



way to Cambridge. The interview with Olive Duncan was long and painful. It was sad to recall to the son the misfortunes of his house, the terrible fate which must have hung over his face...

Sad, but not despairing, Mr. Doane turned away. His resolution was taken; but he would defer action till he saw Daisy again. While in the city he met a friend, just returned from Calcutta, who had news to communicate from his brother. It was unfavorable. Sam was struggling with great difficulties. Trade was prostrate, with little hope at present of its revival...

"Yes, I see it myself," said Mr. Doane. "I weigh now about the same as he did at my age."

"You are becoming portly, my good fellow," said Mr. Wood. "You were a slim fellow till you turned forty."

"It is not easy and high living, Wood. I never worked harder in my life than I have the past year."

"I believe you. By the way, did you hear anything of the Eagle? We expect her every hour. I shall go to bed in the morning to meet Jim."

"I am glad to hear of it," said Mr. Doane. "I shall be glad to see Jim's pleasant face round town again."

The two gentlemen parted, and Mr. Doane entered the house. Daisy was sitting, or rather reclining on the lounge in the dining-room. She did not rise to meet him, nor was there a smile on her face, but neither was there anger. No, poor Daisy! Her father had spoken sternly to her for the first time in her life. "Go, leave me; I would be alone."

"The tone and words had well-nigh broken her heart. She was afraid of him now, for she was sure she should die if he spoke again to her in that way. Her heart was yearning to run to him, but fear kept her back. The man, too, was hungry for her voice and smile and kiss."

"Are you ill, Daisy?" he said, going toward her, and laying his hand upon her head. His touch thrilled her. She looked up and met his eyes—kind eyes, they were, full of tenderness and love. But oh! how tired and ill he looked! She had seen him look thus but a few times in her life. Sprung up, she threw her arms round his neck and drew him down to the sofa.

"Uncle Joe, you are very tired."

"Yes, darling," he said, as he held her closely to his heart. "She kissed him again and again, weeping as she did so. Tea was brought, and she poured it out for him. He took it, and felt stronger. Then they ate supper. Mr. Doane had been so absorbed during the day that he had forgotten to eat. Now nature demanded food, and he ate freely. After supper the two went to the library. By tacit, unspoken consent, every allusion to the contest of the day before was ignored."

They lived over again in two hours the child hood of Daisy. She lay in his arms, her head resting upon his bosom, while he toyed with her curls, and fondled her hair, and kissed her forehead at that age. Daisy could not talk much. She was happy to rest her aching head and look up into his kind face.

Once he folded her to his breast and said, "Daisy, you have made my life very happy. I thank you, my darling, for your love and care. It was too much for an old man to expect."

The child could not speak for the tears which prevented. In after years she often thought of these words, and thanked God for this evening.

Daisy was so happy in his kindness, that after having kissed him good night once, she turned back and kissed him again, saying, "Oh, Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! I should die if you stopped loving me."

"I couldn't do that, darling, if I should try," he replied, and thus they parted for the night.

The next morning Daisy listened for the sound of Mr. Doane's step in his room for an hour after his time for rising. "He was tired last night," she said to herself, "and I will not waken him." She stepped lightly about the house, and begged Betty to be quiet and keep the doors shut, that he might rest. The hall clock in the hall struck eight, one hour after breakfast time.

"The clock is not fit," said Betty, "and Mr. Doane won't touch the clock, not like her they're so wrinkled; and as for the coffee, I must make new if he doesn't come to breakfast. He's very particular about his coffee, Miss Daisy. Suppose, darling, you just play the piano a minute. Strike up the watchman's song, 'Nine o'clock, and a cloudy mornin'."

Daisy did so, her voice ringing out full and clear. She had slept well, and now after the estrangement of yesterday her heart rebounded, longing to hear her guardian's voice again and see his face, to make sure that last evening was not a beautiful dream.

No answer was returned. No cheery voice echoed her silence, reignited through out the house. Betty seated herself in her arm-chair, with her pan of apples to pare and eat. Daisy went up stairs to listen a moment at Mr. Doane's door. When she came down, Betty asked: "Well, Honey, is your Uncle Joe stirrin' yet?"

"I don't hear a sound, Betty. He must have been very tired last night. I never knew him to lie so late."

"Not a bit like him, Miss Daisy. I might as well be makin' fresh coffee. Maybe you better knock at his door. I am sure he will like to have you."

Daisy ran up to do so, while Betty measured out her fresh coffee, and was pouring the water upon it, when a thought flashed into her mind that caused her to drop the coffee-pot upon the floor and fall back into her chair, as she exclaimed, "You foolish old soul you, Betty Pringle, you! Don't think such a thing!"

She sat a moment, listening for the sound of voices.

Daisy was at Mr. Doane's door. "Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! Are you sick this morning?"

No answer—only a great silence in the house, unbroken save by the ticking of the clock.

Daisy could endure it no longer. She opened the door. Her guardian lay there asleep, one hand under his head, and his face tranquil as that of a child at rest. Daisy thought to kiss him awake, and bent down to do so, but the instant her lips touched his cheek she started back in terror, but her eyes, dilated with fear, could not withdraw their gaze from the sleeper.

He lay there in a calm stillness, from which her kiss had failed to rouse him. His eyes were closed, the lips moved not, nor, though she held her own breath to listen, could she hear his.

She stood as if struck dumb—a great horror held her there—riveted to the spot, turned to stare at it were, even to the eyes, which were fixed upon the face which never before had failed to respond to her smile or kiss. The blood forsook her face, which was white as that on which she looked. Betty had listened for Daisy's step, and now the

great stillness of the house made her heart die within her, and recalled the morning, long years before, when such a silence settled down upon that house one winter's day. She was a girl then, but she never recalled that morning without a shudder. She hesitated no longer, but walked up stairs to Mr. Doane's room. The door was wide open. Daisy did not move; she neither heard, saw, nor knew anything save the pale, cold face before her.

Betty took it all in at a glance. "Just as his father died," she said, laying her hand upon the pulse of the sleeper. "It is cold, Daisy, very cold, he must have died hours ago."

These words roused Daisy from her stupor. "Dead! Betty, dead! No, no! go for a doctor! go quick, Betty!"

The latter hesitated. She could not leave the child alone.

"Go quick, Betty! I am not afraid. How stupid I have been. Give me a candle, Betty, and get something to warm him; he is very cold."

"No use, darlin', no use. I know all about it. The old 'Squire' died just so. You have heard your mother talk of it. But if you don't mind, betsy, I will run for the doctor. It is best that he should come."

"Go quick, Betty!"

Once roused from the first great horror, Daisy bent again and laid her face to that of the sleeper, and tried to kiss those lips to life, then took the cold hands in hers to warm them with her own. "Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! speak once, only once. If I were dead I think I would answer you. It cannot be, it must not be! I cannot live without you! Oh, God! if this is death let me die too!"

Again she laid her face to his, and thus the doctor found her.

"My poor child," said the doctor, as he drew her gently away, and laid his hand on the head of the sleeper. "It is death; I can do nothing for him. I have feared this for some time, and I think Mr. Doane himself was forewarned, but we all hoped that he might stay with us for years yet."

At these words Daisy's strength gave way. She tottered, and would have fallen to the floor, had not the doctor caught her in his arms. He bore her to her own room, which adjoined this, and laid her upon the bed.

She was there when Miss Patsy came. Dear, blessed Miss Patsy! I wish there were more like her in this world with her quiet step, prompt, but gentle way; saying little, but seeing every thing. She neither expressed nor pitied, nor did she preach submission, or try to console. There are moments in our lives when pity is an insult, attempts at consolation torture, words thunder-bolts, the presence of a friend a burden. Miss Patsy came in to Daisy's room, drew down the blinds, with a few touches made the room orderly, threw a blanket over Daisy's feet, for the child shivered with cold, though it was a mild morning, bent down and kissed her as she said:

"I am here, my darling, and if there is anything which you can do I will do it. Lie still awhile and rest, for you will need all your strength."

Daisy returned the pressure of the hand, and said in words broken by sobs:

"Miss Patsy, may I see him all alone, soon—today, all alone?"

"Yes, my darling; I will find a way for you. Lie still till I come again."

They made him ready for the grave, and laid him on the couch in his own room. There he lay, dressed as he was the day before, when Daisy kissed him good night. Miss Patsy led her in toward evening and left her alone with her dead.

