

# SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST

A Weekly Journal of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art, and Inspiration.

Vol. VI.

"TRY to Understand Yourself and Things in General."

No. 13

Yearly,  
Two Dollars and a Half.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 31, 1877.

SIX Weekly,  
Cents a Copy.

Written for the Spiritual Scientist.  
SOUL AND SUBSTANCE.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

It is noticeable to what an extent Spiritualism is being discussed at the present time. In various methods and directions it meets one and challenges consideration; in the form of ghost stories in the news sheets, popular articles in monthly journals, and critical writings in the leading reviews. Among the latter may be classed a paper in the May-June number of the "North American Review" by Thomas Hitchcock, entitled "Soul and Substance." It is addressed to the intelligence of that sort of readers who think as well as read, though it neither asserts nor defines, positively, anything concerning Spiritualism, but rather questions passively the skepticism prevalent on the subject-matter of spiritualistic investigations. Its chief value, however, is as an indication of the interest which the new psychological method is exciting in the minds of thinkers.

The writer begins by declaring that science has hitherto dealt exclusively with the senses, and as yet has discovered nothing of the "vast inner world with which the soul is immediately concerned. Our knowledge of the realm of thought and emotion is no greater than was that of Plato and Aristotle, and the term metaphysics is now, as it always has been, a synonym for baseless speculation."

Yet, the wonderful progress which science now exhibits has been made within quite a recent period. Two hundred and fifty years ago, light, electricity, and magnetism were unknown. If we seek for the cause of this immense and rapid advance, we shall find it in the "adoption of the system of ascertaining facts first, and then drawing conclusions from them, instead of first constructing a theory and thence inferring facts." "Whenever," says Mr. Hitchcock, "a similar course is commenced and pursued in reference to the nature and operations of the soul, we may possibly get some accurate knowledge respecting them." Not possibly, we should say in such a case, but most certainly. The writer refers to experiments made in the department of physiology in pursuit of such facts as may have a psychological value, and says that science confesses her inability to explain the relation between soul and body. But mind, he argues, "while differing from what is usually called matter, has enough in common with it to render it a subject of scientific investigation."

"The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things," said Spinoza. A century after Spinoza, Swedenborg, in an essay on the mechanism of the intercourse between the soul and the body, published in 1734, expresses the hope that with the aid of what is known of all physical and psychological facts we may be enabled to arrive at sure conclusions respecting the "geometry and mechanism of that most perfect entity," the soul. The scientific researches of Swedenborg were cut short by his conception of a religious mission arising from an actual experience of the realities of the inner world; and no one has taken up the thread where

it was dropped by him. The physiologist stops at the brain-cells, but admits a real something behind them, of which they are but the agents, and which moves and arranges them either for the expression of voluntary actions or products of intelligence. The author analyzes the effects of mental states on bodily conditions, and shows the soul to be of a substantial nature. He affirms that animal magnetism is not a delusion. Mind affects mind; familiar facts in natural history leading to the conclusion of the existence of a finer sense than that of either external sight, touch, or hearing. This sense being perhaps "identical with the fluid which gives rise to the phenomena of electricity or magnetism, or perhaps something as yet unknown." He proceeds to say:

"The advantage of thus conceiving of the soul as a *substantial organism*, analogous to the body, and affected by mediums similar to those which affect sight and hearing, is that it explains the mystery which surrounds the relations of mind and matter, and accounts for many things which now puzzle the scientific explorer. Allow the soul to be a real substance *co-extensive with the body and intimately interwoven with it*, and the difficulty expressed by Prof. Tyndall and others in perceiving the connection between its operations and the molecular changes of the brain need be no greater than that of perceiving the connection between magnetism and the motion of the magnetic needle. Goethe's poetical fancy of elective affinities between acid and alkalis, may be treated as a fact, and serve as a key to those mysterious likings and dislikings which so often baffle inquiry. If, too, we suppose the soul to dwell in the midst of atmospheres similar to those which surround the body, mental sensations become mere modifications of mental fibres and tissues, as bodily functions are variations of the states of bodily organs. This assumption commends itself to the understanding, though the senses may not be able to demonstrate it. The same hypothesis, likewise, helps to explain the stories of ghosts and apparitions, of which so many are in circulation. Making every allowance for exaggeration and inaccuracy, the fact remains that men have in some way been induced to believe that they have seen human beings and held converse with them, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of their presence in material form. Call it imagination or delusion, or what we please, they have been impressed as with a visible object, and heard as it were spoken words, and if this proves nothing else, it proves that what we call hearing and seeing may be produced from within as well as from without. Charles Dickens, in a letter answering a question as to his literary creations, says that he heard every word uttered by his characters before he recorded it on paper."

Mr. Hitchcock concludes that the "unities of creation, the analogies of the sensible world, the instincts of mankind, as expressed in thought and speech, the facts of physics and physiology, and to a limited extent human experience, all combine to render probable the substantial nature of the soul, and the existence of world within that of which our bodily senses take cognizance, which is adapted to the activities of the soul as the outward world is to those of the body. What is needed now is the observing and recording of facts which shall either controvert or establish the hypothesis, and determine with certainty either that thinking is a mere func-

tion of the material brain, or that it must be ascribed to an *inner organism*, of which that brain and body are but the incarnation and expression. Certainly the achievements of science, of which we boast so much, are worth but little if they cannot aid us to solve this problem. More than a century ago Swedenborg said: 'Let us then gird up our loins for the work. Experience is at our side with the full horn of plenty. The nine virgins are present also, adorned with the riches of nearly two thousand years. I mean all the sciences by whose bands, powers and patronage the work is constructed. All things at the present day stand provided, prepared, and waiting the light. The ship is in the harbor, the sails are swelling, the east wind blows; let us weigh anchor and put forth to sea.' So far our author.

It remains to be said that science, false to an obvious duty, altogether refused and still refuses the offer of Swedenborg; the practical investigation of the spiritual, whatsoever of it now exists, being due to what may be called a happy accident which took place thirty years ago in this country, when an unknown force exhibiting intelligence answered the playful questioning of a child.

Yet all Spiritualists may nevertheless congratulate themselves upon this state of things. It is not without advantage that the force of facts should be apprehended by the popular mind before halting science gives recognition and support. The system based on these facts is thus a natural growth, and may accept the afterthought of science more as compelled acknowledgment than as necessary confirmation. The general acceptance of truth may be indeed delayed, but can never be defeated. Knowledge of our relations with the surrounding spiritual world, with the "geometry and mechanism of that most perfect entity," the soul, was at first known only to the esoteric few; and the attempt of Christ to reduce such knowledge to practice at the very moment when such tremendous physical forces, under the military leadership of Rome, prevailed in the world, was perhaps ill advised, though the necessity of it and its attendant heroism is not doubtful. That movement was addressed to the common people, and its method and results found an ineradicable lodgement in the common understanding. It is this popular acceptance which affords the broad bases for that temple in the heart of humanity whose capstone will be put in place by the aid of Western science in the nineteenth century after its foundation was laid in the East. Religion is the necessary outcome of a study of spiritual laws, (psychology) as health or right living is the necessary result of the pursuit of physiological laws. The one is as much a natural unfoldment as the other, else were its contents non-adjustable with human nature. Science, now about completing and securing her conquests in the physical world, must necessarily move on to greater and more important ones in the higher domain of spirit *with* matter; and the Baconian method of investigation which has produced consequences so wonderful in the one case, will be equally applicable and fruitful of result in the other. This is the one "lost art" in the wisdom of the Egyptians, by the re-discovery of which the later ages will renew their youth. How much of human misery which is the result of human mis-rule, which is itself the result of ignorance of our right relations, this research into the realm of causes will prevent or remove, is not perhaps in the power of man as now conditioned to conceive. But it is evidently the need and duty of the hour to proceed with such search. One of the most certain signs of its prosecution is the occasional appearance of a more or less elaborate paper in the leading reviews, quietly but unmistakably setting forth spiritualistic synthesis for acceptance; as though there had been no such thing as Spiritualism, namely, experimental psychology, during the last quarter of a century.

