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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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The Church and Corporate Oppression.

An Address Delivered at the Universalist Church, at Charlotte, Mich., Oct. 9th, by Rev. J. H. Palmer.

By the term corporation, as used in this discourse, I mean the private corporation aggregate, a creature created by enactment of law, presumably for the benefit of persons directly connected therewith as corporations, and directly for the benefit of the general public which has to do with it through the ordinary course of commerce, at the bank, the factory, the shop, the elevator, or in the market.

It is an intellectual body, composed of individuals united under a common name and capable of succeeding each other, so that the body—like a river—continues always the same notwithstanding the change of the parts which compose it. It is immortal, intangible. The legislature which creates it cannot abrogate it. It cannot be arrested, imprisoned or hung.

Although it may commit an act, which done by a person in being, were treason, and every individual member of the corporation be known to the officer, yet he may not touch the body of any one of them by virtue of a writ running against the corporation. It cannot therefore be considered, no matter what it does, as capable of committing a felonious or capital crime. It is held as a matter of law, with the utmost distinctness, that "it is not a moral agent, subject to moral obligation," that although it is a person legally, "it exists merely in idea and has neither soul or body."

Its powers over an ordinary co-partnership are many and apparent. It has coercive authority; it cannot be dispersed by death; it is not numbered by the necessity of frequent conveyances; it is exempt from change of residence, cannot have its funds legally diverted or withdrawn, and is always the same, no matter who may withdraw, or who may become the holder of its franchise.

By a monstrous legal fiction, it is deemed to have an existence for the public good. That constitutes the consideration of its irrevocability. Hence, when a grant or charter is made creating a corporation, the proceeding stands in contemplation of law, as an executed contract which involves private rights and cannot be revoked. It is supposed to always, as it does in many instances, provide for some general good that can be reached in no other way, and the thought has been voiced by one of America's great jurists, that "acts of incorporation ought never to be passed, but in consideration of services to be rendered to the public."

Although the object of a corporation is ostensibly good, the aggregate result of their existence and methods has been the production of an immeasurable amount of evil. In the life of corporations, history has written the lesson of the ruin wrought by dominant or irresponsible power. Line upon line, precept upon precept, and yet the gullible public will not heed, until too late to profit thereby, the warning words upon the walls of the centuries. Corporations were known to Rome at the height of her glory, and assisted in that concentration of wealth which hastened her downfall. In the age of Augustus—as in the 19th century—they had become nurseries of factions, disorder, and oppression, and he dissolved all of them but the most ancient. Justinian abolished them entirely, but the ruin which they had wrought and invited could not be averted. They also early manifested themselves in England, and before the middle of the 15th century they abounded.

They continued to increase until, as inevitably the case, the lesser were gradually merged into the larger. Finally the aggressiveness and usurpation of such monster organizations as the Hudson Bay company and the East India company, compelled the attention and action of the government. Their powers were gradually restricted and charters more rarely granted, until now, the civil corporation aggregate, as we have it, and groan under it in the United States, cuts no figure in British commercial or economic affairs.

In our land where we bow allegiance to no king but money, the civil corporation is the most powerful engine ever erected and operated by a nominally free people for their own oppression. To-day, the corporations are practically the government, both state and national. They control the highways of traffic, and senators, representatives, and interstate commissioners with their enormous bills of \$20,000 for less than nine months' work, are their unwilling dupes, helpless foes, or subservient tools.

Their contempt for law is as open as it is cynical. Judges are their pawns, the executive power of states their playthings. The acutest intellects in the land are proscribed to their service, and with the voice of electricity they can rally their disciplined forces upon the wings of steam. I never witnessed a more pitiable sight than when, two years ago last winter, the legislature of Michigan proposed by statute to compel the railroads of that state to put upon their freight cars some form of an automatic coupler. Opposed to the railroad committee of the house and senate—eight men whom the people who groan under corporate oppression had hired for \$3.00 per day each—were G. V. N. Lothrop, Ashley Pond, Henry Russell and Jerome of Detroit, and O'Brien of Grand Rapids. It was comparatively a small matter that was at stake, and yet no case in all the history of Michigan where human guilt or innocence was in issue, ever commanded such a retinue of legal talent as was congregated in Lansing that day to defeat the benevolent intention of the state to save the limbs and lives of a few freight brakemen at the expense of those organizations, which the law, with grim exactness, says are not subject to moral obligations and have no souls. True, a statute was finally enacted, but it was the statute of the railroad acts, not the one desired by the people, and first reported by the committee, and although it has been operative for over two years, you can test for yourselves its value by the number of trains—or single cars, for that matter—that you have seen equipped with anything else than that engine of destruction, the pin and link. The constitution of the state expressly provides that "No corporation shall hold any real estate hereafter acquired for a longer period than ten years." (Art. 15, sec. 12.)

The railroads of the northern peninsula hold thousands of acres of land for purposes of speculation in direct violation of this provision of the organic law, and last winter when an effort was made to enact a statute to give effect to a plain constitutional provision, the railroads were strong enough to trot the life out of the bill before it left the committee room. They were strong enough to secure the defeat of a measure demanded by nineteen-twentieths of the people—the reduction of railroad fares to two cents per mile; while at the same time, under a pretentious clamor against the interstate commerce act, they used it as an axe to lop off many favors previously granted to their patrons, thus increasing the public burden and their own income many thousands of dollars per year.

But the railroad corporations are not sinners above all Israel. The incorporated street car lines, transfer companies, gas and electric light companies, match companies, oil companies, land and cattle companies, coal companies, telephone and telegraph companies and many more whose names as readily suggest themselves, are equally tyrannical and inhuman. The public, for whose good the law supposes them to exist, is common plunder for them all.

The central thought around which they all revolve in one black and accursed circle of equal infamy, is to give as little and get as much as they possibly can. They grin with the triumphant leer of devilishness in the faces of men who criticize their methods, or attempt to bring them within the purview of the law, and ask "What are you going to do about it?"

They have so numbed the public heart and so debauched the public conscience, that but little can be done. The chief officers of the strongest of them are senators and representatives in congress; or if not there in person, are represented by men bought by their money, who are more skillful in the ledger than in legislation than they could become themselves. The stockholders in the railroads that make Sunday trains a source of profit—regardless of the souls of conductors, brakemen and engineers—thank God on velvet cushions to the solemn tones of luxurious music for the blessings of a Christian sabbath and a free gospel, and are urgent that every livery stable or saloon keeper who violates the law may be made to feel its extremest wrath.

The stockholder in a coal corporation that gladly enters into a combination with other spirits like unto itself, to force the price of fuel to a point that means actual death to little babies and their poverty-stricken mothers, not singly, but by scores, is likely to be a member of our church; and when even through the thrice thickened mall of ill-gotten gold behind which he has hidden his be-

numbered soul, some little arrow of unrest finds its way, he tries to buy off Almighty God, and is quite likely to buy up the minister, with money red with the blood of his victims, given for a new organ, or to found a chair in a denominational college in which young ministers may be taught to be as oblivious of any sin in the worship of the golden calf as were the Israelites under the manipulation of Aaron.

The extent to which not only the political, but the personal, individual life is at the mercy of corporate power, is but dimly understood. Granting new franchises does not in the least remedy the matter. For the bribe of a penny less per mile on a railway ticket, or a penny less per gallon on the oil it consumes, or a penny less upon the necessary bunch of matches it burns, the short-sighted and unthinking public can be bought over to the assistance of its old foe as against any new friend, and the hampered opposition must enter into the shameful combination or go to the wall. The corporation has by its multitude of combinations, strangled everything in America worthy the name of competition. To-day there is practically but one freight line from the Mississippi to the seaboard. There is substantially but two telegraph companies in the United States. So there is but one telephone company, one match company, one strawboard company, one paper, one oil and one coal company.

Four great cattle and butchering corporations control the meat market product of the nation, and we have to-day the wonderful spectacle of cattle so cheap that they are raised at an actual loss, with beef in the eastern cities as dear as when a greenback was worth only forty cents.

The air does not encircle us more intimately than we are encircled by the unbreakable mesh of corporate power. In its exercise of almost unlimited authority it does without hesitation many things that an individual, or an unchartered company would not dare to do. Man is responsible to God. In the midst of his striving and ambitions he cannot wholly forget it. But the corporation is responsible only to the law, and in the majority of instances where the law touches it, the touch is of a hand of its own direction, if not absolute creation.