Until this time she had not shed a tear. Now she bent down and laid her hand beside him. Minded with her sorrow was the deepest, and then tears came. They were good for her, and Miss Patsy guarded the room that the child might stay there and weep freely.

"See me, Uncle Joe; I promise. God helping me, I will keep it! Forgive me for causing you one moment's pain."

Do the dead hear with that finer, more subtle sense which we hope is given them? Do they hear (not the words of the lips) but the language of the soul? Did Uncle Joe know that by lying he had saved his darling? It would seem so, for as Daisy looked she saw a smile on his face, a look so peaceful that her heart was comforted, and then tears came. They were good for her, and Miss Patsy guarded the room that the child might stay there and weep freely.

Oh, Daisy! Daisy! you learned now what Aunt Margie had tried in vain to teach you, and what Uncle Joe had prayed that you might learn—but how little he thought it was through sorrow like this you were to learn it—that the soul must have an anchor in God, or it will be ship-wrecked in the storms of life. Daisy prayed now for Uncle Joe's faith.

[Continued.]

A NORTHERN MYTH.

BY MARY PRINCE STORY.

The myth our Norse forefathers loved Each passing year recalls, How, pressed by hosts from Aretic realms, Whose grisly front appals;

Blinded by mist, and steel, and snow, Beset by chilling breath, The deathless sun-god fights to win The land from icy death.

We sadly note his waning strength In drear November days, And through December's snow-veil dim, His falling aspect trace.

At last the tide of battle turns; Though with reluctant feet, And parting sallies, keenly felt, The hosts of cold retreat.

We may outgrow the ancient faith, Disdain its rites, but yet We know the joy they felt of old, When fires of Yule were lit.

Thenceforth the ever-gladdening year Advances to its prime, And from its lengthening days we draw Faint hints of summer time.

Oh yearly waned and yearly won Battle for warmth and life! More dear our radiant summer seems, Gained by such bitter strife,

Than endless years of tropic bloom Whose gorgeous sameness tires, In lands that know not winter's cold, Nor cheer of home hearth-fires.

Perchance our rugged clime may teach Some wholesome lessons too; Of dumbness will, that baffled oft, Can still its strife renew;

Stern strength to bear, without complaint, Inevitable ill, And gentler hope, whose saving warmth Tempters affliction's chill;

And more than these, since these alone Such conquest may not win— Victorious love, whose rays shall quell The blighting frosts of sin.

EMER, MISS.

The London Spectator notes an extraordinary religious decadence in Protestant Germany, and fears that it may be succeeded by Spiritualism, or something else as baneful. "The Spectator," indeed, remarks the Spectator, "always seems to appeal to materialistic skeptics, who very soon evince an appetite for marvelous physical facts, with very little discretion in drawing correct inferences from such as fascinate them the most. True, the German people are an educated people, but hardly more so than the Americans, over whose mind Spiritualism, with all its strangest diablerie, has run like a prairie-fire." The Spectator seems literally ignorant of the fact that the human intellect must sometime outgrow its swaddling clothes and emerge from its cradle of creeds outworn.—Boston Sunday Herald.

A New York court has refused to punish an imitator of a trade-mark, because the original trade-mark purporting to be placed on "pint and quart bottles," when in reality the pint bottles contained less than a pint, and the quart bottles less than a quart. Thus one cheat serves to punish another.

Original Essay.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

NUMBER NINE.

Written especially for the Banner of Light, BY EMMA HARDING BRITTEN.

Dreams and Visions of the Night; or, The Philosophy of Sleep.

Let not the reader turn aside from this subject as one already too familiar, hackneyed or unpractical to command attention; it has, in truth, been the familiar subject of speculation for over a thousand years, and whole libraries of essays have been written in the vain effort to elucidate a satisfactory philosophy from its weird mysticisms. It is not in the egotistical belief that the writer of these lines can succeed where so many learned and profound metaphysicians have failed, that we are about to swell the immense mass of literature extant on this subject with yet another treatise; but now, as in countless other items of occultism, the great modern spiritual outpouring furnishes us with keys to unlock mysteries which have hitherto baffled the researches of the psychologist; in fact, psychological science assumes a wholly new ground under the brilliant light of the modern spiritual dispensation, and it is in this sense that we deem a paper on the great unsolved problem of all ages, the mystery of dreams, may not prove either unpractical or unacceptable, viewed from the standpoint suggested by the dictation of spirits. From the days of Cicero (that great classical authority on all psychological mysteries,) to our own time, the faith of humanity has been as contradictory as divided on the subject of dreams, and the amount of credit due to their revelations.

There is, perhaps, not one single human being who has not had some experience in these visions of the night, and scarcely one who, however skeptical on their value as authority, cannot remember at least once in a lifetime some dream of peculiar significance which caused him to modify his supercilious contempt of the whole subject by acknowledging that "there were certainly some curious coincidences in reference to dreams," or that "there might be, now and then, individuals who had dreams that went something." In a word, the subject of dreams never has been, never can be dismissed without some concessions in favor of their authenticity as revelation—some such exceptions as are quite sufficient to prove the rule. Besides the difficulty which philosophers are beset when they attempt to account for dreams without possessing a clue in psychological science, the writers on this subject have been too fond of repeating illustrative narratives, instead of commencing by classifying the different characteristics which these strange midnight panoramas present, or endeavoring to range them each under their appropriate physiological or psychological heads.

As narratives concerning dreams are, as Falstaff says, "as plentiful as blackberries," and where if the amateur in this line may chance to be at a loss, he has only to turn to the pages of the Bible or the classics, in either of which he will find records of dreams by the score, so we shall not enlarge on this branch of our subject, but proceed at once to classify some at least of these weird images, and present such a system of causation as our status of spiritual enlightenment affords us. Whilst it would be impossible to depict all the various forms in which visions of the night assail our slumbering pillows, we may call attention to five well-marked classes, which will include an immense variety of general experiences.

In the first, or class No. 1, we see a vast array of broken images heaped together without order or rationality, a sort of dismantled bazaar in fact, in which every conceivable object is heterogeneously piled up as if for final removal without one article bearing the slightest relation to the other.

Some years ago the New York public were entertained by the exhibition of a singularly graphic print, entitled "The Bill-Sticker's Dream." The scene represented a slumbering functionary of the bill-sticking fraternity, with pot of paste in one nerveless hand, brush in another, and over his head a visionary wall, on which appeared, half revealed and half effaced, corner-ways, end-ways, and every way but the right, crowding each other out of view, and all interwoven in indescribable and most ludicrous proximity to each other, fragments of the various announcements which the walls of any great city might be supposed to display. "Funerals neatly done" were hedged in by "Finest Wedding Outfits," and "Infallible liver pills," annual plagues, temperance lectures, Barnum's performing monkeys, and "The Rev. Booby and Sharkey's great revival meetings," political caucuses, prize fights, and popular hair dyes, Young Men's Christian Association meetings, the newest style in iron-beds, finest cognacs, through tickets to the Arctic regions, and preaching by the Right Rev. Tom Bowling, of Dally-go-lightly, &c., &c., &c.—these, and a hundred other items of similarly mixed up "confusion worse confounded," formed the mass of placarding whose shadowy jumble was supposed to be fitting through the brain of the slumbering bill-sticker. If there is one adult now on earth who has not at some period under the age of threescore years and ten, experienced such midnight lucubrations as those of the aforesaid bill-sticker, then is our knowledge of human nature and dream-life more limited than we now deem it.

Setting down our famous bill-sticker's dream as type No. 1, we proceed to notice type No. 2; and in this we find that whereas in No. 1 all the heterogeneous objects beheld were familiar to us—reproductions, in short, of scenes, persons and things which had already photographed their images somewhere on our brains—in No. 2 no such relation to our known experiences is discernible. There is the same variety, the same distortion, jumble, inconsistency, and piling up in lightning succession of "thick coming fancies," but now we dream of persons we have never seen, places we have never visited, scenes and situations wholly impossible, and circumstances too ridiculous and improbable to endure narration.

In the bill-sticker's dream we might perchance be the sport of memory, but in this second act of midnight grammaric memory can have no part, we are in a new world, amongst a phantom race of whom we have no knowledge, and are ourselves as unknown as unknown; in short, this class of dream is wholly unrelated to the dreamer, and we awaken wondering as much who we are as where we have been, or how we came to be there.

