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#### A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

NEARLY opposite the church of St. N—, at B—, there is an ancient hotel, narrow and high, with a large roof full of little windows. The entrance-porch was ornamented with a small plaster statuette of the Virgin. When I began life as an artist, I took a room at this hotel. I had gone to B—, to study the old masters, but my funds running low, I had to take portraits—and what portraits! Stout old women, each with a pet cat on her knees, and fat rosy burgomasters in wigs, who would be painted in ochre and vermilion. At length, even this resource failed, and my host, who at first had been all civility, now began to be somewhat insolent. One evening, as I mounted to my garret, he called after me, "Hollo, young man, when are you going to pay your bill? It amounts now to 160 florins and 10 cents; tell me, if you please, when I am to see the color of your money." I murmured an unintelligible reply, and entered my room hastily, pushed the bolt in the door, flung myself on my bed, and turned over in my mind the precarious position in which I now found myself. All my love for art, and my high and lofty aspirations, seemed to fade away before the sordid craving for money. At length my eyelids became heavy, my ideas confused, and I slept.

About two o'clock in the morning, a nervous feeling, that I cannot explain, awoke me. I lit the lamp, and seizing a piece of paper and a pencil, drew a rapid sketch in Dutch style. It was as if the composition was not my own, each stroke of the pencil seeming to be suggested by some unseen person, who used my hand as an unconscious passive instrument. The sketch thus drawn represented a dismal court, surrounded by high walls, in a ruinous condition, in which there were hooks, at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left side there was a lattice, through which could be seen an ox cut up into pieces, and suspended by strong pulleys to the roof. Blood was on the pavement, slowly running into a ditch full of filth. On one side of the court there was a shed, through the door of which could be perceived a heap of wood and some trusses of straw. Some old bits of cord, an old hamper for fowls, and a broken hutch for rabbits appeared in the foreground. A corner to the right still remaining bare, I did

not know what to fill it up with, when suddenly the form of a foot appeared growing out of the dark space. Following my inspiration, I rapidly sketched it, and from beneath my pencil appeared a leg, that attached itself to the foot, then a floating dress, and at last the face of an old woman, pale and convulsed, with dishevelled hair, seemingly thrown against the edge of a well, and struggling against a hand which grasped her throat.

I had sketched a scene of assassination; the pencil fell from my hand! I gazed in terror on the face of the woman, contracted by fear, while her two hands convulsively clutched the arm of her murderer; but I could not see his face: it was hidden as if by a veil. I could not finish my sketch. I passed my hand over my burning brow, and speaking aloud, said, "I am fatigued now, I have but that single figure to complete; I will finish it to-morrow." I then undressed in haste, and in five minutes was fast asleep. When I awoke it was day, and at the moment I was preparing to finish my task, I heard two raps at my door.

"Come in," I called out. A tall aged man, dressed in black, entered. "Mr. Henri, artist," he said. "At your service," I replied. He bowed, and said, "I am the Baron Frederick S. The rich amateur, Baron S—, judge also of the Court of Assizes, condescending to visit my poor studio was indeed an unexpected event. I cast a glance upon my poor and meagre furniture, on the low ceiling, and the worm-eaten floor, scarcely covered by a dilapidated carpet; but my visitor seemed to take no notice of all these details, and seating himself at my table, addressed me thus: "Mr. Henri, I come"—at this instant his eyes fell upon the unfinished sketch—"Are you the author of this drawing?" said he, looking at me fixedly. "I am the artist, Sir." "What is the price of it?" "I do not sell my sketches; it is rather, a design for a picture." "Ah!" he exclaimed, taking the paper delicately between his fingers and studying it carefully. A ray of sunshine penetrated the window at this moment, and fell obliquely on Mr. S— his nose seemed to become more hooked, his eyebrows more contracted, which gave a sinister expression to his pale thin wrinkled face.

The silence was intense; I could hear the buzzing of a fly, caught in the web of a spider.

"Of what dimensions is this picture to be, Mr. Henri, said the judge, without raising his eyes." "Four feet by three." "Its price?" "Fifty ducats." My visitor placed the sketch on the table, and drew out a green silk purse, from which he counted fifty pieces. "Here they are."

Saluting me, he left before I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment to thank him. I heard his cane strike each step on the staircase; I ran after him, but he was already gone; I looked up each side of the street, but he had disappeared. "Curious," I murmured to myself, while mounting to my garret, and seating myself at the table, embellished by the shining gold, to which I was quite unaccustomed, deter

mining to finish the sketch at once—but I could not do it. I had lost the thread of the composition; the mysterious murderer was wanting; the idea was no longer in my brain; in vain I drew and erased, retouched and altered, it was useless. The figure now designed by my hand was as much out of character with all the rest which surrounded it, as a face of Raphael's would be in a group of Dutch faces by Teniers. I threw down my pencil in despair, and the perspiration rolled from my forehead in large drops. At this instant my landlord opened the door and entered quickly. At the sight of the gold he stood fixed to the floor. "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed "Mr. Henri, who says you have no money? I have caught you." Enraged by his insolent looks and manner, and his inopportune entrance, I seized him suddenly by the shoulder and pushed him violently out of the room. The landing was very narrow; he lost his balance, and rolled to the foot of the stairs, vociferating, "My money, rascal, my money."

I re-entered my room, and doubly locked the door, when I heard shouts of laughter from the lodgers saluting the landlord's precipitate descent. The adventure disturbed me. I took up my pencil once more, and essayed to fill the terrible corner yet blank in my sketch, when the sound of arms striking the ground caught my attention. I put my head out of the window, and saw several gendarmes, completely armed, guarding the door. "Can the old rascal have been injured," I thought. Confused voices and loud footsteps now were audible, and loud knocks sounded on my door.

"Open in the name of the law." I tremblingly obeyed, when two strong hands seized me by the collar, and a little man in a green uniform, smelling strongly of tar said, "Mr. Henri, I arrest you." "For what crime?" I asked, recognizing the emissary of the police. "Follow me," he said rudely and signed to the men to place the handcuffs on me. All resistance was impossible; while one party led me away, another searched my room, turning over my poor furniture, and flinging down my canvass on the floor.

The gendarmes thrust me into a closed carriage, and one seated himself each side. "What have I done?" I again asked. "Jean," said one to the other with a sneer, "he asks what he has done." Soon a dark shadow fell on us, which entered the gateway of the town prison. The jailor in a woollen cap with a short pipe between his teeth received me from the hands of my guardians and conducted me silently to my cell.

The cell was small and tolerably clean, for the wall had been recently whitewashed. A window at the height of nine or ten feet admitted the light, and on the floor lay a truss of straw. I seated myself on this, and soon fell into a deep reverie. Had my landlord in his fall been seriously wounded? The man was an insolent wretch and could not prove any ill-treatment on my part. How would it all end? While thus engaged, the door opened, and my jailor entered and desired me to follow him. Two warders placed themselves at my side, and we proceeded through dark corridors, feebly lighted by narrow windows. I was conducted to the assize room, in which sat two judges, one of whom was my visitor, the Baron S—. A recorder sat at the table. Baron S—, raising his voice, thus addressed me: "Mr. Henri, in what manner did you become possessed of this drawing?" pointing to my sketch. I replied that the drawing was my own. There was a deep silence while the recorder noted my answer. I asked myself what it all meant; what connection there could be between this sketch and my landlord's fall?

"You then drew this sketch?" repeated Baron S—. "It is my own." "You did not take the details from any other drawing?" "No, I did not." "Prisoner," said the judge in a severe tone, "I advise you to reflect; do not speak falsely." I colored with rage, and replied emphatically, "I have spoken the truth." "And this woman," he continued, "who is being assassinated at the edge of the well,—did you also conceive her portrait?" "Certainly." "Did you ever see her?" "Never."

With a gesture of indignation, Baron S— rose from his chair, but reseating himself, he consulted his colleagues in an under tone. I again asked myself the meaning of these strange proceedings. Addressing my guards Baron S— said, "Conduct the prisoner to his carriage; we are going to — Street," and turning to me he continued, "Mr. Henri, you are following a deplorable path. Consider that if human

justice is inflexible, the grace of God can be obtained by a complete avowal of your crime."