The facts already secured by spiritualistic research will be used by a later and wiser scholarship in the establishment of the science of the soul, on which will be founded the true worship of humanity.

#### REMEMBER.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.—The Spiritual Scientist is essentially different from any other Spiritual paper, and as we are satisfied that any Spiritualist or investigator will consider it invaluable after glancing at a few numbers, we offer it FIVE MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

#### REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, Mr. C. C. Massey read a record of the experiences of a gentleman who did not wish his name published, but who, Mr. Massey said, had held official positions in connection with the government of his own country, and had given references.

#### PREVISION—FOREWARNING OF DEATH.

On the 1st day of January, 1857, I was in the Indian country in Kansas. I had been and then was connected with a national organization for the relief of the people against Southern outrages in the effort to make the territory free soil and a free State. At the time I speak of, I had started south from Lawrence over the prairies, with two guides, to search into the condition of the settlers and to give relief. This journey was afterward alluded to by a Kansas editor, in these words: "His course over our territory may be tracked as we follow the course of the spring by its flowers!" Don't think me egotistical, I pray you, for this is not so. When my work was done I retired, seeking neither reward nor fame. I was in extremely delicate health; it was winter. They lifted me into the saddle, and we started; we had got down into the Miami Reservation; a snowstorm came on, we were like men at sea. Towards nightfall we brought up at a small log hut, inhabited by a poor family; they had one bushel of corn left in the house, and five little children. When during the evening I gave the poor woman a twenty dollar gold piece she retired to a corner of the little room to hide the tears of gratitude that had choked her utterance. So limited was the accommodation that my two friends and myself had to sleep all three in one bed. In the morning I found an inch thick of snow lying upon our bed covers, the siftings and driftings of the night through the roof. I was wide awake and was meditating, and my thoughts ran back to my home. "To-day," I said, "is the first day of the year—New Year's Day; what a happy time they're having there!" And then at once, in spirit, I was at New York—just landed at the ferry; I hurried up the street, turned into this street, then into that, reached my own street, turned the corner, passed familiar houses, arrived at my own at the garden gate, opened it, stepped up on to the brown stone step, stepped forward, reached out my hand to the bell pull to ring, and—Oh, horror! There was black crape upon the handle of the bell pull. "Tommy!" said I to one of my friends, "are you awake?" "Yes," he replied. "Well then," I continued, "there is death at my house, or some one is about to die, for I saw the crape at the door;" and then I narrated what I had just described. Many weeks passed away before I was able to set my face homeward, and when as far as Cincinnati, still some twelve hundred miles away, I received a telegram, "Ma is at the point of death—make haste!" Alas! I knew only too well that, haste or no haste, all would be the same; I should find on my arrival the fatal crape on the door bell. I did hasten, used every possible exertion, but all to no purpose; I arrived precisely as "in spirit" I had seen myself do, weeks before, and the same crape was there just as I had foreseen it. Of course it is easy to say, "Oh, you were melancholy; you knew your mother was ill; you were thinking about her." Nothing of the kind. I was not expecting or fearing anything. New Year's Day in New York is like the "Merry Christmas" over here; everybody goes out visiting; the day is devoted to New Year's calls; sleigh bells jingle merrily—all is joyful. What startled me was crape on the handle of the bell pull. I had never seen such a thing—it not being the custom—on the window blinds or the knob of the hall door, yes, I could have expected it there; but the bell-pull, No! I could not anticipate it there. And I saw nothing until my hand, "in spirit," was in the very act of touching the handle. Then I saw it, and shrank back in horror.

#### CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

In the month of November four years ago I was on the ocean, going to New York, within, say, some two hundred miles of Sandy Hook. Only a short time before I had parted with my friend Horace Greeley; he was not well, I knew; in great dejection of spirits indeed, but I had no thoughts of his dying. I had been nearly two weeks on the ocean, and during this time my friend had entered the spirit world. Now you

must know that it is believed that a spirit who seeks to make himself known invariably announces himself by the familiar thing, trade, vocation, habit, some mark by which we have known it in life by association or otherwise. Keep this in mind. My friend was a journalist—"the foremost journalist in America." I ought also to tell you, for an understanding of what is to follow, that my old friend, Dr. Huttner, had died two years or so previously in my house here; he was excessively devoted to Spiritualism, promised faithfully to visit me *if possible*. It has evidently been impossible, for he has not appeared to this day. Well, at between three and four in the morning of the day in question, lying in my berth, wide awake, eyes closed, I saw the spirit lights; but always challenging, never suffering myself to be deceived, I said, "Perhaps it is the reflection of the light out in the lobby." So I covered my eyes with my hands in a way to exclude every ray of light were there enough to get in, but there was not. I saw the lights plain enough, and figures dimly; all my vision appeared to be with the right eye only, and through an orifice no larger than a pea—hence circumscribed; a great effort, seemingly, was being made to show me something or some one; a large bald head rose up and crossed my line of sight; the bald head I could see, the features were not distinct; a mass of phosphorescent light about the size of one's fist seemed to be held by some one in a position purposely to illuminate this head, still I failed to recognize the face. Then hands or claws, or some sort of energy, appeared to work away at the little orifice of my eye, endeavoring to enlarge it, but all to no purpose. The head was raised and lowered several times, and then all vanished away. I then fell asleep and dreamed. I saw an opened quarto, beautifully printed, large clear letters, an ornamental heading of flowers, and the words, "The Other Life," and then, reading right along the article, began—"Friends in the starry spaces are not separated from one another by such long distances as they are in this life," and then to my sorrow I awoke, the other entire page unread. That morning, at about eleven o'clock, I sat down and wrote the whole of this in a letter to my wife, and I said, "I suppose it must be the doctor who tried to appear to me, and yet it did not seem to be his head! I can't make it out; I don't know whose head it can be!" But when our vessel touched the dock I soon found out "whose head it can be." Had my friends in the other life only succeeded in their efforts and torn away that film from my eyes I should have seen clearly enough. This is all that any of us need. Death will do it for us effectually, and not till death for the most of us; and then we shall wonder at our earth-stupidity in ever imagining the things of time and sense to be the only real and true. The most real and seemingly substantial things I have ever seen are those that have come to me out of the spirit life. I did not mean to tell you my strange experience, running through years, having reference to the problem of flight; how in all places, both in France and America, whenever my thoughts were more than usually intent on this subject, I would see, on looking up—a dragon fly! But space and time fail. Farewell.

#### A CARD FROM EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

To her Friends and Co-Workers in the Spiritual Cause:

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—On or about the 16th of June, I propose to accompany my mother to England, from whence, after remaining two or three weeks, I shall rejoin my husband in Boston, and early in September commence our journey to California and other points of the Pacific Coast.

For the last few years my dear old mother's extreme age has compelled me to withdraw in a measure from the Spiritual rostrum, and devote myself chiefly to home duties and a stationary practice. Henceforth, however, I hope to give all my time, effort and best inspiration as formerly, to the cause of Spiritualism and the advocacy of Spiritual light, truth and reform. With these views I shall be happy to form engagements *en route* for California, at such points as Spiritual Committees may desire.

Letters addressed to my Boston residence will be duly answered on my return from England in August, and at such time as I can make my final arrangements for a Western tour.

All enquiries, orders etc., concerning electrical machines, will be promptly responded to as usual by my husband, Dr. Britten; but letters requiring my personal attention must remain until my return to the States; and I make this announcement as much to give notice of my future movements in the interests of Spiritualism, as to claim the kind forbearance of my correspondents until I am once more in their midst on American soil, which I trust will be early in August.