In class No. 3 we begin to enter upon a new

field. Something like a silver line of intelligence pervades the vision, and we feel as if we were beginning to drift out of the ocean of vague materialistic fantasy toward the shores of intelligent guidance and direction. Class No. 3 represents a speciality which attaches to at least four-fifths of the human family, namely, the recurrence, at different periods, of one certain dream, or, as we may call it, a particular "figure of sleep," which accompanies us more or less throughout our lives, and generally indicates the approach of some event of a particularly good or evil character. For example: The writer of these pages is well acquainted with a lady who, at stated times during a long life, dreams of being in a church, and yet she declares her particular habits of thought never lead her to think of such a place, still less to enter one, unless invited to do so by the presence of a spiritual lecturer.

There are some persons who declare they are constantly dreaming of cattle, ships, some particular kind of animal, a remarkable human figure, a special scene, place or situation—and yet though these images pursue them through life, they seem to bear no relation to their waking moments, and do not in the least symbolize any objects with which they are ordinarily familiar.

The writer (who ventures to regard herself as an amateur in the dreaming line) may illustrate this class of imagery by citing her own experience: From early childhood to the present hour, she has been haunted by the recurrence of a certain style of dream compelling her to ascend or descend the most frightful and inaccessible precipices, make her way through openings too small to admit the body, or clamber over steep and rugged paths where the foothold is uncertain, and the way almost impassable. It is not the least peculiarity of these torturing visions that the harassed sleeper has invariably succeeded in achieving the terrible pilgrimages set before her, still the fact remains that a dream which in its physical actuality cannot possibly be deemed a reflection of any scene of earthly experience; has recurred not once or twice, but on many hundreds of occasions during a brief lifetime.

As the writer has conversed with numbers of persons who have realized certain (so to speak) family dreams, and all treatises on this subject make mention of similar idiosyncrasies, we may safely assume we are now beginning to cross the border-land between fantasy and meaning—retrospection and prophesy—pranks of memory and gleams of intelligence.

Class No. 4 includes all those well-known signs, tokens, warnings and indications, which constitute the staple literature of dream books, and which from time immemorial have been pronounced by the authorities on such subjects as portentous of coming woe or joy.

There is yet a fifth phase of the slumbering condition, to which, however, we can scarcely assign the name of dreaming. It is that which more properly comes under the denomination of midnight visions, and depicts allegorical scenes of an unmistakably representative or prophetic character. These are something higher, more definite and exalted than the mass of visionary signs and tokens which form the sum of popular dreaming—such momentous and significant visions as abound in Bible narratives, and are especially illustrated in the history of Joseph, Daniel, Paul the apostle, and other famous Hebrew dreamers. There is a condition of dreamless sleep, also, to which we must refer, but to afford a satisfactory explanation of even these few classes, selected from a vast variety of midnight images, which our limited space compels us to leave untouched, it is necessary that we lay a foundation of philosophy, drawn from the dual realms of physiological and psychological science.

The human organism—although made-up of material and spiritual forces—or, as we are now in a position to demonstrate, composed of a natural as well as a spiritual body, acts, during our waking activities, so harmoniously together, and forms such a perfect interblending of combined power, that we scarcely recognize there is any variety in the elements at work.

This is widely different in the hours of sleep. Here a dual and almost an independent existence becomes manifest for both body and soul. The body lies calm, quiescent and motionless; but the process of dreaming proves conclusively that the soul has entered upon new and wholly unrelated spheres of activity. It is in the possession of a set of senses which it exercises wholly independently of the body. It may be speeding through space; it traverses thousands of miles; crowds up minutes into ages, and successions of events, scenes and personages which would occupy the body a lifetime to take note of, are forced upon the soul's attention in a few seconds. In a word, the soul in dreaming becomes a new and separate being, preserving its physical identity, it is true, but in all its powers and functions manifesting characteristics which are as foreign to its bodily experiences as they would be impossible in bodily action. Even without the interpretation of Modern Spiritualism to enlighten us upon the mystery of our dual natures, it seems marvelous that reflecting minds could have ever speculated upon the phenomena of dreams, and questioned the fact of a spiritual man associated temporarily with the body, but capable of main- taining a separate, independent and far more extended sphere of existence than that belonging to the physical nature. It belongs to our subject now, however, to inquire what physiological as well as psychological changes occur to account for the temporary separation between body and spirit in sleep.

In the human organism are two sets of nerves—the one the cerebro-spinal, the other the ganglionic or sympathetic. The one supplies the whole body with motion and sensation, the other applies principally to the instinctive processes of life—such as nutrition, secretion, digestion, &c., &c. We do not mean to say that the one can act alone or independently of the other. Both are concerned in the processes of animal life, and too intimately related to conceive of an animated existence sustained by one apparatus alone. Nevertheless it is obvious that the two systems act together and in consociation during the hours of waking activity, whilst the force of the cerebro-spinal system, that which forms the operative instrument of thought, sensation and motion, does in a measure withdraw or cease to operate through the body during sleep. Let us simplify the position by saying there is a set of nerves which supply the involuntary and instinctive functions of life, such as respiration, circulation, digestion and nutrition. There is another set which are under the dominion of the will, hence we may call them the voluntary nerves. The two sets act in combination during our waking activity, but whilst the involuntary or instinctive nerves remain with the body to

maintain the processes of life during sleep, the chief force of the other set inhere to the soul, clothe it with a spiritual envelope, and accompany it as a spiritual body during the hours of physical slumber. It would seem that sleep is produced by the excessive lassitude which falls upon the system from the wear and tear occasioned by the activity of the two sets of nerves before referred to. The ganglionic system, or involuntary nerves, which maintain the animal processes of life, and the cerebro-spinal, or voluntary nerves, which minister to the will, both acting together, during our waking hours produce such an attrition on the bodily system that it cannot continue to endure the pressure beyond a given period of time—hence it succumbs to that sense of fatigue which ultimately finds relief in the condition termed sleep.

Now the next question is, what is the condition of the spirit thus expelled from its slumbering instrument of mortal life, the body?

If that body is in perfect health, if there is no disease, pain, or disturbance violent enough to hold fast to the voluntary nerves, prevent the escape of their force, and drag the soul back to its tenement, then does it immediately gravitate to its natural sphere, the spirit-world, and there, in the experience of spiritual scenes and existences, it gains strength, and on awakening becomes conscious of those deeply significant visions of which biblical and classical history present such abundant records.

It is in this way only that dreams of deep portent, warning, encouragement, or striking intelligence, have ever been received. "Visions of an allegorical or symbolical nature just as imperatively demand a wise agent for their production as a fine picture demands an artist as its executant, and it is just as rational to suppose that our eye creates the picture, by the simple act of gazing, as to imagine that the soul creates the visions it perceives in slumber by its own volition.

Whether the intelligence received in slumber be like the symbolical dreams of Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar, or Peter, or direct pictures of the scene prophesied of, it matters not to inquire: an artistic and creative agent is required to induce the vision and produce its semblance, and if we cannot find that in the action of some intelligent being separate from the mind of the sleeper, we may ransack the universe in vain to obtain a solution of the problem elsewhere.

To account for the four first classes of dreams described, we must now call special attention to certain physiological conditions. The experience of every medical practitioner is too unhappily rife with evidence that there is scarcely any human being in the enjoyment of that perfect physical equilibrium which we call health. Even where the body is vigorous, the wear and tear of life's rough and rugged paths impose burdens almost too heavy to bear upon the weary brain, and thus between the disabilities of disease, and the attrition of over-taxed nerves, few and rare are the exceptions which exhibit a complete state of equilibrium between mind and body. Here and there we see some rugged sons of toil, whose mental processes would not disturb the slumbers of an infant. Others there are who float on the surfaces of life with no more thought than suffices to cater for their own pleasures and physical wants. Such persons, if in the enjoyment of fair health, seldom dream, but sinking at night on their pillows realize satisfaction from sleep, as they do from food, more in the absence of mental activity, than in a keen sense of enjoyment; but the majority of mankind suffer, and in proportion to that suffering so does the over-stimulated mind, or disturbed body, clog the soul at night, and involuntarily drag it back toward the body, instead of permitting it to go free into the realms of spiritual existence to which it belongs.

Whenever the slumber is broken by dreams it is clear that the spirit is not entirely free from the body, and except in the cases cited above—that is to say, when visions are presented by guardian spirits and impressed by will upon the waking memory—the action of dreams proves conclusively that the slumber is broken by some disturbance either of body or spirit, or both, and that the spirit is attracted back to the body, and not permitted to take that flight to its natural home which results from dreamless sleep.

