

# RECORD & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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**WILFRED MONTRESSOR;**  
OR,  
**THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.**  
A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.  
BOOK SIXTH—THE INSULT.  
CHAPTER XLIII—  
THE DOOM OF ALFRED TRACEY.

On parting with Captain De Ruyter at the entrance of the Franklin House, Alfred Tracey crossed Broadway and sauntered slowly toward the Park.

It was at dusk—but the sidewalks were thronged with pedestrians, and the pavements clattered as usual with the rattling of the carts and the rumbling of omnibuses. The lamplighters were lighting the street lamps, the gas burners glared already in the plate glass windows of the magnificent shops. Broadway shone as at noon-day.

In front of the Park Theater were four large lamps, lighted with gas. The doors were not yet opened, and a crowd of men and boys, waiting for that event, obstructed the sidewalks. Alfred Tracey pushed through them, and mounted the steps leading to the main entrance.

The boxes were just beginning to fill up, as the young man entered the Theater. He selected a pleasant seat, near the center of the second tier, and reclining his head upon the railings which separated the box occupied by him from the adjoining one; he gave little attention to the concourse of people who filed into the theater.

The play announced in the bills was the tragedy of Macbeth—the part of Macbeth by Mr. Charles Keen, and that of Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Keen. At the commencement of the performance, Alfred Tracey remained in the position we have described, but the nature of the plot and the beauty of Shakespeare's poetry, and the masterly delineations of the characters by the actors, caused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

At the close of the second act, Captain De Ruyter made his appearance in the lobby, and Tracey left his seat to converse with him. The captain communicated the result of his visit to Wilfred Montessor—adding after he had finished the details of his brief interview:

"I do not feel inclined to play," said Tracey, with an effort to sustain himself completely erect.

"I hope you are not offended," rejoined the first speaker, "I have been playing with my friends here till they are fatigued, and as I saw you were alone I offered to play with you."

"Come along, Versey, said the third stranger, taking the man who had addressed the first in inquiry to Alfred Tracey by the arm. He don't wish to play. You won't be able to get another match to night. Come along—let us have a lark."

"The devil I didn't!" said Tracey, turning angrily toward the speaker; then as if recollecting himself, he added: "Oh I forgot, and commenced fumbling in his pockets.

"I have had to deal with such fellows as you before to-night. Robbed, indeed. Fork up that shilling and go about your business."

"You young rascal," said Alfred Tracey, "how dare you talk to a gentleman in such a way?"

"I have just got the clue to one of Sam Percy's tricks," replied Harker: "So just sit down for a minute till I run off the pack."

He suddenly recalled to mind the existence of an indebtedness in his favor which might perhaps be available.

Having taken a light breakfast, he proceeded at once to the games of the evening. He sallied forth into Broadway, and, after a brisk walk of two or three minutes duration, stood before the gate of a narrow alley or court opening between two brick dwellings in Beekman street.

A well dressed man was seated at the table with a portion of a pack of cards in his left hand—the remainder of the pack was spread upon the table before him. As the door opened, he looked up, and recognizing his visitor, simply remarked:

"The world has treated me badly in my money matters within a day or two, and I want to get a hundred dollars or so from you."

"I told you, Tracey, when you insisted on restoring the money to that Willoughby—a fellow as rich as Croesus—that we would it more than he, and that it would be much more sensible to divide it fairly between us—that is you add Harry Orme, and I, He, Willoughby, would never have made a fuss about it; I said his claims were a glance; his work rather have lost five times that sum than suffer it to be known publicly that he had associated, even by accident, with the fraternity."

"I am a freeman," rejoined Alfred Tracey with a slight manifestation of hauteur—very slight, yet sufficient to nettie the gambler—"and I presume have the privilege of choosing my associate."

"Very good, Tracey, replied Harker laughing; and pray, how much am I indebted to you?"