I was unable to reply. I felt oppressed, as if by a hideous nightmare and I silently followed my conductors. Two gendarmes accompanied me in the carriage which rolled through several streets. One of them drew out a snuff-box, and offered it to his companion. Through the force of habit I put my hand out for the box, but the owner drew it back with a gesture of disgust and quickly replaced the box in his pocket. The carriage soon stopped, and one gendarme got out while the other took me by the collar, although I was chained, holding me until his companion was ready to receive me, and then he rudely pushed me out. All these precautions struck me as arguing nothing good. My guards dragged me through a dirty, narrow passage shut in by high walls, at the end of which they opened a door leading into a square courtyard. As we advanced a feeling of horror crept over me and I felt as if I was dreaming, acting and seeing independently of my free will. The horror was intensified when I recognized the very scene I had sketched the night before—the walls covered with hooks, the old hen-coop and rabbit hutch, not a detail was wanting; near the well stood the two judges, and at their feet was extended the body of the old woman, her long grey hair dishevelled, her face livid, her eyes protruding, and her tongue forced through her clenched teeth. It was a ghastly sight.

"Prisoner," said the judge in a solemn voice, "have you anything to say?" I could not speak. "Do you own having flung this woman into the well after having strangled her, and robbed her of her money?" "No," I exclaimed, "I do not recognize this woman; I have never before seen her. God is my witness." "It is enough," he said in a dry tone, and without another word he and his colleague left the court. My guards conducted me back to my cell, when I fell into a profound stupor. Oh, the horrors of that night in prison! I shall never forget it.

The day began to dawn, and softly lit up my dark cell. The window looked on the street. It was market day! I heard the rolling of the market carts laden with fruit and vegetables, the cackling of fowls, and the animated conversation of the tradesmen. As the day advanced the noise increased, and I felt an irresistible desire to see once more the faces of my fellow citizens. My predecessors in this cell, animated no doubt with the same desire, had made holes in the wall to facilitate this object. I climbed up, and clinging to the bars, I tried to seat myself on the narrow space in the window. Once there I gazed eagerly on the crowd, and tears streamed down my cheeks. I felt a strong desire to live—only to live!—Let them condemn me to the hulks, but only let me live.

The old market place, upon which I looked, presented a gay and lively scene,—the peasants in their national costumes were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruits, and vegetables, and coops of fowls; butchers, with bare arms, cut up the meat on their stalls, and peasants, with broad brimmed hats, leaned on their staffs, in the distance, smoking their pipes.

This varied and animated scene captivated my attention and in spite of myself I forgot my actual position. While I continued to watch the crowd, a butcher passed, bending beneath the weight of an enormous carcass. His arms were bare, his elbows raised, and his head bent forward. His hair falling over his face concealed his features, nevertheless I trembled, "It is him," I cried.

All the blood rushed to my heart; I sprang down from the window, and my teeth chattered, while the blood coursed wildly through my veins, and mounted to my head. "It is him! He is there, and I must die to expiate his crime," I exclaimed. "Oh, God, aid me—what must I do?" Suddenly an idea, a heaven born inspiration darted through my brain. I put my hand in my pocket, and found there my box of pencils; I approached the newly white-washed wall, and drew the scene of the murder with rapidity and marvellous power. No more doubt or useless efforts. I knew the man who had strangled the unfortunate old woman, and I saw him as clearly as if he had been seated before me. At ten o'clock the jailor entered my cell.

"What is this?" he said, looking at my sketch with surprise. "Go," I answered, "and tell my judges to come here," and I pursued my work with feverish ardor. "The judges



await you at the tribunal," he said. "Go, and tell them to come here; I have a revelation to make them," I replied, giving a last touch to the face of the assassin, who appeared almost alive and breathing. The jailor left me, and a few minutes later the judges appeared. Trembling from head to foot I pointed to the sketch and said, "Behold the assassin."

Baron S—examined it quietly and carefully, and then said, "His name?" "I do not know it," I replied. "But at this moment he is in the market, cutting up meat, at the third stall on the left, in entering by — Street." "What do you think of this?" said my judge to his colleague. "That we ought immediately to send and seek the man," he replied in a grave tone. He went into the corridor and gave orders to the gendarmes who were there on duty. During their absence, the judges remained standing, looking at the sketch, while I sank on the ground under the weight of my emotion, and remained with my head between my knees.

Soon steps were heard along the corridor. Those who have never awaited the moment of their deliverance, who have never counted the minutes, that seem like centuries; those who have never experienced the poignant emotions of uncertainty and terror, hope and doubt, cannot realize the intense agony of that moment. I could have distinguished the step of the murderer from among a million. The judges even were moved. I raised my head, but a hand of iron seemed to press upon my heart. My eyes were riveted on the door; it opened, and the man entered. His cheeks were red and puffed, his large jaw was contracted and the muscles swollen even to his ears, his eyes small, black, and restless, sparkled through his red eyelids. Baron S—silently pointed to the sketch, on perceiving which, the strong sunburnt man became pale as death; he uttered a howl that startled us all, opened his arms, sprung back and rushed out, knocking down his guards. There was a terrible struggle in the corridor; we could hear the panting breath of the butcher, fearful imprecations, interrupted words and stamping of many feet. At last the assassin was dragged into the cell, his head sunk upon his chest, his eyes became bloodshot, and the limbs stiffened. Once more he gazed at the drawing on the wall, appeared to reflect, and murmured "Who then could have seen me at midnight?"

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Many years have passed since this terrible adventure. I am thankful to say I no longer dread want, nor am I obliged to make portraits of Burgomasters and old women. The nocturnal drawing has never lost its place in my memory, and I often sit for hours pondering over that strange event. How was it possible that a crime committed by a man utterly unknown to me could have been faithfully represented in its most minute details? Was it by chance? No. Schiller was perchance right in saying, "The immortal soul does not occupy itself with the exhaustion of the body, but spreads its radiant pinions and floats off God knows where. What it then does no one knows, but inspiration betrays from time to time the secret of these nocturnal voyages. Who knows? Nature dares more in reality than imagination in its caprice."

#### A SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SEANCE.

ANOTHER spiritual photographic seance at the Spiritual Institution in London, was productive of encouraging results. The magnesium lamp, which furnished the light requisite for the process, was examined with considerable interest, which was perhaps augmented by the information that it had done considerable service in the marvellous engineering works of the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Mr. Parkes, the photographer, having completed the necessary preliminaries and announced all ready to commence operations, some pleasing excitement was evinced by several candidates for the first sitting, which, by a strange direction of circumstances, fell to a gentleman who claims to be the first to introduce spiritual photography into England, one of which, taken eleven years ago, he exhibited. No less than eleven spiritual figures sprang into active life, as it were, under the action of the developer, in the full view of the eagerly observing audience. The dwellers on the "other side" seemed to give a hearty and encouraging response to the efforts made upon this, and doubtless much of the power was attributable to several mediums present. The result of the second sitting

was a much less vigorous portrayal. A test was somewhat injudiciously proposed in course of the procedure, and executed under the supervision of one of the audience, which seems to have called forth an eccentric freak on the part of the operating agency, resulting in a double bust joined inversely—a rebuke which for subtlety and grace was worthy of the source whence it came. The last flickering elements of power were devoted to the third plate, and the result was of a decidedly disturbed and bazy character, but the effort was sufficiently rewarded to evince its decided presence.

#### SWEDENBORG.

##### HIS OPINION ON MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRITS.

IT has been constantly urged by the believers in Swedenborg's doctrines that nothing could be found in his writings to warrant the supposition that spirits can clothe themselves again with matter, after having once left the material body—so most of them have been unable to rest in the belief of the present materializations of spirits. A writer in a recent number of the *New Jerusalem Messenger* says,—

"This is true, as far as I know, of all the writings published by himself. But in 'Adversaria,' 1457 (pointed out to me by a friend) he treats of the angel who wrestled with Jacob, and refers to the Messiah and two others (*ipse Messias cum duobus aliis*) who appeared to Abraham and ate with him, and the same with Lot in Sodom, and were visible to the inhabitants of the city, and closed the door against them. He then gives quite a full account of the way in which the soul gathers the necessary materials, first in the ovum, then in the womb, and afterwards in life, and forms of them a material of body; and then goes on as follows,—

"If now these things are considered, and those innumerable things which relate to the nourishment of the body and so to its composition and conservation, then it may be seen most clearly, that an Angel of Messiah or His Spirit, whenever it pleases Messiah, may induce a human form (for they are almost men, but without flesh and bones) with its ultimate texture, which is called flesh, with muscles and the like, which then comes to pass in a moment when it pleases Messiah, for in the air and ether are streams of such parts which at once serve in composing these things which relate to the ulterior texture; perpetual material principals are there, from which all composition may be given. Thus, because their souls is only from Messiah, hence, whenever it pleases (him) he inspires into them such an effort as is in the soul of man, and thus in a moment all things are perfected. These things seem indeed obscure; but that they are thus is so evident from the human texture itself scrutinized as to its minor tissues, that there can be nothing more evident. But because they subsist only in exteriors and investigations are now made in outermosts, I cannot conjecture otherwise than that these things will appear to be paradoxes, when yet they are most true. These things are such that they cannot be ranked among miracles, for they follow immediately as often as it pleases Messiah, from the laws of order which are in Nature itself, thus from causes according to these laws; but never unless it pleases Messiah."