Rules are adopted for the government of employees, for the forcing up of prices and the forcing down of wages, schemes developed for the crushing out of competitors, the manipulation of legislatures, courts and newspapers, and for the evasion or defiance of the law, which no person directly responsible to the statute, and to public reprobation, would ever dream of attempting. No matter how rigorous the exaction, how unjust the demand, how oppressive upon the helpless, or dangerous to the community, nobody is personally responsible. Each actor in the enforcement of the conscienceless, relentless order, from the president down to the humblest official is only "a servant of the corporation," whose duty is to see that the behest of this invisible, intangible, unresistible tyrant is obeyed. What matter if rest be denied the weary laborer? He enters into the computation exactly as do so many tons of iron, or thousands of lumber, or cords of stone, or cubic yards of earth, or bales of cotton. When he is worn out, flung him into the poor house, the potter's field, or the pickling vat, and get a new supply. He is used up, is simply so much human junk.

What matters it if women starve and freeze, and helpless babies moan out their lives in misery? Let the law continue to give the poor wretch who flitches an apronful of coal to keep her child alive, 90 days at the works; fuel must not be stolen even at the royal behest of motherhood, from the man who by his interest in an arduous coal combination, takes money, comfort, health and life from the weak and the helpless to add to his millions and increase the stock of his luxuries.

What matters it if the services on the road be in the hands of men overworked or inefficient, so that to travel at the mercy of a corporation that demands impossibilities, is to gamble with the loaded dice of death. Dividends must be declared, huge salaries must be paid the honorary officials, at the risk of a Chatsworth culvert on every section, or a Creston switch at every country station.

What matters it if you and I and all of us put on the garments that clothe us, eat the food that sustains us, hold the homes that shelter us, do the work that comes to us, and if demand be made, lie down in the mud and be crushed into nothingness at the command of this grasping, gory juggernaut, so that its garments be of purple and fine linen, its food sumptuous and well flavored, its home rich with uncounted spoil, and the wheels of its imperial car be kept from contact with the too common earth? Nothing. Let the Czar do what he will with his own. There is no law for the emperor. Cringe, poor slave, and let your chiefest glory be that the chain is on your neck.

Terrific as is our civil condition, it is not hopeless. If in no other way, this mighty structure of oppression, growing by its continued criminal accretions, will oversize at last all laws of cohesion and fall to pieces of its own weight. The very buttresses of law with which it shall hope to strengthen itself, shall drag it down to ruin.

Equality is the birth right of humanity, and no heart can be so broken and besotted by oppression, but it feels at times a mighty yearning for the thing which is not, but which ought to be. It is the same old fight between the oppressor and the oppressed that has been on for thousands of years. One day it is between plebeian and patrician, an-

other day between villain and baron, another between peasant and aristocrat, another between the black slave of the United States and his republican master. Each age thinks that if the oppression under which it groans be destroyed, the millennium is assured. Too often the up-rooting of one form of slavery but makes room for another. Demolished evils sometimes fertilize the soil for evils undreamed of. So far away is absolute justice between man and man, that we can hardly have an interest in the day of its appearing, and it abides in the mind rather as a dim idealized possibility. We are certainly not in, we are hardly on, the road that leads to a new Utopia. Still things are better than they were. It is better to be at the feet of the Standard Oil company, and wear the collar of Jay Gould, than to hold our lives at the whim of a Norman baron or wear the insignia of a Spartan helot. In the measure of freedom attained there is hope of the larger freedom that by courage, persistence and a right use of opportunities, is certainly attainable. Theoretically, the law, justice and religion, all favor the most complete equality. In practice they are only voices, often hollow and misleading.

Our first effort is to make them actually what outwardly they appear to be. The Hon. Cushman K. Davis, U. S. senator from Minnesota, in addressing the students of Michigan university, commencement day, 1890, in a terrible indictment of the abuses of corporate power, said: "the legislature became its committee, the judge its registrar, the executive its puppet, the bar its pander, the pulpit its apologist, the laborer its vassal and the state its prey."

Who shall say that the accusation is not true? As relates to the church, its corner stone is not Christ, but money. In proportion as people are poor they are churchless—among Protestants at least—and the line at the door of the so-called house of God is as plainly drawn between the possessor of great wealth and the common laborer, as it was between the guest bidden to the feast of Dives, and Lazarus who laid at the gate.

To assume that we are the imitators of that Christ who despised property, whose command to one who would follow him was to sell all that he had and give the proceeds to the poor, who would have his followers take no thought of food, clothing or to-morrow, who taught the practical impossibility of having wealth and entering the kingdom of God, is to make such a misuse of words that brass ought to blush when within hearing of such an assertion.

Jesus undoubtedly was mistaken in his extreme position, and the world probably would not be so pleasant a place to live in, nor man so strong, so happy and so much a child of God—as he is, were he to attempt a literal compliance with Christ's command; but there can be no mistake about the god-like and value to humanity of the intent that prompted the teaching. Nor can there be any mistake about the fact that in his own administration of his gospel, the poor had it preached to them in all its plenitude of sympathy, promise and confraternity. There can be no doubt either, as to the sentiment of the rich of his time, toward that gospel of equality—not in worlds to which man had not attained, but equality there and then. They hated with malignant and murderous hate, the word and the man that proclaimed it, and had no place for him but the prisoner's cords and a felon's tree. What place has the golden rule at a meeting of a board of directors of any great syndicate or corporation?

What a motto for the walls of a coal or grain exchange could be made of the words, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity as being yourselves." And yet any one of these men, who as a matter of business, daily puts to the rack every law of mutual obligation, and tramples with contempt upon every plea of brotherhood, can sit in our best churches, often hold high official position, and is always to be treated with "distinguished consideration" when money is needed to pay the deficiency in the minister's salary. Aside from an occasional gingerly reference to the possible evil practices of a certain rich man who went to hell 1900 years ago, he seldom hears anything which can in the least disturb his feelings. Bishop Warren of the M. E. church, aptly says that the preaching to such sinners is to the effect, "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted in a measure, or you will be damned, to some extent."

What conference, convention, synod or association, has ever dared to say that the man who profits by acts of corporate aggression, is equally guilty with his invisible principal, and has no place in the kingdom of heaven? What church has officially dared to declare its sympathy for the slaves of the mine, the farm, the factory and the railway, when they have united themselves together to ask that a feather may be taken from their burden, and one additional ray of light be permitted to penetrate the almost hopeless gloom which overshadows them? What church is there that would hesitate a moment at taking a gift from a Standard Oil company or from the Armour Packing company, with which to carry on its religious work? And yet if God be God, and righteousness be righteousness, the money they would offer is the price of blood.

To such an extent has modern Christianity sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, that these gamblers in human happiness and life treat its officers with open contempt. I clip the following from the Wall Street News: "A woman who had \$30,000 up as margins on stocks went to her pastor and asked, 'Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for

stocks to go up?' "Certainly I do," said the minister, who was something of a bear in his relations to the exchange. "Well, what shall I do?" was the next inquiry. Balancing her interests with his own for a moment he replied, "I think it would be safe for you to pray that they shouldn't go down, that's the best pastoral counsel I can offer under the circumstances."

The great moral evil in America to-day is corporate oppression. The great criminal, in whose trail follows all the lesser offenders, anarchists, gamblers, saloon keepers, confidence men and clothes-line thieves, is that monster whose only visible presence is his seal of authority and the willing henchmen who for sums of money, larger or less, according to the measure of their peccability, do his bidding.

The church will not stand four square with the eternal equities, until relinquishing all fear of temporal loss and saying in act as in word "my kingdom is not of this world," it shall stand proudly, the foe of all enfranchised crime, and the friend of all the weak, ignorant and lowly of earth. The church now waxes wroth with a righteous indignation over the common gambler, and has its anathema for the small swindler who barely ekes out a living by his petty practices; they are harmless by the side of the gigantic hazards that are staked, where legislators are the cards to be shuffled, and commonwealths are the sufferers, whichever way the game may go. Privation and personal vices go hand in hand.

There are conditions in life—they exist in the state of Michigan—of want, of woe, of gnawing despondency, brought on by ill paid, over exacting service, where drunkenness brings as blessed anesthesia as ever a surgeon's ether-laden sponge brought to a poor sufferer groaning in bodily pain. It is a matter of much more moment that the church assume an aggressive position against the crimes that provoke intemperance, than that she here may get an imbricate to sign the pledge, and there secure the line of some third-grade saloon keeper. The man who sells whisky is, to say the least, as honorable as a man who owns stock in a railroad that runs Sunday trains, and that pays its president \$25,000, and its section hand \$300 per year.

Somewhere sandwiched in between that \$50.00 per day and \$1.00 per day, is the potent masterful devil who is the author of a multitude of the lesser offenses to the moral sense of our partial and peribund civilization. I do not see how there can be any middle ground for the church to occupy in this matter. It must be the open foe of all corporations not absolutely controllable by the government, and so have their open enemy, or go into their camp, if not as a silent slave, then as an apologist and defender.

That many people and preachers will prefer to do the latter, there can be no doubt. To its shame it must be admitted that too often in the battle for human rights, the church has followed, not lead. It bolstered up and profited by the aggressions of Charles I., and when he was at last executed for treason, embalmed his name in its ritual as a martyr. It was the stronghold of the straps of George III. in the oppression of the colony. It was the very buttress of the abominable system of American slavery all through the South, and the apologist and defender of the system in the north, until it was literally flooded upon higher moral ground by the rising and irresistible tide of public sentiment.