Boston, Mass.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

113 West Chester Park.

#### PECULIAR ENTRANCEMENT.

A young lady, thirteen years of age, living with her parents on the West Side, Chicago, has recently had a remarkable experience in her development as a medium. None of the family had any knowledge of the spiritual phenomena, and were much surprised when the manifestations commenced. A paper, if placed on her head, would soon bear, in a beautiful hand, a spirit communication. Illuminated writing on the wall, movement of objects without visible contact, demonstrations on musical instruments, etc., gave conclusive evidence to the faculty of spirit existence. Spirit identity was to them also established. Two weeks ago she was entranced for twenty-four consecutive hours—the common trance rarely exceeds two hours in length, and is usually of shorter duration. On returning to consciousness she was unable to recall any impression that might have been made on her mind. Again she fell into a trance and remained five days without interruption. On awakening she gave a description of her journey, telling who she saw there and what had been said to her while in the "summer-land." The body of this medium is said to have been in possession of another spirit while she was away. The belief that a spirit can leave its body and wander to scenes and localities at a distance from it is not accepted by some Spiritualists, who hold that the claim is a speculative one and cannot be maintained by any evidence in its favor. The facts are admitted, and a theory of psychological effect is urged in explanation of them. In other words, there is no outstanding form visible to the sensuous organs, but a magnetic influence by force of the will is thrown on the imagination of the seer and calls up the image subjectively which is believed to have been objectively seen. It is an interesting topic for discussion and much, very much, can be said for or against either theory.

#### WHAT MAKES THE SEA SHELL SING.

When the sea shell is held up to the ear there is a peculiar vibratory noise which the children assure each other is the roar of the sea, however distant they may be from it. Philosophically investigated the peculiar sound thus recognized is a phenomenon that has puzzled scholars for a long time. The experiment is easily made by pressing a spiral shell over the cerebra of either ear; the sound is very much like that of a far off cataract. Now what causes it? Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, and particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibrations of the fibres in those fingers being communicated to the shell, it propagates and intensifies them as the hollow body of a violin does the vibration of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receive the sonorous expressions. Muscles of the leg below the knee are said to vibrate in the same way, and if conducted to the ear produce the same results.

IN SWANZY, N. H., April 12, 1877. Passed to Spirit Life Mrs. Hannah J. wife of Edward R. Simonds, aged 56 years.

Mrs. Simonds has been for many years a firm believer in the spiritual faith, often holding converse with dear friends who had gone before. To her it was a blessed reality, and when one after another had left this life, to her it was but another link binding her to the "beautiful beyond."

Passing away! Passing away,  
To a beautiful rest, just over the way,  
Only a step to the open door,  
To which we'll be guided by the boatman's oar.  
Only a wave, a silvery stream,  
Hides from our sight, the golden gleam  
Of the the fleecy robes our darlings wear,  
In the home of the angels, over there.

MRS. M. A. DAVIS.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN will give the last of her series of readings and discussions on Spiritual Science at New Era Hall, 176 Tremont street, on Sunday evening next June 3. This will be Mrs. Britten's farewell before her departure for England, when the subject will be a lecture on "Spiritualism, Occultism and Magic." Last reception at 118 West Chester Park, Thursday evening, May 31.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Zurich, Switzerland, that nine women have taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Zurich since its opening in 1867, and that at present there are five, of whom the correspondent is one, American ladies, students there for that degree, and who had previously been refused admission at Harvard.

From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
SPIRITUALISTIC REUNION.

The occasion of the visit of Hudson and Emma Tuttle to the Editor-in-Chief of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, was seized upon by the Spiritualists of Chicago to secure one of the most delightful social entertainments which has ever taken place in the West.

Once decided upon, the following invitation was issued and sent to all subscribers of the Journal in the city, and many others known to be favorable to Spiritualism, who still cling to their old social organizations:

OFFICE OF RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING  
HOUSE, CHICAGO, May 12, 1877.

Dear . . . . .

We take pleasure in stating that the well-known author and scientist, Hudson Tuttle, together with his talented wife, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, also a writer of ability in the field of liberal thought, have kindly accepted an invitation to pay us a short visit. We have decided to accede to the request of some of the admirers of their writings, as well as personal friends, in giving an opportunity to meet our guests socially.

We have selected our editorial rooms as the most fitting place; where we shall be pleased to see you, together with such friends as you may desire to invite, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th inst., between the hours of three and six o'clock.

The occasion will be entirely informal, and, we hope, pleasant and beneficial to all who may honor us with their presence. Very respectfully yours,  
JOHN C. BUNDY,  
Editor Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It is proper to state at this point, that the new offices of the Publishing House and of the Journal are in the Merchants' Building, situated at the corner of Washington and La Salle Streets, diagonally across from the Chamber of Commerce, and opposite the Union National Bank building, and the Headquarters of Lieut. Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan, and are fitted up in the most modern style,—convenient and elegant—large, airy, well lighted and ventilated, and in every way attractive.

After an hour of pleasant conversation and inspection of the various offices and circle room, the assembly was called to order by Judge Holbrook, who, in his usual pleasant way, expressed his pleasure at meeting our distinguished guests, and his admiration of the new home of the Journal; then calling on Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond for an invocation, it was given cheerfully, and in that incomparable style and language so well remembered by hosts of Spiritualists on both continents. After which he appealed to Hudson Tuttle as their guest to make some remarks.

Mr. Tuttle, in his usual felicitous manner plunged directly at the heart of his subject. He said he was happy to meet so many friends, all of whom felt near and dear to him, on this pleasant occasion, though a shadow rested upon him in the memory of the last time, (little over a year ago) he grasped the hand of S. S. Jones, and bade him good-by. The image of the venerable man was still engraven on his mind. He could not speak of him as departed, as he was still with them. He had not only impressed his energetic character on the Journal; he still remained to watch over an enterprise to which he had devoted the best years of his life and a large portion of his capital. He had fallen, but he had left others admirably trained and qualified to bear onward the heavy burden.

We have four Spiritual periodicals, the Banner of Light, the Spiritual Scientist, the Spiritual Magazine, and the Religio Philosophical Journal. Really, the Banner in the East and the Journal in the West, are the grand columns on which Spiritualism rests. Since they were established a score or more of journals have gone out of existence. They are the platforms from which the Spiritual Philosophy has been expounded to an innumerable audience, and were they to go down to-day, the impression they have made on the age could never be eradicated.

Spiritualists have few demands made upon them. They have no church to support; none of the many projects of Christian worshipers. The only imperative one was the small subscription to the papers devoted to the cause they consider priceless. It was their duty to support those journals which were disseminating the true views of life and its future, and the very existence of the cause depended on their doing so.

Spiritualists should realize that they had duties, that life

primarily was not for pleasure, but had obligations which fulfilled, pleasure was secondary but sure to follow. If pleasure alone were sought regardless of right and duty, it would in the end prove a cup of gall.

From its editorial columns and from consultations with the present editor, he had learned as they would all learn in time, that the Journal had begun a new life. It would be broad and catholic in its treatment of all issues. While it would fearlessly and uncompromisingly oppose the wrong, it would as courageously defend the truth. It will be radical without fanaticism; conservative without prejudice or superstition; free without license, and independent on all questions.

It is proposed to be an exponent not only of the phenomena of Spiritualism, as a development of modern times, but of the Spiritualism of all ages and races, in the broad sense in which it was expressed by its former editor, The Philosophy of Life.

For one grand code of spiritual laws penetrates the universe, and their illucidation necessarily embraces the realm of nature in the broadest sense of that word.

While he felt assured that the Journal would be conducted with a business ability of the highest order because trained and prepared for the work, its sphere of usefulness depends in greatest measure on the good will and helping hand of its subscribers.

Each one should feel that success depends on their individual efforts, and that the paper is theirs and published for them.

He knew he expressed their united sentiments, when he should say that a new era dawns on the Journal; its horizon broadens; its sphere of usefulness extends, and that it is destined to continue a mighty power, not only in Spiritualism, but in the cause of liberal thought.

Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Illinois, being called upon, made a brief but earnest appeal for harmony among Spiritualists, which the assemblage of so great a number of persons, representative of almost every phase of spiritualistic thought, indicated to him, was being accomplished.

