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FROM CHITTENDEN TO HAVANA is the title of a letter on page 130 from an impartial investigator, who has visited, in company with Dr. Slade, of New York, Mrs. Hutton and William Eddy at Chittenden, and Mrs. Markee at Havana, N. Y.

MANIFESTATIONS WITH THE FAKIRS IN INDIA, by Dr. Maximilian Perty, on page 136, is a description of the magical powers possessed by those wonderful persons.

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY, by "Buddha," on page 137.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES attending the sudden death of M. Delessert, Inspector of the *police de surete*, seem to have made such an impression upon the Parisian authorities that they were recorded in unusual detail. Omitting all particulars except what are necessary to explain matters, we reproduce here the undoubtedly strange history.

In the fall of 1861 there came to Paris a man who called himself Vic de Lasa, and was so inscribed upon his passports. He came from Vienna, and said he was a Hungarian, who owned estates on the borders of the Banat, not far from Zenta. He was a small man, aged thirty-five, with pale and mysterious face, long blonde hair, a vague, wandering blue eye, and a mouth of singular firmness. He dressed carelessly and ineffectively, and spoke and talked without much *empressement*. His companion, presumably his wife, on the other hand, ten years younger than him, was a strikingly beautiful woman, of that dark, rich, velvety, luscious, pure, Hungarian type which is so nigh akin to the gypsy blood. At the theatres, on the Bois, at the cafes, on the boulevards, and everywhere that idle Paris disports itself, Madame Aimee de Lasa attracted great attention and made a sensation.

They lodged in luxurious apartments on the Rue Richelieu, frequented the best places, received good company, entertained handsomely, and acted in every way as if possessed of considerable wealth. Lasa had always a good balance *chez* Schneider, Ruter et Cie, the Austrian bankers in Rue Rivoli, and wore diamonds of conspicuous lustre.

How did it happen then, that the Prefect of Police saw fit to suspect Monsieur and Madame de Lasa, and detailed Paul Delessert, one of the most *ruste* inspectors of the force, to "pipe" him? The fact is, the insignificant man with the splendid wife was a very mysterious personage, and it is the

habit of the police to imagine that mystery always hides either the conspirator, the adventurer, or the charlatan. The conclusion to which the Prefect had come in regard to M. de Lasa was that he was an adventurer and charlatan too. Certainly a successful one, then, for he was singularly unobtrusive and had in no way trumpeted the wonders which it was his mission to perform. Yet in a few weeks after he had established himself in Paris the salon of M. de Lasa was the rage, and the number of persons who paid the fee of 100 francs for a single peep into his magic crystal, and a single message by his spiritual telegraph, was really astonishing. The secret of this was that M. de Lasa was a conjuror and diviner whose pretensions were omniscient and whose predictions always came true.

Delessert did not find it very difficult to get an introduction and admission to De Lasa's salon. The receptions occurred every other day—two hours in the forenoon, three hours in the evening. It was evening when Inspector Delessert called in his assumed character of M. Flebry, virtuoso in jewels and a convert to Spiritualism. He found the handsome parlors brilliantly lighted, and a charming assemblage gathered of well-pleased guests, who did not at all seem to have come to learn their fortunes or fates, while contributing to the income of their host, but rather to be there out of complaisance to his virtues and gifts. Mme. de Lasa performed upon the piano or conversed from group to group in a way that seemed to be delightful, while M. de Lasa walked about or sat in his insignificant, unconcerned way, saying a word now and then, but seeming to shun everything that was conspicuous. Servants handed about refreshments, ices, cordials, wines, &c., and Delessert could have fancied himself dropped in upon a quite modest evening entertainment, altogether *en regle*, but for one or two noticeable circumstances which his observant eyes quickly took in.

Except when their host or hostess was within hearing the guests conversed together in low tones, rather mysteriously, and with not quite so much laughter as is usual on such occasions. At intervals a very tall and dignified footman would come to a guest, and, with a profound bow, present him a card on a silver salver. The guest would then go out, preceded by the solemn servant, but when he or she returned to the salon—some did not return at all—they invariably wore a dazed or puzzled look, were confused, astonished, frightened, or amused. All this was so unmistakably genuine, and De Lasa and his wife seemed so unconcerned amidst it all, not to say distinct from it all, that Delessert could not avoid being forcibly struck and considerably puzzled.

Two or three little incidents, which came under Delessert's own immediate observation, will suffice to make plain the character of the impressions made upon those present. A couple of gentlemen, both young, both of good social condition, and evidently very intimate friends, were conversing

together and tutoying one another at a great rate, when the dignified footman summoned Alphonse. He laughed gayly. "Tarry a moment, *cher Auguste*," said he, "and thou shalt know all the particulars of this wonderful fortune!" "*Eh, bien!*" responded Auguste, "may the oracle's mood be propitious!" A minute had scarcely elapsed when Alphonse returned to the salon. His face was white and bore an appearance of concentrated rage that was frightful to witness. He came straight to Auguste, his eyes flashing, and bending his face toward his friend, who changed color and recoiled, he hissed out, "*Monsieur Lefebure, vous êtes un lâche!*" "Very well, Monsieur Meunier," responded Auguste, in the same low tone, "to-morrow morning at six o'clock!" "It is settled, false friend, execrable traitor! *A la mort!*" rejoined Alphonse, walking off. "*Cela va sans dire!*" muttered Auguste, going towards the hat-room.

A diplomatist of distinction, representative at Paris of a neighboring state, an elderly gentleman of superb aplomb and most commanding appearance, was summoned to the oracle by the bowing footman. After being absent about five minutes he returned, and immediately made his way through the press to M. de Lasa, who was standing not far from the fireplace, with his hands in his pockets, and a look of utmost indifference upon his face. Delessert standing near, watched the interview with eager interest. "I am exceedingly sorry," said General Von —, "to have to absent myself so soon from your interesting salon, M. de Lasa, but the result of my seance convinces me that my despatches have been tampered with." "I am sorry," responded M. de Lasa, with an air of languid but courteous interest, "I hope you may be able to discover which of your servants has been unfaithful." "I am going to do that now," said the General; adding in significant tones, "I shall see that both he and his accomplices do not escape severe punishment." "That is the only course to pursue, Monsieur le Count." The ambassador stared, bowed and took his leave with a bewilderment in his face that was beyond the power of his tact to control.

In the course of the evening M. de Lasa went carelessly to the piano, and, after some indifferent vague prelude, played a remarkably effective piece of music, in which the turbulent life and buoyancy of bacchanalian strains melted gently, almost imperceptibly away, into a sobbing wail of regret and languor, and weariness and despair. It was beautiful, rendered, and made a great impression upon the guests, one of whom, a lady, cried, "How lovely! how sad! Did you compose that yourself, M. de Lasa?" he looked towards her absently for an instant, then replied: "I? Oh! no. That is merely a reminiscence, madam." "Do you know who did compose it, M. de Lasa?" inquired a virtuoso present. "I believe it was originally written by Ptolemy Auletes, the father of Cleopatra," said M. de Lasa, in his indifferent, musing way, "but not in its present form. It has been twice re-written to my knowledge; still, the air is substantially the same." "From whom did you get it, M. de Lasa, if I may ask?" persisted the gentleman. "Certainly! certainly! The last time I heard it played, was by Sebastian Bach; but that was Palestrina's—the present—version. I think I prefer that of Guido of Arezzo—it is ruder, but has more force. I got the air from Guido himself." "You—from—Guido!" cried the astounded gentleman. "Yes, monsieur," answered M. de Lasa, rising from the piano with his usual indifferent air. "*Mon Dieu!*" cried the virtuoso, putting his hand to his head after the manner of Mr. Twemlow; "*Mon Dieu!*" that was in Anno Domini 1022!" "A little later than that—July 1031, if I remember rightly," courteously corrected M. de Lasa.

At this moment the tall footman bowed before M. Delessert, and presented the salver containing the card. Delessert took it and read: "*On vous accorde trente-cinq secondes, M. Flabry, tout au plus!*" Delessert followed the footman from the saloon across the corridor. The footman opened the door of another room and bowed again, signifying that Delessert was to enter. "Ask no questions," he said briefly; "Sidi is mute." Delessert entered the room and the door closed behind him. It was a small room, with a strong smell of frankincense pervading it. The walls were covered completely with red hangings that concealed the windows, and the floor was felted with a thick carpet. Opposite the door, at the upper end of the room near the ceiling, was the face of a large clock; under it, each lighted by tall wax candles, were two small tables containing, the one an apparatus very like the common registering telegraph instrument, the other a crystal globe about twenty inches in diameter, set upon an exquisitely wrought tripod of gold and bronze intermingled. By the door stood Sidi, a man jet black in color, wearing a white turban and burnous, and having a sort of wand of silver in one hand. With the other, he took Delessert by the right arm above the elbow, and led him quickly up the room. He pointed to the clock, and it struck an alarm; he pointed

to the crystal. Delessert bent over, looked into it and saw—a fac-simile of his own sleeping room, everything photographed exactly. Sidi did not give him time to exclaim, but still holding him by the arm, took him to the other table. The telegraph-like instrument began to click-click. Sidi opened a draw, drew out a slip of paper, crammed it into Delessert's hand, and pointed to the clock, which struck again. The thirty-five seconds were expired. Sidi, still retaining hold of Delessert's arm, pointed to the door and led him towards it. The door opened, Sidi pushed him out, the door closed, the tall footman stood there bowing, the interview with the oracle was over. Delessert glanced at the piece of paper in his hand. It was a printed scrap, capital letters, and read simply: "To M. Paul Delessert: The policeman is always welcome; the spy is always in danger!"