So I have no doubt but in the most of the denominations there will be eloquent ministers, and astute editors, who can demonstrate by the most rigid logic that the party who takes advantage of a helpless community to extort from it for the necessities of life more than a fair profit is not a thief, and the organization that through improper care robs a mother of her son or a family of its mainstay, is a murderer, but the law of God is without aberration. He who takes from the defenseless that for which he renders no equivalent is a robber, and the law with all its charity for the accused, is compelled to hold, that an injury committed with indifference, is presumably committed with malice. The church cannot hold much longer a people in whose hearts the sentiments of justice are so strongly intrenched as they are in America, and condone any form of extortion, robbery or murder. Within its holy circle the life and the rights of a pauper must be as sacred as the life and the rights of a president. If it err, it must err in over haste to defend the defenseless. If it incur opprobrium, it must be the opprobrium of those who devour widows' houses, who are rich through legalized rapine, and who would 'blind the guards at the gates of Paradise with the glimmer of their gold.

If it is ever strong to cope with the most gigantic of life's ills, its strength must come from the blessing of him who was ready to perish.

If ever shall come to it the gerdon of glory, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" it will be because in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the prisoner of want and misfortune—when the least and lowliest and most utterly forsaken—it recognized the fact of our common brotherhood and so won the approval of God.

Personally, a great and solemn duty is upon us. We cannot discharge it by praying in our closets, or listening to the words of the most eloquent preacher. We must do our highest work for God and humanity

Continued on eighth page.

AN OPEN LETTER

To Miss Frances E. Willard.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the one hundred and seventy delegates...

Resolved, That we believe Christ as the Author and Head of Government, should be recognized in all political platforms...

Some very serious considerations are involved in the recent action taken by the Vermont W. C. T. U., as reported in the Union Signal...

How much would this true worship and love of the spirit be promoted by grafting upon political platforms the name of Christ as the "Author and Head of government?"

Dear Miss Willard, are you ready to lead the large constituency over whom you would so great an influence, in an attempt to overturn the fundamental idea for which our revolutionary ancestors made such fearful sacrifices...

I cannot be successfully elained that the profession of Christ and the fact of church membership are such sure guarantees of honest life, or of faithful service to the State...

It is quite too easy already for the name of Christ to hide a multitude of sins. The Sunday school superintendent, the Bible-class teacher, the church official, is shielded from suspicion by his position and profession...

No person, no class of persons, no religious body is endowed with rightful power to dominate over the minds and consciences of the people.

It was the Spirit of Truth Jesus promised to his followers. The Spirit of Truth is the almighty, illuminating, saving, uplifting, beneficent, redeeming power by and through which all humanity must be made whole.

No, no, my much respected sister, I must hope that your more mature consideration will lead you to a different conclusion and determination. I cannot believe you want religious liberty overturned.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the W. C. T. U. will not lend its influence to any proposed political measures to destroy our constitutional liberties, religious or civil.

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or non-religious faith and observance. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," does not signify temporal, material power.

Jesus said to Zebedee's sons: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you.

The real followers of Jesus will serve and minister unto humanity, and not seek to establish political power by means of religious test, even of the name of Christ.

The royalty of materialistic "thrones" and crowns, has no more place in pure Christianity than in genuine Americanism.

In the love of Righteousness, Truth and Liberty, Your Patriotic Sister, LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Dansville, N. Y.

Another of Dr. Wolfe's Experiences.

Spiritualists of France are known to be strong believers in reincarnation. That is, when a man's mission has not been fulfilled, and he has had an untimely taking off, his spirit may be born again through a fitting human organism, and thus work out the uncompleted problem of his first nativity.

Many Frenchmen think that Napoleon Bonaparte did not complete his mission on earth, and that he will return to finish in the second edition of his human life.

When I discovered the extraordinary medical character of Mrs. Mary J. Hollis in 1872, and concluded to make investigations of spirit phenomena through her peculiar endowment, I was surprised to meet upon the threshold of my labors a band of spirits who had won renown in fighting civil and military battles for France.

I had no faith in this, to me, new doctrine of the transmigration of souls, especially as the spirits teaching it were foreigners.

From Josephine Bonaparte I learned, and she seemed to be the head and heart of the movement, that their purpose was to restore Napoleon to France through the processes of a new human birth.

They soon found that I was unsuited for their purpose, unless the minor part of agitating the subject by opposing it was the part I was to play in the curious drama.

The next important step was to find harmonious persons of opposite sex who could receive the germinal spirit of the Emperor during a conjugal relation.

Chimerical as this conception is, it nevertheless found in Josephine a tireless advocate, who never faltered in her devotion to the desperate and impractical thought.

A change came over the spirit of her dreams when Mrs. Helen Fairchild, who represents the highest power known as a materializing medium, came to Cincinnati.

Josephine of her own accord relinquished the idea of Napoleon's return to France through the process of reincarnation.

She is studying the ethics of this new process, and through them is sanguine of success. She hopes to gain sufficient power to hold the Emperor distinctly in view sufficiently long to give him a critical inspection in a good light.

Plimpton has lately made two speeches on the subject which have been so imperfectly reported as to be critically designated by Richard Smith, of the Commercial Gazette, as "rot."

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps, and pyramids are pyramids in vales."

Intimations have for some time been given that there would be a surprise party in the séance-room, and I have accordingly been on the qui vive.

I was requested to darken my parlors on Thursday, August 18th, and hang a curtain from the chimney breast to the jamb of the door.

An independent voice from behind the curtain bade Mrs. Fairchild to stand near to, and in front of, this curtain for a short time.

I had never before seen her in so strong a light. I was reading a newspaper, and had light sufficient to see the color of her dark blue eyes and dark brown hair.

I had never before seen her in so strong a light. I was reading a newspaper, and had light sufficient to see the color of her dark blue eyes and dark brown hair.

She put one arm about my neck and the other hand upon my head, saying, "Have I redeemed my promise?" "You certainly have," I replied. She then walked back to the cabinet, twenty-five feet, and, without entering, received a hand presented through the opening folds of the cloths.

I scrutinized the face of the strange man closely. His features seemed familiar, and being in good light, I had no trouble in photographing them in my mind.

They paused in front of the cabinet a few seconds and then walked with a firmer tread than at first back to where I sat.

They had barely got behind the curtains when the young officer gave command, and marched his squad the whole length of the parlor, facing and wheeling by turns with the precision of martinets.

Josephine came to me again and asked if she had not fulfilled her promise in giving me a surprise. I assured her she had, and that it was a pleasant one.

I was twelve feet from the cabinet in a light enabling me to see a pin on the floor, when Plimpton materialized so suddenly that his beard swept my face as he grew upward in front of me.

He said: "You have seen Napoleon and a detachment of his Old Guard. You were surprised to see him so slender and young-looking. There are no old people here.

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which Jehovah, according to Jewish account began His work of creation. To the tenth question, "Could they keep it [the manna] over night?" the answer is, "Only Saturday nights," which is willfully erroneous and misleading. It should read, "Only Friday nights."

SCRIPTURE.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS. A Spirit Materializes in the Corridor of a Hotel.

The enclosed extracts from recent letters from Dr. Schermerhorn help to supply a great need of the public. The reasons for this statement are: 1. The Doctor is a very intelligent man. 2. He is known to be an honest, unselfish citizen.

Dr. S. was born near this city, was educated at our State University, and he has the respect and confidence of the public. A few weeks ago he went to San Francisco, and is being most wonderfully developed as a materializing medium.

For the benefit of that class of your readers who did not read an article from Mr. Smith Thoroughton, the Doctor's father-in-law, which was published a few months ago, I will briefly state how he first became a Spiritualist.

About five years ago, I think, Mr. Thoroughton's only brother, Job, was killed in that terrible cyclone which passed over Rochester, Minn. Mr. T. at this time was a confirmed skeptic. He had tried hard to get religion and failed.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Thoroughton worked for a nurseryman in Oregon, and an Irishman named John Clancy worked with him. This same Clancy was the first to control this medium, the one who has now guided him to the far west to give him this additional development for the benefit of the world.

The Doctor, before he left Grand Rapids, was a remarkable medium. In July, 1886, my brother Charles was killed by a backing engine, just as he stepped from a passenger car. He had been purchasing and publishing agent for the "American Board of Foreign Missions" for twenty years, and on that account he was widely known.

Some two weeks since John Clancy told the Doctor to enjoy smoking that day all he could, for it would be his last smoke. The next day he tried it again, but it tasted so badly that he is thoroughly disgusted with the weed.