To apprehend this truth the more clearly, it must be borne in mind that spirits teach that the day of mortal life and waking hours are the spirit's night, whilst the night of the physical body, and its period of sleep, is the spirit's day; hence the inevitable tendency of the spirit is to gravitate to its own sphere of existence, and this it can only do when it is measurably released from the body in sound, unbroken sleep. Then does it speed away to its spirit home and live in the experience of spiritual entities, but because it is too far removed from the physical body to make any impression upon the tablets of the brain, so there is no remembrance of these spiritual pilgrimages—nothing beyond the sense of rest and refreshment before alluded to. Two more items of philosophy must be borne in mind before the strange and fantastic characteristics described in the four first classes of dream-life can be fully understood. In the first place, it must be remembered that every scene that has ever passed before our mortal eyes is photographed in indelible imagery on the physical brain; we may not remember all these things in our waking hours, as the last impressions we receive keep us actively employed under their influence. Still they are there, somewhere, stored away in the crypts of memory, and ready to be recalled by a single chord of association, or to reappear when the mind is not under the dominion of reason or judgment.

In those conditions of the physical system where pain, fever, or disease of any kind rack the frame, or where the overtaxed brain cannot subside into perfect quiescence, but continues spasmodically responsive to every breath of air which sweeps across it, the spirit in sleep is perpetually recalled to the disturbed tenement it aims to quit. Ever aspiring to its natural home, but ever recalled to its inharmonious associate, the harassed body, the actual spiritual experiences it is passing through become interblended with the crowd of images impressed on the physical brain, and hence those confused, heterogeneous and impossible commixtures of real experiences and broken memories which we have classified as No. 1, and not unaptly likened to the renowned bill-sticker's dream. Such presentations, we repeat, are comminglings of real spiritual experiences with physical memories, and are produced, as above suggested, by the close proximity of the spirit to the body, drawn thither by mental or physical disturbances, or perhaps the union of both.

The same conditions of the system induce the dream classified as No. 2, but in this instance

our spirits, instead of ascending to spiritual spheres at all, are generally roaming around the world about us. They are half attracted to their disturbed mortal tenements, half floating, diving, lingering around the scenes of earth, hence they unconsciously impress upon the brain memories of the strange persons, places and things through which the wandering spirit has been speeding—speeding with such lightning haste, too, that we seem to pass from point to point with bewildering unceasingly. We cannot separate these scenes, arrange them in order, or disentangle the confused jumble of which we remember here a part and there a part, whilst nothing seems real, concrete, or possible. To account for these dreams which we have classified as Nos. 3 and 4, we must introduce our second item of spiritual or natural philosophy, and this is it: It must be understood that in the great laboratories of nature all things are hieroglyphics of the same eternal, infinite, and immutable scheme. A piece of metal, a drop of water, a human being, a plant, a puff of vewless gas, all signify the presence of oxygen. A rainbow, a gothic arch, a cleft in the rock, the lid of the simplest case or rudest box, all signify the one idea of entrance to something beyond; in short, did we but understand the arbitrary instead of the fanciful meaning of correspondences, we should be able to read the universe from a single object or letter of the grand alphabet, just as clearly as if we could view the whole scheme. To our mortal senses, confused with the sight of a number of things conveying only one meaning, this universal system of correspondential relations is unknown; but when our souls become even partially liberated from the body, perceptions of these wonderful inner meanings begin to dawn upon us, hence the language of dreams; hence, too, the soul's vague perceptions that familiar objects seen thus in dreams have a deeper significance than we attach to them in our materialistic view of things, and that each one's life is surrounded by the mystic hieroglyphics which belong to his special destiny.

Thus one particular image becomes a life hieroglyphic, which understood, depicts the character of our destiny as correctly as the scale of a fish discloses to the eye of the accomplished naturalist the genus to which the creature belongs. Did we but understand this universal language of nature, did we but comprehend that the starry heavens, the mineral, vegetable, animal kingdoms, and man, are but organs in the universal body of the GRAND MAN, parts "of one stupendous whole," we should at once perceive the deep philosophy of correspondences throughout the realm of nature everywhere. Our spiritual teachers almost invariably insist on the existence of this universal system of correlation, hence the constant use of symbols and allegorical pictures in spiritual teachings.

If our destinies are each special and peculiar to ourselves, then is it not reasonable to suppose there may be in nature some correspondential figures that may represent them? We are too much distracted by material cares, too downright and one-sided in our earthly spheres of waking duties, to perceive these subtle revelations of nature, but when, as in slumber, our harassed souls are enfranchised, if only partly so, from the obscure horizon of material things, then begins to dawn upon us something of this deep sympathy of nature with human destiny. Then do we commence to realize that our destiny may be read in a certain figure of sleep, and that when the specialities of this destiny are pressing hard upon us, that figure recurs and still recurs, and, properly interpreted, really explains the specialities of the life we are called upon to live.

Thus it is that the writer of these papers has ever seen her destiny in dream-life mapped out in the frightful precipices she has had to scale, the uncertain pathways she has been compelled to explore, the narrow loopholes of fortune to creep through, and the hair-breadth escapes of a perilous pilgrimage allotted to her. Thus many thousands discern the characteristics of their special destinies in a certain ever-recurring life-dream. We see this when we are "in the spirit," for our spirits are wiser than we know, and we perceive in dream-land natural correspondences in the realms of being of which our material senses can take no cognizance.

Besides the special figure of sleep classified as a life dream in No. 3, this philosophy covers the ground of all those omens, warnings, signs and tokens which petty material objects imply to us when seen by our spirits in the shape of dreams, Schubert, and many of the best metaphysical writers of Germany, all insist that there is a symbolic language of nature which the soul perceives and interprets in dreams, and that the progress of our destiny takes on, or rather evolves, just such images as symbolically represent the specialities of our lives. Many of these metaphysical writers lay down arbitrary laws for the interpretation of this dream language.

Our space forbids our attempting to quote from these curiosities of literature, but the reader who desires to read the opinion of eminent writers, ancient and modern, on the symbolism of dreams, is referred to Cicero's elaborate work on sooth-saying, or Schubert's fine treatise on the "Symbolism of Dreams." A still better source of information is open to the Spiritualist in the "SCIENCE OF SOUL, Here and Hereafter," pages nevertheless which cannot be understood without study, research, patient investigation and thorough experiment. There is no royal road to learning where one may gather all the fruitage which many toilers have sown.

In closing our brief and imperfect suggestions on this weird subject, let us review our ground. Dream No. 1 is a collection of broken images made up of half remembered spiritual experiences, mixed, refracted, perverted and obscured by the thousand and one images impressed on the physical brain, and jumbled up in mortal memory by the fact that the spirit is perpetually recalled to and held near the body, by mental or physical disturbances. No. 2 is a vague representation of the spirit's wanderings through earth and earthly scenes, being fettered thereto by the same conditions of body and mind noted in No. 1. No. 3 is the spirit's perception into the stern realms of destiny, where it beholds the speciality of its life mapped out in an allegorical figure, shown by some guardian spirit whose apparition is too much elevated above earthly surroundings to be remembered on awakening, except, perchance, as the mortal it once was on earth. No. 4 is a more general perception of destiny, represented by guardian spirits in correspondential pictures, but yet in such an universal language of symbolism as all ages have agreed in considering prophetic. No. 5 is a concrete, well-defined vision, procured by the interposition of a guardian spirit, and designed to symbolize some approaching event. The dream-

less sleep of health, rest or stupor, produced by excess of labor, unendurable mental excitement, or the reaction from excessive pain, may be termed the sixth state, and signifies that blissful condition wherein the soul goes free and gravitates to its natural home in spirit spheres, whilst there is yet a seventh and closing state, in which the entire nervous system acts in unison; in which voluntary and involuntary nerves, the cerebro-spinal and ganglionic systems, both suspend their action in the worn-out, broken or shattered instrument; in which the material fibres yet remain, but the life lightnings that played over them are extinguished. Decay, disease, injury to some of the vital centres that give entrance to the citadel of life—heart-break, slow or sudden—these or a thousand kindred causes may suffice to quench the light and expel the soul from its useless tenement of clay. Whatever be the cause, the effect is felt in the mustering of all the nerve forces into one concrete mass of magnetic life, which, clothing the precious innermost with an ever-living spiritual body, wings its last flight to the unknown realms beyond; losing "the silver cord" forever—breaking "the golden bowl" beyond redemption, and leaving the silent form to that last long sleep that never more knows waking.