Delessert was dumbfounded a moment to find his disguise detected; but the words of the tall footman, "This way, if you please, M. Flabry," brought him to his senses. Setting his lips, he returned to the salon, and without delay sought M. de Lasa. "Do you know the contents of this?" asked he, showing the message. "I know everything, M. Delessert," answered M. de Lasa, in his careless way. "Then perhaps you are aware that I mean to expose a charlatan, and unmask a hypocrite, or perish in the attempt!" said Delessert. "*Cela m'est égal monsieur.*" replied M. de Lasa. "You accept my challenge, then?" "Oh! it is a defiance, then?" replied M. de Lasa, letting his eye rest a moment upon Delessert; "*mais oui, je l'accepte!*" And thereupon Delessert departed.

Delessert now set to work, aided by all the forces the Prefect of Police could bring to bear, to detect and expose this consummate sorcerer, whom the ruder processes of our ancestors would easily have disposed of—by combustion. Persistent enquiry satisfied Delessert that the man was neither a Hungarian nor named De Lasa; that no matter how far back his power of "reminiscence" might extend, in his present and immediate form, he had been born in this unregenerate world in the toy-making city of Nurnburg; that he was noted in boyhood for his great turn for ingenious manufactures, but was very wild, and a *mauvais sujet*. In his sixteenth year he had escaped to Geneva and apprenticed himself to a maker of watches and instruments. Here he had been seen by the celebrated Robert Houdin, the *prestidigitateur*. Houdin, recognizing the lad's talents, and being himself a maker of ingenious automata, had taken him off to Paris and employed him in his own workshops, as well as an assistant in the public performances of his amusing and curious diablerie. After staying with Houdin some years, Pfluck Haslich (which was De Lasa's right name) had gone East in the suite of a Turkish Pasha, and after many years' roving, in lands where he could not be traced under a cloud of pseudonyms, had finally turned up in Venice, and come thence to Paris.

Delessert next turned his attention to Mme de Lasa. It was more difficult to get a clue by means of which to know her past life; but it was necessary in order to understand enough about Haslich. At last, through an accident, it became probable that Mme. Aimee was identical with a certain Mme. Schlaff, who had been rather conspicuous among the demi-monde of Buda. Delessert posted off to that ancient city, and from thence went into the wilds of Transylvania to Mengyts. On his return, as soon as he reached the telegraph and civilization, he telegraphed the Prefect (from Kardszag): "Don't lose sight of my man, nor let him leave Paris. I will run him in for you two days after I get back."

It happened that, on the day of Delessert's return to Paris, the Prefect was absent, being with the Emperor at Cherbourg. He came back on the fourth day, just twenty-four hours after the announcement of Delessert's death. That happened as near as could be gathered, in this wise: That night after Delessert's return he was present at De Lasa's salon with a ticket of admittance to a seance. He was very completely disguised as a decrepit old man, and fancied that it was impossible for any one to detect him. Nevertheless, when he was taken into the room, and looked into the crystal, he was actually horror-stricken to see there a picture of himself, lying face down and senseless upon the side-walk of a street; and the message he received, read thus: "What you have seen will be, Delessert, in three days. Prepare!" The detective, unspeakably shocked, retired from the house at once, and sought his own lodgings.

In the morning he came to the office in a state of extreme dejection. He was completely unnerved. In relating to a brother inspector what had occurred, he said: "That man can do what he promises, I am doomed!"

He said that he thought he could make a complete case out against Haslich alias De Lasa, but could not do so without seeing the Prefect, and getting instructions. He would tell nothing in regard to his discoveries in Buda and in Transylvania—said that he was not at liberty to do so—and repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! if M. le Prefect were only here!"

He was told to go to the Prefect at Cherbourg, but refused, upon the ground that his presence was needed in Paris. He time and again averred his conviction that he was a doomed man, and showed himself both vacillating and irresolute in his conduct, and extremely nervous. He was told that he was perfectly safe, since De Lasa and all his household were under constant surveillance; to which he replied: "You do not know the man." An inspector was detailed to accompany Delessert, never lose sight of him night and day, and guard over him carefully; and proper precautions were taken in regard to his food and drink, while the guards watching De Lasa were doubled.

On the morning of the third day Delessert, who had been staying chiefly indoors, avowed his determination to go at once and telegraph to M. le Prefect to return immediately. With this intention he and his brother-officer started out. Just as they got to the corner of the Rue de Lancry and the Boulevard, Delessert stopped suddenly and put his hand to his forehead.

"My God!" he cried, "the crystal! the picture!" and he fell prone upon his face, insensible. He was taken at once to a hospital, but only lingered a few hours, never regaining his consciousness. Under express instruction from the authorities, a most careful, minute, and thorough autopsy was made of Delessert's body by several distinguished surgeons, whose unanimous opinion was, that the cause of his death was apoplexy, due to fatigue and nervous excitement.

As soon as Delessert was sent to the hospital, his brother-inspector hurried to the Central office, and De Lasa, together with his wife and every one connected with the establishment, were at once arrested. De Lasa smiled contemptuously as they took him away. "I knew you were coming; I prepared for it. You will be glad to release me again."

It was quite true that De Lasa had prepared for them. When the house was searched, it was found that every paper had been burned, the crystal globe was destroyed, and in the room of the seances, was a great heap of delicate machinery broken into indistinguishable bits. "That cost me 200,000 francs," said De Lasa, pointing to the pile; "but it has been a good investment." The walls and floors were ripped out in several places, and the damage to the property was considerable. In prison neither De Lasa nor his associates made any revelations. The notion that they had something to do with Delessert's death, was quickly dispelled, in a legal point of view, and all the party but De Lasa was released. He was still detained in prison, upon one pretext or another, when one morning he was found hanging by a silk sash to the cornice of the room where he was confined—dead. The night before, it was afterwards discovered, "Madame" De Lasa had eloped with the tall footman, taking the Nubian Sidi with them.

De Lasa's secrets died with him.

ONTOLOGY.

BY GEORGE W. LEWIS.

II.

IN the previous paper contributed upon this subject, I took the position that the great error and stumbling-block, both of Religion and Science, consists in the unwarranted assumption of a *creation* or *beginning*. That the universe had no beginning, either through special creations or developmental processes. And that differentiated, individual life is an ultimate fact of the universe, without beginning and without creation. For:—

"Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,
His ceaseless generations, tell their tale;
Let every part depending on the chain
That links it to the whole, point to the hand
That grasps its term! Let every seed that falls,
In silent eloquence, unfold its store
Of argument. Infinity within,
Infinity without, belie creation."

It may not be amiss to ascertain, if possible, what evidence there is, for or against, the claim of special creations. For in the further discussion of this subject, I shall try to present, at least, probable reasons for believing that the *thinking thing*—called by whatever name—is coeval in existence with eternity. That each individualized spirit (*thinking thing*) is as old as each atom of matter.

But, in this paper, let us examine the evidences pertaining to the theory of special creations.

It will not answer, in this age of the world's progress and civilization, to propound a theory, philosophy, or ism for man's belief, *too sacred* for investigation, or *too holy* to be subjected to the crucial test of reason.

For, there is nothing in the universe, more sacred, or more holy than the human mind. And therefore every claim of honor and justice demands us not to prostitute its powers and

functions to the claims of superstition or the caprice of prejudice.

Let none of the friends of special creations ask our acceptance or belief, until, by affirmative proof, they shall have established its foundation in fact, in reason, or in probability. Its belief cannot be forced upon us. If accepted, at all, it must be from the fact, that after due investigation, the legitimate evidence is found to preponder in its favor. For, no drapery of Divinity, no mantle of assumed holiness can exempt it from the scrutiny of reason and the test of logic.

Yet, we are asked, by a large portion of mankind, to believe that an anthropomorphic God, through intelligence and will-power, created, preserves, and controls the universe, in all of its departments, and in every movement.