"What good has Spiritualism done?" He was walking out in the city, San Francisco, lately one evening, when some one locked arms with him, and soon he found it was John Clancy. They walked and talked a square, then John vanished. We hope soon to welcome the Doctor back to our great manufacturing city. WARREN HUTCHINS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

STATEMENT BY DR. SCHERMERHORN. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 18th, 1887.

I will now endeavor to tell you all about my experience last night. About six o'clock John and Uncle Job came to me and requested me to attend some materializing séance that evening if I could find one, as they wished to try their hand at the business.

About two minutes after the light was lowered, a female form enveloped in white, emerged from the cabinet, gave her name distinctly, and was recognized by her father.

Uncle Job's features were as natural, and he seemed as real to me as he did the day we were fishing on Green Lake, of which he spoke.

My mother also materialized, but would not let me take her in my arms. I saw her features plainly. She gave me a rose which I held a few minutes when it vanished from my hand.

Sept. 19, 1887.—After I had retired to my room last night, the spirit requested me to turn the gas down and sit in my chair for a few minutes. I did so, and after a short time I saw something white appear on the carpet beside me; it gradually increased in size until John stood by my side in full form.

tion with the proceedings was that, when any of the sitters put their hands upon the table, a strong current of air was felt—a current that could not be perceived at any other part of the room. The manifestations, in short, seemed in several instances to be beyond the power of the medium, and it is equally certain—for the visitors were particular in examining everything—that Mr. Wilson had no confederates whatever in the room. Everything was done in open daylight, and the removal of the bed and the chair, together with the writing on the inside of a slate, covered with another, and held openly in view, contributed considerably to baffle the thoughts of the non-Spiritualists present. There was mystery in nearly all they saw and heard, and unless the doctrine of Spiritualism has more in it than the majority of people allow, they were unable to form any conclusion whatever for the things they had witnessed.

An Unheeded Ghostly Warning.

A strange story of ghostly interference in the affairs of men comes from Miss Lena Herman, on whose authority it is offered to the readers of the *Globe-Democrat*. It will form another link in the chain of evidence so fast forming from all sides that there is a Spirit-world, and that spirits do still love their friends who are dwellers upon earth in the flesh, and that they do undoubtedly appear to us when there is sufficient cause for their appearance.

Miss Herman was a warm friend of the murdered Mrs. Lena Reich, who was so foully slain by her husband, Adolph Reich, at 144 Norfolk street, in this city, on the night of April 19th last. Miss Herman had not seen Mrs. Reich for several months prior to the murder, and at the time was living in Boston. She has recently moved to Brooklyn.

When I was visiting Mrs. Reich last January she was in a great deal of trouble about her husband. She had been obliged to have him bound to keep the peace, which, however, he did not do, but abused her shamefully. One day he said to me while we were sitting together darling some of her husband's stockings: "I ought never to have married Adolph; it was my fault, and I did it with my eyes open, for I was warned that he would murder me! It happened this way. Adolph had been courting me for sometime, and I knew that I loved him. One night, a terrible dark, storming winter night, he told me that he loved me, and offered himself to me. I acknowledged that I was not indifferent to him, but asked a few days to think over the matter and consult my friends. Adolph did not like this delay, and tried to reason me out of it, but I was firm and carried my point. Well, we sat up very late that night together, no one else but ourselves being in the room. When he finally left it was past midnight, and the weather was very cold, so I fixed up the fire to make me a cup of tea to quiet my nerves and warm me up before going to bed. I was a little sorry I had been so positive to Adolph about the time, as I loved him and I thought I might as well say yes any way, so that he would have gone home so much happier."

"As I poured out my cup of tea I said aloud to myself, 'Yes, I love Adolph.' Just then I heard a noise on the stairs, and, thinking some one was going by my door, I turned off the gas, because I did not want any one to know I was keeping such late hours. As the fire in the stove gave out a ruddy light, and the half darkness of the room seemed so peaceful, and suited my mood of mind so well, I did not light the gas again, but sat and sipped my tea in the darkness, saying little things to myself aloud. Suddenly, however, I heard a slight noise behind me, and at the same time I heard a church clock strike the hour of one. Well, I looked around without a thought of anything strange, and oh!—well, what I saw almost froze my blood. I drew back faint, but too much terrified to swoon. It was a ghost! Yes, it was a ghost, and that of a man who had told me his love and whom I had loved. It was my Ernest. (You know she had been engaged to marry a young German, who died before the ceremony was performed, almost at the altar.) He was dressed in the same clothes as when I saw him last, his wedding suit, for we were going to our wedding when he died of heart disease. His face was pale and bloodless, his hair long and unparted, his cheeks looked hollow, and a grave-like awe seemed to surround him. His terrible eyes, dull and without expression, seemed to lower on me.

"I shrieked and tried to fly from the room, but he spoke: 'Do not move, Lena; I will not harm you. It is by your mediumship that I appear, and even if you go from here, I too must go. I come because I love you and because I pity you. Lena, if you marry Adolph Reich you will lead the life of a dog. He will be cruel and jealous, and unreasonable, and worse than all, he will murder you in the end. Yes, he will murder you! Stay! I see the scene now! He grasps your hair; he holds a sharp carving knife in the other hand; you reach out for the knife and seize it, when with a terrible oath he draws the keen blade out of your grasp, and almost severs your fingers in doing so! Oh! he has you down on the bed; he draws the knife; you struggle and scream, but it's no use. He strikes! Oh! it takes effect!—the blade he has plunged into your neck!—your beautiful neck! He pulls the knife so as to make the cut greater; you struggle more violently and escape. With the blood spurting from your wound, you run from the room and fall in the hall; and the villain escapes, carrying the knife with him! Oh, terrible! terrible! Then there was a silence; Ernest said no more for some minutes, and I was too much horrified to speak; but again he said: 'Lena, I love you as much as I ever did, and it won't be long now before you join me here, and we shall be happy again. Oh, do not marry Reich, as you value your life and soul! Farewell! God keep you!' and he was gone! Well, I did not sleep that night, but next day Adolph came and I told him I had made up my mind not to marry now, as we were too poor. This led to a long argument, and somehow, I don't know how it was, I gave in at last—I loved him! Well, we became engaged, and in time were married. I have been miserable ever since, and although I have never seen the ghost again, I often feel as though there were spirits around. I do believe that Adolph will kill me yet! I sometimes dream of the terrible scene that the ghost described, and it makes me sick and haunts me for days afterward."

Poor woman! The warning was only too well fulfilled. Adolph did murder her in the end, and exactly as the ghost said he would. On the morning of April 20th, she was found dead in the hall before her door. Official investigation brought out the complete narrative, and a clear case of deliberate murder that made the jury find Reich guilty of murder in the first degree, and resulted in his being sentenced to pay the penalty of the law, which was death.

Catarrh cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and valuing every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Mrs. Reich showed that she died from hemorrhage from a deep incised wound 4 inches long in the neck, made by a keen knife, and three fingers of her right hand had been cut to the bone, an evidence that she had grasped the knife blade. After the wound was inflicted which resulted in her death, the murdered woman had crawled out of her room and fell in the hall from loss of blood, while looking for help. There she died; meanwhile her husband, the murderer, had escaped, had Mrs. Reich followed the advice of her lover's ghost and not married Adolph Reich, perhaps she would be alive to-day. At all events, every part of the ghost's strange and terrible prophecy came true.—*New York Correspondence of Globe Democrat.*

Practical Occultism.

The above is the title of a new work it is proposed to issue as soon as the necessary number of subscribers' names are obtained. The work will contain all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late advanced class of spiritual students—the sessions of which have been held at this office, verbatim reports of which have been taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are all deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work will contain six lessons, upon the following topics, with an appendix containing the questions and answers arising from the students.

LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The Trance, as the doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the trance in its magnetic, natural and spiritual forms of induction.

LESSON NUMBER TWO.

Mediumship; its physiological, mental and spiritual results.

LESSON NUMBER THREE.

Mediumship; its foundation, development, dangers and advantages.

LESSON NUMBER FOUR.

Magie, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The material, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State.

LESSON NUMBER SIX.

The Soul World—its hells, heavens and evolutions.

APPENDIX.

The work will be handsomely printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. The price is fixed at one dollar per copy, and at that rate it is offered to subscribers before publication. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send in their names at once, which can be done, to our care, or to Mr. M. B. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple, on Sundays, or to Mr. Morse at 331 Turk street, San Francisco. Subscribers will be supplied in the order in which their names are recorded. Further announcements in due course.—*Carrier Dove, Oct. 22nd.*

The Pro. and Con. of Mind Cure.

While there is much to favor the idea of "mind and faith cure" based upon philosophical principles, it is not yet clear, that this "cure" covers all physical disease bearing upon this topic. We present herewith, in brief, the views of Dr. C. A. Bartol, a gentleman of culture and learning, who has been supposed to be a defender of the theory, by the enthusiasts of this order.