"So—balance against Jack Harker, one hundred and thirty dollars—always pay my gambling debts, Tracey, you know that; but let me compare, let me compare."

"That's a mistake, Harker. Do you deny this debt of one hundred and fifty dollars?"

"I will pay you," demanded Alfred Tracey, coolly, pointing to the balance in his memorandum book.

"A small hatchet, such as are employed by carpenters and other handicraftsmen, with a keen, polished edge, and a hammer head, was lying upon a chair near John Harker. Under the impulse of violent passion he seized the handle of the hatchet and struck Alfred Tracey a violent blow upon the head."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy," Mr. Montessor! I did not intend to murder her."

"Beans may be improved by soaking for thirty to sixty hours before being cooked; as the soaking removes the strong taste and bilious nature. Put the beans into a boiler with the salt pork scored fine on the rind; add double the quantity for covering the beans, and boil until the skin cracks. Pour off the water, and put the beans into a tin or earthen baking dish, putting the pork in last. Pour in clean hot water enough to cover; add two tablespoonfuls of molasses set them in the oven. If you wish a dish of beans before breakfast, make a good coal fire the night before, and let them bake all night. They must be baked five or six hours, in order to compare with the famous dish of New-England baked beans. Beans are among the most nutritious kinds of food. They are too hearty for dyspeptics, and do not agree with persons possessing weak stomachs, especially when eaten in large quantities."

Rossini's unpublished music has been sold by Madame Rosini for six thousand pounds. That is at the rate of forty pounds per composition, there having been one hundred and sixty compositions. When asked for his autograph, Rossini invariably wrote a stanza of four lines expressing of long suffering love, which endures, but is silent. Ten copies of these four common-place lines were found amongst his papers. These autographs sold at the same price as his musical compositions,—that is, at £40 apiece.

**Planchette Among the Mormons.**  
The following article, we copy from the Desert Evening News, a Mormon paper.

"From its assumptions, in advising the faithful, we should suppose it was the organ of Brigham Young, and yet we are loth to believe that he found it necessary to resort to such folly as his manifest in the article, to prevent his flock from obtaining light upon the subject of spirit intercourse. One thing certain, the article will make all of the Mormons who read it anxious to give Planchette a trial."

"The most of our readers are doubtless familiar, at least by name, with 'Planchette.' The paragraphs about it and its performance have been very frequent of late. It is not long since we saw it stated that its inventor had cleared \$20,000 by its manufacture. Numerous articles have appeared upon the subject, some denouncing them as impostures, others claiming that they are unmistakably genuine, and the results of an unseen power. It is claimed by some to be the development of a new power or force in nature, its performances not being explicable on any principle at present understood by mankind. The experiments which have been made with it, demonstrate that it will work much better for some persons than others. We have never seen it operate, and, therefore, we are indebted to a friend, who has seen it and witnessed its performances, for the following description of it, and the method of working it."

"Planchette is a simple looking instrument about ten inches long and seven or eight inches broad in the broadest part. It is a tall three-legged, heart shaped board, the surface of which is highly polished. Under each lobe of the heart is a short leg, which turns on a pivot at the top, and to the bottom of which a small wheel is attached. Under the point of the heart the pencil is fixed in a similar manner to the legs, so that the machine will turn, in any direction with the greatest facility. The operators sit with their hands resting lightly on Planchette, their thumbs and little fingers touching and forming a circle around it."

"Our object in alluding to Planchette, at the present time is to warn our people against meddling with it themselves or permitting it to be introduced into their houses or letting their children experiment with it. We understand there are a number of these curious little machines in the houses of our citizens, and that it is no uncommon thing for young people, and their seniors too, to go where they are to amuse themselves with their revelations and singular answers. Much mischief may be done in this way to young people before their parents or guardians are aware of what they are doing. A case of this kind has already been brought to our knowledge by the father of a family in this city. He has three children grown up, and they, prompted by curiosity, have been to a friend's house several times to see the wonderful working and read the oracular sayings of Planchette. The father was not aware of the object of their visits. The first knowledge that he obtained of them was through two of these young people being seized with a power that prostrated them and left them almost lifeless. They were attacked in a most singular manner in the night, and in relating the occurrence to us he said that when he first saw them he scarcely expected they could live until morning. He is an Elder of some considerable experience, and he is fully satisfied that the influences to which they were subjected were devilish. He gave us permission to mention the case without mentioning names, as he hopes it may be a warning to others not to tamper with Planchette."