Now who can say the Lord does not please that they shall occur now and hereafter more and more, as spirits tell us? Who can say it is not a "law of order in Nature" which has now come, or is now coming, to its fulfillment? That our present materializations are not a part of the grand plan for human advancement towards its final goal?

#### SHORT-HAND NOTES.

CIVIL RIGHTS are being rather uncivilly carried out in some parts of the country....OVERLAND mails for three months have been over snow mails....NEW HAMPSHIRE is neck and neck, both parties claiming to have won. It will probably be settled in the ancient manner—by tossing up a copper....THE most positive sign yet in Boston that Spring is coming, is the appearance of the street crossings. Some of the older inhabitants have an indistinct memory of having seen them early in life....Colliers are very plenty in Pennsylvania, but the Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, is the only one of national reputation....THERE are to be no reserved seats on the Common during the coming season....GRANT'S third term won't go down. On the contrary, it will go up if it goes anywhere.

## HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

## SOME THINGS I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

BY THOMAS W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

NO. III.

NOT far from two years ago, I had a civil suit on trial in our Superior Court. The evidence was in, the closing arguments made, and all that remained was the judges charge to the jury at Court opening in the morning. A friend suggested that I consult Mrs. S., a city medium; making the case and its anticipated verdict a test question. This was done, and without intimating the object of my visit; entranced, she informed me of the presence of my brother Frank, some twenty years before deceased, and with him a gentleman holding a large open book. She said they were talking about law. In reply to interrogations, none of which were leading questions, or having any bearing on the case at issue, she said Frank stated that "my case in court was in a very confused condition, and I must wait a long time before I could see the end." I made full inquiries, going much into detail, and was at length satisfied that all the facts in the case were known, but I did not and could not accept the statement of a prolonged trial; knowing the nature of the case well, and the peremptory ruling of the judge in my favor, I felt sure that within twenty-four hours a verdict would be rendered, and the case at an end.

Desiring to test the question still farther, within two hours, I made a visit to Mrs. B. another medium, and there received a most remarkable confirmation of, or agreement with, the statement before received. Mrs. B. was even more decided than Mrs. S., going very fully into the most minute detail. After a satisfactory conversation with what purported to be the spirit of my brother Frank he put to me this direct question, "Will you believe me without question, when I come to you after now if you find I have here told you the truth?" I said, "I will do the best I can." He then replied, "The case will not be decided to-morrow as you think it will, nor in a year from to-morrow."

The jury gave a verdict entirely against the evidence and the ruling of the judge; exceptions were readily obtained, and the case went into the Supreme Court; and now, at the time of writing, after more than two years from the day of trial, no decision has been reached. From time to time during the interval I have interrogated these mediums, and without exception or hesitation the reply, or its equivalent has been, "Not decided yet." I will also add that at an interview with Mrs. W., another medium, one I had never consulted nor seen before, and this time was more than six months after the trial, she informed me substantially of all the facts in the case as the others had done before. Everyone has from the first been clear and unanimous in opinion how the case will finally end. Of the nature of the rescript, of course, we know nothing, but await the issue. It is somewhat remarkable that touching this case, I have never suggested a thing that would lead to it, but all on their part has been volunteered, and as coming from my brother Frank, and there has invariably been a unanimity of testimony in relation to it.

Speaking of this unanimity of testimony, I am led to state here another fact of like nature. It is that of five particular mediums I have consulted, in as many years, each one has, at an early part of their statement of my surroundings as they saw them, informed me of the presence of the spirit of an Indian of unusually large stature and nearly naked; and three of the mediums, out of five, have, alike and accurately, described a large dog with the Indian. I have seldom consulted a reliable medium when this large Indian's presence has not been named, and there are some striking peculiarities about him of which they all speak.

I now relate a series of events and manifestations, that are certainly of interest to me if to no one else. At a seance with Mrs. S. I asked this Indian if he would in some way make his presence known to me at home, and without the medium, and was informed that he would try, if I would do as requested. This promised, the orders were that I procure and put in my sleeping room some white pine boughs. They were placed there within a few days; but without visible effect. No reponse of any kind came, and so the remainder of the

week passed. On the next Sabbath evening, I was again at the medium's rooms with quite a large company, when the following conversation took place. The medium said, "Your Indian is vexed with you." "Why?" "Because you don't attend to getting good boughs." "I did all I agreed to do." "They were not good ones." "Why were they not?" "They had no life in them, they were all deadish; he wants good live ones." When I had returned home I examined them anew, but, even then, saw no reason for the statement made, but in a few days the mystery was solved. At the place where I obtained them men had been blasting rocks, and a large tree had some weeks before been cut down and lay prostrate on the ground, and the boughs then appeared some what dry and withered; a condition one would not readily discover except by comparison with those from trees not cut down. It was from this prostrate tree that I had thoughtlessly taken them. The medium herself did not know I had gathered any boughs, nor did a member of my family. I was keeping the matter, as far as possible, a profound secret.

Discovering the facts in the case—having evidence that the intelligence manifesting through the medium knew much more in the matter than I did myself—I was then more than ever interested, and inclined to fully comply with the request. Within a few days I was in New Hampshire, and procured new and fresh boughs, cut by my own hand from young and growing trees. These were placed in lieu of the original ones. No report the first night nor the second, but on the third I was awakened from a sound sleep by the seeming presence of a very large hand, spread flat on my face. I was on awaking considerably excited. The Cambridge Street church clock near by just then struck eleven, and I distinctly counted the strokes. Breathing somewhat freer, yet fully awake, and conscious of all that had been and was transpiring, I then said audibly, "Is this the manifestation I was to receive?" Instantly came as before another pressure of that monstrous hand deliberately made, I interestedly and quietly submitting. I instinctively ejaculated, "It is splendid; I will not doubt again." To satisfy myself that it was no dream, nor a dreamishly imagined thing, I arose, consulted my watch, and found the time to be five minutes after eleven. I was not dreaming; I felt the pressure and form in detail of the hand, and to doubt would be to not believe that I am writing now. I am as well convinced of fact in one case, as in the other. Our senses in good action control our opinion or will.

On the next Sabbath evening the medium informed me of the change in the lot of boughs, and what surprised me yet more than anything yet received, was a statement made, informing me that all were not white pine, but hemlock. On examination I found two were of the wood last named. The information came, that all was right now, and the Indian was pleased, dancing there in front of us excitedly, and would be better able to act upon me. No intimation, however, was given then nor since of the manifestation; once, however, the question was put to me, "Are you not now glad you got the new boughs?" and then came the volunteered response, "The Indian dances, and says he 'guesses you are.'" I asked "What am I to understand by that?" and the reply was, he says, "no matter now." The old boughs in removal were destroyed. I was informed of that, and even informed of the day it was done, the time of day, and the Indian said he was present and danced in front of the fire while they were burning.

This question, without doubt, now comes to the reader, "Would any person who might consult this medium be likely, or sure, to meet with similar success?" My experience leads me to say, there is nothing of the kind on which persons promiscuously can place the least dependence. Some of my friends have consulted this same medium with much less success, and some with none at all; and I must add that where they in turn have had an equal success with other mediums I have had none, and but for the facts of good manifestations with the mediums named, I should be disgusted and never try again. My convictions are these: some persons are mediumistic, or good mediums, to special persons of a particular temperament, and not so to others; and so it may be said of persons themselves, all are at times receptive, and at others not. Some persons are in condition to receive communications of especial kinds, also, when they are not to



receive others. Particularly has this proved true of persons at the approach of what we call death; visions of the other realm have come, and to many even music has been heard, absorbing attention, and aiding them to be in better preparation to go, and as well, aiding those who are to survive to be resigned to the loss they are soon to experience.