It appears that a convention was recently held in Boston by the believers in what Dr. Bartol was one of the speakers; and his subject as announced, was "The Pro. and Con. of Mind Cure." What he said took the convention by surprise. It was in this wise:—He said: "There is danger of extravagance. The mental healers have not a monopoly. They cannot kill off the old doctors. Can Christian science set a broken limb? It might take the beam out of the eye, but a cinder is too much for you?"

Mrs. Diaz interrupted the speaker, and asked if he had ever tried the mental healing on a cinder.

Dr. Bartol replied that he tried it, but finally went to a doctor and had the cinder removed. Continuing he said: "Let us be true! Let us be consistent. But you can't put aside all the old theories. As Dr. Bowditch said, I have yet to see the mental healing that can destroy the germs of typhoid fever. Do not suppose that you can in a moment become the highest type of mind-cure or any other kind of physician. I do not believe that a man can come from behind a counter or from an express wagon and the next day be a good doctor. There are specific tonics in medicine that have their virtues, and you cannot do away with them. Do not think that I am on the fence. I am on both sides of it."—*The National View.*

Columbus and Vespucci.

There is also much to be said about the different way in which letters of Vespucci and Columbus would affect the literary taste of the age. As I have said, the letters of Columbus are infinitely more attractive to the reader of to-day. The devoutly religious spirit of the writer, his mingling of practical shrewdness with child-like credulity, his artless relations of the dreams and visions which induced him to set out on his discoveries, his enthusiastic belief in being divinely appointed to his work, his arguments to prove that he had landed near the Garden of Eden, expressed in the simplicity of style which is the chief grace of the early voyagers, all together form a charm for us that superior learning and more correct rhetoric cannot rival. But at the time when Columbus wrote we can believe that Vespucci's letters would more readily attract attention. The latter wrote a clear and succinct account of what he saw, of all he could learn of the manners and customs of the natives; he drew pictorial illustrations and diagrams; he used some bits of scholarship effectively; he quoted Aristotle and Pliny, and the immortal Dante. In fact, Vespucci's letters are more like those of a traveling journalist who is sent out by a daily paper of a current magazine, to get the latest and best news and put the narrative in popular form; Columbus writes like the man of imagination and poetic vision, the true discoverer and seer, who is recognized by the future, rarely by the present.—*From "The Christening of America," by Abby Sage Richardson, in The American Magazine.*

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

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November Magazines Received Late.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The November number of this popular magazine opens its eighteenth year. Much interest is attached to Mr. Kennan's paper on the The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals; The Home and the Haunts of Washington, with illustrations, and the short paper on Mount Vernon as it is, completes a full account of one of America's Shrines; the special art feature is the sculpture of Augustus Saint Gaudens, to which is added a critical article on his statue of Lincoln, for Chicago, of which a fine engraving is printed with the article. The fiction is notable, including the beginning of two serials. Prof. Stoddard contributes a second paper on College Composites. Grant's Last Campaign concludes the battle series, and Lincoln's history reaches a most interesting part.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY (Baltimore, Md.) Number one of volume one of this quarterly is issued and makes a fine appearance. The editor says the object of this journal is to record the psychological work of a scientific, as distinct from a speculative character. The aim will be to please teachers in psychology; biologists and physiologists; anthropologists; physicians who are especially interested in mental and nervous diseases, and all others whose attention has been inlited in the great progress made in more exact methods to the study of the problems of human feelings. Subscription price, \$3 a year.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) The mediation of Ralph Harriot is continued, and The Story of Jael, and the series of papers upon Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. An illustrated description of Capri is given. The Christmas number of this monthly promises an unusually attractive table of contents, with many fine illustrations.

THE THEOSOPHIST. (Madras, India.) Traveled Teachings, the Elohistic Kosmogony opens the October Theosophist, and is followed by Himalayan Folk Lore; Rosicrucian Letters; Two Professors; and The Crest Jewel of Wisdom; Buddha's Teaching; etc. Also, Reviews of current literature fill several pages.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) The usual articles upon religious thought, sermonic literature and discussion of practical issues complete a good table of contents.

EARNEST WORDS. (New York.) The second number of this monthly is at hand and has articles, notes and items upon literary, scientific and reformatory subjects.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Articles by well known writers, with notes, reviews and items fill this month's pages.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: India and the Indians; The Old House; The Neglected Daughter; Literary Chat; The Maid of Honor; etc.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) A varied table of contents is found in the November issue of this excellent monthly devoted to astronomy.

BADYLAND. (Boston.) The little ones will find much to amuse them this month.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 12, 1887.

The Condemned Anarchists—Live Felons or Dead Martyrs, Which?

Before this issue of the JOURNAL reaches all its subscribers, and possibly before it leaves the press room, the fate of the seven condemned anarchists now lying in Cook County Jail will have been decided. When the bomb burst in Haymarket Square, its report echoed around the world, stirring every heart. But all hearts were not agitated by the same emotions; horror at the crime, sorrow for the maimed and dying policemen and their stricken families was great, but the feeling that the bomb was a premonitory symptom of dangerous disease in the body politic, was even more profound and terrifying.

Anarchy had been boldly and impudently flaunted before the citizens of Chicago for years, with no attempt on the part of the corrupt authorities to suppress it. Treason to the State seemed apparently, an insignificant and trifling matter to the ward bummers, guttersnipes, and grogery keepers who, with an unscrupulous politician for a leader, constituted the controlling power in the City government. So long as the public crib was open to the hoodlums and the mayor could ply his schemes for political advancement; so long as ballot boxes could be stuffed with impunity, and pious thieves could rise from the communion table and with the same hand that had carried the emblems of Christ to their lips, pay out thousands of dollars for a chance to plunder the public; so long as these things could go on and the respectable portion of community remained apathetic and careless of its interests, it mattered little to those in authority how much treason was plotted or how much violence was advocated by professional agitators.

At last there came an awful awakening. On that fatal Tuesday night in 1886, the teachings of foreign-born revolutionists were put into practice and the respectable, lethargic portion of community realized that it had been selfishly and criminally indifferent to the social volcano so long rumbling warnings and spitting forth smoke. When too late, it was clear that all was not smoke; the crater had opened and belched forth death and torture. Revenged was the cry, taken up and echoed by the press. Horror at the slaughter and hatred of the slaughterers prevailed. Only blood would satisfy; and blood must be had. Finally seven men were put on trial as accessories to the murder of officer Degau. These seven men now lie in the jail waiting to be hanged on Friday unless Governor Oglesby interferes by commuting the sentence to imprisonment or by stay of execution.

of the community will not be conserved by hauging these criminals. Alive and in the penitentiary they are ignominious felons. Dead, they are more alive than ever! and exalted to the pinnacle of martyrdom, their memories will be the watchword which shall stimulate other misguided enthusiasts to deeds of violence.

For these reasons and others ably set forth by W. M. Salter in his lecture before the Ethical Society and reiterated by the able jurist, Judge Tuley, in different language, we have signed a petition of which the following is a copy:

To His Excellency E. J. Oglesby, Governor of the State of Illinois: We, the undersigned, residents of Chicago and vicinity, holding in abhorrence the doctrines and methods of anarchy, yet believing that the great ends of justice and the safety of the State would be better served by a commutation of the sentence against Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Parsons, Engel, Fischer and Lingg, than by carrying it into effect, most earnestly and respectfully ask you to exercise your prerogative of clemency at this time.

Fully coinciding with the views of Judge Tuley, we prefer to give his language as reported by a daily paper, and which is as follows:

"Although I believe that such men as Lingg and others—who belong (as I understand it) to the Bakurin school of Anarchists and who believe it to be a duty to destroy all constituted authority by assassination or any other means—are enemies of society, and as such should be confined so that they can do no harm, yet I would not hang any one of these men for reasons of public policy."

"It is unfortunate that the crime of which these men are convicted was connected with the eight hour labor movement. There was a general strike of laboring-men in favor of eight hours as a day's work, and the meeting at which the bomb was thrown was a labor meeting. These men advocated the eight-hour movement and several of them were speakers at that meeting. They seized upon this labor movement to agitate and excite the masses of workmen and to attempt to convert them to their peculiar doctrines. While they are no true friends of labor, yet the laboring classes have the idea that they are to suffer because of their advocacy of the cause of labor, or at least that their efforts in the cause of labor have led them into their present terrible position. However erroneous such an idea may be, I am perfectly satisfied that it exists, and is widespread among the laboring classes. The relations of labor and capital are now much disturbed, and wise policy would seem to demand that they be not further strained.