Mrs. Emma Tuttle being called for, responded by saying that she was not a lecturer, but having an original poem, which she had brought but had not yet delivered to the Editor of the Journal for publication, if it would add to the pleasure of the occasion she would give it—and scarcely have we ever heard a better recitation. Of the merits of the poem we need not speak, as our readers will very soon be able to judge for themselves.

Dr. Avery being solicited, made a few well-chosen remarks, after which Judge Holbrook announced that the remaining time would be given to social converse and the examination of spirit pictures and paintings, engravings and other works of art and evidences of spirit power and control of the human organism, found upon the walls, and scattered through the offices, editorial rooms, and in the circle room: and that any who desired to visit the wholesale and packing departments of the Publishing House, in the lower stories of the building, would be conveyed by the elevator.

Not until the twilight approached, however, did the majority of the guests depart; an evidence of the thorough enjoyability of the occasion, made more pleasant by the cheerful faces of all connected with the Publishing House and the Journal, while assisting to carry out the wishes of the manager and Editor.

It would occupy too great a space were we to attempt to give a list of the visitors on this occasion, but will say in brief, that one will seldom see so intelligent and refined an assemblage of persons as was noticeable in this instance, numbering among them prominent members of the learned professions—divines, lawyers and physicians, artists, teachers, authors and speakers, merchants, railroad superintendents, and managers of steamboat lines, and very many mediums from among our best families, developed and exercising their gifts only at their own homes, or with their personal friends, beside a large number of public mediums, whose gifts have been the means of bringing daylight to many a darkened soul.

We can only express our deep regret that all our friends and subscribers at a distance could not have been present; yet, as every such pleasant occasion is attended by hosts of spirit friends who convey to absent ones in some degree, the spirit of joy and fraternal love which is engendered, we trust far greater good may result even than is discernible on the surface.

**SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.**

Since the establishment of the Spiritual Scientist, it has been our constant endeavor to make it more valuable to its readers each year, and in this respect the prospects for the coming year are more promising than ever before. With gratitude to the unseen powers and their instruments in earth life, we recognize the remarkable success of the paper, and the good it has been permitted to accomplish in the past. The distinctive policy that has made it so popular is to be maintained. We are grateful to those who have written of their growing regard for the paper and for the interest they have taken in extending its circulation. We promise a steady improvement in the Spiritual Scientist in the extent of the support which it receives.

It is with pleasure that we refer to the distinguished writers, who, by their able contributions, have sustained the editor in his efforts to place the Spiritual Scientist in the front rank of the journals devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. It is a matter of pride with him that he can refer to the fact that the number of these co-laborers has grown steadily, and none have become dissatisfied with the management or withdrawn their support because they felt that it was not serving the best interests of the cause; on the contrary we have their hearty endorsement of the manner in which it is conducted. Harmony is the strength and support of all institutions, more especially this of ours; to this end we shall in the future, as in the past, seek to eliminate the causes of dissatisfaction and inculcate the principles upon which all can unite.

Readers of the Spiritual Scientist will become familiar with the progress of the cause in all parts of the world; for this purpose our correspondence, exchanges and reportorial facilities are not excelled by any journal. In obtaining a just and discriminating knowledge of ancient philosophies, remarkable phenomena in all ages and at the present time, scientific investigations, the nature of the human spirit and its surroundings, they will be aided by many of the leading and more experienced Spiritualists.

The corps of writers the coming year includes  
**Hudson Tuttle, J. M. Peebles, Eugene Crowell, M.D., Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Colonel Henry S. Olcott, George Stearns, Charles Sotheman and G. L. Ditson, M.D., Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, Mrs. Emma A. Wood, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, A. V. D., and others.**

all eminent in the ranks of literature. The same may be said of those who prefer their contributions to appear under the respective nom-de-plumes

**Buddhr, J. W. M. and Zeus.**

**ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS,**

**Rev W. Stalnton Moses, "Lex et Lux,"** and members of the Rosicrucian College of England.

**EXCHANGES WITH SPIRITUAL JOURNALS.**

in Mexico, - - South America, - - - England, - - France, - - - Spain, - - - Belgium, - - Germany, - - Italy, - - Turkey, - - Russia, Egypt - - Australia, - - from which translations will be furnished each week by our editorial corps.

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**BEGIN AT ONCE.**

as this season of the year is most favorable for getting subscriptions. Many of you live where we have no agents; most of you know of people who need just the help to be derived from reading this paper; and ALL OF YOU have friends, whom no agent can secure but who will be decided by a word from you.

May we not then count on each of our readers to do something toward increasing the circulation of the Spiritual Scientist? It may seem but little that one can do, but the aggregate of the work thus accomplished swells into very large proportions when it is brought together here.

If any of those whom you think ought to have are far away, a letter from you will decide them. If any are poor, you may be able to make them a present of the paper.

We ask you to look the field over and note the homes where this paper ought to go, and where, by a little effort on your part, it may go, and for the sake of the good you can do by putting this paper into homes that need it, and whose inmates may receive through it great and lasting benefit, decide make the effort. Address,

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**20 DEVONSHIRE STREET**

**BOSTON, MASS.**

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Published by the Scientist Publishing Company,  
EVERY THURSDAY.

20 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS :

The Spiritual Scientist can be obtained of any newsdealer or will be sent to any address for one year, postage paid:

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VOL. VI

MAY 31, 1877.

No. 13.

The London Spiritualist in quoting the Spiritual Scientist, alludes to it as "a new journal." Where one is accustomed to edit and publish a paper like the London Spiritualist, with the aid of a large guarantee fund and the support of a class of wealthy persons to whom one is constantly bowing in expectancy of a continuance of the small favors bestowed in the past, there can be no doubt that three years does seem a small space of time, and a paper three years old might be considered "new." Were we editing and publishing the Spiritual Scientist under the same agreeable circumstances, the enterprise would be as fresh at the end of the year as at its commencement. Under such "conditions" it is easy to attain age, for actual merit or the necessities of the reading public do not enter into the question of existence. One is not obliged to tax health or strength or make the many sacrifices that must always be made when principle, not policy, is the guiding star. Any one can edit and publish a paper if plenty of money is furnished; but the influence of such a journal would be very limited. We would not underestimate the value of the London Spiritualist, for it is the organ of able contributors, who furnish much valuable information; this, however, is the good fortune, not the tact of the editor. They have no other mouthpiece, and accept the inevitable. Consequently the London Spiritualist becomes sufficiently readable to force its contributors to bear their share of the printing expenses. The editor's labors are confined to the general arrangement of these articles, preference being given to the most munificent donor. Occasionally he may furnish a few valueless observations on some of the "many hundred" seances which he says he has attended. Valueless because there is no systematic attempt at experiment to gain a knowledge of the laws governing these manifestations. He may retort by asking why we have done none of these things, and therefore we reply in advance, because we had no guarantee fund, and have no time to waste in attending seances where the performers, be they spirits or mortals, repeat themselves with each exhibition. Our three years have been spent in an endeavor to do something practical for Spiritualism. Whenever an opportunity has offered itself, we have labored in an endeavor to propagate the philosophy of Spiritualism—for we claim that it has a philosophy aside from its phenomena. It assumes only that which all sects or denominations assume—future existence—and upon that basis a system, the principles of which are ever consistent with each other.