When I had written thus much of this article, a circumstance transpired that will well aid me in illustration. Attracted by a notice that Rev. Dr. W. who is a distinguished clergyman of the Methodist Church, was to preach a sermon commemorating the life and death of his friend Rev. Mr. Noyes, at the Bethel Church in North Square, I repaired thither. Near the close of an excellent discourse, while reciting events that transpired during the last days of Mr. N. the preacher informed the audience, that, as the good man lay on his dying bed, "he was all at once, enraptured by lofty, and angelic music, rolling down to him from the spheres above." Convinced that his departure was near at hand, he called his wife, informed her of what he had heard, "the heavens seemed opening to him, and he knew he should soon depart." He asked her to pray with him. They prayed together, and on the morrow, the good spirit took its flight. This event calls to mind another instance, where music from other realms came to a mortal. I was well acquainted with a most estimable, and venerable lady, full eighty years old, residing at the same old North End. She had been a member of one of the churches there, for more than a half century, and was at the time I name, in full possession of her mental faculties, though physically enfeebled by age and disease. Repeatedly have I conversed with her, in relation to what was to me then, but not now, inexplicable, and wonderful in the extreme. She informed me, at an early day after my introduction to her, that she was possessed of the ability to almost at will, listen to most powerful and enchanting music, for hours together, by night or day. The first notes from chiming the "Old North Bells," would almost invariably awaken strains of celestial music to such a degree, that music of a piano in the room, and of even the added singing of many voices, would not be heard by her, nor in the least degree attract her attention. She would be so absorbed at such times,—always then, more intense,—that she would not know when that made by the mortals began or ended. A visit of her pastor, or of any person who was then, or at any time had been, a member of the choir in the ancient church she in her well days attended was but a signal for a striking up as it were of what perfectly represented the full choir, with all the instruments as in the choir gallery, during the ministry of Mr. Murray, the pastor of her early days. She could at any time induce this condition, and at times, when friends were present, with whom she would converse, it was only by effort, and a part of the time but partially successful at that, she could suppress it, enough for conversation. While listening to her description of what she was hearing at the very time of our conversation,—a condition induced by our theme,—I have been as it were, a moment lost, and absorbed in sympathy, as I witnessed her unsuccessful attempts to find words, that to her would worthily express the exalted, yet indescribably grand nature of the music to which she listened. This was not the testimony of an enthusiastic Spiritualist. Spiritualism was a thing but little known, or considered then. Certainly not by either of us. It was the fact as recited by a pious matron of more than fourscore, nearer, almost the Celestial City, then, than the earthly, for in a few months more she passed on, and joined the company to whom she had for years been permitted to listen.

#### RESULT OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

SAYS THE Rev. J. P. Stuart, "We might see for ourselves, that we are gaining a most glorious result in the demonstrations of the spiritual world that are given to men of every class; for whether declarations of men who have passed into the other life are true or false, weighty or worthless, wise or nonsensical, one thing is gained by them. Henceforth the world shall know that death is neither a temporary nor an eternal sleep; but that, when stripped of his mortal coil, 'a man's a man for a' that.' From henceforth it shall be known that the sphere of immortal life is contiguous to the sphere of mortal life, and that millions of spiritual beings, unseen and unknown, 'through the air and tread the earth.'"

#### SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

Fading away is the necessary antecedent to entrance on the higher life of the spheres, where fading away is not known forever; and, where the beautiful knows no decay or diminution. The beautiful is the good, and which consists in the practical development of the true in man's nature, as a spiritual being, endowed with rational faculties and active powers.

The pathway to the higher spheres is characterized by a life of usefulness and purity, and a regard for the teachings of the higher spirits, whose duty it is to aid you in your good work.

The great want of man is not rest but renewal; consequently man is to seek that, all through his varied experiences as he passes onward through the earth life, and to eternity. The renewal consists in the progression of the spiritual nature expanding and growing in the elements of a true life, more and more, through every successive stage of being.

To raise the fallen—those of our fellow creatures who are low down in the scale of being, whether in the earth life or in the spirit world—should be the one great object of our existence when once we ourselves have been raised into the light of life, and more conscious of the capacities wherewith we are endowed. When man is awakened to a consciousness of the power which he possesses for good, it is then his immediate duty to yield to the voice which calls him to make the most of his opportunities; and he may be quite certain that in every circumstance of his life, he will find the fullest scope for the exercise of his ability. Can he take a single step in his daily course, without stumbling over some needy subject. The necessitous are on every hand, and they cry, "help!"—"we perish!" Why have you been enlightened? Why thus favorably influenced by the loving Father of all, if not that you may become the instruments in his hands to dispense the tokens of His Love to those who, in their inner nature are hungering and thirsting for the very blessings which you have received; not to enjoy selfishly, but to scatter on your pathway through life? Listen, then, to the voice which calls you to aid in so good and great a cause—God's cause and the cause of humanity.

MANY things pass before the eye which you do not see. If it were the eye that saw you would see them; but it is your thought, and you only see that which attracts your attention or thought. Many sounds occur which you do not hear, because your thought which is really that which hears is intent upon something else; but when your thought or attention is directed to the sound, you hear because you are intent upon that sound. The artist, the speculator, and the geologist go out into the same field. The artist sees the variety of colour, the changes of hue, the landscape; but is not aware of the number of roods or acres of ground he is travelling over, and he has no idea of their value in pounds, shillings, and pence. The speculator goes and he measures with steps of a pace each, and calculates the exact amount of value in the land; but the colour of the leaves he has never once thought of; while the geologist, perhaps not noticing colour of leaves nor number of acres, is intent upon the property of the soil, and upon the period such and such a rock may have had its formation. They see with their thoughts, and you are astonished to find upon visiting the same field, that neither of them have seen articles in common, and you might naturally suppose it to be very contradictory evidence if you had heard it from the spirit world concerning spiritual existence. The spirit sees in the spirit world not what is there only, but what he or she is adapted to see, and as each person takes his own individuality and thought with them, there are, doubtless, just as contradictory representations concerning the spirit world as come from these three different men concerning a particular field. But, invariably, the spirits tell you that they inhabit a real world; that that world is adapted to their condition; that they perceive higher and lower states, and that every thought and feeling and action of life has made up a portion of their condition in spirit life. Also the nature of their employments, which of course would form a chapter by itself, must correspond to and accord with their spiritual condition.

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## SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

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**REMOVAL.** The Office and Editorial Room of the Scientist is now located at 18 Exchange Street, a few doors from State Street.

Little can be added to the narrative of the gentleman who was one of the chief actors in the process of photographing the spirit of the living, which he so accurately describes, under the head of Spirit Photography. The London Medium and Daybreak, bears testimony to the features of identity which the spirit photograph displays, and calls it an unmistakable likeness. It also notices several features which to a phrenologist would be regarded as of even more importance, as a mark of personal recognition than the face itself.

## PLAIN STATEMENTS.

Once again we feel called upon to write upon the "Mediums of Boston." Insinuations from a quarter which either does not care, or else does not dare to make their charges clear, direct and incapable of being misunderstood or misapplied will pass unnoticed; but we have not hesitated at any time, to reply to a false statement, nor to notice inconsistencies, that are all the more glaring, because the motives which actuate them are so plainly apparent.

The attempt on the part of the Scientist to collect a series of statements, for scientific purposes, concerning the mediums of Boston, has aroused a variety of sentiments. With these we have not to deal; we await the result, conscious of our own integrity of purpose in this respect.

The Scientist was not projected as a money making institution. The field in this direction was well covered. Had it desired this end, its projectors need only have made use of their experience gained by observation and inquiry, to have been successful in a traffic and barter with the cause of Spiritualism. They would have sought for a kind hearted gentleman, with a firm faith in the directions of the spirit-world; they would have influenced him to furnish the money, and the Scientist would have been the work of a band of spirits. These same projectors would thus have been enabled to lead an easy life at the expense of this credulous gentleman. They might have satisfied his inquiries by a mortgage deed, and then attempted to vitiate it by moving the paper to New York, and possibly the end of the whole matter would be in after years, that the widow of this gentleman, would be obliged to go to some other journal, more spiritual in its practice, than its talk, (perhaps it would be the Banner of Light, for instance), and ask the privilege of making a statement which was refused her in her husband's journal

—in which the major portion of his life and property had been spent.

But these projectors were such good Spiritualists, that they believed in future existence, based upon their actions in this life; they confess that such a course would cause them to feel that the "spirits of the just made perfect," could see and understand the actuating motives, of their actions. To have endorsed half-developed mediums attended by evil disposed spirits, to publish communications possibly emanating from a band whose purpose might be to retard Spiritualism, rather than advance it, to accept all phenomena as spiritual, was not in their line of policy.

"Like attracts like." We believe Boston, at least, to be surrounded with so thick an atmosphere of fraud, that rays of sunshine, bearing spiritual truth, can scarcely penetrate it.

It is well to have sympathy for mediums. It is well to be charitable to our friends, but how is that charity best evinced? By remaining blind to their faults? By encouraging them to continue in paths which can only give pain and disappointment? Or by pointing out wherein the evil exists, and endeavoring by different associations and influences to reclaim them from their errors. Which is the Spiritual Philosophy?

