome is in Christendom at this time.

The religion of Christ had not been in the world 800 years before it gave rise to contention. It had not been in the world 600 years before it made progress as a State religion; had not been in the world 1,000 years before the invasions of the Northmen; had not been in the world 1,500 before the fires of the reformation were kindled. It has not been in the world 2,000 years, yet for the last 1,000 years, the blood shed would have drowned all the churches in Christendom. The prophet of Medina himself, who was caught up in heaven, did no more surely deluge the East than the West portion of the civilized world has been deluged by the blood shed under the name of Christian religion. Christianity has long been on the rising tide of advance, but it has been with great slaughter. But little attention has been paid to man spiritually by Christianity. Do we need to remember the War of the Crusades—the persecution of the martyrs. Don't we remember the Fanatics, the Huguenots? Are we still so remote from the days of persecution that we are safe? Social ostracism, was not that hurled at man? Are not Spiritualists sneered at? Are not Unitarians derided by evangelical prelates? If human laws and enactments were not in advance of human creeds, persecution would follow.

The religion in the past, in the form of inspiration, was the great way to uplift mankind. Religious institutions, however, are the shackles in which human beings have bound one another, for the purpose of individual ambition. Beware of setting down a landmark in your mind, and saying you have the whole truth. Let your religion inspire you, be it whatever it will, be it the power that inspired the martyrs to acts of stern justice; but be careful that you don't lay down lines of demarcation, and fossilize yourself in creeds. The principle of truth is infinite; man is finite; you can not encompass the whole of infinity. You often persecute those who don't see as you do. It is here, in religions forms of worship that truth is in danger; but truth is always dangerous to creeds. If you don't want anything outside of creeds, don't sow your wheat in the Spring; let it remain in your granary, and where will the next harvest be? All the truth that the world don't learn, is safely stored away in sheaves of wheat, waiting to be presented to the world; waiting to be sown on fertile soil.

Truth suffragating with light makes heretics of souls. The sun light of inspiration, the dews of love, call forth responses of truth. Let the soul set immersed in creeds, thinking all of God's truth has been revealed to the ages past, and it loses its brightness. That is what creed is to humanity. Socrates, Galileo, Plato, Confucius teaching his followers, and Zoroaster inspiring in the East, had their influence in the world. This was evidence that in the progress of time, God will plant such seeds for human hearts as he chooses. Saviors will come to teach truth. To-day we live in the East a horrible warfare between Turks and Servians. Christianity can afford to look and see heathens slaughter one another; therefore Western Europe remains inert. Christianity could not afford to take any part in the fray, for they might lose some splendid chance to benefit their exchequer. As Christians we don't hesitate to run off the Aborigines from their own country, and until lately did we withdraw the shackles from the slaves. How sacred the war to Christians when King William waged it against France, and takes the sword from a Catholic power. Our own soil in America is red with Indian blood. It is frightful to contemplate the murder of these poor creatures. Our religion has nothing to do with this.

Human beings are babes whatever their previous existence has been, if the love of power takes the place of the love of humanity. We hope the time is coming when religious worship shall cease; when injustice, and oppression, and wrong shall cease. We should only unheath the sword in favor of the oppressed. The black man of the South was scourged his freedom by the sword, which he was not until the last moment allowed to use. The tyrant, he uses the sword to perpetrate acts of cruelty and oppression. There is a double weight of retribution that will rest on him which the avenging Nemesis will bring. You ask God to bless your country as a nation, but he has not seen the fruits that spring from the principle of truth. I have fought with tongue and pen for half a century in behalf of human freedom; not only for the freedom of the slave in South, but for the freedom of humanity everywhere—the right of human conscience in the practice of worshipping God; and above all the freedom from the thralldom that drags humanity down, securing him as with chains, through the action of the base passions. I plead now for that humanity that stands as the guide of life through the religion of the spirit. I do not plead in Rome; I do not plead for Saint Peter—the shackles are wound around the Pope, and he must pursue his calling. I don't plead for the long retinue of bishops that are traveling in the pathway of creeds, and can not press the shackles asunder. I don't plead in Protestant Germany; the sword holds every human being in subjection there. I would not ask Germany to undo that which the love of human power has caused them to build up. I will not plead in France; it is the subject of every human will that can sway her people. I will not plead in England; she is working her way upward, but she can not yet push apart the shackles of Church and State. I do, however, plead here; there are no shackles

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Medium's Column. SEALD LETTERS ANSWERED BY H. W. FLINT, 376 West 23rd St. New York. Terms: 25 cents postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered.