**Banner Correspondence.**

**Nebraska— Iowa—The Plains—Where is the West?**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Years ago I went to Bangor, Me., thinking I should find "down East," but found instead a tide of travel eastward to Nova Scotia—the east fitted off in the distance.

I have just been to Nebraska, a good six hundred miles beyond Chicago, in the West one might think, but such thought would be a mistake. In the great dépot of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha stood the cars headed westward, all ready for their long passage of two thousand miles to San Francisco, and even then passengers would take steamships through the Golden Gate of the beautiful bay, and enter the wide Pacific for a voyage to far Japan and China. The West ever fits off in dim distance like an *ipnisi fatuosa*.

Leaving Chicago a month ago, I crossed in the morning, I crossed the Mississippi at Burlington just at dusk, swept across the Iowa prairie in the darkness, took breakfast on the cars, and soon crossed the Missouri at Platts-mouth—cars going over in a steamer, the whirling rapid stream cutting its shifting path through a waste of sand—landed under a bluff, ran up about a mile or two, shot out westward on to the prairie, and was soon moving up the valley of the Platte—a waste of sand through which wound the narrow stream, a stretch of flat meadow brown and sere in winter, a swelling stretch of upland, "the divide," from which plains sloped away far north and south. After an hour or more we left the Platte and swept across the plains westward, few houses in sight, scarce a tree to be seen, the long slopes or vast levels reaching to the far horizon, the wintry wind sighing through the coarse dead grass—the wild desolation of nature in the season of frost, and death, and solitude! In summer, with green grass, wild flowers, the song of birds, and the soft sky and balmy air, all would be transfigured, but in winter the plains are waste places indeed.

At noon I stopped at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, was greeted by a friend of former years, seated in his carriage and on the way to a house. Passing along the broad streets one looked beyond the town, far across the plains, with a strange sense of freedom and breadth of view and thought. Think of cramping men's souls into narrow creeds and dwarfing inspirings while they dwell in and become a part of such inspiring breadth!

I found a thriving city of some six thousand people, great stores, halls, churches, a fine high school for women, a State University with two hundred students, (forty in a collegiate course.) Its three-story building looking down one of the main avenues toward the town, a State House, and all the means and appliances of civilization, "schools, rooms" and "schools" indeed. "Society seems much as in our Michigan towns, and the people one meets would be at home in Western New York or in New England."

I went to Crete—a three-year-old village of a thousand people across the plains, an hour's ride by rail west of Lincoln, and found a house full of intelligent hearers for a lecture, a home for the night amidst books, pictures, lovely children and cultivated people.

Visiting Nebraska City, sixty miles south-east on the Missouri, I found a town of southern aspect, amidst hills and trees, met again a good audience, and was at home with a most earnest and persistent Spiritualist. Going to spend a night at the home of a merchant in Lincoln I saw the Banner on his table, and found them at home in its realm of thought and spiritual experience.

A lesson on organization may well be learned from my Nebraska tour. At Lincoln Rev. W. E. Copeland is minister of the Independent Society. He is of Unitarian education, broad in views, active, earnest, and alive to the importance of shaping the thought of a new community while all is plastic. He plans a course of Sunday lectures in the Music Hall, where the society meets, taking up as speakers persons of various views; this month, for instance, Peebles, Underwood and C. D. B. Mills speak there, representing Spiritualism, Materialism and Free Religion. When these come Copeland goes to other towns, organizes committees or societies, opens the way for liberal thought, and lays a foundation for future and larger work, by enlisting and awakening the best people. To his valuable organizing efforts I owe much of the success of my brief stay at the places named, and in Omaha.

There is no slavery of mind or narrowness in such organizing, but it greatly helps growth and spiritual culture. Look at a contrast. I am now speaking three nights in a fine town of two thousand people in Illinois. Twenty miles away is a place of like size where are liberal people, but no one here knows who or what they are, all is fragmentary and I suspect it is "as yet it is not sufficient." I hinted it may "as yet it is not."

At Omaha I had two good audiences and a delightful two days' stay in a family of New Hampshire people, pioneers in the "moral warfare" of old anti-slavery, and pioneers in railroading westward to-day. Around their house on the side of the bluff grew native oaks. They had planted pine trees, such as grow in New England, and their yard was a bit of New Hampshire, while within their doors were music, painting, money and womanly culture, the grace of fine manners, the charm of generous feeling, free thought, and the busy industry of common life made pleasant by tender affection.

The afternoon of a windy day I crossed the long iron bridge over the Missouri, and over a wide waste of sand, drifting before the heavy wind, took cars eastward at Council Bluffs, found myself at Nevada, Iowa, at early morning, stopped four days, went to Mitchellville for three days, spoke at Des Moines, Sunday night, with good audience, on The Catholic Question, left late at night and found myself here next noon, a good three hundred miles nearer home. Iowa is a broad expanse of rich land, with little waste or poor soil, but needs factories and mills, besides its farms, to reach the best financial and intellectual condition and culture. Difficulties and divisions among the Spiritualists seem fortunately fading away. I heard intelligent persons talk over your Banner correspondence about Art-Magic, Occultism, Elementary Spirits, &c., and the general opinion is that all these were but wild and crude forms of spiritual power and presence—the best a darker past would allow—

but that the truth at the foundation of them all, and now becoming more apparent and clear, was the influence and presence of the spirits of men and women once on this earth in human forms, now in the Summer-Land in heavenly forms, and with larger spiritual faculties and greater control over Nature's elements. "To this complexion it must come at last."

I like the Iowa people, in the few places visited. In that State and Nebraska, I found our Eastern farmers at home, driving an old-fashioned grain, carrying westward the old-fashioned ways, and with ripe and larger thought from their own experience. There is a good deal of stout struggle with the wildness of Nature. Pioneers do not rest "on beds of downy ease," but out of trial comes strength, and the marvel is how soon schools, books, lectures and all the best fruits of modern life reach out to the newest regions. The fever to go West prevails quite as much in Iowa as in New England, and begets a restless love of change which is often positive injury to purse and soul. Truly yours, G. B. STEINMANN.

**Spiritualism in New Orleans, La.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Seeing that you have no regular correspondence from this corner of the universe, I write to let you know that Spiritualism still exists amongst us.

J. M. Peebles and Mrs. Hollis have been with us since New Year's day—the speaking words of wisdom in his powerful, persuasive way, each Sunday to large audiences, and she giving séances through the week, enabling those who wished to meet and speak with their friends who have passed to spirit-life.

On the evening of Feb. 9th, twenty-two persons were present at her evening circle. The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," seems to be a favorite one with her spirit-control, for spirit voices, three or four in number, will join in singing this hymn. I have heard them loud and clear above other voices. On one occasion my wife and myself sang a piece which had been written through my hand, a spirit voice joining us and singing through each verse. Asking the name of the spirit, she replied, "Your wife, Elizabeth. James, I helped you to compose that song." On the evening in question they sang in several pieces, and a spirit-child requested a lady to sing, "I want to be an angel," and distinctly sang the piece through with her.

James Nolan, a spirit who seems to possess great power than any other, (excepting only our Indian friend Skie,) addressed each individual present, giving the names of spirit friends with each visitor, making no mistakes in this calling over one hundred names. What an extraordinary woman Mrs. Hollis must be to gather such information as to the numerous characters Skie meets without hesitation or mistake. How few of those who raise such murmur objections think that the probability and possibility both favor the spiritual view of the manifestations. Nolan said that it was not his mission or his desire to give tests, but he would depart from his usual custom in order to remove doubt from the minds of some, and give a number of tests during the evening. This he did to the perfect satisfaction of the parties interested. He then said that he would not have his medium tied or gagged, but he would choose Mr. R. G. W. Jewell, Mr. N. C. Folger and Col. J. W. Patton, who should each in turn sit by his medium, hold her hands in one hand, placing the other hand over her mouth, another gentleman should hold possession of the horn, and under these conditions spirit words should be spoken, showing that his medium did not do these things. Mr. Jewell (late U. S. Consul to Canton, China,) took his seat by Mrs. Hollis's side, complying with Nolan's conditions, when a spirit calling himself Dr. Morrill spoke distinctly to Bro. J. M. Peebles. The warm room and inharmonious condition of the circle prevented a continuance of these tests, but Col. Patton thought the silence, when he sat by the medium, as great a test, for if she had arranged these occurrences she would have arranged for speaking also.