The Scientist does not "condemn and denounce on one sitting;" the Scientist does not arrive at its opinion without evidence honestly, and fairly obtained. And now, we do not hesitate to say that one-quarter of the public test mediums are either wrongly developed, or else in a half-developed condition, and attended by varying influences. This does not necessarily charge upon them open fraud, nor does it denounce them; but it does reject them as unqualified for public mediums. What they might have been, could they have gained the information which they should have had from their spiritual journals is an open question.

As for physical mediums, so-called, we do denounce one-half of them as perfect frauds, and what is more the Spiritualists of Boston are aware of it; but what steps do they take to remedy the evil?

It is evident to any casual student of our foreign periodicals that England and France, stand in the front rank in their scientific knowledge of these manifestations. And yet no country or locality has been more exacting in its demands, or more strict in its requirements of "test conditions."

The very conditions which are known to be necessary for the best spiritual manifestations are taken advantage of by these charlatans to pass off these glaring frauds, as the work of spirits. It needs not a clairvoyant,—it needs not a "sensitive,"—it only needs common sense; and the outside world possess a sufficient amount to quickly discover the imposition; and because they do discover it, because they do denounce,—Spiritualists are prone to fold their arms around these "poor sensitives," and under the general term "mediums" defend them; and the closer the embrace, the less probability of their noticing the "laugh in the sleeve," which comes from these ignorant tricksters.

Plain language for a Spiritual paper, but we are convinced that until the influences now surrounding Spiritualism are changed, and radically changed, there can be no unanimity of feeling and no progress. Let us discuss mediumship, not waste paper or time defending mediums. Mediumship can and should be cultivated; and is open to experiment and criticism until the problem shall be solved.

To remove the dross will reveal the true metal; the diamond becomes the more beautiful, as its rough cover-



ing is removed. And Spiritualism will become the more attractive in proportion to the rigidity of the refining process, which is to relieve it from its impurities.

#### OUR MEDIUMS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

While the cry of charity for our mediums is raised against any who would question the adaptability of certain persons to be "public" mediums, and while these persons are disgusting people who would otherwise become firm adherents to the cause, and contributors to its progressive works—there is at least one medium in this city almost without food and shelter. A few evenings since, at a small gathering of investigators some of whom are not identified with the movement, a case was reported, where one medium was so destitute, as to beg food and fuel from another. Of course temporary relief was given. It would be quite as well for those who have a charity fund at their disposal, not to wait for a communication from the spirit world directing them where to forward relief, but rather to put their head out-of-doors in the material world, where they will hear something. Mediums are "shrinkingly sensitive," you know, and "so is closed the very avenue through which aid, (not reputation against criticism) might come."

#### IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Postage on The Spiritual Scientist will be prepaid by The Scientist Publishing Company. The yearly subscription rate will be two dollars and fifty cents.

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For FOUR yearly, or SEVEN six months, or TEN three months, we will give the English Memorial Edition of Judge Edmonds' Letters and Tracts on Spiritualism.

The expose in Chicago is what may be expected in Boston at any time, when a club of a dozen Spiritualists are ready to investigate in the same manner. Let us have done with this talk about the mind of the investigator influencing the manifestations. It may be true, it is true with genuine spiritual manifestations; but many of the physical mediums in Boston can produce materializations under any and all conditions but "test conditions." To our many readers who have spoken of these "bogus mediums," we would say, just when you are ready to work, rather than TALK, just then you will witness an expose. Spiritualists should do this work in their own ranks, and not wait for the inevitable—an expose by persons of common sense and determination in the outside world.

#### ENGLISH NOTES.

"AT BRUSSELS," say the newspapers, "a number of paintings are being exhibited which are said to surpass the works of some of the most celebrated masters. They were done by an untutored boy, who has just died, and who, in consequence of being weak, was allowed to roam about instead of going to school." If this child had been recognized as a medium it is probable that his paintings would have either been unnoticed or received a very different verdict. Another report says, "A wonderful exhibition has been opened here. It is a collection of about a hundred landscapes of great merit, painted by a boy named Fritz Kerchove, of Bruges, who died an idiot, aged eleven years." Had his mediumship been intelligently controlled he might have lived much longer.

A GOOD TEST was given at one of Mr. Herne's seances to a reverend gentleman well known to many London Spiritualists. The Rev. Mr. C. desired a repetition of the ring test given him some time before, but on this occasion the occult powers so ordered matters that a chair was made to serve in place of the ring, and was found so mixed up with the reverend gentlemen and Mr. Herne that either the arm was made to pass through the substance of the chair or the chair through the arm. The clergyman in question gives the assurance that he and Mr. Herne never loosed hands for an instant, and that he was particularly on the watch to ascertain how the thing was done, and afterwards measured the aperture and endeavored with Mr. Herne to reduce the wonder to natural causes, but signally failed to do so.

THROUGH the mediumship of Miss Showers, some very wonderful phases of the materialization phenomena are observed. At a recent seance, four materialized spirits—"Peter," "Lenore," "Florence," and an extremely aged spirit with a cracked voice sang in unison in a quartette; after which a child voice sang two little songs, interesting from the childish voice and lisping accents. The spirit "Peter" and "Florence" are both "tame" apparently and very much unlike our "wild" American spirits who in their materializations are exceedingly shy of everybody. "Florence," for instance, permits the members of the circle to approach her and minutely inspect her features. Those who have touched her, depending on this sense rather than that of sight, declare that there is not the slightest resemblance between her and the medium. "Florence" is always grave and dignified, while "Lenore" is merry, light-hearted, and *un peu* coquette, apparently very particular about the set of her robes, and evidently a little vain of her small feet.

#### AN IRISH STORY.

A RECENT number of the Irish Times has a rabid leading article abusing Spiritualism, and containing the following story:—

"It seems that it is the habit of the San Franciscan Spiritualists to sing at their seances—to produce the necessary degree of fervor, they say themselves—to cover the noise made by certain manipulations, say the skeptics. On the night when the Indian first made his appearance, the company were in the middle of a resonant chorus, when the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by a startling catastrophe. A loud crash was heard, followed by the descent of a heavy body into the midst of the circle, overturning and bruising several of the believers. There was a general stampede for the door, and many of the audience were so mortally terrified that they did not recover breath or presence of mind until they found themselves safe in the bosoms of their families. A few strong-minded persons remained, however. A light was brought, and the spirit of the young Indian warrior was found prostrate on the floor, in a perfectly substantialized condition, and profusely bleeding from the nose. A large hole in the ceiling explained the whole transaction. The proceedings terminated by the appearance of the medium, who issued from his mysterious cabinet with a most chop-fallen expression on his features, and remarked reproachfully to the prone redskin, 'What made you step between the joists; this has just bust the whole business!'"

#### RUBBER "MATERIALIZATIONS."

THE Chicago Times publishes an account of a scientific expose in that city which seems to have been conducted upon strictly scientific principles. Mrs. Parrey, an individual whom one evening last week we heard endorsed by a Spiritualist as a medium for materialization, has been detected in her nefarious practices, after successfully defrauding the public for some few years. Her method of manifesting was to seat herself in a cabinet, after having been first *carelessly* searched. Two credulous chaps sat one on either side of the cabinet, and then hands, faces, &c., were shown at the window and, of course, instantly recognized as the faces of departed ones. At the close of the seance another search was made, this time a careful one and in the presence of a number of ladies. The exposure was complete; its nature may be fully understood by the head lines of the article in question, which reads, "Rubber Ghosts.—That is the kind Mrs. Parry has been palming off on Chicago.—Faces that double up and arms that blow out to the proper proportions.—An exciting scene at a seance in Thompson's Block last evening.—A plucky little woman the heroine of the expose."

## PHENOMENAL

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE SPIRITS OF PERSONS RESIDENT IN LONDON AND AMERICA PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS.

BY M. A. (OXON.) AUTHOR OF RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

IN the course of collecting evidence respecting Spirit Photography for publication in *Human Nature*, (Burns, London, Eng.) I came upon undoubted testimony to the fact, that Monsieur Buguet, had on repeated occasions photographed the spirit of a lady, then, and now, resident at Baltimore, United States. At first I was slow to believe it possible, that an incarnated spirit, could leave its imprint on the sensitive plate so far from the body which it occupied. But as I thought the matter out, I found that the fact though surprising, was not so startling as it seemed at first blush. I had been familiar all my life, with the fact, that spirits can operate beyond the bounds of the physical body which contains it. History records numberless cases of such action, and those who were most familiar with the later development of Spiritualism, see much cause to attribute some at least, of the interesting phenomena which it presents to the actions of incarnated spirits. The novelty is not in the fact, of spirit "leaving the body," but in the fact of its leaving its imprint, on the sensitized plate, as evidence of its trans-corporeal wanderings.