"Again, these men exhibit all the enthusiasm of martyrs—in fact, appear to be anxious to become such. I believe the best interests of society lie in not permitting them to become martyrs. If the Virginia authorities had not hung John Brown, would we have witnessed that grand anti-slavery uprising that followed upon his execution? More than one Abolitionist had been sent to the penitentiary before that time for crimes against slavery and his name forgotten in less than a twelvemonth. If Jeff Davis had been hung his every treasonable word would have been household words throughout the South, and he would have done "a country infinitely more harm dead than he has alive. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Already it is stated that the portrait of Spies is to be found in every Socialistic saloon in London, marked "Our Second Savior."

"The public should draw a distinction between a crime resulting from the advocacy of doctrines political in their nature—like this—and that of the common every day crime. This crime is quasi-political in its nature—it has to a large extent grown out of the advocacy of doctrines which these men believed for the best interests of society as a whole, and doctrines which involved a change in our political arrangements and institutions. However erroneous the doctrines may be, history shows you cannot stamp them out by killing the men who advocate them. History also teaches us that magnanimity upon the part of the State in dealing with such crimes is much the best policy. When such transgressors are imprisoned, thus silenced they soon pass out of public notice. It is only the blood of the martyrs that is the seed of the church.

"I firmly believe that if these seven are hanged it will give such an impetus to their pernicious doctrines as the world little dreams of. Annual pilgrimages will be made to their tombs, and their portraits will for many years be held forth as those of the seven martyrs to the cause of the oppressed people, or probably as the seven martyrs to the cause of labor. The law has demonstrated its strength; now let the Governor in the interests of the people at large, of society in general, as a matter of public policy, prevent these men being made martyrs of. The lesson is already taught. Let the State now be magnanimous and avoid committing what, in my opinion, will be a great and fatal blunder. The wise statesman never permits a drop of human blood to be unnecessarily shed."

The Universalist Showing.

The reports from the late general convention of the Universalists of the country, held in New York, show convention funds to the amount of \$250,000; church funds held by State conventions for benevolent work and church missions, \$200,000; assets of publishing house, \$75,000; value of property invested in schools and colleges, \$2,700,000; value of church property, \$7,500,000; Sunday school membership, 54,000; number of parishes, 900; number of ministers, 720; estimated number in regular attendance upon the Universalist ministry in the United States, 337,000. There are three theological schools, with about 80 students in preparation for the ministry. The foundation of a foreign missionary fund has been established, and P. T. Barnum proposes the gift of \$100,000 if \$500,000 shall be raised for this purpose. The interest in foreign missions is steadily growing. One missionary is already on his way to Japan. There never was a period of such real prosperity enjoyed by the Universalist Church as during the year just closed. The advance of liberal sentiments in many of the so-called orthodox churches is hailed with joy, and is considered as one of the bright signs of the future.

Ecclesiastical Eructations.

The publication of that amusing and unique work which on the cover bears the facetious title, "The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism," has given new hope and fresh impetus to the beloved followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The Christ-like spirit of these dear brethren in their treatment of Spiritualism and Spiritualists is so in harmony with the teachings of the "Master," and so closely in accord with the New Testament, that there must be fresh joy in heaven over their work. Here is the way the Cincinnati Methodist, Western Christian Advocate, J. H. Bayliss, D. D., editor, welcomes the pastime product of the so-called Seybert Commission:

This modern iniquity has received another black eye at the hands of the Seybert Commission, whose report has just been published by Lippincott. Perhaps as interesting a part of the report as any relates to the Slade-Zöllner experiments. Prof. Fullerton, secretary of the commission, interviewed Prof. Zöllner's colleagues in the investigations. It will be remembered that Zöllner was looking for the fourth dimension of space. He held some seances with Dr. Slade, in company with Profs. Fechner and Scheibner, of Leipsic, and Weber of Goettingen. Prof. Wundt, of Leipsic, was also present. The first four were hoodwinked by Slade, and solemnly announced that they were perfectly convinced of the reality of the manifestation, and that they were not the result of imposture or prestidigitation. It now transpires that Zöllner was of unsound mind at the time; that Fechner was partly blind from incipient cataract; that Scheibner is exceedingly near-sighted; that Weber was very old and feeble, and did not see every thing. Wundt, the only competent observer in the company, pronounced the thing a humbug; that the slade writing was very bad German, just such as Slade spoke, and that all of it could have been done by an ordinarily expert juggler. And yet Zöllner's "great name" has been given to support this fraud, and many have been misled by it.

The dear Methodist editor lacks the graceful sweep and light touch of the Reverend Fullerton, but what he misses in artistic handling he makes up in color. Gaze at the vermilion line which he throws over his work in his finish:

It will prove a powerful weapon with which to club this absurd and wicked notion that is working such mischief. "The spirits that peep and mutter" are thoroughly exposed. No one hereafter need be fooled by this abomination. Competent men who began to investigate, hoping to find it true, found nothing but fraud, imposture, and wickedness. Daylight is absolutely fatal to it.

Such pious tergiversation may evoke the righteous wrath of John Wesley whose experiences with returning spirits are matters of history, but it will not harm Spiritualism nor prevent the limbs of the fold from following Samuel Watson and other Methodist leaders in their successful pursuit of knowledge of the continuity of life, and spirit presence. Club away, esteemed one! the harder you strike, the greater the harm to Methodism; and you don't hurt Spiritualism.

The Congregational ministers of Chicago and vicinity at their regular Monday meeting on the 1st inst., gave another of those final "death blows" to Spiritualism. That same handy club, "The Seybert Commission on Spiritualism," was deftly swung by Rev. Clayton Welles of Englewood, assisted by a full company of ministerial helpers. According to the Inter Ocean report, "there was a wholesale indorsement of the book and a denunciation of Spiritualism, palmaristry, slate writing, clairvoyance, and visions." That is right, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content! Of course you know very well that the more you denounce these things the more your dear people will want to know how it is themselves, and that you are helping increase the demand for psychical wares, and killing the already decreasing inquiry for pulpit products. Indeed, were you not above suspicion of worldly or venal motives it might be fairly assumed that Bob Ingersoll and the mediums pay you for denouncing them. The trick is an old one, but often works well, it has put money in Ingersoll's purse and helped many mediums. If the purveyors of materialism and mediumship have not divided with you and your brethren elsewhere it is too bad; and their parsimony ought to be held up to the contempt of a generous public.

"A clear case of predestination" is set forth in the "Army Stories" of the Philadelphia Times: "There was one fine fellow, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on the march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defense of his creed. One day he was sitting, with a group, in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at and twitted him with his want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: 'Ca ca-cant stop; it's pre-pre-predestined that I must get on the other side of the tra-traverse!' and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity."

Mrs. Ursula N. Gostefeld, the popular and successful metaphysical healer and teacher has been called to Kansas City to give a course of lectures.

A Blow at the Twin Relic.

A dispatch from Salt Lake, Utah, states that the Supreme Court, by unanimous decision has decided to appoint a receiver for Mormon church property in excess of the limit fixed by Congress in 1862. Judge Zane wrote the decision. Review is made of the territorial act incorporating the church, which pronounced it extraordinary, and the power of Congress to annul it is affirmed. The court declares no vested right accrued to the church, because the charter was accepted under the express right of amendment by Congress as the conclusion of the law and of the facts as stipulated. The Court concludes from these facts that it sufficiently appeared that the defunct corporation had in its possession real property in value exceeding \$50,000, the limit fixed by the act of Congress of 1862, and that a portion of it is not a building or the grounds appurtenant thereto held for the purpose of the worship of God, or parsonages connected therewith, or burial ground, and that the title to a large portion of the same property was acquired subsequently to the time the act of 1862 took effect. "In deciding this motion," the Court said, "we are not called upon to finally determine the rights of the parties. With respect to the rights, they will be decided as they ultimately appear, and if the receiver appointed shall claim a right to the possession of any property as receiver, to which third parties also claim a right, the issue will then be determined. We are of the opinion that the complainant's motion for the appointment of a receiver should be allowed. An order will be made to that effect in accordance with the prayer of the bill."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. S. F. Hinckly, healer, of 520 W. Madison street, Chicago, is spoken of by those having called on her, as doing some good work.

Mr. J. R. Evans, of Phillipsburg, Montana, would like to correspond with Spiritualists in or near Phillipsburg, for exchange of news on the subject of Spiritualism and free thought.

Mr. A. H. Dwight, of Marcus, Iowa, would like the address of a good healer in or near the western part of Iowa. Any one who can give the desired information can address Mr. Dwight, as above.

The ladies of Unity Club will give an entertainment at the Princess Opera House, 593 West Madison street, on the evening of November 18th, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, dialogues, etc. Admission, gentlemen, fifty cents; ladies, twenty-five cents. The proceeds are devoted wholly to benevolent purposes.