Watkins, alias Huntington and Wife at Quincy, Ill.

B. S. Jones—Dear Sir:—A. B. Wilhelm handed me yours of Nov. 27th, inquiring about Huntington and wife, and as the exposure took place at my house, he requested me to reply to you. The description you gave of Huntington and wife was correct.

Huntington (alias Watkins and wife) came to Quincy in September, and introduced himself to Mr. Brown as a Spiritualist, asking him where he could obtain board for himself and wife. Mr. Brown referred him to Mrs. Turner, a lady living on Vermont St., near 12th, where they obtained board and commenced holding seances at once. They remained here up to October 30th, that being the night on which the exposure took place. I attended one of his meetings at Mr. Turner's, and was satisfied that he was an impostor, which seemed to be the opinion of the most of the attendants. I then arranged for a meeting at my house, with the intention of exposing his trickery, and for this purpose I took an old clock, put a reflector in it, and arranged a lamp in good order, that would burn four or five hours, placed it on the table over the grate, and attached a strong cord to the spring that was to open the door of the clock, then passed it along the side of the room, in order that it could be reached easily. The lamp was lighted early in the evening before the company came, the door closed and all things ready.

The cabinet was built in one corner of the room, the walls forming two sides, a broad high shutter the third, with a dark curtain closing the front. Two ladies were appointed to examine the medium, and they discovered where she had extra articles of clothing, but did not report it as they understood the intention to expose her. The cabinet was then securely tied into a sack, a strong heavy fibrous line being drawn through a wide hem and tied loosely around her neck, and the knot sealed with wax. The curtain was then dropped, the light turned down; the room quite dark, we all waited for the manifestation. Huntington stated that a spirit would take possession of the woman; whose, he knew not, and would become materialized and would come out into the room; that the medium did not leave the sack, and could not. He then requested the people to sing. Finally the medium signified that a spirit was present, and soon an arm appeared through the opening in the curtain, which was followed by a pallid face. Presently a form appeared outside the cabinet, and after disappearing several times it then came out near the middle of the room and touched one of the ladies present. At this instant the cord connecting the clock was drawn, the light flashed on the medium, which revealed her standing with uplifted hands, no clothing on but a light under skirt, stockings and a knit undershirt, with four pieces of red tissue paper on her face, one on the chin, one on the forehead, and one on each cheek, there was the sack, her wrapper and sheet lying on the floor; these articles had taken off before coming out, and left the curtain in such shape that they could be seen by those sitting in front of the cabinet. We then closed the clock and gave her time to dress herself and get back into the sack. This she did by tying the cord where she had cut it to get out and drawing the knot around in the hour of the sack. We then told Huntington that he was an impostor, and he and his wife left unceremoniously, and we compared views for awhile, then the seance closed.

In conversing with Mrs. Brown, Huntington admitted that his name was Watkins, that he had been engaged in exposing Spiritualism, and that Mrs. Blom had discovered how he did most of his tricks, and told him so. He then told her that there was no such thing as materialized spirits; it was all deception and fraud; that he was educated for a Methodist minister, and had learned this from his wife. He also stated that he belonged to a society of Spiritualists and was endorsed by your JOURNAL. The city authorities arrested him for giving exhibitions for gain without a license, but let him go rather than feed him at the workhouse, as he had no money to pay his fine. J. W. HARR.

Quincy, Ill.

Watkins, alias Watson, alias Huntington.

J. W. Giles, of Burlington, Iowa, sends a report of a pretended spiritual seance held by the exposed trickster, Watkins, aided by Huntington. His report goes on to show that he was first deceived by them, and afterwards convinced of their tricks.