If there is a Being in existence, endowed with such marvellous powers, the psychic operations and phenomena of his mind must conform to the essential and universal laws of psychology. Else the individual is not a conscious, intelligent being. One of the essential and universal laws of psychology is that the phenomena of the intellect are successive. One determinate thought—one decision of the will—necessarily succeeds another. Two determinate trains of thought cannot proceed from the same intellect at the same moment of time, nor two definite decisions of the will. This law is universal so far as ascertained. And to it the mind of a Humboldt, and that of a Hottentot must equally conform.

But the laws and phenomena of external nature are entirely different. They cannot be co-ordinated to the laws of psychology. Says Herbert Spencer:—

"A glance at the many continuous actions constituting the life of the body at large, shows that they are synchronous—that digestion, circulation, respiration, excretion, secretion, &c., in all their many subdivisions, are going on at the same moment."

So too it may be said in external nature, the operations and phenomena are simultaneous.

While the phenomena of the intellect are successive only, the phenomena of external nature are both simultaneous and successive. It, therefore, seems to me to be a logical impossibility for the *successive* phenomena of mind to control the simultaneous phenomena of nature.

Another law of psychology is that the intellect must have periodic rest and repose. It cannot continue incessantly active. This, too, is an universal law of psychology. But the laws and phenomena of external nature are continuous and incessant, in their myriad movements.

The heart is never weary, and never needs repose. The force of gravity never wearies, and never rests. Here, again, reason demands us to admit that will-power, from its essential nature, with its intermittent periods of rest and repose, is entirely incompetent to uphold and control the continuous and incessant forces and phenomena of nature.

And if there is a conscious, intelligent God, his intellect must conform to these known laws of psychology. For no one has the right to assume the existence of an intellect in derogation of the known laws of intellection.

It may be said, however, that these laws of psychology pertain only to the finite mind, and not to the infinite mind of God.

But tell us, please, in what respect a mind can be infinite. Is an infinite will one that holds to its decree through infinite duration, past and prospective? Then it is fate and not volition. Or, is a mind infinite because it has an infinite number of separate and distinct wills, each acting in conjunction with a separate and distinct set of intellectual faculties? If so, it is only infinite in respect to the number of finite wills, and sets of finite faculties. Or in other words, what is claimed to be an infinite mind, is only an infinite number of finite minds.

The fact is, every intellect, from its inherent nature, is limited by the truth. And is therefore finite.

When the little school boy comprehends the truth, that the three interior angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, his intellect has reached the utmost limit with that specific problem. As to that specific truth God himself, if there is such a Being,—infinite wisdom, if there is such—can comprehend no more than the little school boy who has demonstrated the problem and comprehends the solution.

If then, you desire us to believe in *infinite* wisdom, and special creations, show us by affirmative proof that an infinite intellect is possible. That it is possible for an intellect to give myriads of diverse decisions of the will at the same moment of time. That an intellect and mental powers can work incessantly, without intermission, rest, or repose. For without such evidence we cannot receive the hypothesis either as a fact or a faith.

It seems to me that without such evidence the theory of special creations is unworthy of the consideration or respect of man.

HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

For the Spiritual Scientist
A FOLLY IN RHYME.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

All day the wild November wind
Has wailed its changes in my ears,
Like one whose deep disquietude
Is even too intense for tears,
And I have breathed its restlessness
Until my spirit frets me so
I fain would be a passage bird,
And have God tell me where to go.

And yet, I cannot help but smile
At my own folly, for I know
If I were Summer's sweetest bird,
And God should tell me where to go,
If it were any way but one
It would not suit nor solace me.
And would he tell me, do you think,
That I might fly, dear soul, to thee?

Nov. 1873.

[Translated from "Psychic Studies," in the London Spiritualist.]

MANIFESTATIONS WITH THE FAKIRS IN INDIA.

BY DR. MAXIMILIAN PERTZ.

(Professor of Physical Science, Berne.)

IT OFTEN happens that wealthy Indians spend their last years at Benares, retired from the world. Among the pilgrims who resort there are some who have been commissioned to bring the ashes of rajahs or other rich persons, which have been collected in sacks after the burning of their bodies, for the purpose of throwing them into the sacred stream; for it is the last hope of the Hindoo to die on the banks of the Ganges, or to cause his remains to be brought there. To this circumstance Jaccoliot was indebted for the acquaintance of one of the most extraordinary fakirs, Covindasamy by name, whom he had met in India. He came from Trivanderam, not far from Cape Comorin, the southern point of Hindostan, with the order to convey the remains of a rich native of Malabar, of the commercial caste (*commutys*) to Benares. The prince, whose family had come from the south, was accustomed to entertain pilgrims from Travancore, Maisur, Tanjore, and the old Mahratta country, in the precincts of his palace, and had assigned to Covindasamy, who had already been here a fortnight, a little straw hut on the banks, where for twenty one days he had to make, morning and evening, daily ablutions in honor of the dead. As soon as Jaccoliot had gained his good-will, he asked him to come one day at noon, when every one in the palace was taking his *siesta*, to his room, in front of which was a terrace overlooking the Ganges, and where a fountain diffused the most agreeable coolness.

When the fakir had crouched down on the ground, with his legs crossed under him, Jaccoliot asked whether he might put a question to him. "I am listening," was the answer. "Dost thou know," continued Jaccoliot, "whether any force is developed in thee when these phenomena are produced, and dost thou never feel a peculiar sensation in the brain or muscles?" "It is no natural force that is at work," answered Covindasamy; "I call on the souls of my forefathers, and it is they who show their power, and whose instrument I am." Various fakirs, whom Jaccoliot had questioned on the same point, gave nearly the same answer, and he now asked Covindasamy to begin his work. The fakir who had already taken his seat, stretched out his hands in the direction of a very large bronze vessel filled with water. Scarcely five minutes afterwards the vase began a series of swinging motions, and was soon unmistakably approaching the enchanter, without being visibly propelled, and in proportion as the distance from him diminished, metallic sounds were heard proceeding from it, as if of strokes from a steel rod; and these sounds were at one moment so numerous, and followed one another so quickly, that it was like a shower of hail upon a zinc roof. Jaccoliot asked to be allowed to suggest the order of the operations, which the fakir allowed at once, and the vase under his influence moved forwards and backwards, or stood still, and the sounds were given forth in unbroken succession, or came slowly and regularly, like the striking of a clock according to the wish expressed by Jaccoliot; also a certain number of strokes followed in a given time, and the playing of a musical box which was in the place—and of which Hindoos are particularly fond—was accompanied in time by

the strokes, whether the tune was a waltz from *Der Freischutz*, or the march from *Le Prophete*. Everything took place without apparatus, on a terrace of a few yards square, and the vase in question, which was of a broad open form, and used to receive water from the fountain for the morning's ablutions (which in India means a bath), was, when empty, of such great weight, that two men could scarcely move it.

The fakir, who until now had remained crouching, rose up and placed the points of his fingers on the edge of the vase, which in a few minutes began to rock to and fro still more rapidly, without any sound proceeding from its base, though it rose and fell, first on one side and then on the other, on the stuccoed floor. Besides that, to Jaccoliot's great astonishment, the water in the vase remained motionless, as though prevented by some heavy pressure from following the movement of the vessel, which continually altered its point of gravity. Three times during these operations the vase was raised from seven to eight inches above the ground, and when it was again deposited there was no perceptible shock.

The sun, which was now nearing the horizon, reminded Jaccoliot of the excursion he intended making among the ruins and monuments of ancient Kassy, the centre of the spiritual power, since the Brahmins had lost their territory to the rajahs, and the fakir of the customary prayers in Siva's temple preparatory to the ablutions and ceremonies for the dead, which he was bound to fulfill every evening on the shores of the sacred river. He promised to come every remaining day of his stay in Benares, for Jaccoliot had won his heart, because he, having lived many years in the south of India, could speak the soft and euphonious Tamul language, which is not understood in Benares; the fakir was therefore enabled to converse with him about his wonderful native country, full of ancient monuments and luxurious vegetation, and about the mysterious crypts in the pagodas of Trivanderam, where he was initiated in the art of invocation by the Brahmins.

At their meeting on the following day, while Covindasamy, after the usual preliminaries, was sitting pensively on his crossed legs, he rose up suddenly, approached the bronze vessel, which was filled to the rim with water, held his hand over it, and remained motionless. Perhaps because his power was weaker on that day, an hour passed without any visible results, until finally the water began to be agitated as if a slight breeze were passing over it. Jaccoliot, who had placed his hands on the edge of the vase, felt a cool breath, and a rose-leaf lying on the water was driven towards one side of the vessel. It was remarkable that the ripples were formed on the side opposite to the fakir, and flowed towards him. By degrees the water began to bubble, as if strongly heated. It flowed over the hands of the enchanter, and some of the water shot upwards to the height of about two feet. When Jaccoliot asked the fakir to withdraw his hand from the water, the motion subsided gradually; when he went near again it recommenced as before.