And this brings us to consider the article in the London Spiritualist at greater length, for while it pretends to quote our opinions it does nothing of the kind. It extracts a portion of one sentence, using its own phraseology, and then completing a "man of straw," it proceeds to knock him down with its favorite hobbies about "con-

ditions." A plain statement of the issue is that the London Spiritualists would shut out from seances any person who does not first profess a belief in the genuineness of the manifestations or the honesty of the medium; in other words, prevent any honest investigator from satisfying himself of the absence of any imposture; the Spiritual Scientist replies that it would be better to educate the public in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and require this as a test for admittance to a seance rather than a credulous craving for wonder-sights. Perhaps when we have become an "old" journal we may have discovered that it is best to drift with the tide of public opinion, and not to attempt to have an opinion of our own; but we seriously doubt it. The intelligent Spiritualists, as well as the public at large, are demanding to know what is the truth concerning these manifestations. That they occur, and that spirits can and do communicate is a matter of fact. Who or what the cause may be, or the conditions under which the best effects can be obtained are matters of speculation entirely. The editor of the London Spiritualist may have his pet theories; but not only are there many facts, by his own admission, that these theories will not cover, but even the observations upon which he bases them are open to criticism. When Spiritualists, whether they be students, lecturers, mediums or editors commence to compare notes about what they know, there will not be a very creditable exhibition, and one will not be very much in advance of the other. In other knowledge they may be variously gifted, and we should hope to find that the majority of individuals of average common sense were willing to concede that a journal three years old, whose columns are quoted from in every quarter of the globe, is entitled to be spoken of without the prefix of the qualifying adjective "new."

## AN INSPIRED ARTIST.

An ignorant old lady in Dutch Flat, Placer County, California, is an inspired artist and draws freely some very beautiful portraits. At times it is the likeness of a deceased friend, of a visitor, and again it is the face of some revolutionary hero or public character that is presented. She says she sees the picture on the wall, or floor, or any place where her gaze may be fixed, and she is impelled to draw it which she does with surprising speed. The old lady is thoroughly orthodox in her religious views, and becoming troubled with the influence some five years ago resisted it for some time, and at last was compelled to cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Almost instantly she beheld a picture and seizing a piece of charcoal, her hand was moved to draw it on a piece of brown paper. Since that time she has never resisted and has developed a wonderful skill.

## MONEY RECOVERED BY SPIRIT AID.

The Burlington (Iowa) News tells the experience of a Mr. J. W. Giles, a resident of that town. A relative of his, who was an officer in the Iowa cavalry regiment during the war, died several years ago, leaving a wife and children. A part of the money due him from the Government was paid to his widow. A few months since Mr. Giles was at a spiritual seance in Chicago, when the spirit of the dead soldier communicated to him through a medium that about \$500 was still due to his heirs, but had not been collected because the necessary papers had been lost. The spirit said the papers were in a wooden box in a certain drawer in a bureau at home, wrapped up in a bundle of three newspapers. Mr. Giles afterward went to the house, inquired of the family and found that the money was due from the Government, but the papers had been lost. He then told what the spirit had said to him. The box was found in the bureau, the newspapers were in the box, and the military papers were rolled up in the newspapers. They were immediately sent forward to the proper authorities. Not long since the widow received the full amount of money due.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

New York—Conference of Spiritualists.

At the Conference of the New York Spiritualists, Harvard Rooms, Cor. of 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue, last Sunday, Mr. Davis, in the chair, called attention to a statement in the *Spiritual Scientist* to the effect that any subject was proper for discussion on this platform. He said this was not exactly correct, as no topic was admissible here except it were pertinent to Spiritualism in the estimation of the speaker. It should be allied to that.

Mr. Lambert said the idea of a vicarious atonement had been lightly and unfairly spoken of, but to his mind the sublime life and triumphant death of Jesus had commended his philosophy, and established a conviction of the truthfulness of his claims in the human mind.

Mrs. Coleman said she had a son who in early years had read the works of Paine and Voltaire, and passed, through them, into Catholicism, in which he lost his senses and became a shaven priest. In despair of his condition she left him in the far West, and came home to Buffalo. There Tom Paine appeared, or came to her, and promised "liberty to her son by the 25th of this month," and the promise was not broken. By the appointed time her son came to her at Buffalo, in his right mind, influenced, she felt, by the spirit of Thomas Paine; and she was ever grateful to the noble natures of Paine and Parker for their strong defence of truth, their quiet manhood, their generous sympathy for woman. This did not interfere with her love for Jesus Christ. She does not like to hear people rail at Jesus or the New Testament.

Mr. Murray did not consider it important whether Jesus Christ had physically existed or not. The use made by the priests of his name fitted into a peculiarity of human nature. When people became morbid over their infirmities or errors they were benefited by any thing which caused them to cast their cares off and cease to despond. The priesthood says, "Cast your cares upon Jesus." If the afflicted were relieved, the same result was attained as Spiritualism offers, which says to our natures, "Bury the past and do the best you can with the future." Mr. Hanaford said, "The wages of sin is death," and the word of God is passed upon it. It is useless to proclaim, as gentlemen do here, that we can pass right on into eternal life by simply casting our sins behind us. The "Word of God" is against that idea. When a man dies that is the end of him. The "Word of God" says so. Only the Lord can raise him again from the dust, and this is promised to the righteous only. It will be done by the same power which made the woman silent who for three days had followed Paul and Silas, crying, "These be the servants of the living God. Hear ye them!" He would ask gentlemen here to explain this silence.

Dr. Hallock said the explanation is simple. Paul was a bachelor and hated women. He did not want this one bawling after him in the streets. What was more natural than this, and that in a brusque, rude way he ordered her to stop? This treatment would silence any sensitive medium in our day, and in that day it was just the same.

Now from the standpoint of Paul this woman had told the truth. She said, "These be the servants of the living God; hear ye them." Paul and Silas said the same thing. Why should Paul silence that spirit? Clearly because he hated to have the woman preaching to the people, which was contrary to his ideas and his teaching. This is the explanation of it, and it conforms to our experiences to-day. Never forget—the woman told the truth and he rebuked her. Why should a great teacher rebuke her for telling the truth? Because he descended from that state. Christianity is not a system in itself, but is made so by votaries. "Bear one another's burdens" in the experience of life. Behold it in contagious diseases. There's no morality in doing it. You've got to do it. Vicarious atonement as taught in the churches is an after-thought. It is at war with Jesus. "As ye sow ye shall reap." Can ye plant thorns and reap figs? The law of retaliation is a failure. We must bear each other's burdens.

Mr. Roosevelt said it takes two fools to make one wise man, and two wrongs to make one right; sodium and chlorine, two active poisons, to make healthy salt, and Moses and Jesus correct each other. Neither one is exactly and altogether right.

Mrs. Coleman gave notice of a proposed complimentary farewell meeting to be given Dr. I. V. Mansfield before his departure for Colorado.

Dr. White, from the committee to extend the circulation of the *Spiritual Scientist*, reposted progress, and advocated the idea that spirit communion exists as a fact in nature and it can be demonstrated to be a fact just as all other facts are demonstrated. For this reason it was eminently proper we should have a paper devoted to the scientific side of the matter.

Boston.—Readings and Discussions on Spiritual Science.

Mrs. Hardinge Britten's Readings and Discussions on Spiritual Science were largely attended last Sunday at New

Era Hall, when the final reading was given from *Art Magic*, the subject being the author's view of what "A New School of the Prophets" would and could do for the cultivation of spiritual powers and forces, among the rising generation. The reading was a magnificent one, the reader's enthusiasm rising to the highest pitch of oratory, and carrying her listeners along with her so completely that she was frequently interrupted by expressions of admiration and sympathy. Mrs. Britten and her author both urge the necessity of committing the duties of priest and physician to spirit mediums, but claim that due preparation, culture, and a thorough system of Spiritualistic training should be employed in the unfoldment of mediumistic gifts.

However much the general mass of readers may differ from the author of *Art Magic* and his talented expounder, in regard to Occultism, the life and influence of the Elementaries, etc., no listener imbued with sentiments of morality, human kindness, or religious aspiration, could fail to sympathize with the pure and elevated sentiments propounded in the closing sections of the work read last Sunday night. It seemed to all present as if it only needed the active agency of some truly earnest and inspired worker to set the whole machinery in motion, and carry out the author's noble purposes to completion. Mrs. Britten declared she herself would have stood in the gap and inaugurated this great attempt had she not been called to other lands, and compelled to close thus abruptly her ministrations in Boston.