While they were there the JOURNAL came to hand, which had an item in regard to the exposure of Watkins. Then all at once Watkins claimed that his name was not Watkins but Watson. Huntington coming into the room was appealed to as to his name. Huntington, not being posted on the sudden change, spelled it out Watkins. When told that Watkins was now claiming it to be Watson, Huntington expressed doubt as to whether it was Watkins or Watson.

Mr. Giles concludes his letter as follows: "Now, Brother Jones, you said in the last JOURNAL that you had exposed O. E. Watkins. Exposed him for what? Your charge is inadequate. I have had but a small experience in comparison to yours, but with the information I possess, and the experience I have had with these men, I am satisfied they are mediums; but are not honest, and are tricky, and I fully believe they would deceive all; and I advise every Spiritualist to let them severely alone. I think we had better have no communications with our dear departed, than to have it come through such doubtful sources. Will you state in your next whether you think Watkins had any mediumship." Yours for the truth.

In last week's issue will be found a brief statement of the facts of our exposure of Watkins.

We have his own signature (O. E. Watkins) written by himself. We treated him with the utmost kindness, in hopes he was a good, honest medium. When we exposed him, he pretended that his familiar spirit was guilty of teasing him loose, and that he would try again the next night, but failed to keep his promise. He went to Huntington's and held one or more seances there before starting out for Burlington. His wife remained at Huntington's while they were gone, and since their return they have been holding seances at Huntington's. But we now learn that there has been a falling out, and Watkins, alias Watson, alias Huntington and wife have left.

If the readers of the JOURNAL would test every pretended medium in the manner we have so often indicated, they would sift the genuine from the impostors at once, and drive the latter from the field.

We are getting to have very little sympathy for those who get taken in by impostors, however much they may be ridiculed by their neighbors.

We verily believe that it is better for Spiritualism that the exposure, even if they have some mediumistic powers, should keep at their work exposing themselves, than to be practicing as impostors.

Watkins may yet find some Christian ministers more willing to receive him than the Rev. Mr. Paine, of Aurora, who refused to listen to his overtures as an exposé. If so, then he will be in the field exposing his own tricks.

Before we exposed him, he gave us considerable of his experience. He claimed that he was a licensed Methodist exhorter at the age of seventeen. If so, he will be at home with the church, when he finds those who desire to give the trickster encouragement.

We again repeat, that no reader of the JOURNAL has any reason, from our endorsement of a medium for one phase of mediumship, to suppose that we endorse him for any other which he may pretend to have. If he shows favorable endorsements from the JOURNAL, read carefully and note what phases is mentioned.

Mr. Giles informs us that Watkins and Huntington made an arrangement to give twelve persons a test seance the night following their exposure, but instead of doing so they put out for Chicago on the midnight train.

Let Spiritualists, hereafter, take nothing for granted in favor of genuine physical manifestations, until the medium is placed under absolute test conditions; and yet, let everything be done in the spirit of kindness, and to the end of entire comfort during the sitting.

From personal experience we know Huntington to be a good independent slate-writing medium, and we have often cautioned him against imposing upon people in any phase of mediumship that is not genuinely his. It is quite possible that Watkins may have some valuable phase of mediumship. It is do Spiritualists want to encourage tricksters who will any day go over to the common enemy, and declare that all mediums are tricksters like themselves. Good mediums, for even one phase only, should so conduct themselves as to be above reproach.

Questions and Answers.

Mr. Jones—Sir:—A Materialist brother of mine says that the body and soul are coeval and co-existent; that they are born together, die together, and can have no separate existence. Will you give us your views on the origin of life? It will no doubt interest all your subscribers. Yours Respectfully, E. F. HUGHES.

Mountain View, N. J.

Reply:—We can not be expected to present a theory, with the hope of its being received as truth, in a mere reply to your question. It involves the fundamental principles of the Philosophy of Life, a subject that requires more depth of thought than any subject ever broached by thoughtful man.

We have devoted forty-three long articles to the subject and published them in the LITTELL BOUQUET, and yet have but just entered the vestibule of the pantheon of thought, that looms up before us.

But we will venture to say this much in reply to your query. Your skeptical Brother is in part correct when he says "the body and soul are coeval and co-existent, and can not have a separate existence." But this assumption involves the question, What does he mean by body and soul?