The Hindoo begged for a little stick, and Jaccoliot gave him an uncut lead pencil, which Covindasamy laid in the water, and which presently followed the fakir's hands, as iron will follow a magnetic needle in any direction. Then he laid his forefinger very lightly on the middle of the pencil, and it sank in a few minutes under water to the bottom of the vase. Jaccoliot had seen, with some of the fakirs, objects raised from the ground, and asked Covindasamy for this manifestation. The fakir took an ironwood stick, which Jaccoliot had brought from Ceylon, rested his right hand upon the knob, cast down his eyes, and began his evocations, when gradually, still leaning one hand upon the stick, and with his legs crossed in oriental fashion, he rose about two feet from the ground, and remained immovable, in a position similar to that of the bronze Buddahs which every tourist now brings from the far East, whereas the greater part of these statuettes are manufactured in the foundries of London. Jaccoliot could by no means comprehend how the fakir could remain over twenty minutes in a position entirely contravening the law of gravitation. When he took leave of Jaccoliot that day he informed him that at the moment when the sacred elephants in Siva's pegoda should strike the midnight hour on the copper saucers, he would call on the familiar spirits of the Franguys (Frenchmen), who would then manifest their presence in Jaccoliot's bedchamber. In order to secure him-

elf against deception, Jacolliot sent both his servants to spend the night in the *dingui*, with the *cerear* (boatman) and other attendants. The palace of the Peishwa has windows on the Ganges side only, and consists of seven stories, whose rooms open on the covered terraces and galleries. The stories communicate with each other in a peculiar way; from the ground-floor a staircase leads to the first story, and at the further end of this is another flight of steps to the next above, and so on to the sixth, from which a movable flight, attached with chains like a drawbridge, leads to the seventh story, which is furnished half in oriental, half in European style, and is generally reserved for the foreign guests of the Peishwa.

After Jacolliot had carefully searched his rooms and pulled up the drawbridge, all communication with the outer world was cut off. At the given hour he thought he heard two distinct raps on the wall of his room, and as he went towards the spot, a faint rapping noise seemed to come from the glass bell that protected the hanging lamp from mosquitoes and night-moths, then a noise in the cedar beams of the roof, and all was still. He then walked to the end of his terrace; it was one of those silvery nights, unknown in our climates. The Ganges lay like a broad carpet at the foot of the sleeping city, and on one of its steps a dark figure was visible; it was the fakir of Trivanderam, praying for the repose of the dead.

Jacolliot could not feel convinced that the theory of the Hindoos, that the phenomena which he had now so often witnessed were produced by the spirits of their ancestors, was in any sense proved; but he was equally certain that no one in Hindostan understood by what means these enchanters operated; he saw that the Hindoos do not separate material phenomena from religious belief. "It was so," he said to the fakir when he appeared the next evening, "the sounds which you announced were really to be heard; the fakir is very skilful." "The fakir is nothing," answered Covindasamy quite calmly; he says his *mentrams*, and the spirits hear him. It was the manes of thy French forefathers who visited thee." "Thou hast power also over foreign spirits?" "No one can command the spirits." "I mean, how can the souls of the Franguys hear the prayers of a Hindoo, when they are not of thy caste?" "There is no caste in the world beyond." It was impossible, as at all other times, to shake Covindasamy's conviction.

He took a little bamboo stool, without further ado, and seated himself with his legs crossed Moslem fashion, and his arms across his breast. The servant (Cansama in Hindostani, Dobaschy in Tamul) had lighted the terrace to the brightness of day, and presently Jacolliot saw, after the motionless fakir had apparently concentrated his will-power, the bamboo stool begin to glide along the ground about ten centimetres at a time, and in about ten minutes arrive at the end of the terrace, the distance of seven metres, and then return backwards to its former place. This happened three times, in accordance with Jacolliot's wish; the fakir's legs being raised above the ground to the level of the seat of the stool. The heat was on this day unusually great, the cool evening breeze from the Himalayas not having set in, and the cook was working with all his bodily force, by means of a cocoanut fibre string, an enormous punkah, a sort of movable fan, which was fixed to an iron pole in the centre of the terrace. The fakir took hold of the string, placed both hands upon his forehead, and crouched beneath the punkah, which soon began to swing, without any movement on Covindasamy's part, first gently, then more and more rapidly, as when moved by a human hand. If the enchanter let the string go, the punkah moved more and more slowly, till at last it stood still. Covindasamy next chose one of three flower-pots on the terrace, which were so heavy that a man's whole strength was necessary to lift one; he laid the points of his fingers on its edge, causing a regular pendulum-like motion of the base, and at last the pot seemed to Jacolliot, to rise off the ground, and to follow the will of the fakir in any direction, a phenomena that Jacolliot had often seen in broad daylight.

A copy of the Spiritual Scientist will be sent to any address in the United States for twelve months, on pre-payment of \$2.50

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY.

BY BUDDHA.

IV.

IF it be true that all animated nature is only the manifestations of the soul's spiritual progress from its first organic effort till it again reunites with the universal, then it follows that disembodied spirits of every degree of development exist around us; spirits who have not yet reached the human grade, as well as human spirits who as human are still low in the scale of progress.

Ancient magicians recognized the first class as elementary spirits, useful to those who could understandly make them subservient, but exceedingly dangerous when in power uncontrolled by the master spirit of man. These spirits inhabited the four sublunary, elementary spheres, earth, water, air, and fire. A fair condensed account of these spirits, their habits and power is given in "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," part 1, subject 2. On the nature of spirits, bad angels, or devils; and also the chapter on the Force of imagination may be read with profit.

The elementary spheres are represented in man in the four temperaments: bilious, sanguine, lymphatic, and nervous, corresponding to the ancient order of elements, respectively: earth, water, air, and fire—solids, fluids, gases, and electric agencies.

Then follow the astral spirits, who inhabited the planets and conveyed the character of these respective planets in their incarnations to the human being vitalized by them.

These planetary spheres correspond to the seven ages of man which are typical of his spiritual progress in the spheres; as the following table will illustrate:

SPHERES.	PLANETS.	AGES.	YEARS.	DEVELOPMENT.
First	The Moon	Infancy	4	Physical.
Second	Mercury	Childhood	10	Mental.
Third	Venus	Puberty	8	Amative.
Fourth	The Sun	Responsibility	19	Social.
Fifth	Mars	Manhood	15	Individual.
Sixth	Jupiter	Wisdom	12	Philosophical.
Seventh	Saturn	Retirement	Death	Spiritual.

And still more plainly in the following quotation from the "Books of the Thrice Greatest Hermes."

"Thoth desireth to know what will happen after the ascension of the soul to the Father. The Divine intelligence replies: 'The material loses its form, which is destroyed by time, the senses which have been animated return to their source, and will one day resume their functions, but they lose their passions and desires, and the spirit mounts again to the heavens, to find itself in harmony. In the first zone, it loses the faculty of increase and decrease; in the second, the power of evil and the deceptions of idleness; in the third, the illusion of desire; in the fourth, insatiable ambition; in the fifth, arrogance; in the sixth, the wicked fondness for riches mal-acquired; in the seventh, falsehood. The spirit thus purified by the effects of these harmonies, returns to the state so much desired, having a mentality and form that are its own; and it dwells with those who celebrate the praises of the Father. They are placed among the Powers (of the heavens) and thereby partake of God; which is the supreme good of those, to whom it has been given to have knowledge; they become God.'

Above the planetary spheres were the three spheres of Deity, in harmony with which the theurgical Magician must constantly endeavor to be. Thus there are three branches of magic. Elementary, Sidereal and Delfic; or, as Agrippa has it, elementary, celestial and intellectual. The first has four spheres and embraces all natural sciences, but its spiritual art is but sorcery called the "black art" and leads to insanity and every species of immorality. The second, the nature of the stars and communion with astral spirits, clairvoyance and psychometric power. The third, spiritual insight, communion with the Highest, and power over corporeal nature.

It was my intention to discuss this subject more at length, especially in its relation to Modern Spiritualism, showing that in extremely few cases it is possible to be in communication with our departed friends, and that by far the greater part are either represented by cheats and frauds, in this or the spirit-world, or are merely the shades of the departed which linger behind, it may be for ages, and may be even evoked to the sight and hearing of many, but are no more the spirit than is the photograph in your album.

But having agreed to edit the works of Cornelius Agrippa for the pages of the Spiritual Scientist, my time will be entirely absorbed in that pleasing though arduous task, and will trust to the many opportunities which will occur, from time to time, to be able to illustrate Agrippa's meaning and modern phenomena at the same time.

I hope that the study of magic will now receive the attention it merits, which it will when more fully understood, as it is the basis of every religion in the world, and many of its sciences.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISING RATES.

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All communications for the Editor, books for review, &c., should be addressed E. GERRY BROWN, Office of the Spiritual Scientist, 18 Exchange Street, Boston, Mass.