And yet if a disembodied spirit, can be photographed, why not one temporarily severed from its corporeal envelop? That disembodied spirits have been, and are photographed in many proven instances, I entertain no sort of doubt. Any one who will do me the honor to read the last seven monthly instalments of my "Researches in Spiritualism" published in *Human Nature*, will see the grounds on which I ask the public, to assent to the fact, that spirits of the departed, are actually photographed among us. It seemed to me then, not incredible that under suitable conditions, a spirit, still incarnated might prove its severance from the body, by an image left on the sensitive plate.

I applied myself to sift the cases under my notice. The Comte de Bullet, most courteously placed at my disposal a signed, and attested certificate, that he had obtained at M. Buguet's by ordinary processes of photography, a portrait of "the double of his sister, now resident at Baltimore, United States. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the portraits—eighty in number—were taken at an hour when she was probably asleep, and that the Count evoked the spirit, by a strong exercise of will. In addition to his sister, he had also obtained portraits of his mother, and of his sister's six children. The Count adds, in a letter addressed to me,—“All these facts I give you, as the result of the most vigorous investigation, and I can avouch all I say.”

Here then was a case of which I could not entertain doubt. The question then arose, whether I could obtain evidence of similar results in other cases. I determined to try and get them in my own person. I have possessed the power, of leaving the body all my life, and it seemed likely that I could so arrange, as to leave evidence of the fact on the plate. I made arrangements with Mr. Gledstanes, of Paris, to present himself at the studio of M. Buguet, in that city, at 11 A. M., Sunday, Jan. 31 last, to pose as soon after his arrival as possible and to evoke my spirit. For myself, I engaged to remain quiet in my rooms in London, and to ask my guides to entrance me if possible.

The plan was carried out. Mr. Gledstanes posed at 11-15, A. M., Paris time, or 11-5, London time, and a faint image of me appeared on the plate. A second exposure, ten minutes later, produced results, which are completely satisfactory. On one-half of the plate, appears a perfect likeness of me, and on the other half a representation of the spirit who arranged, and carried out the experiment. The portrait shows me in trance, with eyes tightly closed, and that indefinable expression of face, which the trance always produces. The other spirit is an old Sage, who during his earth-life, was versed in Spiritual love, and who, curiously enough, was himself accustomed to leave the body, and to act in spirit, beyond its limits.

During the time this experiment was being made in Paris, I lay in a state of profound trance in London. I remember

hearing the church bells ringing, as I lost consciousness. It must then have been nearly eleven o'clock, the hour at which our church services usually begin. After that, my memory is a complete blank, until 11-47, when I awoke. During the whole day, I was more or less in a state of trance, and it was not until I had had another night's rest, that I completely recovered from the spirit influence. On Monday morning, about half-past six, the spirit-voice which I am accustomed to hear, gave me information as to the success of the experiment. I requested that the facts might be written down, so as to be in a permanent form. This was done through my hand, automatically, in the way that information is usually written for me. I have the account now before me, and its details (written at 7, A. M.) are most precise, and are confirmed in every particular, by a letter from Paris, from Mr. Gledstanes, which came to hand about 5, P. M.,—ten hours later or thereabouts.

In addition to the facts outlined above, remarkable details are given respecting the preparations which were made, and the mode in which the experiment was conducted. It seems to be a delicate operation, and could be successful only in the case of a powerful medium, who possessed the special faculty of leaving the body, and whose guides were powerful enough to protect the body, during the temporary absence of spirit, and to guard the spirit itself from shock. I was told that the consequence of the severance of the magnetic cord, which united spirit to body, would be physical death; while shock to the body, during its spirit's absence, would result in paralysis.

What light does this throw on the recorded cases of double, of the appearance of beloved friends, at the moment of death, to those with whom their last thoughts have been? What a flood of light will the patient investigation of this attested fact, let in upon the dark places of Psychology. Already I have had many cases mentioned to me of the trans-corporeal action of the spirit. Probably some of your readers may be able to supply me with others, and so to aid in the compilation of a paper, which I am preparing, on the action of spirit still incarnated beyond bodily limits. All experiments in this direction, are valuable, and all records of them will be welcome.

## MESMERISM.

A SUBJECT WHO FIGURED AS A DETECTIVE AND ITS RESULTS.

A STRANGE claimant for the property of John McCormick, who was murdered in Mount Vernon, lately, has turned up in the shape of his widow, with whom he has not lived for over forty years.—*Exchange.*

COPYING the above and commenting on it the Tiffin (Ohio) Tribune says, "The murdered man was found in his store, after the deed was done, lying on the floor, and it was supposed that he had been murdered for money, and that it was done in cold blood. Detectives were set at work, and while they had their suspicions, nothing definite has yet been learned. This brings us to citing a theory in regard to the murder that grew out of mesmerism. Friday of last week a gentleman of this city, who possesses a strong mesmeric power, was experimenting with a young man to see what effects could be produced. He had tried several tests in regard to the magnetic influence, when he thought he would try his hand on the McCormick murder. He at once told the subject that he was Pinkerton, the detective, and must work up the Mt. Vernon murder case. The subject at once went on to state that the detectives at work on the case had suspicions of a teamster; that they were misled in that; that the murder was committed in an alley adjoining the store, the murderer having first put out the light on the street at the alley and the body was taken in the store, that the real murderer was a man who was employed by a woman who claimed to be the wife of the deceased; that he had carried off valuable papers; that the woman who incited the deed had red hair, and on her left arm, between the elbow and shoulder, there was a mole. The subject also stated other matters in reference to the affair it would not be judicious to mention. We give the above for what it is worth, simply remarking that there is a kind of coincidence in regard to the statement of the mesmerized subject in regard to there being a woman in the case, as one so soon turned up. It must be understood that neither the mesmerist nor mesmerized knew who was suspected, or that there was a woman in it, for she had not appeared then.



## A STORY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

THE first steamship which ran regularly on the Atlantic coast, was the Southerner, commanded by Captain Berry, plying between New York and Charleston, S. C. This was either in 1844, or 1846. Previous to that time attempts had been made to run steamboats, but were most unfortunate as the "Home," the "Pulaski," and others had been lost, and many of the passengers, and crews met with a watery grave.

A brother-in-law of the writer of this, had written him that he would take passage with his family, consisting of a wife and two children, on the Southerner's trip, of the middle of September, (exact date not called to mind,) to leave New York on a Saturday. The ensuing Sunday, a most terrific storm occurred, carrying off the roof of Trinity Church, washing away the immense stones forming the Battery wall, and inundating the lower portions of the city of Charleston.

Confidence in the ability of the steamships to withstand a tempest was not established at that time, consequently those having friends at sea, were extremely anxious for their safety. The Southerner being due at Charleston on Tuesday, many persons visited the wharves, to obtain intelligence of her on that day, and the general feeling was, that it was doubtful if the Southerner could have survived such a storm as had been witnessed.

In the family of the writer, was a mulatto girl, the reverse of *spirituelle*, who had frequently been mesmerized, and given evidence of extraordinary powers of clairvoyance. While on the wharf, the idea occurred, that this would afford a capital test of the powers of this girl, and with this idea predominating in his mind over all others, he hastened home.

In less than five minutes the girl appeared to be in a sound sleep, and was commanded to search for the Southerner, and describe her position.

She immediately replied "I see her sir, she is not coming this way, but going directly from here, and I see Mr. S. and Miss Laura, and the children," and then mentioned the names of other passengers, who she said was on board.

It should be borne in mind, that this was before the days of telegraphy, so there were no means of knowing in advance who had sailed in the ship.

She then described in language such as one not acquainted with nautical affairs would use, the loss of the stern, and quarter boats, stanchions &c., by huge waves washing over the vessel, and the ship laboring heavily, with many details and minutias, as if she was in actual sight of the scene. The next day the Southerner arrived in port. One of the first questions of the writer to his relatives was, as to how they were situated the day previous, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock. The reply was, that on Tuesday morning the storm was apparently over, and they were in high spirits at the prospect of being safe at home by night. A party, mentioning the very names that this clairvoyant had mentioned, went on deck after breakfast and were congratulated by the Captain on all danger being past. Then Captain Berry remarked, as he had had no rest for the past sixty hours he would go below and "turn in."