Bishop Keener, of New Orleans, has published an article in one of the southern Methodist papers giving his reasons for believing that the Garden of Eden was in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. He bases his belief upon the remains of large mammals, of the construction of the ark from gopher or pine and live oak, in which this region abounds, and the abundance of herbage for the animals in the ark.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great preacher has withdrawn from the Baptist union of England. His reasons are: "That some persons are allowed to remain in the union who make light of the atonement, deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, call the fall a fable, speak of justification by faith as immoral, refuse credence to the dogma of the plenary inspiration of the holy scripture, and hold that there is another probation after death, with possibilities of a future restitution of the lost."

The Dublin Express (conservative) says that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has expressed strong displeasure at the boycotting of the sisters of Magistrate Seagrave, the official who superintended affairs at Mitchellstown on the 9th inst., on the occasion of the fatal conflict between the police and populace. The Express alleges that the archbishop has warned the clergy that if the boycotting of the ladies again occurs at the church at Mitchellstown he will close the building.

Saloonkeepers do not seem to be growing in favor. The Knights of Labor organization will not admit them to membership. The Baltimore Council of the Roman Catholic Church made it the duty of priests, bishops, and archbishops to discourage saloon-keeping, and to strenuously urge on their congregations the dangers of such occupations on religious grounds. And now comes the Masonic organization, greater in numbers and influence than even the Catholic Church, which proposes not only to refuse membership to the saloonkeepers but also proposes to expel those of the "trade" who are now members.

Last Sunday, at Boston, Rev. O. A. Gifford, Baptist, preached to the Union church Congregational brethren. After giving out the regular prayer-meeting and social notices, he paused a minute and then went ahead as follows: "And now I wish to announce that I am informed that caucuses of the political parties are to be held the coming week to select candidates for public offices, and it is my wish that every man present should absent himself from the prayer-meeting and be present at those caucuses. Your vote at the caucus is of more value than at the polls; there is the place to smash political rings and secure the nomination of good men, and whoever absents himself from the prayer-meeting for that purpose will purchase his soul daily as a villain and a Christian."

Mrs. Janet E. Runtz Rees, is now engaged in writing descriptive pamphlets and circulars for those contemplating advertising, and will be glad to correspond with any and all who are looking for a competent person to do such work. She can be addressed at Brookside, New Jersey.

The Annual Executive Session of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association was held at the Congregational Church, Galva, Illinois, Nov. 9th, 10th and 11th. Rev. M. J. Miller delivered an address on "Ethics of the Question;" Mrs. E. E. Fitch, on the "Achievement of Women;" Judge C. B. Waite of Chicago, on the "Power of the Legislature in regard to Suffrage."

"Faithless, cowardly creatures that we are," says The Nashville Advocate. "We send two or three consecrated women and set them down in one of the largest cities of China, with the avowed expectation that the gospel of Christ will prove itself adequate to the conversion of its benighted millions, and yet the thousands of Christians of all denominations in Nashville allow whole decades to pass by without seeming to realize that they can do anything effective to deheathenize the fellow-creatures in our midst." This will be regarded as a vast improvement on the usual paragraphs from such sources. It nails a fact.

Professor Smyth of Andover hasn't got through with his handling of his would-be persecutors, the "Board of Visitors," who would visit upon him the odium theologium for daring to favor a better gospel than "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." His appeal from their act of removing him from his place, and asking for a writ of certiorari ordering them to produce all the documents in court, was heard to-day in the Supreme Court at Essex. Charles Theodore Russell and ex-Governor Gaston are counsel for the Professor, while Judges Hoar and Asa French are for the Visitors. It is decided by consent of both sides that the writ shall issue; the date being about the 1st proximo, and the trial probably in Boston.—Hartford Times.

A religious weekly finds something not altogether bad in the essential spirit of the German Sunday. "We may frankly conclude," it says, "that the Puritans did not fully comprehend the biblical idea of the Sabbath; that they did not know the meaning of the 'law of liberty'; that they did not apprehend Christ's declaration that the Sabbath was made for man; that we may learn something as to Sabbath liberty from the land of Luther. We may even concede that one sermon is better than two; and that a Sabbath evening devoted to the development of quiet family social life is better than one spent in listening to a second sermon, the first effect of which is to drive out of mind the first one. We may frankly concede, in other words, that the best observance of Sabbath is that which divides it equally between public worship in church, and domestic rest at home."

No minister, says the New York Sun, has so deeply interested the Plymouth Church people since the death of Mr. Beecher as the Rev. Charles A. Berry of England, who occupied the pulpit two Sundays, and made an address at prayer meeting, and who has mingled much with the leading members of the congregation since his arrival in this country a few weeks ago. So favorable was the impression made by his first two sermons, Sunday, Oct. 16th, that the next Sunday there was a great rush to hear him at each service, and hundreds were obliged to remain standing. For the first time since the great Brooklyn preacher occupied the pulpit Plymouth Church seemed to be itself again. The young English Congregationalist at once became a prime favorite with the leading members of the church and the society, and his name now stands foremost on the list of those discussed in connection with the pastorate.

A prominent city official, the head of an important department, is, or has been, absent for some time, engaged in "Catholic colonization" schemes somewhere in Wisconsin or Dakota. There is a precedent in this action that might be used by other denominations. Why should not some Presbyterian official start out and undertake a Presbyterian colonization scheme somewhere in the territories? What is there to hinder officials who may happen to be Unitarians, Swedenborgians, Hard-Shell Baptists, Universalists, Methodists, Congregationalists, or what not, from taking a vacation and prosecuting colonization or some other scheme for the benefit of their respective churches? In fact, it will be an economical movement; their salaries as officials go right on, and hence their efforts will cost neither them nor their denomination any considerable outlay. If the city of Chicago can give the services of its employes to assist in colonizing Catholics, it can certainly do as much for any other sect. In fact, it can aid in the colonization of any other class, whether sectarians, anarchists, bootleggers, or some other of the more or less worthless elements of the city. Who knows what may follow the precedent established by the city collector? If it should result in schemes which would relieve Chicago of the foreign riffraff, without respect to denominational belongings, it would be a grand benefit. So far as the labors of Mr. Onaban will relieve us of this class, they will not be condemned.—Chicago Times.

A hale old couple of Lexington, Ill., are John Reynolds and his wife. He is 106 years old and she is 94.

The Methodist and two Catholic churches at Kanawha were entered by burglars and robbed of gold and silver vessels and other articles of value.

"The Olive Branch."

The Olive Branch, a monthly publication, which has been edited and published at Utica, N. Y., for twelve years by David Jones, has been transferred to the Olive Branch Publishing Company.

We are sincere in the belief that the cause is growing daily; that one of the elements most conducive to that growth is an intelligent, fearless, outspoken organ, ready at all times to defend merit and denounce imposition.

To all of which the JOURNAL most heartily says, amen and cordially cheers the Olive Branch people in their enterprise.

There are now three publications in the East, whose managers have clear perceptions, good powers of ratiocination, courage, and broad views, namely, the Olive Branch at Utica, Light on the Way at Dover, N. H., and the Eastern Star at Bangor, Maine.

The JOURNAL has had within the past year excellent grounds for hope that it would have a powerfully equipped ally in the city of New York, which would work with it in the interests of the higher aspects of Spiritualism.

Future Probation.

A number of interviews with non-Congregational clergymen about "future probation" gave a theological flavor to the columns of a New York paper the other day.

The New England Helping Hand is the name of an interesting paper published by the Helping Hand Society at the Fair held in Horticultural Hall, Boston.

players in the present, and for a much larger sphere of usefulness to themselves and the community in the future. The aim of the society is certainly commendable, and should receive encouragement from all sides.

"Mystic London: or Phases of Occult Life in the British Metropolis," by Rev. Charles Maurice Davies, D. D., is a work that has made considerable stir in the literary world.

Notes from Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I am once more settled down to my work in the good old city of Boston, where for many years I have given my time and strength to healing the sick through the divine gift of mediumship.

Last April circumstances occurred that made it necessary for me to take a long journey with my husband, and although as far as possible I made explanations to friends and patrons, still I fear that there were a great many who thought it very strange that I should so suddenly and silently disappear.

From the city of Mexico we came back over the Mexican Central road to El Paso, a small town on the United States side of the Rio Grande, where we remained one week. During my stay there I one day became suddenly and violently ill of a congestive chill, the result, I suppose, of fatigue and the terrible heat.

From El Paso we travelled across New Mexico and Arizona to Southern California. Our first stop was at the bright little town of San Diego, after which we passed a week at Los Angeles. Then by steamer we went up the coast to San Francisco and Oakland where we remained six weeks.

A Skeptic Convinced.

I met a gentleman the other day from Kentucky, a man of known intelligence and classical in his knowledge. During the course of conversation he broached the subject of Spiritualism. Among many things he said: "That he had always looked upon a man who believed in Spiritualism as very weak in the mind, and from the very bottom of his soul and heart he pitied him.

Mrs. L. you do not know my name. I never saw you nor you me, that I am aware of. If I could receive a letter from my dead wife, with her full name attached, I think I would be converted to Spiritualism."