Certainly we should not agree with him if he means that man does not exist after the death of the gross material body that our external senses take cognizance of.

Science demonstrates that the physical body is constantly aggregating to and throwing off atoms of matter. So rapid is the change that not one atom of a man's body at any one moment of time existed as an integral part of that body seven years, more or less, before. Hence your Brother can not suppose that the physical body he now possesses is in fact composed of the same atoms of matter that his body at birth was composed of.

In due time instead of continuing to pass off by imperceptible degrees, his body will separate from the soul, which is but another inner and more refined body, even to the extent of not being subject to the law of gravitation, and the physical senses of even the scientist.

But this we apprehend is not what your Brother means when he speaks of the soul. He means the thinking, reasoning part of man, to which the body is a humble servant, a willing slave, a protecting covering.

That's the part we will now consider. The inner and more sublimated body, which survives the death of the gross material body continues to live along with the spirit, and on the spiritual plain of life, is as real a body to the spirit as was the gross physical body that encumbered it on the material plain of life.

Our theory of life recognizes no beginning nor ending of the human soul. It is coeval with and an integral part of the Infinite or Divine mind.

In its germinal condition, *genus* and *sex* were fixed and unchangeable facts. Your Brother never was anything else than a male belonging to the *genus homo*; nor did he ever have a conscious existence until he developed to it upon this material plain of life, and that, too, in this his present conscious state of existence.

So again we repeat that your Brother is correct when he says "the body and soul are coeval and co-existent and can have no separate existence," but with the definitions of body

and soul we have given. A lean man when he weighs but 130 pounds, has a body as real as when he becomes corpulent and weighs 300 pounds.

So the germ of the human soul when occupying but a single unextended point—a simple *monad*, has within itself the elements of its body, and both are developed together through the never ending rounds of an endless eternity.

There is no creation—no death, only in appearance; but change is common to all things. But let your Brother subscribe for the LITTELL BOUQUET, it costs but \$1.00 a year. It is a gem of beauty, and the grand thoughts that it embodies upon the PARADOXES OF LIFE, are fresh from the *supernal spheres*.

BARON DE PALME.

His Cremation at Washington, Pa.

We think it will be some time before cremation will become common in this country, although an example has been set by burning the body of Joseph Louis (Baron de Palm), grand cross commander of the Sovereign Order of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, knight of St. John of Malta, Prince of the Roman Empire, late chamberlain to his majesty the king of Bavaria, fellow of the Theosophical Society, etc., etc., in compliance with wishes expressed to his executors shortly before his decease.

In extending an invitation to different ones, Henry S. Olcott and Henry J. Newton, members of the Theosophical Society, said:—"The occasion being one of interest to science in its historical, sanitary, and other aspects, the executors of Baron de Palm have consented that it shall have publicity. This invitation is accordingly sent to you in the hope that you may find it convenient to be represented, and, in case the general subject of cremation should be discussed, take part in the debate. The University of Pennsylvania, the Washington and Jefferson College, the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and other institutions of learning, and the health boards of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and other cities have already signified their intention to send representatives. It is believed that the occasion will draw together a very large number of highly competent and influential scientific observers. Addresses appropriate to the occasion will be delivered."

At the appointed time, December 6th, the body was cremated, in accordance with the wish of the Baron. The imposing ceremonies, speeches, etc., made it a day long to be remembered.

Miss Lottie Fowler.

Miss Lottie Fowler directs us to say that she can not answer questions submitted to her by letter, or attend conventions and hold seances for physical manifestations. Those who desire tests, etc., must visit her in person. She has an organization admirably adapted for spirit control, and those who have a private seance with her, will not go away dissatisfied. As a physical medium, she was a perfect success, always refusing to sit unless rigid test conditions were adopted, so that those present might not throw a shade of suspicion on her. At one of her seances in England, after she was securely fastened to her chair, two materialized hands were presented holding a veil, and soon after a female figure appeared with the veil over her face, and bright ornaments shown on her forehead. After showing herself several times, she walked out of the cabinet extemporized for the purpose, and shook hands with those present. She was succeeded by an Indian girl calling herself Pinky, who proved a most comical spirit. She amused all by her funny sayings and doings. Baron Hendricks then appeared. He arose to a considerable height and floated in the air. He then descended to the floor and resumed his ordinary dimensions.