Presently one of the passengers noticed a white streak ahead, and called the attention of the others to it. As it gradually grew larger and more distinct, they concluded to call the captain. When he arrived and looked around, he immediately shouted "Bout ship," and turned quite pale.

As soon as the manoeuvre was completed, he explained to the passengers, that the ship must have been driven at least, sixty miles by the storm, from its course, as the breakers they saw, were those of Cape Lookout, and had he not been called, that the ship would have been lost.

For two hours they sailed in a North-east direction. In so doing, it made a cross head chopping sea, as the storm had been from that direction, and lost three quarter and stern boats &c., corresponding precisely with what the clairvoyant had stated.

GOETHE says, in his memoirs: The objects which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition, or a portion of one I had already commenced, presented itself to my mind. In the morning I was accustomed to record my ideas on paper.

## TRAVELING IN THE SPIRIT.

IN the string of curious experiences selected from the correspondence on Levitation, published in the Daily London News, some weeks since, the following is noteworthy.—

"Airwalker" relates the following: I dreamed I was in Venice; it was a fine moonlight night, but too warm to sleep. I opened my window and left it, floating away through the air, hovering leisurely and with the utmost ease from roof to roof, and from terrace to terrace, over streets and canals, and witnessing many curious sights in passing before open lighted windows. Next morning, finding myself in extra good humor, and excellent health, I remembered my interesting nightly tour, but I never was in and knew I never had seen Venice but on paper, and there certainly not the roofs and higher terraces. I had quite forgotten this amusing nightly promenade, when, two years later, I, for the first time, saw Venice. I ascended the clock tower, and as soon as I emerged from the narrow trap to the platform of the two gigantic bronze figures, I gave one sweeping look round and knew at once I had seen these very roofs before, and soon I remembered when and how. My guide, seeing me shaking, holding on the railing, and staring at the uninteresting roofs, asked whether I was giddy, and called my attention to the adjoining wonders of St. Mark's Cathedral, &c. I assured him I was so far from being giddy that I only wished for a pair of wings to leave him and the platform for a reconnoitering promenade through the air.

Compare this with the experience recorded by Shelley in his fragmentary Speculations on Metaphysics in his Essays and Letters from Abroad, &c., vol. i, 250.

"I was walking with a friend in the neighborhood of Oxford engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, suddenly presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill standing in one among many plashy meadows, enclosed with stone walls, the irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road on which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. The scene surely was a common scene, and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought; it was a tame, uninteresting assemblage of objects. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long—

"Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome with thrilling horror."

This remark closes the fragment, which was written in 1815.

## MANIFESTATIONS IN MISSOURI.

THE Kansas City (Missouri) Times, under date of March 11, heads an article, "A Genuine Ghost,—It is discovered in Franklin County,—Investigation suddenly terminated in flight,"—and says. "The people of Franklin County, are profoundly agitated over the reported appearance of a genuine ghost, which has recently become familiar around the premises of a widow,—Mrs. Clum—who resides twelve miles west of Ottawa, and near the village of Pomona. The husband of Mrs. Clum, died a few years since, and she was appointed administratrix of the estate. She continued to reside at the homestead, and everything went along smoothly until a few weeks since, when the quiet of the family began to be disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. The family sitting around the fireside are frequently regaled with a mysterious sound, resembling the clanking of chains upon the floor. The source from which the noise proceeds cannot be determined. Upon the outside of the house, may be heard the clatter of chains against the weather boarding. The widow believes this mysterious demonstration to be made by the ghost of her departed husband, who she imagines is displeased with her management of the estate. So thoroughly is she, of that opinion, that she has resigned her position as administratrix and had Wm. Culbertson, of this place, appointed in her stead. A few nights since, a couple of brave youths, who do not believe in ghosts, concluded to visit the house of Mrs. Clum and ascertain the real cause of the strange and mysterious demonstrations. They chatted freely until about ten o'clock in the night, when suddenly the clanking of chains upon the floor was heard. They became somewhat frightened and concluded to step outside and investigate. No sooner had they stepped outside the door than a racket was heard against the side of the building. The young investigators became terrified and struck a bee line for home, and

it is safe to say that no grass grew under their feet before they reached Pomona. A party of braves from this place will visit widow Clum's in a few days to prosecute investigation. There is no doubt, there have been some very mysterious demonstrations at this place.

#### DEATH OR SUSPENDED ANIMATION?

THIS STORY is told by the Augusta, Me., Journal. A young man in the town of Vassalboro, this county, was suffering in the last stages of consumption, the disease which had insidiously and stealthily brought him to the verge of the grave. For several weeks he had been entirely prostrate and unable to speak, even to articulate a syllable. He became so oppressed for breath that he compelled his attendants to raise the windows in his room, put out the fires and resort to every means to obtain fresh air. On the 13th, inst., the young man died. Friendly hands prepared the poor, emaciated body for the burial, but just as the attending friends were arranging the remains for the casket, there appeared unmistakable evidences of returning life, in what had seemed to them an inanimate mass of clay, and it was discovered that the heart had begun again its slow and measured palpitations, the pulse throbbed and the young man arose from the death shrouds, opened his mouth and spoke in clear and distinct words to those who stood appalled in the death chamber. There was no huskiness in his voice; he appeared lively and active, said he felt not the slightest pain, but, to use his own language, "I feel just as well as I ever did." At his request the neighbors were all called in, who crowded the house for hours declaring that the recovery of the man was equal to any miracle recorded in the Scriptures. He told this startled assemblage of his friends and neighbors, that, as he died all things seemed dark, but only for an instant; his eyes suddenly opened to a new world, the real heaven, which had been so many times in his thoughts and had given him so much comfort in his last weeks of pain and sorrow. He stood upon an eminence which overlooked a vast and beautiful plain; the magnificent plain stretched farther than his enlarged vision could penetrate, and he described it in language which to his moral auditors, seemed extravagant in the extreme. But the revived life of the young man was not to continue long. Before night he again resigned himself to death. The body was kept a reasonable length of time, and buried on Sunday last, the funeral being largely attended.

The symptoms of this case as recorded above do not materially vary from those which characterized the manifestations at the separation of the life of Susie Smith from the body, as narrated in the Scientist (Oct. 15, Vol. 1. page 69.) In the latter however, other spirits took possession of the body and manifested, while in the case of the young man, a return of his own spirit is the phenomenon witnessed. In commenting on the Susie Smith affair, as copied from the Scientist, the Revue Spirite, of Paris, said that by a too slight attention to a certain degree of rigidity of the limbs may have succeeded a still pulse and other evidences of dissolution, many persons are doubtless buried, who might be resuscitated. The spirit in such a case is attached to the body by a *lien fluidique*, by means of this other spirits could manifest. The living persons who touched the body for the casket, transmitted in this way vital fluid, which is a known means to continue the action of the unrecognized life, hidden in the depths of the tissues and would thus aid him to fulfil his desires and regain full possession of the body. The Revue at that time published accounts of experiments made upon persons who had been decapitated, showing that in some cases, ten hours after execution, sensation was still manifest in the lifeless body. According to the statement made by the young man it would seem that he had lived between the two worlds, for some weeks before his death; the action of the will would have much to do with a phenomenon of this kind, and the Journal's inquiry, "was it death or suspended animation," might find some answer in the above explanation. We are reminded of the words of Judge Edmonds, who, speaking from the spirit-world, through Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, relates his experiences of the change called death. He says:

"I say I passed away without pain; I was not even conscious of suffering; but my body sank into a sweet repose, over which my spirit, already freed, stood and looked upon it as you would stand and look upon a worn-out garment. I was not conscious of the loss of one instant of time; my mind did not slumber. I was not aware even for one brief interval, of the loss of control of any faculty. I knew I was about to die.

I knew also every instant of time that my spirit was gradually losing control of the physical body. I re-entered the tenement at intervals to look around, as you might a house you were about to leave, to see how the loved ones were getting on that were watching beside me,—to see if they were afraid of the new life upon which I was entering,—to see if they would bear it as well as they should, from the long years of instruction we had had together."

#### NOTES AND NOTICES.

WE regret to disappoint those of our readers who are interested in the labors of "Diogenes," but ill health has prevented his application to mental labor during the past two weeks, and therefore we are obliged to await his convalescence. We shall resume the publication of the articles at the earliest moment, probably the coming week.

A COPY of the Spiritual Scientist will be sent to any address in the United States for twelve months, on pre-payment of two dollars and a half. As it is highly desirable that copies should be distributed gratuitously in quarters where they are likely to have a beneficial effect, donations to that purpose will be thankfully accepted.