**Note from Trenton, N. J.**

Spiritualism, which has been slumbering in this city for some time, seems to be awakening into new life. A Spiritual Association, with Wm. Derbyshire, President, Harriet Pennel, Vice President, E. Thomas, Treasurer, and Wm. Hilbert, Secretary, is in good working order. At their last monthly meeting it was resolved that we hold a series of public meetings. By invitation, Mrs. M. A. Mixell, of Philadelphia, a trance-speaking medium, spent a week with us, lecturing to crowded houses for five successive evenings, besides two Sundays, forenoon and evening. Subjects were given, and questions asked by persons in the audience, and were very well discussed and answered by the control, giving satisfaction and causing wandering minds to stop and think. Back numbers of the Banner were gratuitously distributed among the audience, which were eagerly sought after by the Spiritualists hungry.

The Association is not yet strong enough to sustain a resident professional medium, but if reliable traveling mediums would stop here occasionally when on their way between New York and Philadelphia, they might do much good. It has been predicted that Spiritualism will become the predominant religion in Trenton, and that this will be a national spiritualistic centre. Less unlikely things have happened in this wicked world, though skeptics will be likely to ask, "What good thing can come out of New Jersey?" Respectfully, Wm. Hinckley.

**California.**

OAKLAND.—T. B. Clark says in a private note that Spiritualism is not dead in Oakland. Ever since the bells commenced ringing, by invisible agency, at the front door of his house, April 21st, 1874, and the chairs, trunks, books, etc., in the house were tumbled about by the same power in the most astonishing manner, interest has never ceased in regard to the spiritual phenomena. As Mr. Clark continues to investigate, he finds that tables still move without mortal aid, and slate-pens write without the use of hands, and various other phenomena are witnessed. There is no "hold up" or end to the new developments being made. The spiritual religion is not very encouraging for a lazy man, for by earnest investigation new facts and truths are sure to be obtained.

**Georgia.**

SMITH.—G. W. Kates writes as follows: Expecting to have occasional leisure, especially on Sundays, for a few months, I would like to devote such time to lecturing through the South. I do not desire to make a business of it, but wish same to aid me in paying traveling expenses, therefore my labor is offered at cheap rates, the same being whatever can be obtained. I will be pleased to receive correspondence in reference to making such engagements. I prefer to labor where missionary work or society organization is needed. I would like to organize Lecturers; also would take great delight in getting up and taking part in dramatic entertainments. Would give a literary and dramatic entertainment, personally, for the benefit of any society.

Thi great South is a glorious country, and I think its future, in products, trade, manufacture and development of liberal and spiritual societies, makes rich promises. One thing I already notice is, that Northern emigration of sensible, steady, energetic people, who shall come with the intention of making home here, is always welcomed. Land is cheap and productive, markets easy, few hundred dollars will make any hard-working man and self-sacrificing family independent in a few years, by devoting their energies to tilling the soil. Hard-working earners, who swam the large cities of the nation, learning only their clothing, food and fuel after paying their landlords, can obtain here all these things

from land that costs but one dollar per acre, and from the soil and splendid free grazing all the year round can raise produce and live-stock sufficient to yearly "put in bank" handsome sums. A few years' labor will do all this. Health can be had here, if anywhere.

I now write from the table-land of Lookout Mountain range. This land is all wooded, and is irrigated with splendid little streams of clear, sparkling water, railroad traverses the valley immediately at the base of the mountain.

The late Horace Greeley advised young men to "go west." Young men and old men will find better inducements for awhile should they "go south." Farmers, not politicians, are wanted.

My home and address for the future, I expect, will be as below, where I shall be pleased to hear from societies or inquiring persons—Smith P. O., Dade Co., Ga.

**Ohio.**

KINGSVILLE.—Stuart L. Rogers writes: We Spiritualists are all alive in this locality, with few there are of us. We are having circles twice a week, with good success, having three mediums, and our humble servant is fast developing for materialization. The controls promise good results in a very short time. I wish some good test medium would come this way. To such I would say that our "latch-string hangs out."

**Alleged Spiritualistic Miracle in Bolton, Eng.**

A correspondent writes: Before proceeding to relate the following fact—which is stranger than fiction—I beg to say that the particulars here given are not exaggerated, but are true to the letter of the young man. I enclose his name and address along with my own, with full permission to give them to any gentleman—doctor or scientist—who may be anxious to inquire further into the matter. I may say further, that if any gentleman, after making proper inquiries, proves that these statements are false, I will pay a donation of five pounds to the Bolton Infirmary. I have no purpose to serve in making the following facts known; but the truth, I think, should be known, even when it is clothed with an unpopular and unfashionable garment. Because Spiritualists and Spiritualism are involved in this matter some persons will naturally view it with great suspicion. To such I would say the following fact is greater than their suspicion, and before they give utterance to skepticism they can, by taking advantage of the moon, show them, either prove it for themselves or show me to be a deceiver, and set me before my fellow-townsmen (amongst whom I have lived for more than half a century) as such and nothing less.

On Sunday, Nov. 7th, a lecture was advertised to be delivered in the Operative Hall, Bridge street, by Mr. James Burns, of London, editor of a Spiritualist publication named the Medium. At the close of the lecture, which I may say had been listened to by about four hundred people, a man stood up and requested to make a statement. He proceeded to say that a gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Burns from London, and whose name was Dr. Mack, had that afternoon cured his son, a young man seventeen years of age, who had been blind of one eye for forty-two years, and who had undergone various operations in Macleod's and elsewhere, and been given up as incurable, but could now see for the first time in fourteen years, and this without medicine or surgical operation of any kind. The audience demanded the young man to go on the platform. He complied, and corroborated his father's statement, and both of them gave most feeling expression to their thankfulness and amazement. I obtained the father's address, with the intention of inquiring further into it, and I now lay the results of my inquiries before your readers. I withhold the name simply from motives of delicacy, but he will be glad to give the same particulars to any respectable party.

I found Mr. M. a highly intelligent and respectable man, living at No. 14, St. Paul's Church Lane, Bolton. He said that the muscles which about three years old, and left him blind in one eye. Medical advice was sought, and he was placed under Dr. Samuelson, of Manchester, who used his utmost skill, and pronounced his patient incurable. I think his father said to me that it was a blipper or black art, which are seldom cured. Other doctors tried and failed, and the young man was becoming reconciled to his partial blindness, when he became acquainted (I know not how) with Spiritualists and Spiritualism. He said to me he thought if there was any good in it, it would come to him at home as well or better than anywhere else. He formed a circle at home with his own family, and said he received in his own house a communication from the spirit world, and he had believed nothing from the spirit world, that his son must consult Dr. Mack, of London, a Spiritualist and healing medium. The young man and his father had agreed to go to London next spring for that purpose. It happened, however, that Mr. Burns came to Bolton to lecture on Spiritualism, and the doctor, who had received, as I understand, an invitation to Ulverston, accompanied him to Bolton.

The young man and his father waited upon Dr. Mack on Sunday afternoon last. His father gave me a graphic and intelligent description of what took place. The time occupied was about three-quarters of an hour; no instruments were used, no material substance of any kind with the exception of pure water. A most extraordinary magnetic power, invisible but most potent in its effects, seemed to be employed. The young man was how to use, and direct this agency were given by an unseen but unmistakable intelligence that controlled both doctor and patient, and effected a perfect cure without pain. The only consciousness the young man had of the operation was a burning sensation about the eye, and of a sensation as if a number of strings or tubes being burnt or torn asunder, and then he could see at once. I thought it my duty to make these facts known.—Bolton (England) Evening News, Nov. 12.

**SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.**

- CHILMARK, MASS.—The Bible Christian Spiritualist holds meetings every Sunday in Hawthorn street Chapel, near the depot, at 10 o'clock. Dr. J. H. Bicker, regular speaker. Seats free. D. J. Bicker, Sup't.
- HAWTHORNE, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Conducted by Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; Mrs. B. Kelly, Musical Director; S. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. Robbins, Secretary.
- LOWELL, MASS.—Meetings at Robbins's Hall, 43 Central street, Monday, (test case) at 10 P. M. Lectures—Afternoon at 2 P. M., evening at 7 P. M. President, A. B. Plimpton; Secretary, Mrs. M. G. Robbins; Corresponding Secretary, M. H. Fletcher; P. O. address, Westford, Mass.; Treasurer and Collector, James G. Cole.
- SARASOTA, MASS.—The Spiritualist and Liberator Society meets at Liberty Hall Sundays at 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mary A. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretary.
- MARLBOROUGH, MASS.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Temperance Hall by the Spiritualists and Liberals. Sidney H. French, Secretary.
- WILMINGTON, MASS.—Meetings are held every Sunday in Liberty Hall, at 7 P. M. Regular Corresponding Secretary, The Children's Lyceum meets at 12 P. M. at the same hall. Mrs. M. G. Robbins, Musical Director; Mrs. C. Pearl, Musical Director; Mrs. A. Hall, Treasurer; Mr. Wm. Mead; Charles, Mr. S. K. Holland, Mr. L. S. Champion; Secretary, Mrs. G. H. Brown. All are cordially invited. Collections are free to all, sustained by voluntary contributions.
- SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Spiritualist and Liberator Society meets at Liberty Hall Sundays at 7 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mary A. Dickinson, Corresponding Secretary.
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- ROCKLAND, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Conducted by Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; Mrs. B. Kelly, Musical Director; S. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. Robbins, Secretary.
- WEST FORD, MASS.—The Liberal Association holds meetings every Sunday at 7 P. M. in Westford Hall. President, E. F. French; President, H. M. Macleod; Recording Secretary, Mary L. French; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Post-office address, Townsend Harbor, Mass.
- ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Conducted by Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; Mrs. B. Kelly, Musical Director; S. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. Robbins, Secretary.
- APPLETON, WIS.—Meetings are held at Council Hall every Sunday at 7 P. M.
- ATLANTA, GA.—First Association of Spiritualists, Oneida street, Atlanta, President, R. C. Kerr; Musical Director, Wm. G. Forsyth; Librarian, La Grange, Vice Presidents, Wm. G. Forsyth, Atlanta, Secretary, Wm. G. Forsyth.
- WALTHAM, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Conducted by Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; Mrs. B. Kelly, Musical Director; S. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. Robbins, Secretary.

morning, at 10 o'clock, and every Thursday evening, 10 o'clock, at the Temperance Hall, 121 North Main street, Boston. Kate Powell, Librarian; George Brown, Musical Director and Secretary.

THORNTON, N. Y.—Society of Spiritualists meets at Fairbank street, 42 Fulton street, at 7 P. M. Regular meetings every Sunday at 7 P. M. in the same hall. Dr. A. H. Smith, President; H. P. Bookman, Vice President; George W. Young, Corresponding Secretary. Address, 42 Fulton street, Thornton, N. Y.

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To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the building...

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11 1876. PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE. No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (Lower Floor).

The Spirit-Mold Phenomenon—Testimony of a Sculptor in Washington.

The popular interest in this surprising and convincing phase of the manifestation of spirit-power has received a strong impetus of late in Boston, through the highly successful efforts of Dr. H. F. Gardner in bringing before the people at intervals during the regular course of Sunday lectures...

Mrs. Hardy is entitled to the thanks of the friends of the cause for the self-devoting spirit which she has manifested under the severe trials which have been imposed upon her by skeptical minds in this city and vicinity. She has readily consented to the most exact test conditions, and borne with remarkable firmness the ice-cold sensation of repression which the antagonistic magnetism of aroused opposition among individuals in a large audience is capable of throwing upon the shrinking form of the medial instrument...

Those minds in the community who have so neglected themselves with various unique theories concerning the production of these paraffine gloves—such as "feet" doing what hands could not, "prepared casts" being secretly brought into the séance, etc.—will find evidence in the letter given below, from a talented sculptor in Washington, that the "feet" they talk about so glibly bears on its face to the eye of the trained artist the plain proof of its genuineness, he being obliged to acknowledge (although he is not a believer in Spiritualism) that there is no method known to his profession whereby these molds and their corresponding casts can be produced, with the delicate outlines, the well-preserved cuticle, etc., which they present at the séances of Mrs. Hardy.

Church and State.

The question raised by bigotry respecting a change in the Constitution, so that it shall convey a formal and political, and thence a legal recognition of the Constitution, forces itself at all points upon public attention. There is no escaping from the evils which are constantly making themselves visible under the imposition of such an amendment. The ministers in the churches, it seems, are not all agreed upon it, but the clearer-headed of them see at a glance what difficulties it will entangle them in, and how seriously it will compromise both the Church and the State.

A distinguished Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University has been giving his attention to this subject, and he writes in the Christian Advocate in a most sensible and convincing strain on the proposition to put God into the Constitution. It would be, as he sees and acknowledges, but a verbal recognition of God at most, while the spirit that actuates it is the fell spirit of fanaticism. "If we put God in the Constitution," he asks, "what God shall it be?" That of Jefferson, or of Franklin, or of Washington, or of Calvin, or of our new Cardinal? For they all have very different Gods. Put in the Christian God, and you at once virtually unchristianize all non-Christians. This Government would then be by and for Christians; all others would be tolerated. The State has then already partially become a Church State; it is so far recommends Christianity, and hence in so far performs the functions of the Church. That is sound reasoning, and it is impossible to get away from its conclusions.

Professor Lacroix proceeds as follows with his argument: "We say, therefore, here—take not the first step, for the others would be pretty sure to follow. We should then simply repeat the sad story of the past. Our State would be entangled with the Church—our Church would be polluted by the State, and in all this pure religion would be the chief sufferer. All history is on our side; Legislative enactments never helped religion. Legal requirements never promoted piety. The State, in undertaking to second the Church, only trammels it. Law-enforced Bible reading is perfunctory and barren. Centuries of experiment abundantly prove it. The Bible is not a secular arm; it is the arm of the Church and of the individual soul. Our American nation is organized upon this basis: let us not in our unwise zeal depart from it. Let us simply ask of the State to let the Church alone. If it proves to be unequal to its task, if it cannot Christianize the masses without backing from the State, then it is no longer the Church of Christ." The case could not be put more forcibly for the true interests of the Church.

What effort can be too great, in view of the opportunity that is visibly offered to turn the weapons of bigotry and fanaticism against those who are using them, for all persons of liberal faith to undertake on behalf of the truth which makes us free rather than slaves to priests and ecclesiastical systems. We some time since appealed to all such minds to rouse themselves to a just sense of the situation, and employing a common figure of speech, we called on all liberal persons to "beat to arms" in this cause of spiritual freedom. An attentive reader in Kansas manifests alarm at such a call, and devotes several pages of manuscript to deprecate a carnal war on a spiritual topic. It was not physical weapons to which we alluded, yet nothing is more plain than that, if this scheme of bigotry is allowed to proceed to a successful result, there will ensue a warfare that will be dyed deeply in the blood of contestants. Let us all work early and untidily, then, for the suppression of this fatal heresy where it is.

Read the article entitled "Dr. Carpenter on Prepossession," from the pen of Epes Sargent, Esq., which will be found on our eighth page.

Condemnation of Leymarie.

THE PERSECUTION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN PARIS. To Mr. Harrison, [of The London Spiritualist]. Sir—The High Court decided, last Monday, that I am a gri-at criminal by confirming the sentence of the two former tribunals. I am, therefore, about to face a terrible trial, and to revisit the sad walls of Mazas. But I look forward to it with a brave heart, knowing that truth has need of sacrifices, even in the person of her humblest votaries. I shall remain there almost cheerfully, in spite of the almost insupportable nature of these modern battles, since the Spiritualists have grasped hands with the Spiritists in true brotherly union, a very significant fact in these troubled times. We are now awaiting your lists of signature, pleading in terms of wise discretion for liberty for the prisoner. Please convey my thanks to all who have taken part in the good cause in Great Britain. This step will bring its own reward. Your devoted and grateful friend, P. G. LEYMARIE.

Paris, Feb. 11th, 1876. The above earnest words from the unfortunate but undaunted editor of the Revue Spirite tell a sad story of legalized oppression, and bring the American reader face to face with a demonstration of that deadly animus with which sectarian bigotry has inflamed alike the social state, the political systems and the judicial tribunals of the Old World: They do more—in that they furnish an index of what the same spirit of insane hatred toward reform and reformers would labor to accomplish, had it the power, in our own land.