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THE NECESSITY OF A REFORM.

Is it not about time that those persons who stand before the public, for money, as representative spiritual mediums, should be compelled to adopt some conditions which will prevent any fraud on their part, either knowingly or as unconscious instruments of spirit-power?

Those persons who have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that public mediums are different from the average human individual, and would not under any circumstances deceive, are welcome to waste their time in witnessing a show which any fourth-rate performer could successfully imitate under similar conditions; but we see neither pleasure nor profit in it. Whoever pays his money has a moral right to satisfy himself that the manifestations, claimed to be of spiritual origin, can occur in no other way than by the aid of some force foreign to that present in human form. Experiments and observation convince us that the spirit-world is ever ready to respond to the call for progress—progress out of surroundings that are conducive to fraud and delusion.

The demand for marvelous wonders is creating "mediums" all over the country. They spring up like mushrooms; attain popularity and notoriety through the carelessness of credulous investigators; are exposed on the first attempt to introduce test conditions; and Spiritualism gets the credit of the performance while the shrewd performer gets the capital. Have we not had enough of this? Let Spiritualists set an example in this matter and commence a reform.

Why is it that a person ceases to investigate as soon as he becomes a Spiritualist. He visits a medium because he believes himself to be in communication with the spirit-world. Why then does he not ascertain if there is the slightest opportunity for fraud—if the manifestations could occur without the aid of spirit-power? and if there is any room for doubt, remove that doubt by imposing satisfactory conditions.

The genuine medium has nothing to fear; it is the tricksters only that object; and these are usually surrounded by a number of "dead-heads" who are always satisfied of the integrity of the medium, and have wonderful stories to tell of what they have seen.

Does the medium declare that "the spirits won't submit to test conditions."? Then clearly you should have a reasonable explanation of this unwillingness or inability of the manifesting power. Either the medium is not sufficiently developed or the band has not sufficient knowledge or power; in either case the medium is not qualified to stand before the public as a person gifted with power to demonstrate spirit-communion.

Spiritualism claims to have the truth; and an investigator, who is honest, courteous, and reasonable in his demands, should be encouraged in his search after the proofs of continued existence.

The time is now at hand when the road divides; on the one path will be found traveling those seeking for a knowledge of the Truth; on the other those groping in darkness, smothering their own light, the SPIRIT WITHIN, and content to be led, they know not wither by those equally blind, if not more in the dark than themselves.

Choose each one for himself; but if he has chosen for Truth and knowledge let him be zealous in reflecting the bright light, and unswerving in his determination to extinguish the beacons which deceive.

FROM CHITTENDEN TO HAVANA.

Under the above caption we present, on another page, the experience of an impartial investigator with the Eddys, Mrs. Huntoon, and Mrs. Markee-Compton. It is extracted from a private letter, written us by a gentleman in whom we have the greatest confidence. We consider him perfectly reliable in all his statements, and accept them with as little reserve as we should a report from a trusted correspondent specially commissioned.

MRS. HARDY (MATERIALIZING MEDIUM) AGAIN.

Mrs. Hardy has been to Hartford, Conn., and held two seances there, which are reported quite fully in the Times and Courant of that city. The fair inference from both of these authorities is that her claims were not proved; the Courant closes its report by saying, "a number of the Spiritualists present expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the exposure of what they termed unhesitatingly a hand." It says:—

"Before proceeding, however, to the serious business of the occasion, a gentleman, who had fortified himself with a paper of tacks, asked the privilege of tacking the shawls down to the floor so as to prevent any communication on the part of any individual leg with the inner recess where the 'spirits' were to operate. This was assented to and the tacks were driven in such a manner that no human leg could get under or around the curtain. Then the gas was turned down and the sitting began. But no hands appeared. Singing was resorted to—lively tunes were said to be the best—and Old John Brown's body was called up, and other touching melodies. Still there were no hands. Then it was suggested by Mr. Hardy that the persons sitting around the table required a change of position, and the 'spirits' were asked about it, and raps came indicating that there was a serious disturbance of the forces somewhere; whereupon the inner circle was called upon to inquire individually in order as to the proper place of each one, and replies came in every instance that that part of the circle was all right. Then the outer circle was called up in order, and by a remarkable coincidence the gentleman who had tacked down the shawls, and who occupied a place directly opposite the medium, where he could closely watch her, was designated as the positive character who was stopping all interesting developments. The spirits ordered him to go to the front of the table, and when he had done so, the 'hands' appeared. At the close of the performance the medium rose, and the shawls were inspected at their floor fastenings and the fact was disclosed that the shawl by the medium had been torn away from the tacks, so to give plenty of room for operations underneath. This disclosure made considerable excitement, and both the medium and her husband protested that in the first place the test was not fair, and secondly that the fastenings were loosened by a moving of the table before the sitting began; but this claim was disproved of by the fact that the gentleman who drove the tacks made a minute examination at the very last moment before the room was darkened. The medium herself was observed by two or three persons, making a motion shortly before the 'materialization' appeared, by which the table was slightly moved, and it was inferred that then the fastenings were broken.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the above report should be an exact description, in all its details, of a seance which took place at Mrs. Hardy's residence, two months prior to her departure for Europe. It was to be

a "test" seance, and the members of the press, including the editor of the Spiritual Scientist, received a special invitation. Mr. Hardy had no tacks—a paper of long tacks were produced,—the carpet tacked in marked places,—a long delay, but final show of hands,—a gentleman connected with the Institute of Technology removed, and one supposed to be a credulous friend substituted. At the close of the seance an examination of the carpet showed that several tacks were pulled; through the aperture thus made some substance had penetrated. Since that time the Scientist has repeatedly asked that Mrs. Hardy should demonstrate her power of materialization, by sitting under test conditions.

We are not prejudiced for or against any medium. To protect and encourage genuine mediums we demand that all should be carefully tested. If spirits would permit mortals to handle their materialized hands—if a spirit could turn its materialized hand, first showing the front and then the back of it,—if they were not so particular about having a knot tied in a handkerchief before they would forcibly pull it, they would raise their medium above the mark of suspicion.

Some mediums possess a sufficient psychological power to blind their patrons to the deceptions practiced. Therein is their success. Many are thus convinced that it would be impossible for a "medium to do it all herself," they are satisfied that spirit-power is at work. We prefer to see the conditions as near absolute as possible. Convinced that spirits of departed friends can communicate, that some occult power, presumably the same force, can transport material objects, and cause to appear evanescent human forms, we have no interest in any performance unless it shall tend to increase our knowledge of the causes underlying these phenomena. Experiment will do this; but an experiment to be of any value cannot permit of the possibility of trickery.

Mrs. Hardy may be an average test medium; but if she possesses the power of materialization she can demonstrate it. Test conditions need not be uncomfortable nor degrading. To talk of the possibilities and unwillingness of the spirits is to beg the question at issue and open an argument wherein all the evidence is against such a position. The prominent genuine physical mediums can all of them obtain the manifestations peculiar to their mediumship, when encased in a muslin bag tacked to the floor and sealed round the neck. Can Mrs. Hardy do this?

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is with great pleasure that we publish in our columns this week a poem from the pen of Emma Tuttle. Next week we shall publish an article from Hudson Tuttle on "Life a Discipline." Mr. Tuttle and his gifted wife are active workers, and among the best and noblest in the cause. The writings and books of Hudson Tuttle are unexcelled in their careful statements, their broad and liberal views, their concise and accurate style. Having received numerous inquiries for his address, we would say that his residence is at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DO GOOD. LIVE FOR OTHERS, NOT FOR YOURSELF ALONE.

The Banner of Light and Spiritual Scientist appear to be engaged in burying the tomahawk, and the friends of the cause in which they are both engaged are glad of it.—*Boston Herald.*

The Spiritual Scientist has never been actuated by a feeling of hostility to the Banner of Light. We occasionally copy some of the good things we find therein (we have not room for all); but when we differ in opinions we have expressed our convictions and given our

reasons for the criticism. Our readers are thus presented with two statements—possibly the same truth viewed from different standpoints—and, for all we may know to the contrary, the majority may agree with the Banner of Light. In any case, we have done what we felt at the time to be our duty; the results belong to futurity. We do not take a position on any question simply for the sake of a controversy, but from a desire to get at the Truth.

ANNOUNCEMENT—CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

Early next month we shall commence the publication of a translation of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. The author is a gentleman well qualified not only for the task he has undertaken but also to illustrate Agrippa's meaning, and show the relation between ancient and modern phenomena. We hope that those of our subscribers who are interested will aid us in this enterprise to the extent of their ability. Every new subscription helps to lighten our burden. Donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by letter; could some of our readers appreciate the difficulties under which we labor they would be more liberal in this respect. We make no loud complaints but have perfect faith in the powers that be; if the people need the Spiritual Scientist they will sustain it. What you can afford to give, send us.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

IN CAPE TOWN, South Africa, the interest in Spiritualism has been lately increased, because the spirits predicted an accident upon the Wellington Race Course, and it afterwards took place.