He then asked for scissors, to cut a piece of his dress, and rematerialized the deficiency saying, "There is no hole there."

Miss Lottie Fowler is really a splendid medium, and those who consult her, will remember the occurrence as one of the most pleasant and satisfactory of their life.

Mrs. H. Morse in Iowa.

She lectures at Perry Dec. 11th, 13th and 15th; Golden 15th, 16th and 17th; Fort Dodge 19th and 20th; Cherokee 21st and 23d; Sioux City 24th and 25th; New Jefferson 26th and 27; Moingona 28th and 29th; Carroll, Ia., 30th and 31st; South Bend, Ind., Jan. 1st to 5th; Van Wert, Ohio, Jan 9th. She then goes to Canada for two months. She says: "I now see the good angels have opened a field of labor for me, just as you told me they would when you said 'keep in the lecture field.' I never have seen before the interest taken in Spiritualism that there is now. The world seems to be awake to its truth and speakers are wanted all over the country."

Mrs. Dr. ELLER J. UNDERWOOD can be found on Saturday from 1 to 4 P. M. at Mrs. Dr. Wisner's, No. 517 Wabash Ave., Chicago. The balance of the time she can be found at her residence in Blue Island, 10 miles South of Chicago, on the Chicago and Rock Island R. R. The Doctor during twelve years practices has proven herself one of the most successful physicians in the City. She is now prepared to board and treat at her residence.

Letter of Fellowship.

On the 7th day of Dec. 1876, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY granted a letter of Fellowship and Ordination to Bro. Oliver B. Beals, Utica, New York authorizing him to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL has removed to the Peabody Hotel, 350 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, where he reports excellent facilities for treating the sick. He lectures for the Spiritualists there during February.

BEST HOLIDAY GIFT.



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ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR 1877.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

The public here have the pleasure of announcing the following articles to be found in the ATLANTIC for 1877: KENNY W. LONGFELLOW will contribute an historical poem—'FREDERICK'; JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, JOHN G. WHITFIELD, and OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES will also for the year contribute their P. O. addresses. P. O. addresses to be expected from J. C. STEEDMAN, T. B. ALDRICH, and other well-known ATLANTIC writers. T. B. ALDRICH will contribute a story in his capacity, and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., a series of papers on 'COLONIAL HISTORY'. W. D. HOWELLS will publish two stories in 'DEAD END' and 'THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE'. Mr. Howells will also furnish some charming essays on New England Country Lore. MARK TWAIN will be a frequent contributor. MISS KEMBLE's chapters of 'OLD WOMAN'S GOODBYE' will extend through a considerable portion of the year, and will contain a delightful picture of 'New-England' and 'Old-England' as seen. CHARLES HALE will write a 'few brief' papers on 'EASTERN LIFE' and 'THE HISTORY OF A STORY OF HAWTHORNE'. A VALUABLE SERIES OF PAPERS, on various 'pro-eloquia' and 'epi-grammatic' will be furnished by distinguished writers, and will comprise 'The Work of a School Superintendent', 'A New England Farmer', 'A Winter in the Mountains', 'A Progression in a Cotton Manufacturing', 'A Pennsylvania Iron-Works', etc., etc. An unique feature of the magazine for 1877 will be contributions to each number of:

ORIGINAL MUSIC by such composers as J. K. PAINE, GEORGE OSBORN, JULIUS EDWARDS, DUDLEY BUCK, and FRANCIS BOOTH, will be given by the magazine. The ATLANTIC has long stood alone in the value of its original criticism, and the publication is a constant of the public appreciation of their papers; to give each month some fresh and charming material worthy of the notice which it has so long and so deservedly won, and to every household, and a means of education in musical taste.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB Will be the title of a new Department, which any friend in either magazine, and devoted to a literary circle of arts letters, politics and society. Some of the best known contributors to the magazine will appear occasionally, thus affording a link between the Department and the literary circle.

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