FRIENDS in the various parts of the country will oblige the editor by forwarding to him newspapers issued in their respective localities that may happen to contain any matter likely to prove interesting to Spiritualists, or in which statements may have appeared of an incorrect character—a very common occurrence—regarding Spiritualism. The paragraphs to which attention is called should be marked to save trouble.

THE "Science of Spiritualism," in pamphlet form, is now ready and for sale at this office. Single copies are sold at five cents each; and fifty or more at three cents each.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL. Mrs. S. A. Floyd, lectures under control Sunday afternoon and evening at John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets.

CHILDRENS PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, meets every Sunday forenoon at Rochester Hall, 554 Washington Street. The public are cordially invited. Visitors will find the exercises interesting and entertaining in their nature.

THE Twenty-seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1875, will be observed by the Lyceum, at Rochester Hall, 554 Washington Street. Morning, Conference of Mediums; afternoon, Children's Festival, to which all children of Spiritualists and Liberals are invited; evening, Lecture by J. J. Morse, to conclude with dancing from 9 until 12.

THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITUAL MEETING; every Sunday at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2, P. M., at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton Street, near Tremont. Seats free.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS UNION, hold meetings, on Sunday evenings; exercises of a varied character. Trance addresses, on questions proposed for consideration, &c. At Rochester Hall 554 Washington Street.

J. J. Morse is at Bangor Maine during the month of March. He can be addressed, care of H. B. Maynard, 57 Centre Street.

The "Electric Physician," by Emma Hardinge Britten for sale at this office.

THE Twenty-seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be observed at Investigator Hall, the 31st of March; prominent speakers have been engaged for afternoon and evening, and the entertainment will close with a social dance at Paine Hall.

IN THE pleasant parlors of the Spiritualists' Home, No. 46 Beach Street, Monday evening, were gathered a large number of prominent Spiritualists, the occasion being a testimonial meeting to Prof. T. B. Taylor of Chicago. J. B. Hatch, of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, presided and introduced the speakers, whose remarks were mostly of a complimentary nature to Mr. Taylor, and evidenced the interest he has awakened by his lectures here during the past two weeks. Several of the members of the Lyceum also contributed their services. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and the fortunate participants expressed themselves under obligations to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Morse, for affording them an opportunity of making a more close acquaintance with Mr. Taylor.

LET seven harmonious minds form a circle in their desire to obtain the higher knowledge of spirit-life; when this is determined, appoint a Secretary to record the communications given, and it will be found that there are seven attendant spirits whose names will be given; these names will reveal the character and quality of the controlling spirits who are representatives of some human quality of intelligence and affection. If those who are seeking interior truths relating to the human spirit will adopt this course, they will be richly rewarded—so says an English writer.



**TO INVESTIGATORS.**

**ABOUT MEDIUMS.**

Many who give their attention to Spiritualism for the first time frequently ask, "Why is a medium necessary to communicate with the spirit world?" If my mother or child in spirit-life desires to communicate with me, why do they not do so direct? Remember you are on one plane of existence, while they are on another of a very different grade. If you yourself desire to do a thing, you must use the necessary instrumentalities to effect it. You must be provided with a spade to dig, a pen to write, or a vessel to hold water. You have legs to walk, hands to work, and vocal organs wherewith to speak. But these agencies have no power in themselves. All power resides in the spirit within the organism, the parts of which it simply uses as so many tools to effect its manifold purposes. The connecting link between spirit and material structures is the nerve fluid and other finer elements, which are impalpable to our senses. Now to the spirit these ethereal fluids are as real as flesh and blood and bricks and stones are to us who are in the body. Some persons give off from their bodies a superabundance of this nerve fluid, of such a kind that those in the spirit world can attach themselves to it, and thus bring themselves into relation with the world of matter. Some mediums give off a fluid that enables the spirits to move heavy objects and make sounds or raps. Other mediums give the spirits power to materialize themselves from the vital elements derived from the medium's body. A class of mediums can be put into the trance state, and the spirits can speak through them in the same way as a mesmerist operates on his subject. Spirits can also move the hands of some to write; others get impressions. All are mediums of some sort, and by forming a spirit-circle these gifts may be cultivated.

Ample instructions for conducting the spirit-circle may be found on another page but the most important thing to observe is a proper attitude of mind on the part of the investigator. Mrs. Tappan, in one of her inspirational orations has said: "The true key to spiritual investigation is sincerity, candor, a willingness to receive the truth; no simple probing or penetrating inquisitiveness will answer, no curiosity that seeks for mere mental sensation, nothing that seeks to augment the individual opinion upon any individual subject. You should go about this investigation with the mind free from influence upon this subject. Let it be as free as the air, as clear as water, as transparent also as light and life; and then each minute vibration of the spiritual world may reach you; whether it be upon your own mind or upon the mind of another, you will be able distinctly and positively to determine."

**AT THE CIRCLE.**

As hand in hand we sit and sing,  
Magnetic currents run  
Twixt Heaven and Earth to make the ring  
That weds two worlds in one.

GERALD MASSEY.

**WHERE ARE THE DEAD?**

Yes, friend, where are they? Where are those loved and dear ones who have passed from your mortal sight? You alone perhaps knew how hard and bitter the parting was, with hardly a gleam of hope to bring comfort to your sorrowing heart. You know how doubtful it seemed when and where you would meet that loved one again. "Where are they?" is ever the burden of your cry, but it has met with no response. "Where are they?" Why with

you still; cheering and guiding you through the path of life though you know it not. Mother, thy child is still living, in a brighter and fairer sphere. Widow, he who was thy life's joy here is still watching over you, still loving you, and caring for you.

Father, mother, sister, brother, husband wife—the dead are not dead. They are but living in another condition of life. They can under certain conditions communicate with you, and assure you of their continued love and care. Hark! their voices are speaking to you through the gloom and sorrow of your heart's night, bidding you weep no more, but to rejoice in the truth which has brought comfort and joy to millions of people all over the globe. Spirit-communion is no fiction, but a glorious fact, revealing the blessedness of the life beyond.

**A WORD TO INQUIRERS.**

"Is there another state of existence beyond the present? Do those we call dead still live?" are questions which occur at some time or another to all in every condition of life. To the educated and the ignorant—the happy and the wretched—rich and poor—high and low, the change which men call death, comes and removes some one from their midst, leaving those who are thus bereft in the deepest sorrow. To many the dead are indeed dead. They neither know when and how they will meet the departed one again; nor what the state is in which they now exist, if there is even a continued existence, of which they are not sure. Which one of us has not lost some loved one—a father, mother, sister, brother, husband or wife; and which one of us has not wished for some intelligence of the departed one? Yet many would be surprised if told that such is possible, and that the so-called dead are living in a world of their own—and still possess their individual loves and affections for those they have left behind. The method of communication will be found described in another column.

**REST FOR THE WEARY.**

No mortal lives who does not yearn for the spiritual; who losing a friend, does not long for some positive evidence of immortality and the reappearing. What be-seeing at the gates of heaven!

In the effort to supply the fainting pilgrims, the popular church digs up old dead roots from Judean dirt for food. They give a serpent for a fish. Hence almost everybody is sick—wary—wrecked in hope—bewildered in darkness.

But there is a rest. At the inspirational founts of pure Spiritualism is rest for the weary. They who have felt the magnetic currents of spirit-life coursing in body and mind, drinking deep at the springs of God do enter into rest. And what a rest! How unspeakable—how ineffable—how full of glory, is this rest of soul!

**SPIRITUALISM TRUE.**

How do we prove this? You enter any court of justice to take human evidence, to assemble a certain number of witnesses, three of whom shall be acknowledged as wholly unreliable—wholly untruthful; you examine these separately, and despite their unreliableness, they shall each separately confirm each other's statements; and this is evidence which no court of civilization can reject—evidence which for hundreds of years has been accepted as testimony in all courts of judicature. Now enlarge upon your position; let your three witnesses be truthful; the fact that they

shall confirm each other is no additional weight—none at all. It is deemed by the keenest analyst of human nature impossible that three persons separate from each other shall represent the same circumstances exactly, unless those circumstances have a common origin in truth, no matter whether the witnesses be reliable or not. But double the number of witnesses treble it, multiply it by hundreds, by thousands, by millions—remove your witnesses to every part of the world, separate them by oceans and continents and spaces of time that it is possible to bridge over; and when, instead of three millions, you have three times told three millions of persons, each testifying to the same general points of faith, that is authority which we think we are justified in presenting to you and it is upon such authority Spiritualism rests. EMMA HARDINGE.

**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 mental 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, and the 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 lead 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. Belief or non-belief has no influence on the manifestations, but an a-nd 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 means "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 impassive, 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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