SCRIPTURE, slightly altered,—For I say unto you there is more joy in the Spiritual Scientist Office over one new subscription, than in the many and nine that have been previously received.

STAKING THE truth of the claims of Spiritualism upon the genuineness of the manifestations of any one medium, is selecting a very small prop to lean upon, considering that the evidences are so wide spread in this country.

THE HARTFORD TIMES say the phenomenon of the "production of the so-called casts, or moulds, of alleged spirit-hands" is "new, and as yet seems limited to the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy." We hope they will correct this statement as at least five mediums have furnished them; this does not include those in the Western part of the United States.

WE SEE NO reason why, that "the Sun which shines for all," should not illumine the world every day in the week; in that case every day would be a Sun-day. In times past there have been six days only on which the New York Sun appeared; commencing next week they will publish a Sunday Sun.

AN ENGLISH BARRISTER who came to America for the sole purpose of seeing the Eddy Manifestations, gives an extended account of his experience in the London Spiritualist. Speaking of the identity of the materializations, he says, "On the whole, I come to the conclusion that they were, one and all, either the Diakkas of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, or the 'elementaries' of the Occultists."

THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. PETERSBURG is considering the question of enlarging the scope of its operations in relation to Spiritualism, and contemplates appointing delegates from among its members to study the rise and progress of the movement from its beginning, and to decide whether in their opinion it should take rank as a science. Prince Paskewicz, Prince Gagarin, and others, are interesting themselves in the inquiry, for the purposes of which powerful mediums are needed at St. Petersburg.

A BROOKLYN reporter who has analyzed the requests for prayer sent up to Brother Moody, finds that in a single day, out of 345 requests 306 desired him to pray for their neighbors or friends, and of the remaining 36 sixteen desired prayers not for conversion, but for the recovery from sickness. Only 23 of the whole number were really humble enough to desire help from God to satisfy their own spiritual needs. It is fortunate that we do not always see ourselves as others see us.

PHENOMENAL

Special Correspondence of the Spiritual Scientist.
FROM CHITTENDEN TO HAVANA.

AT CHITTENDEN, VT.

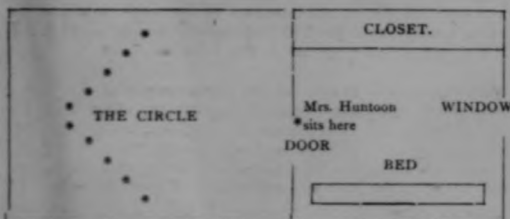
MRS. HUNTOON UNDER THE EYE OF AN IMPARTIAL INVESTIGATOR.—A FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN TEST CONDITIONS.—MONEY AGAINST PLASTER, AND PLASTER WINS.—HOW MATERIALIZATIONS MIGHT OCCUR.

ON the morning of the 2d of November, Dr. Henry Slade and myself left New York for Chittenden to visit the Eddys, but, as far as I was personally concerned, my object was to verify, for my own satisfaction, the statement of Dr. Miller in regard to Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon.

We arrived at Rutland, Vt., at 4.40 P.M., and drove from there to Chittenden; reaching Mrs. Huntoon's about 7 P. M.

The Huntoons reside in a small, partially finished, frame house, about a hundred yards from the Eddy homestead, so often derided. They seem to be very poor; I emphasize the very because their apparent poverty will seem to have some bearing on what I am about to write.

At about 7.30 the seance commenced, at which were present about ten persons, including Dr. Slade and myself. The seance rooms are on the *ground floor*, the cabinet being a small bedroom, opening into a larger room, in which the spectators are seated. At the back of the smaller bedroom was a window, the lower half of which was apparently securely nailed down; the upper half was secured by an upright prop, placed on the top part of the sash of the lower half of the window, and running up to the under side of the sash of the upper half of the window: this prop was not nailed or fastened in any way. The room used for the cabinet was lathed and plastered; the one where the spectators were seated only lathed. I make here a little diagram, as not being apt in writing, I may be able to explain myself more clearly by its aid.



About 7.30 Mrs. Huntoon took her seat at the door of the room, the curtains, with which the door is draped, so falling over her that the right side of her body was in the cabinet, the other outside in plain view.

I omitted to say that a string of small sleigh-bells and a violin had been placed in the cabinet.

Soon the bells began to ring; then a bare arm was thrust through the curtain; next a man looked out, showing his full bust, and finally walked completely out into the outer room. You understand, of course, that to all these sort of seances the light is insufficient to enable the spectator to distinguish any features; however, it was quite sufficient to enable one to see that there was before him a very mortal man, or a most excellent spiritual materialization of one. I can also say of the faces, that from time to time parted the curtains and peeped out, that they were very mortal looking faces; and to my fancy requiring a powerful imagination to establish their identity as the persons or spirits they claimed to be. After the full-form apparition had retired, a voice from the cabinet directed Mrs. Huntoon to come altogether inside, which she did; from that to the close of the seance nothing new occurred worthy of especial mention.

The scene I have just given a sketch of was then, either a marvellously wierd and startling manifestation of spirit-power or a piece of as cheap trickery—not even worthy the name of jugglery—as it ever fell to the lot of man to travel 250 miles to witness.

After Mrs. Huntoon had rejoined us I said to Mr. Huntoon

that I would like to make arrangements to have a *test seance*, at 2 P.M., the next day, premising that as Mrs. Huntoon was in full view, at the time that the form issued from the cabinet, it would not be necessary to lay hands on her; I desired only to put the room in such shape that I should feel that access to it from without would be impossible. For such a seance I asked his terms; he replied that he had never charged less than ten dollars. I answered him that I felt the price too small, and that I would give him twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Huntoon expressed herself satisfied if Mr. Huntoon would assist her to be in readiness, by giving her a little aid in her morning household duties.

Dr. Slade and myself returned to Rutland; and 1 P. M., Wednesday found us again in front of Mr. Huntoon's house this time prepared to reside at Chittenden for some days.

To my surprise—but merely as Dr. Slade had predicted—I was met by Mr. Huntoon with excuses: some lumber had arrived, and he could not stop work on his house, as the plasterer was coming on Thursday morning to plaster. I suggested deferring the seance until evening; this did not answer, as he was to work until 10 P. M., and then should be too tired; the next evening? No, the outer room would then be plastered and too damp to sit in; he had notified all his visitors of the previous evening to come no more as no seances would be held for ten days.

I then offered to send a conveyance from Rutland, on Thursday, or any morning he might name, to bring Mr. and Mrs. Huntoon to Rutland, and return them to Chittenden, at my expense, and I would pay them fifty dollars for their trouble—the seance being strictly private for Dr. Slade and myself; answer to this, that no one could be obtained to take care of the children. Finding Mr. Huntoon impracticable, I went in the house to talk to the madam; here it was, Mr. Huntoon had not helped her, and she was too busy, etc.

Mr. Huntoon had done no plastering up to 1 P. M., on Thursday, when Dr. Slade and myself left Chittenden; and the usual circle was held on Wednesday evening.

Intending to make still another effort with the Huntoons the Doctor and myself drove on to Horatio Eddy's—Horatio and William have quarreled and Horatio is at the homestead, —William having removed to Mr. Brown's, a brother-in-law.

At the door of Horatio Eddy's, was a gentleman who, in response to our inquiry if Mr. Eddy was at home, stepped into an inner room and at once returned with "Mr. Horatio Eddy says he can't accomodate you." The inquiry if Mr. Eddy was at home and the aforesaid response was every word that passed between the gentleman and myself, who, by-the-way, most suspiciously resembled the materialization of, the evening before.

We pursued our way to Mr. Brown's; here we met Mr. William Eddy who was perfectly polite and assisted us to obtain quarters with Mr. Warren Chaffee, some three or four hundred yards from Mr. Brown's. We had two seances with William, at which no tests were either asked for or offered. The cabinet room is in the second story, and secured from ingress from without. Several forms appeared; some apparently, in the dim light, not far from William Eddy's size, some very tall, and two quite small. Those about William's size came out into the room, the tall and small ones remained well within the darkness of the cabinet, merely opening the curtains and looking out.

There was marked difference in the dress of these forms; Col. H. S. Olcott's book well tells the story.

IF William Eddy goes into the cabinet with nothing on his person but his ordinary clothes, the manifestations are truly wonderful; but I had not the slightest proof that such was the case, and I know that any first-class character performer, Lingard or Maccabe for instance, could do all and more than William did,—if given the same opportunity for deception that William had.