After reading the affectionate epistle the gentleman, looking at his friend, the tears coursing down his face, exclaimed, "My God, Judge, this is true! Those familiar sentences and words written on this slate are as true as if she had spoken them with her ever tender and loving voice. Oh, my God! why did I not know this before? From this time forth I am a Spiritualist."

A Georgiana turkey hatched seven turkeys, four chickens and twenty-four guinea chicks, but doesn't claim to have laid all the eggs.

General News.

The report that a bloody strife is imminent on the Cherokee reservation are declared to be false in every particular. The United States school-ship Portsmouth put into New York yesterday in a disabled condition.

The new train from Omaha to San Francisco will make the run in seventy-two hours. Passengers from Chicago will reach the coast on the fourth day out. W. A. Cone, a defaulting tax-collector of Harris county, Texas, has been arrested after eluding the vigilance of the police for six years.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city continues to hold meetings in Good Templar Hall, Merrimack street, as usual. Up to the present time it has had upon its platform this season, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson (one of the best platform test mediums in the field of phenomena workers).

Mr. John Slater.

This remarkable platform test medium has been engaged by the Young Peoples' Progressive Society for the last two Sundays of the present month, Nov. 20th and 27th.

The worst feature about catarrh is its dangerous tendency to consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the blood.

Delightful and Accessible.

The resorts of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

\$21.75 Chicago, and Local Points to Jacksonville, Florida, the Beautiful "Land of Flowers."

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

There is a gingko tree on the Boston Common which is greatly prized by Bostonians. The tree is a native of Japan, and the Japanese worship it. Hence, perhaps, the expression, "By Jingo"

CHICAGO.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street, at 7:45 P. M. The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street.

The United Spiritualists meet at 116 5th Ave., at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. Visitors and mediums welcomed.

The Young Peoples' Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2790 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 125 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Hall has been removed to Columbia Hall, 579 1/2 Ave., (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.) Services every Sunday at 2:45 P. M. and at 4:45 evening.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Conservatory Hall corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union - Sunday meetings at Triborough Hall, 120 Broadway, at 10:30 A. M., Alpha Lyceum at 2:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 308 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

St. Louis, Mo. Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brad's Hall, southeast corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets.

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A Tax on the Tongue.

A novel club was organized in a town of the old Nutmeg State last winter, one which would not fall to do good in many other places if the plan of operation was faithfully carried out. It was called "The Tongue Guard" and each member pledged herself to pay a penny into the treasury every time she said anything against another person, whether she absolutely knew it to be deserved or took it from some one's "say-so." This was done by means of home boxes, and at the end of three months they were carried to headquarters, and the contents utilized for charitable purposes. It would require, of course, a great respect for the words of the Bible, and since many pennies collected in the box would stamp one as ill-natured or a gossip, but this mortification was probably prevented by having all of the boxes exactly alike and without mark, so that they could not be identified. The mere matter of being obliged to put a penny in the box when thoughtless remarks were made would be curative, because of its inducing the habit of thinking when speaking.

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In our various relations as patriotic citizens. We need not be less democratic or republican; we must be less the mere putty that is unreluctantly molded by scheming and degenerate hands.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati.

A Prominent Medium and Lecturer Paints the Spiritualist Rostrum as he sees it. He also Reviews with Considerable Directness and Vigor Dr. Wolfe's record of Observations with Mrs. Fairchild.

It is an interesting subject sometimes to review the result of one's work or conduct, or the work and conduct of others in which we share and have a common interest and purpose. Spiritualism is such a work.

There will be some things enlarged and others diminished in the drawing and painting of his mental picture. An enemy will enlarge our vices and follies, and a friend will vaunt our virtues and accomplishments.

There is one Spiritualistic society having meetings every Sunday morning and evening. They are attended by a class of people drawn together by widely different motives.

In leaving, for a moment, the article which Dr. Wolfe has written, to look at the mental nature and character which produced it, we find in it an enthusiasm and a condition of preconception altogether inconsistent with the qualification of a safe, useful and independent witness.

Our meetings are well attended, but the people know nothing about the great study the phenomena of Spiritualism present; they are not interested in systems of ideas which men and spirits have reasoned out to account for and explain the great unfoldments of material and spiritual nature.

Mrs. Fairchild, the so-called materializing medium, is in Cincinnati, doing some business of a sort. The people interested in materialization are divided in opinion about her. I have seen the woman but not at her séances.

The spirit Plimpton and Dr. Wolfe sitting at a table over glasses of "Mum's best brand," reads more like an advertisement for Mum than a serious, sensible investigation into the fact of spirit return.

What a sad state of moral turpitude such people must have reached who are capable of contriving and enacting these frauds. I do not believe that Dr. Wolfe is anything more than a victim. His own mind is biased and inflamed with eager belief.

are not recognized by the Federal and State constitutions.

And then, again, Mrs. Fairchild, it is said, always carries a revolver into her séances, and probably Plimpton himself was armed, too; so I do not see that the spirit would have been at a disadvantage.

Plimpton has eyes of a peculiar sort; he, poor fellow, is near-sighted. What a sublime spectacle for the world to look at! Dr. Wolfe and a spirit playing cards and drinking wine.

It is well known to Spiritualists in Cincinnati that these forms which have so dreadfully imposed upon Dr. Wolfe, are persons employed by Mrs. Fairchild to act their part in a show and take their money like professional clowns upon the boards.

The manifestations of spirit Plimpton did not end this marvellous séance; greater wonders follow. Napoleon and Josephine are introduced with a poetic and romantic splendor.

There is no attempt in this instance to examine the form. What Dr. Wolfe saw amounts to nothing as evidence. Around him were all the opportunities for the perpetration of fraud.

There is no evidence to show that Plimpton, Napoleon, Josephine and the rest were not wicked frauds. The account as a whole puts Dr. Wolfe's testimony forever beyond the pale of credibility upon all matters pertaining to Spiritualism.

What a sad state of moral turpitude such people must have reached who are capable of contriving and enacting these frauds. I do not believe that Dr. Wolfe is anything more than a victim.

Mrs. Fairchild has been proved to be a fraud. The 4,000 dead democrats who voted in the city of Baltimore will vote no more. Plimpton, Napoleon and Josephine have something better to do than gurgie wine.

If Plimpton, Napoleon, and Josephine did return to mortal reality as alleged; if they did burst upon Dr. Wolfe's wondering sight; if the luminous forms of ancient Egyptians did burst out of invisibility, what a blessing, and, oh! what a fortunate mortal is Dr. Wolfe!

Dr. Wolfe alleges that a spirit came to him and drank wine. Wine and the act of voting have often been associated together in old Baltimore.

I have nothing to say about the medium and the manner in which she manufactures and introduces her characters into séances, as she calls them.

Henry Slade alias Mr. Wilson. On the 2nd page of this issue of the JOURNAL, is an article taken from the New Castle Daily Chronicle, England.

It has long been our opinion that the spirits themselves injure most their own reputes by their manner of going about the business to convince mankind of their existence.

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Spiritualism, the enduring individuality of the immortal part of man, and the centre, allegation of the creeds must stand or fall together.

Mr. Wilson and other Spiritua lists present in that gentleman's lodgings, yesterday afternoon declared that John Wesley was also there—that he was apparent to their senses—that they either saw, heard, or felt amongst them the founder of Methodism.

Again, to be serious, for I believe in, and have great respect for, Dr. Wolfe; he has done some excellent literary work; he is a good writer, a bold thinker and a man of courage.

The French and German messages may pass muster, but the Italian is poor gibberish. I am disposed more and more to wonder why those beings who, I entertain no doubt, do actually write these messages should apparently go out of their way to throw suspicion on their own performances.

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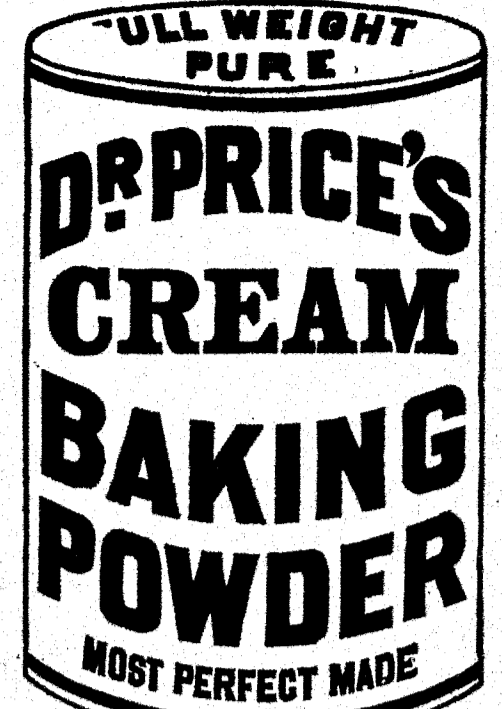
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