Miss Lizzie Doten and Dr. Gardner followed in eloquent advocacy of prompt and earnest effort to introduce more system into the methods of cultivating spiritual gifts, and seeking for spiritual communion. Miss Doten declared with touching emphasis that she was waiting and willing to follow any competent pioneer who would advance into the untried fields of a true Spiritual Science. She like many others had hoped this work would have been inaugurated by Mrs. Britten, but although deep regret was expressed on all sides at the termination of these valuable and instructive meetings, all those who had so faithfully and regularly attended them for a period now of nearly six months, felt that they had promoted a higher tone of thought, and a more truly scientific basis of action, than any movement that had yet been attempted in Spiritualism.

Mrs. Britten announced that next Sunday would be her last at New Era Hall, previous to her departure for England, when the subject would be a *resume* of the meetings under the heads of "Occultism, Spiritualism and Magic."

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE NINTH annual convention of Vermont Spiritualists is to be held at Plymouth from June 8 to 10.—AT A recent Sunday evening meeting, among the speakers was John Hardy and among the audience was Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins-Hardy.—D. D. Home's book on the "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," is published in this country. Some of the shadows are dark enough.—THE LATE Peter B. Brigham was counted among Spiritualists as an adherent of their philosophy. He accepted the philosophy, however, not its advocates.—IT SEEMS that Mrs. Brightman (Seaver), the heroine of the rag baby in Eliot street, has been giving seances in Jamaica Plain for the past few months. City business didn't pay expenses.—IF THE words of one who has passed through the change called death can be accepted as evidence, the death agonies are unfeared by the dying one. It is an awakening from the dream sleep of life and the seeming struggle painless.

THE ENGLISH revisers of the New Testament have reached the eighteenth chapter of Revelation.—PALESTINE is to be "explored" by another society. This time it is to be from Germany after the English model.—THE BAPTIST ministers of Worcester, Mass., and vicinity, a dozen or more in number, have "a theological circle," and meet monthly for a dinner and a discussion.—CAST STEEL is to be tried to replace the thick and bulky iron in the armor plates of war vessels.—IT is said the peculiarly fine quality of the "Vienna Bread" of the Exposition is due to the flour being made from Hungarian wheat, a hard, shrivelled variety, not grown in this country.—A BERLIN savior has been taking casts of the heads of the "Hostiles." When he gets through with the Sioux he will tell us where the American Indians originated. It is easier to tell how they will be exterminated.—A LITTLE boy in Augusta, Me., being told he would go to Heaven when he died, said he would like to come back to Squirrel Island to spend the summer. Who will say he shall not.

WORKMEN who were recently digging a hole on private land near to a church in England discovered some bones, and the Vicar of the church, thinking that a body interred in the churchyard had been removed, communicated with the Home Office. An official inquiry followed, and the bones, which had been carefully collected and deposited in the rectory, were found to be those of a jackass.

## HINDOO SNAKE CHARMERS.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, and writer, informs the readers of *Land and Water* that at the Western Aquarium, London, a company of three or four snake charmer have recently arrived from India. He states that not for twenty years have these curious people, with their wonderful tricks, appeared as exhibitors in London.

"The performance takes place in the north-west corner of the Aquarium. Convenient seats have been arranged so that every one can have a good opportunity of seeing what is going on. In order that there shall be no suspicion of trapdoors, etc., the platform on which the performance takes place is composed of solid earth. The performers are three in number: the principal actor is Seyed Emman, his assistant is called Gheesa. There is also present a very intelligent-looking slim boy named Moen Deer. This young gentleman keeps up a perpetual tapping on a tom-tom drum, while he keeps up an animated conversation with Emman and Gheesa. Seyed Emman is dressed in the Hindoo fashion; he wears a resplendent turban, a very handsome silver waistband, and massive silver anklets ornamented with bells; his assistants are also well dressed; their copper-colored skins contrasting well with the ornaments they wear. To heighten the effect, Mr. Gheesa had painted his forehead and arms in yellow ochre. Seyed Emman comes out on to the platform carrying his snakes suspended to a bamboo over his shoulder; the snakes are carried in baskets beautifully made of bamboo. He places the baskets on the earth, and dances round them frog fashion, all the time playing a curious Indian instrument that looks like a cocoanut with a penny whistle attached; this is called a surringhee. It appears that nothing can be done without formal incantations—frog dancing, and a great deal of talking and shouting. After Seyed Emman has sufficiently charmed the snakes in the baskets, he lifts off the covers of three of them, and dexterously twitches the living contents on to the platform. The first basket contained two specimens of amphisbena, or, as they are sometimes called, double-headed snakes; the next a large lacertine; the others, cobras. While four of the snakes are crawling about the platform, the charmer pays especial attention to one of the cobras. The instant the lid of the basket is off, up rises the cobra as if impelled by a spring. This cobra is a large snake and prettily marked: he has especially brilliant eyes. It is very beautiful to see the wonderful way in which he expands his hood. This is beautifully marked at the back, the resemblance of a pair of spectacles. There are also patches under the throat. For a minute or two the cobra holds himself quite erect; the man sets down on his heels immediately in front of the cobra, and pipes at him furiously with his musical instrument. This seems to excite the anger of Mr. Cobra, who makes two or three very nasty spiteful lunges at him. The charmer then dances round the snake, which still remains in his basket—the shape of a common strawberry basket. The brute, following the man, with his expanded hood and threatening head, made several strikes at his naked legs, but he never was quick enough to hit him."

"I observed what I did not know before, that a person with a quick eye can tell when a cobra is going to strike. A cobra never strikes while his head is on the ground. Next, when his head is erect, he must draw back a little before he can make a dart."

"The anatomy of the cobra should be known to all our readers. When he is quiet and undisturbed, his hood does not appear at all. This hood is formed by a loose skin immediately below the animal's head. It is erected by a beautiful mechanism formed by the ribs, which are so fitted to the vertebrae that they can be spread out at right angles, and so erect the hood. Hence the name cobra *di capello*, of the hood. The cobra that was made to dance, so far as I could see, was the *naja tripudians*, or 'naga.'"

"Sir Joseph Fayrer, M. D., in his remarkable work, 'Threatophidia, or Death Snakes of British India,' writes: 'Cobras are most deadly; they all have the hood, and they never attack without distending it; they raise the anterior third of the body from the ground, slide along slowly on the posterior two-thirds, and with the hood dilated, remain on the alert, darting the head forward to attack when anything hostile approaches. The cobra is a nocturnal snake; it feeds on birds'

eggs, fish, frogs and insects. They are not unfrequently found in roofs of huts, holes and old masonry, etc. The cobra is most deadly, and its poison quickly fatal; paralysis of the nerve centers takes place, and death occurs with great rapidity, sometimes in a few minutes, especially when the fangs have penetrated a vein and inoculated the poison instantly in the venous circulation. The number of deaths caused yearly in India by these snakes is perfectly appalling. The cobras are the favorites of the snake catchers, and it is astonishing with what ease and freedom the reptiles are seized and handled by these men, even while in possession of all their fangs.'"

"The cobra has several (some five or six) poison fangs on each side at the edge of the roof of the mouth. These fangs are perforated, the hole being just large enough to admit the bristle of a hairbrush. In connection with the upper end of the tooth, there is a duct communicating with a poison gland the size of a large nut. The cobra may be said rather to strike than to bite. It does not lay hold, as does a dog, but it gives a quick and almost instantaneous stab with its teeth; the poison runs down—the word is rather injected—into the wound made by the tooth. I myself have had very unpleasant experience of cobra poison. I was dissecting a rat which had just been struck by a cobra. In skinning it, a minute drop of the poison got under the nail, and the symptoms were very unpleasant. I have examined the cobra poison under the microscope; it is colorless, slightly viscid, something like clarified honey. On two occasions I have watched the poison form itself into crystals when under the microscope. This had been seen and described a hundred years ago by Dr. Mead. Microscopists of the present day say that this crystallization is simply drying. I am of different opinion. I believe that these crystals are *sui generis*. The subject is well worthy of further investigation, though the operation of procuring the poison is somewhat dangerous; poison may, however, be procured from the fangs of living or recently killed vipers."