Feeling that, in all probability, we should continue to remain in doubt as to the genuineness of Mr. Eddy's materializations, the Doctor and myself decided to return to New York; but before leaving I again called on Mrs. Huntoon. This time I offered her a hundred dollars to discontinue her household labors and hold a test seance; she declined, her excuse now being that she had promised Dr. Miller to give no more test seances, to any one until the \$5,000 challenge

was accepted. Pretty well disgusted I took my card, wrote \$50 on the corner, and said to her that if she ever felt that she could spare two or three hours to go to Rutland to earn that amount, that I would journey up to Rutland and meet her. The Doctor and myself walked into Rutland, sending a wagon for our baggage, from which place the Doctor took the night train for New York.

I will now indulge myself in the Yankee prerogative of a guess, as to how Mrs. Huntoon has obtained her *materializations*. By referring to the diagram you will see that in the room, used as a cabinet, there is, just at Mrs. Huntoon's right hand, a bed; this, of course, was examined sufficiently to demonstrate that no one was concealed in or about it, but no farther, nor did there seem to me, at the moment, to be any reason for looking for anything else; let us suppose, however, that there was anywhere about that bed a small iron rod or pole of wood, and the rest is simple to the last degree. First, with the hand hidden in the cabinet, she gets possession of the pole, with it draws to her the string of bells, takes them in her right hand with the pole, shakes them violently, and under cover of that noise, joined to the loud singing by the circle, knocks out the window prop with the pole, and gives a "confederate an opportunity to gain admission by lowering the top sash; any noise he may make still being drowned by the bells and singing. After the gentleman from the outside has finished the full form materialization act, the spirit (HIS VOICE) tells Mrs. Huntoon to come entirely into the cabinet; *more noise*; EXIT confederate; Mrs. Huntoon replaces prop, *et voila tout!*

Col. Olcott told me that when he was there he tacked mosquito netting outside of the window; I cannot see that that would make but little, if any, difference, the detection by any slight noise once provided against and the tacks could easily be drawn and afterwards forced back into the original holes by a strong pressure; it would not be necessary to strike a blow.

I leave you to draw your own inferences; could you, however, see the wretchedly poor way in which the Huntoons live, I think you would feel that they might be able to discontinue household affairs for one or two hours to earn \$100 or even \$50 or \$25; perhaps you might think that a far smaller amount than even the last named was worth their attention.

As to William Eddy it is quite possible his manifestations were genuine; I have no evidence they were not all they claimed to be, neither have I any personal evidence that they were. Dr. Slade was outspoken to me in his belief that it was a rank imposture. I am by no means sure that they are anything of the kind, and most willingly, in my own mind, do I give him the benefit of the doubt. To wind up my Chittenden experience, I left there bitterly disappointed.

AT HAVANA.

MRS. MARKEE WILLING TO SUBMIT TO ANY CONDITIONS.—HOW THE CABINET WAS PREPARED AND WHAT HAPPENED.—SHE DEMONSTRATES THE PRESENCE OF AN OCCULT POWER.—INTERESTING EVIDENCE.

As I said before, Dr. Slade parted from me at Rutland, taking the night train home. I intended returning to New York the next day, but, after much mental vacillation on the subject, started for Havana instead, determined to verify, by my own experience, to what extent the marvellous tales of the doings of the spirits at Mrs. Markee's, were reliable. Arrived at Canandaigua at midnight Friday, and at Havana at 1 P. M., Saturday.

By great good fortune I directed my steps to the MONTOUR HOUSE, kept by Gordon Squires, than whom a more genial landlord I never met, nor one who tried harder to make his guests comfortable and labored not in vain.

After dining, I walked to Mrs. Markee's. In brief, the result of one interview was, "That she could give but three seances a week; was too unwell to give more; that she was willing to be tested in any way; and that her price for a test seance was \$25;" and that her seance nights were Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Arranging then to see her on Sunday evening, I returned to the hotel. I called on Sunday afternoon, and told her that I proposed to use Col. Olcott's test; namely, passing thread through the bearings of her ear.

Any further securing of her person seeming to me to be

superfluous; she still expressed to me perfect willingness that I should test her as I might think best.

By referring to "People from the Other World" you will get a full and correct description of Mrs. Markee's cabinet; my object in calling on Sunday afternoon, was to examine it, and so arrange it as to make it impossible that any one should be able to enter it undetected, by any way excepting through the door opening into the seance room.

I found the ceiling well and thoroughly sealed by cobwebs, although the walls were plastered; I passed a band of tape completely around the cabinet, tacking and sealing it to the wall in many places. I also traversed the board flooring with many strips of tape, sealing every tack, carrying the ends up to the plaster walls, and then again tacking and sealing. Feeling that I had put the cabinet in good TEST condition, I left, to return again at 8, P. M., at which hour, I, with some dozen others, took our seats front of the cabinet.

The seance opened with a dark circle, after which I was to again examine the cabinet, and, as I supposed, pass my thread through to Mrs. Markee's ears, I confess my hopes ran high; Mrs. Markee had thus far objected to nothing, and all present, who had been at previous circles, were seemingly as confident that she would pass the ordeal successfully, as if it was the most every-day thing in the world for her to escape from the slender but firm fastening which was soon to bind her. The dark circle lasted an hour and a quarter; after which I again thoroughly scrutinized the cabinet. *Every seal was intact*; I turned to Mrs. Markee,—and found her ears already threaded.

She informed me that it had been done by a lady stopping at her house, and that it was arranged exactly as it had been for Col. Olcott.

The thread was not simply run through the ear, so that by a glance it was possible to see if there were any deception; but knots were tied to each ear; Mrs. Markee informing me that if the thread were not so secured, it would cut the ear. She requested me to examine the fastening quickly, as she was "very nervous;" I did so, to the best of my ability, in a hasty way, and consoled myself by the thought that after the seance was over, I could examine at my leisure, and was quite sure I should be able to tell if any fraud in the tying had been used.

I sealed the thread to the back of the chair, (see Olcott), but in addition brought the ends down and twisted them about different rounds of the chair, sealing at each turn, then up again to the wall, another seal, and finally sealed the two ends outside the door. I felt that with time enough given me for the examination after the seance, my test would yet be perfect.

Mrs. Markee's circles have been so often described, that it is not worth while for me to go into detail; suffice it to say that Mr. Webster talked, Katie came out, very deeply veiled, apparently smaller than Mrs. Markee, then I went in,—NO ONE IN THE CABINET,—then out came Seneca, apparently larger than Mrs. Markee, but it is hard to judge for the room is made much darker here than at the Eddy's—and so on to the end of the circle.

The moment the light was turned up, I hastened into the cabinet and, to my intense annoyance, found I had so twisted and sealed up my thread about the chair, that in order to get at Mrs. Markee, to examine her, I should have to commence by cutting the thread or tearing it through her ears—if through her ears it was.

I cut it, and my great test had come to naught.

Mr. Markee lifted Mrs. Markee, chair and all, out into the seance-room and then and there the conviction came to me, that what I had seen was NO TRICKERY, but the exhibition of an occult power—call it spirits or what we may.

I can only describe Mrs. Markee's condition by saying, that she looked worse than dead, it was horrible. I felt her pulse and could detect none; I passed my hand up her sleeve, above her elbow; her arms were ice cold. On her forehead were big drops of damp, and it was as cold as the arms, and her face was sunken and ghastly. Before Mrs. Markee returned,—which was long, for Mrs. Markee seemed to have gone very far away,—I had made up my mind to have another seance, and yet I felt self-reproach at the thought that I was to be, even in a small degree, instrumental in inducing this poor feeble woman to allow herself to again fall,

or be placed in the fearful condition she was in at that instant.

The next seance was to be held on Tuesday evening. On Monday I had a bag made (I enclose a specimen) it was done with a sewing machine by a young lady in the village; if you will examine the seam I think you will concede that it was well sewed. We had a long tedious dark circle of two hours duration, at which Mr. Webster, by raps, objected to Mrs. Markee going into the cabinet that night, saying that she was not well enough.

I put Mrs. Markee into the bag, pulled the drawing string closely around her neck, sealed the knot, and then sealed the double ends three times to the wall. I then tacked the bottom of the sack to the floor, and, while doing this last, was satisfied that Mrs. Markee's plea of "great nervousness" was not an idle one; for every muscle of her body was quivering as in a violent attack of ague.

Before placing Mrs. Markee in the bag I made an ink spot in the palm of each hand; Mrs. Markee suggested that it was not large enough to be plain. When the hands were shown at the curtain, I could see no spot, although Mr. Markee turned the light well up.

Again Mr. Webster talked and Katie came out, but this time no one else; although Seneca said he tried to come. Neither was I invited into the cabinet; Mr. Webster again saying, "That the medium had done wrong to hold the circle as she was far too weak." The circle lasted a much less time than it ordinarily does.

On going into the cabinet, after the close of the circle, all was as I had left it, seals, tacks and all. Mrs. Markee was again in that comatose condition and as cold as before; although I fancied that her face did not wear so distressed an expression as on Sunday night.