"As people are familiar with all the spiritual agencies that operate upon mankind. Our elders especially have had numerous opportunities, in their experience abroad, of witnessing the effects of good and evil spiritual influences upon the people. Since the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by the spiritual agencies has increased very much among the inhabitants of Christendom. Hundreds who would not believe that angels could minister to man in these days when Joseph Smith bore testimony that they had ministered unto him, have readily adopted spiritualism."

"We have no doubts about many of the statements of spiritualists. They do have manifestations; but we have no confidence in their truth or reliability. It is not inconsistent with the devil's method of dealing to tell nineteen truths to create faith and pave the way for one lie that he desires to have believed."

"There are truths occasionally told by means of writing mediums, speaking mediums, table-tipping and Planchette. There were no truth told by these means, all such operations are mostly impostures; but it is the truth that is told that gives them influence and makes them dangerous. It creates confidence and the alloy of falsehood is readily swallowed as truth. To our mind there is no greater objection to table-tipping or writing mediums being in a house of a Latter-day Saint than Planchette. They are equally obnoxious and injurious. They have, in our opinion, a common origin, and the effects upon those who have recourse to them are similar."

"No, sir, I never play," replied the young man, with some thickness of articulation.

"It is nothing to learn," said the other speaker, he and his companions pressing as if by

an involuntary necessity to his friend Besides,

the young man opened the door and entered an apartment of moderate size, whose furniture consisted of a cherry table, half a dozen chairs, a wash-stand, basin and towel, and a couple of settees, with green cushions, ranged against the wall, the cushions being of coarse cotton twining of a faded green color, stuffed with moss.—There was, besides, hanging against the wall a looking-glass with a coarse picture of a Swiss Cottage in the upper division, and a cracked mirror, one corner of which was entirely wanting in the lower.

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no individual or collective mass of mankind have... Philadelphia Department... BY HENRY CHILD, M. D.

Philadelphia Department... BY HENRY CHILD, M. D. Integrity. An honest man is the noblest work of God. Integrity is not the conditions we occupy, or the parts we play in the great drama of life...

back, and if, as he hopes will not be the case, their lives be endangered, the spirit that accompanies them and that pervades the community, will have a strong influence towards bringing about peace among the Indians, for these are in the right, and the Government has never given a proper consideration of this subject.

Dr. W. B. Holden, North Chatham, Vt. W. A. B. Hunt, Address West 84th St. Cleveland, O. J. D. Haxell, M. D. Address 204 Walnut street, Chicago.

DR. WM. CLARK'S Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Syrup. It is proved before the public as one of the best alternative remedies for invigorating the organs and functions of the body.

Miss Ida Lewis, of Newport, was made the recipient, Monday, of two hundred and eighteen dollars, contributed by the officers and soldiers stationed at Fort Adams...

Communication in Reference to the Indians.—From William Penn. There is at this time one preponderant subject which is prevalent in the atmosphere of this city, which attracts me here.

It is not strange that he should be attracted hither by the strong words and earnest purposes that have recently been uttered and manifested, and he would congratulate the Friends upon it.

Illinois Missionary Bureau. HENRY A. JONES, President; Mrs. H. M. BROWN, Vice President; Mrs. JULIA M. MANN, Secretary; Dr. S. J. AYER, Treasurer.

MY LOVE AND I. By Mrs. FERRIS. 'Be kind and think of it'—the motto. This is a book for the young and the old.