"The next trick performed by Seyed Emman is the conversion of the dried skin of a little animal into a living beast, which beast turns out to be a mongoose, and a fierce little animal is this mongoose. A dried skin of a cobra is next placed on the ground, the charmer dances round it and pipes on his cocoanut a stirring strain which reminds me very much of Highland bagpipes. He rolls this skin up and places it in a covered basket, from which basket in due time he produces a second living cobra, rather larger than the first. This cobra seems a very spiteful gentleman; he made distinctly two or three fierce lunges at the charmer, and I could distinctly see his mouth wide open when he made his strike. This experiment of converting a dried cobra skin into a living cobra is, I should fancy, a repetition of the trick we read of in Exodus: 'Then Pharaoh called the wise men and the sorcerers. Now the magicians of Egypt they also did in like manner with their enchantments, for they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents.' The next trick is making a shrub grow into a small tree under a basket. A seed is placed in the ground. The first time the basket is lifted off the seed has grown into a small plant. At each taking off of the basket the plant is discovered to be larger and larger. The trick is very cleverly done, as the man is sitting in the middle of the stage, which is, as I said before, formed of earth. Other very ingenious tricks follow, and the performance is terminated by the celebrated basket trick. The boy, Moen Deen, is tied hands and feet, and then completely inclosed in a large cabbage net. The young rascal, grinning all over with apparent delight, is then dropped, like a pudding into a pot, into a very small basket, which seems hardly big enough to hold a brace of hares; the lid is then put down. Incantations are performed while the cloth is thrown over the basket; a sharp sword is then thrust through the basket in all directions. When the cloth is removed the boy is found released from the net, and jumps out of the basket unhurt. On another occasion, when I was present, the boy disappeared from the basket, and suddenly reappeared on the platform, whence or how I really cannot understand."

"Altogether this is a very interesting performance, and brings before our eyes scenes of which most of us have heard, but few have had an opportunity of seeing. After the per-



formance was over, I interviewed the charmers; they told me they were obliged to take very good care of their cobras as the weather was so cold. Dr. Lynn has telegraphed to India for more cobras, and some twenty or thirty more of these venomous brutes are shortly expected. It will be an interesting sight to see Seyed Emman handle these newly caught specimens."

#### ANALYSIS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, BY VISCOUNT AMBERLEY.

This new publication justly deserves all the encomiums bestowed upon it by the press, and Mr. Bennett merits the thanks of all who are interested in the "phenomena of religion," and its effect upon mankind, for his enterprise in republishing it from the London edition. It is the best arranged, most comprehensive in scope, as well as satisfactory in detail, of any book of the kind with which I have made acquaintance. A glance at its contents will interest those who have not yet seen it.

In the Introduction, the author says: "Religious feeling, like all other human emotions, makes itself objectively known to us by its manifestations, which will be found to spring from a common principle. This principle is the desire felt by the human race in general to establish a relationship between itself and those superhuman or supernatural powers upon whose will it supposes the course of nature, and the well-being of men to be dependent. The methods by which this correspondence is sought to be effected are very various."

Our author divides his book into Part I. and Part II., and in the first part treats of the "Means of communication Upwards," which methods are, take the world over, and equally in all religions (which he compares and analyzes,) by "Consecrated Actions, Places, Objects, Persons, and Mediators," each of these subjects forming a theme for a chapter in this division.

The second part treats of the "Means of communication Downwards," from God to man, and is classified into "Holy Events, Places, Objects, Orders, Persons or Prophets, and Holy Books or Bibles." Six principal Prophets are treated of, and eight principal Holy Books, with their sub-divisions. The last four chapters of the book are devoted to the "Religious Sentiment" itself, in its "Ultimate Elements, Objective Element and Subjective Element, and the Relation of the two." It is furnished with excellent Introductions, Table of Contents, Index, and List of Books consulted in reference, and also a Preface by the American Publisher, and its systematic arrangement adds much to the interest and quick comprehension of the reader.

Viscount Amberley was the son of Lord John Russell; nurtured in the Christian Church, but had the independence and moral bravery to come out in opposition to all his near friends, and avow his belief in a code of ethics and opinions unlike those taught him in his youth. His amiable wife, who had rendered him great service, and to whom he dedicates his work, was taken from him by the hand of death before his work was completed, and he also passed away while the work was in the hands of the printer, and while still a young man. An endeavor was made by his family to buy up the whole edition, and thus suppress his work, but this failed. The world has an opportunity to become richer in wisdom, that Viscount Amberley lived. We believe that, with his "ever-lamented wife" by his side, he has entered into his reward for the labors to which he sacrificed his young life.

LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

#### JEZEUS CHRISTNA.

Madame Blavatsky, in a letter to the New York Sun of May 13, takes a bold stand in defence of Jacolliot's Bible in India. The editor of the Sun having asserted that there "never was a Hindu reformer named Jezeus Christna;" Mme. Blavatsky declares:—

"I have been at the festivals of Janmotsar in commemoration of the birth of Christna, (which is their Christmas), and have heard thousands of voices shouting: 'Jas-i-Christna! Jasas-wi-Christna!' Translated they are: *Jas-i*—renowned, famous; and *Jasas-wi*—celebrated or divinely renowned, powerful; and *Christna*, sacred."

Madame B. maintains the correctness of the spelling Christna, as against Krishna. She says the latter spelling is adopted

by Jacolliot's most bitter opponent, Mons. Taxtor de Ravisi a Catholic, because Krishna means black, and because the real name of Christna "was Kaneya or Caneya." But black is Krisn, and Caneya means born of a virgin—Canya. Even in modern Hindustanee the zodiac sign of Virgo is called Kaniya.

Jacolliot is therefore right not only as regards Christna, but substantially so as regards Jezeus. There is no more reason for spelling the first with a K than for spelling Christ with a K. The Greek letter Ch differs from K by being more guttural and aspirated, and is almost equivalent to H in English, so that Christos might more correctly be rendered by H'ristos.

Jacolliot is not a fraud. Ten years' residence and studies in Europe were surely enough to fit him to give an opinion; and even his Catholic opponent admits that his Bible in India is written "with good faith, of absorbing interest, a learned work on known facts, and with familiar arguments."

#### EDITORSHIP.

We have known a very learned gentleman bring us a contribution with the remark, that as we were continually occupied, it must doubtless be an accommodation to receive a good article once in a while—and on examining the "good" article in question, we have found three gross grammatical errors, divers sins of awkwardness, and two words misspelled in the first and second sentences. A lecture which will bear printing as it is delivered, is an exception; and, in a word, there are very few men, who have not served a regular apprenticeship to the types, who can sit down, and, without "halt or let," express their thoughts readily and fluently in writing. Yet, with all this, we daily meet with gentleman who, because they have made an occasional *hit* in a letter to a friend, or have elaborated a drawling story or poem in some incautious paper, talk daringly and dashingly of journalism, and graciously inform us how *they* would make things fly round, if they were only editors!

Singular—every man, no matter how stupid he is, always seems to be morally convinced that if everything else fails, he can either manage a small farm or edit a newspaper—and experience shows that where there are a hundred educated young men capable of successfully practicing a profession, there is really not more than one or two who is really enough of a genius, a scholar, and a man of practical sense, to make a good editor. In fact, though all the world reads papers, there are very few out of the business, who have ever taken the pains to acquire much information relative to it—and the natural consequence is, that its difficulties are unappreciated. *Boston Investigator.*

#### UNIQUE INTRODUCTION.

Speaking of "Planchette," a local correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth writes: "Passing through Washington street, I noticed in the show-window of a bookseller a collection of the new toy, which I recognized from newspaper descriptions, not having before met with the article. Stepping within the store, I found a small company of curious people experimenting with the new candidate for popular favor, and soon had an opportunity of personally testing its claims. A young lady, whom I had never before seen, placed her fingers lightly upon the instrument, and invited me to do the same, first forming a mental question to be answered. It occurred to me to ask the name of the lady who was my partner in the experiment. Instantly a lady's name was written upon the paper, and so distinctly that no one could mistake it. My associate smiled, and said: 'You asked my name, I think—at any rate you have it.' Did she shrewdly guess the nature of my question, and so direct the movements of Planchette as to cause the proper answer to be recorded? Another trial, when the lady proposed the mental question, resulting in the writing of my own name in distinct characters, which was acknowledged to be a pertinent response to her inquiry. Explain the facts as one may, it will be admitted, I think, that this was a rather novel introduction of parties who were strangers."