I commenced by saying I would write you a brief letter; it seems to me I have written a book; but there appears to be something about Spiritualism that could almost make a dumb man garrulous.

As in Mrs. Huntoon's case, you must draw your own inferences. I felt in Mrs. Markee's case, that, as you said in a late number of the Scientist—"De-Materialization not proved;"—yet it appeared to me to be most abundantly proved that Mrs. Markee is no *fraud*; but, on the contrary, a passive, suffering instrument, of some unseen power, which I hope is what it claims to be,—the work of spirits trying to convince mortals of a life beyond the grave.

Being an editor I am sure you will have a quiet laugh at my wretched English, and gaze amazed at my attempts at punctuation; but you must excuse all that, for I felt it might be of interest to you to hear what a person—*not a Spiritualist, but hoping to become one*,—would say about the celebrated mediums,—Mrs. Huntoon, Mr. William Eddy and Mrs. Markee-Compton.

Present at Tuesdays seance:—

G. S. Hinrod, Lodi; A. Miller, W. A. Kirby, Hattie E. Allen, Wm. A. Clayton, Auburn; B. C. Park, J. B. Rhodes, M. A. Rhodes, H. Rhodes, E. Park, Wellport; S. A. Mainott, Warren Hillard, Watkins; Lydia J. Carpenter, Gordon Squires, Havana; all in the State of New York.

JESUITISM VS. "ART MAGIC."

The *Spiritual Scientist*, the most courteous of my critics, enters more fully upon the merits of my "Cautions." To the main objection raised by the *Scientist* against my denunciations of the Jesuitical origin of the announced "Magic Art," I will briefly reply. When the *Scientist* says:

"If the forthcoming work was destined to accomplish what the learned Dr. Bloede seems to fear it will, money in any quantity would be at hand, and not only five hundred, but five hundred thousand copies would be printed, and every Spiritualist would find one under his nose. No! no! When Jesuitism strikes at Spiritualism it deals a powerful blow."

The *Scientist* entirely misunderstands Jesuitism. This scarcely ever deals "powerful blows," that is *open* ones, and never where it feels itself to be in the minority. The nature of this dangerous foe of mankind is to be *slly* and *slow*; it acts in a covert and stealthy way its principal stratagem is that of gradually but persistently and surely undermining the foothold of its adversary. It does not go at him in a straightforward, but in a crooked line, like the formidable weapon of the New Zealand savages, the boomerang. One of its most used and efficient means is to *sow dissension* in the ranks of its opponents. Does not the *Scientist* see that it would suit such a policy very poorly to publish a work like the forthcoming in five hundred thousand copies?—a work which is *not* intended to enlighten the masses, but to establish a

privileged caste, an esoteric clique, a ring of knowing ones, and thus, by separating and alienating the leaders from the masses cause a split in American Spiritualism.—Dr. G. Bloede in the Banner.

What the work, "Art Magic," may contain we cannot tell; but Dr. Bloede says "it is intended to establish a ring of knowing ones," to do this it must make some wonderful revelations. Does it follow that it will "alienate the leaders from the masses," and cause a split in American Spiritualism? We are sorry to admit that there are already too many splits in American Spiritualism, though perhaps productive of good results; but we are happy in the belief that all are united on its fundamental truths. "We see" that if the book gives us the knowledge that it is supposed to contain, and were such knowledge the property of the Jesuits, they would not publish it outside their ranks, even for the great object of "sowing dissension" in the ranks of Spiritualists. Disseminating knowledge never did and never will strengthen Jesuitism, nor can it weaken Spiritualism; the former is the personification of error, the latter of Truth; they are essentially opposed to each other, and need we say which will be the winner? Jesuitism is dogmatical; it does not argue nor reason; it strikes and slays the witnesses for Truth; the vast multitudes prosecuted, starved, burned, assassinated, hung, chained to the galleys, immured in church prisons, are the best evidences of the peculiar "policy" of Jesuitism. But Truth prevails; and even if five hundred leaders, who are now teaching the truth, should be captured, body and soul, the remaining millions of Spiritualists could not be turned from their belief founded on facts easily demonstrated.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE GERMAN PRESS.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been produced in Germany by a pamphlet by Alexander Wiessner, entitled "The Revived Belief in Miracles," in which the author attacks the writings of two very different thinkers in Spiritualism, Mr. A. R. Wallace and the Baroness von Vay. This is again replied to by Dr. Franz Hoffman, of Wursburg University, and if further echoes are called up in the newspaper press, Spiritualism in general, and Wallace's writings in particular, will have been well advertised. A monthly high-class journal, *Deutsche Blatter*, gives a very fair review, by C. E. Baumstark, of Wallace's *Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural*; and the *Salon*, a magazine of a lighter character, publishes the first of a series of articles, by Mr. G. C. Wittig, sub-editor of *Psychic Studies*, on *Modern Spiritualism; Superstition or Scientific Experience?* The article is illustrated by the representation of the death-scene, as clairvoyantly described by Andrew Jackson Davis in the *Philosophy of Death*; the artist Mr. Nestel, of Leipzig, calls it *The New Birth of the Soul in Death*. Another German weekly, devoted to literature and the fine arts, *Die Gegenwart*, has also published three articles by M. Raven, on American Spiritualists, which are written in a spirit of fair and unbiased criticism.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE
Advanced Thinkers of the United States.

ART MAGIC; OR MUNDANE, SUPER-MUNDANE, AND SUB-MUNDANE SPIRITISM.

An European gentleman, now sojourning in America for a brief season, gives notice to all thinkers interested in a spiritual existence, or OCCULT SCIENCE, that having spent forty years in the study of ART MAGIC, partly acquired in the East and West Indies, Egypt, Arabia, and Europe, he is now prepared to share the fruit of his researches with a few students, and for this purpose he will publish a work under conditions which he cannot change or transgress; these are:

"The work in question cannot become a marketable commodity, but may be published for limited distribution when a sufficient number of subscribers are found to insure the cost of publication. The requisite number being obtained, a protective copyright is to prevent any further publication. The work is not to be sold by any professional firm, nor submitted for review to professional critics. After the requisite number of copies are drawn off to defray the expense of publication, the types, vignettes, &c., are to be cancelled utterly."

He will give no name, token of identity, nor personal response of any kind to inquirers. He will publish only through a friend. The friend selected has accepted the office of Secretary for the work, and is EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN. If published in America, the cost will be \$2,500—which sum includes about \$1,000 required as disbursements to librarians and collectors of rare works, for permits to publish selected quotations.

To meet the actual cost of publication 500 subscribers are required at \$5 apiece, and, therefore, 500 copies alone will be issued, and from this standard of number and price there will be no change or reduction. The publication of the work will not commence until the entire 500 subscribers are guaranteed. This notice will only hold good up to the Christmas of this year.

All subscriptions are to be paid for only according to the custom of the country, C. O. D., but the promises of the subscribers are to be sent with name and address during the next three months to the author's secretary, pro tem., Emma Hardinge Britten, 206 West 35th Street, New York.

The work will be entitled

ART MAGIC;

OR MUNDANE, SUB-MUNDANE, AND SUPER-MUNDANE SPIRITISM.

This will be the first, and it is believed only publication in existence which will give an authentic and practical description of art magic, natural magic, modern spiritism, the different orders of spirits, related to, or in communication with man, together with directions for invoking, controlling, and discharging spirits, and the uses and abuses, dangers and possibilities of magical art.

Signed for the author and publisher,

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, Sec'y pro tem.

I, Emma Hardinge Britten, having carefully read, and, as far as possible, authenticated the contents of the above described work, do hereby testify my belief that it is the most wonderful and practical revelation of the subject treated on, ever given to the world. I deem it also a work eminently calculated to afford to advanced thinkers the clue they need to the understanding of Ancient and Modern Spiritism, Mediumship, and many problems in human history hitherto unsolved. I regret that the author feels himself so fettered by conditions as to limit the possession of this marvelous work to the few, instead of being able to give it broadcast to the world; but desiring to aid as far as I can in even its limited distribution, I cheerfully become guaranteee for the high value of the work, and will receive for the author the names and addresses of the favored few who may wish to make one of the five hundred subscribers required. Address, Emma Hardinge Britten, 206 West 35th Street, New York.

How To Form A Spirit Circle.

It is calculated that one person in every seven might become a medium by observing the proper conditions. The thousands of Spiritualists have, in most cases, arrived at their conclusions by agencies established by themselves and independently of each other and of the services of professional mediums. Every spiritualist is indeed an "investigator,"—it may be at an advanced stage; and that all may become so, the following conditions are presented as those under which the phenomena may at all times be evolved.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of from three or five to ten individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands on its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm; but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed red pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communication that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Relief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one mean "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best.

If the circle is composed of persons with suitable temperaments, manifestations will take place readily; if the contrary be the case, much perseverance will be necessary.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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