THEY SAY NOW that Moses was a civil engineer, because he surveyed the promised land.—*N. Y. Telegram.* This differs from the purblind, drowsy church clerk who said "Moses was an oyster man, and made ointment for the shins of his people." The pastor had lined it he was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people. Which was right?

From the London Spiritualist.

### A DREAM ABOUT THE SPIRIT OF THE ROSE.

BY CATHARINE WOODFORDE.

Upon a table in a glass of water stood a beautiful rose, shedding its fragrance upon the air. Lovingly Cleone drew near, and with caressing words stooped to inhale its sweetness, making remarks upon its beauty; and dwelling upon the fact that all things upon the material plane have their corresponding spiritual prototypes, she laughingly wondered what might be the shape and form of the spirit entity which thus expressed its life upon the earth in the form of a rose.

Loving spirit-friends were bending over her, the human flower, rejoicing in the unfoldment of her spirit beauty beneath the sun of divine love. They had trained her to know their presence, to respond to their thoughts. Ever their gentle, voiceless conversations went on with her spirit, and many a page of Nature's secrets and the hidden wisdom of angels was spread open before her mind, in the quiet morning walks, or in the hours just before or at daydawn, ere the flood of life's disturbing cares had set in. So closely had the links of loving communion been drawn between her and the invisible habitants of the spirit-world, that their very emotions thrilled through her sensitive frame; the auras of angelic purity, fragrant and delicious, which they gave forth, reached even her physical senses, and lapped her in the very elysium of heaven; for, indeed, heaven was brought to her very side, and entered within her, from the company of heaven's inhabitants and the constant influx of their pure spirit life into her being.

By long discipline through severest trials, the angel guides had caused Cleone to put aside all of self and earth, that is to say all the impurities of earth, and to exhale her life in sweetness. If her life was not yet perfect, it was as perfect as it could be, and the attitude of her soul was that of constant effort and aspiration after the highest. She grew upwards; already she had pierced through earth's thick atmosphere, and bore the blossom of her life in heavenly air, and this it was which made her pleasant to angels.

How beautiful was life to her because of the spirit presences, invisible to others, but which she saw and felt. How beautiful the innocent world to her, who could look upon the within of things, the partially unveiled, lovely soul of nature; the reverse of innocence was painful, but taught its lessons of wisdom also.

Responding to Cleone's earnest longing to see the spirit prototype of the rose, some of the friends about her opened her inner vision, and she saw a gentle female face of seraphic loveliness, expressing in its fixity unconsciousness of surrounding things, seemingly absorbed in the flower; the sweet vaporous face was no more, but she treasured it in her memory.

Was it a loving spirit-friend caused the rose to be transferred by gentle human hands from the cheerful drawing-room, filled with the songs of birds, and scents of flowers, to Cleone's quiet bed-chamber, where from the centre table its sweetness exhaled through the room, and another lovely spirit presence seemed added to this abode of etherial presences?

Passing by her table, gratefully bending over the rose, thankfully inhaling its breath, fondling, and loving it, Cleone again and again saw the lovely spirit of it. Tenderly the ever-watchful, gentle face bent above it, never glancing up, seeming absorbed in the flower. But long vaporous rose-tinted robes covered a form unrevealed, to which the face now belonged.

Night came—the hour of rest—and in Cleone's room the spirit of the rose tended her flower. Surprised and delighted that the lovely vision was still given to her, Cleone talked with spirit-friends about it. "Who has called this beautiful being here to delight me? Was it you, dear —? Is it really the spirit of the rose? May I believe that! Or is it a spirit attracted by the beauty of the flower? What will she do when the flower is dead? Does she get tired of this incessant watching? Will she not go away? Dear little beauty! I shall miss her when she is gone. How sweet to know she is there. How beautiful my room is with her in it!"

"I will tell you about her," replied one of Cleone's friends. "She is one whose soul has not yet progressed into conscious individuality. Her spirit gives itself into the flower, feeding it and making it expand into perfect beauty. She knows the

fullest happiness she is capable of knowing, and her life is filled with a sufficiency of all things needful to her; but she can have no longings, nor can she feel fatigue; it is existence. She does not see you yet. But you observe her perfect beauty? She has reached the climax of this state of existence, and the next step will be human life. She is near the time of a new birth, and, being of a pure and high type, she will not be incarnated in any of the lower races of mankind. I have to aid her soul's unfoldment. Watch her—I will show you something."

Lying upon her bed, Cleone watched the spirit still bending over her rose; but at length the vaporous being, as if unconsciously obeying an impulse, turned, and was wafted into the air, a little towards the head of the bed, where she remained in the same gentle, contemplative attitude. She seemed presently to become conscious of Cleone's presence, and the friend said, "I am drawing out and intensifying the powers of her soul, and making her study you." "What can I be to her, pretty darling?" "Much. You are too great a study for her, in short; she cannot compass all the wonders of your existence. But she is delighted with you as a woman, and begins to have ideas she never had before." "How extraordinary! But she is a woman." "In that form; but not yet perfect. She begins to have ideas of the capabilities of womanhood which ravish her with delight. She is, in short, at this moment, experiencing what is to her like an apotheosis, an exaltation into a new state, which comes by knowledge when the soul is ripe for it."

Expressing rapture as much as a floating form could express it by movement, the gentle being came, and hung in the air directly over Cleone's reclining body. Here she seemed to draw into herself greater consciousness of life; to learn of a larger existence, more exalted capabilities of being than her own had ever been, to which she aspired as to the life of a god.

"I am permitting you to give her something. Are you glad?"

"Oh, delighted! Bless her! Let her take all she can get."

With a little joyous tinkling laugh, the spirit floated back to her former position, and now displayed two tiny snow-white feet beneath her rose colored robe. With these she seemed especially delighted, and for the first time found speech. "I have pretty woman's feet, too, now. I can run and walk and jump and dance. I shall be earth-woman, too, like you soon. The great God-spirit has told me so; I am so happy, so happy! I shall be born a little baby. I shall grow, and be a woman, too; and I shall marry and be a happy wife and mother."

The thought sighed through Cleone's mind without words, as she listened with amused and tender sympathy to the innocent joyous words of the developing soul. "Ah! may it be all happiness for you, sweet one! But even the pains of life will make you greater; so it is all happiness in the end."

But the curtains of dewy sleep drooped heavily over Cleone's eyes, and still looking at and thinking of the beautiful existence just revealed to her, her own spirit sank into unconsciousness.

At dawn, with returning wakefulness, came the recollection of the spirit of the rose. Again the gentle form hung contemplatively above the flower, but an ambient light encircled and haloed it, a light of rainbow hues. As Cleone watched the beautiful sight, the spirit shape rose higher and higher, the face assumed a more beatific look, and turned itself upwards. Now the form resolved itself into the rainbow light, and there was nothing but the lovely wrapt face to be seen. Gradually from the delicate rose-tint, which it had always worn, it changed to a pallid blue, as if a colored light had been shed upon it, and paler, paler grew, once lighting into a golden glory, then snow white, more and more etherial, until like a fleecy cloud melting away on the sun-lit sky, it vanished; but a vaporous-form, so etherial as scarcely to be seen floated up, up, and exhaled away.

"The spirit of the rose has gone to the angels, preparatory to being incarnated. The life of the rose is over, as you will soon see, said the voice of the spirit-guardian.

The rose still looked fresh; but in one or two hours it lay scattered upon the table.

Rome, May 1, 1877.

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