We have endeavored to place the slips referred to in the letter above given, before as many of the Spiritualists of America as was possible in the time we have had to work in, and in this effort we have been ably seconded by many friends in various parts of the country, who have taken upon themselves the onerous work of canvassers in their immediate neighborhoods; and as a result we have been enabled to despatch during the past week a petition bearing nearly three thousand signatures, wherein President MacMahon is earnestly requested to grant a pardon to M. Leymarie, this gentleman being the victim of a conspiracy the chief characters in which showed some of the darkest points of human nature. May kind angels of power accompany this effort of American lovers of free thought, and crown it with success.

The Twenty-Eighth Anniversary

Of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be appropriately celebrated by the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, joined by representative delegations from various parts of Massachusetts, at Palm Hall, on Friday, March 31st, the services to be carried out under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city.

In the morning exercises will be held in the lower hall under the direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson. At 2 p. m. the lower hall will be under the supervision of Mr. George A. Bacon, where speaking will take place. At the meeting in the evening, Dr. H. B. Storer will preside. In addition to the above, it is proposed to have a Children's Festival in the upper hall at 2 p. m., consisting of the usual Lyceum exercises, at the conclusion of which the children will partake of a collation at Banquet Hall. The upper hall during the evening will be occupied by those wishing to join in dancing. The First Regiment Brass Band will furnish music during the day and evening.

The following organizations will be the guests of the Boston Lyceum, and will take part in the exercises: Salem Lyceum, John Hand, Conductor; Harwich Port Lyceum, G. D. Smalley, Conductor; Plymouth Lyceum, I. Carver, Conductor; Rockland Lyceum, F. J. Gurney, Conductor. In order to meet the pecuniary outlay necessary in carrying forward this movement to a successful conclusion, the committee of arrangements (of which body J. B. Hatch, Conductor Boston Lyceum, is chairman, and W. H. Durell, treasurer) have prepared the following scale of prices: Tickets admitting the holder during the day and evening to services Lower Hall, forty cents. Single admission, fifteen cents. Tickets for dancing, admitting lady and gentleman, seventy-five cents. Additional ladies, twenty-five cents.

James M. Peebles and his New Tour.

This talented writer and lecturer has finished his engagement at New Orleans, and ere this has probably commenced his Central American journey. We have made special arrangements with him to furnish for the Banner of Light a series of articles describing his visit to Mexico, Yucatan, etc., much after the fashion of his Letters of Travel, written for and published by us while he was voyaging round the world. His first letter, which will appear soon, will bear date at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

We have a fine article from his pen on "Hints about Books, Authors and Travels," which we hope to present to our readers next week. On the evening of Sunday, Feb. 27th, on the occasion of the termination of his two months' season of work in New Orleans, the Spiritual Association of that place passed the following preamble and resolutions, as indicative of their friendly regard and appreciation:

Resolved, That we tender to Bro. Peebles our love and sympathy in his pilgrimage among the "heathen" of our own and foreign lands; and assure him that wherever his lot may be cast our prayers shall ever be for the infinite Father and his guardian angels may watch over and protect him, and that his pathway may be strewn with flowers; and we trust that his visit to our city, laden to his vessel proclaiming the glad tidings of spirit-ism, will be a most profitable and blessed one to all who have fallen from their lips during his too brief sojourn in our midst, and that we can and do cheerfully recommend him to spiritual associations throughout the world, who desire to maintain a high standard of mental culture and moral excellence upon their platform.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be furnished to Bro. Peebles, and to the spiritual papers and magazines, with the request to publish. JAS. H. YOUNG, Secretary N. O. A. of S., 233 Canquet street. Adolf Grünherz, M. D., executive officer of the Association of Spirit Investigators at Budapest, Hungary, writes us recently as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that our Association, whose Honorary President is the Baron Odon Von Vay, has elected Messrs. Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, Honorary Members." Thanks, brothers, for your kindly recognition. The English lists of signatures to the French Memorial in favor of Leymarie's innocence, numbering over eight hundred names, forming a long scroll attached to the petition, were given into the charge of Mr. J. H. Gledstones, and by him were transported to Paris Feb. 21st.

Helping the Poor.

When work is denied to so many persons, the most of whom have families depending on them, it cannot escape every one's reflection that unless they are helped they must suffer and die. Hence the most efficacious mode of rendering assistance is well worth knowing. On this point we may take a timely hint from abroad. A plan that has worked in a certain part of Germany, in a town named Elberfeld, near Cologne, has been described as a good one for adoption by ourselves, when such a multitude of needy ones are continually applying for aid. This experiment in Elberfeld was undertaken some twenty years ago, and it has proved wonderfully successful. The original purpose of it was not to get rid of bestowing alms, but to inaugurate the healthful method of respecting self-help. This is the whole scheme:

The city was divided and subdivided under voluntary overseers, having a corps of visitors who were allowed to visit not more than four families, and sometimes only two. The visits were paid once every fortnight. With the same regularity—once in two weeks—the visitors themselves met to discuss their cases and plan relief. Inquiries were searchingly made into every case relieved, to discover if all such were doing what they could to help themselves, and if relatives who were able to assist were likewise doing all that they could. It was not so much to relieve want as to prevent poverty, by encouragement and practical advice, that the work was pursued. In short, the more capable classes of people came in direct contact with the poor ones, closely supervising them, and preventing them from lapsing into a condition of discouragement and misery. In a population of a little over fifty thousand, over four thousand persons were relieved in this way in 1853. In 1873, with a population of seventy-eight thousand, there was no necessity for relief for one thousand paupers, showing how the plan had reduced pauperism and its attendant suffering.

In connection with the Provident Association, of this city, a plan of out-door and visiting relief has been started on the basis of the successful one of Elberfeld. The idea is to organize a company, or corps, of "cooperative visitors." There are hundreds of them required for the work in contemplation, because not more than four families may be given to each visitor, while the applications are apparently without number. No donations are to be made to families in want, until the visitors' reports are first rendered to the relief committee. All persons who may feel disposed to assist in the cause of genuine charity and permanent relief are requested to leave their names and address with Miss Nesbitt, of the Provident Association, or at No. 148 Charles street, Boston. The plan will be found to possess features which will peculiarly commend it to general favor.

Attacks on Spiritualism.

Most of the assaults on spiritual science have been conspicuously marked by feebleness, bigotry and ignorance, while few have been free from the element of malicious calumny. The advertisement of D. D. Home in a late Banner indicates clearly that we may expect from him another of those assaults with poisoned arrows, of which an honorable champion would say, "This is not war; it is assassination." Mr. Home is identified with the Catholic church and the old world aristocracy; it is evident therefore that he has no sympathy with free progressive truth seeking Spiritualism; and the style of private gossip in which he indulges concerning eminent Spiritualists is a sufficient premonition of the unwholesome character of his promised work, in which he is expected to gather the filthy records of real or pretended imposture, and all the exceptional instances in which insanity has appeared among those interested in Spiritualism.

How easy would it be by such a style of attack to foster the vilest sectarian malignity, to besmirch the purest reputation or to excite odium against any class. How well do such publications pander to the depraved taste of those who have no sympathy with the good and true. Really the obscene literature against which legislation has been directed is not one-tenth part as demoralizing in its influence. Catholic bigotry has found in Mr. Home a most fitting instrument for its satanic purposes. A true psychology shows that Spiritualism is one of the best and most potent hygienic influences in resisting insanity, as the gloomy old theology was one of its most malign sources. Mr. Home may gather sensational cases of insanity, in apparent connection with Spiritualism, to answer his purpose, but any fair and honest collection of statistics would make a triumphant proof of the wholesome influence of Spiritualism on the mental condition of our race. If our English friends, Dr. Sexton, Dr. Wilkinson or Dr. Hitchman, would give us a resumé of all of the attainable statistics on this subject, they would render a valuable service which is much needed at present. J. R. B.

"Does Matter do it All?"

E. C. Leonard, writing us from Binghamton, N. Y., under a recent date, orders a number of copies of this telling pamphlet from the pen of Epes Sargent, Esq., in reply to Prof. Tyndall's attack on Spiritualism, and says: "We are holding spiritual conference meetings every Sabbath here, and have continued the practice for the past two years. We have profited much by so doing, and would recommend this course to be instituted in every village and hamlet where a half-dozen Spiritualists reside. I do wish every Spiritualist in the land would send for copies of this grand work by Epes Sargent, and circulate them among the Orthodox people and even the clergy. I am sure they would, by reading this pamphlet, understand the spiritual cause better, and it would tend to open their eyes to the verity of spiritual things."

Symbolic Drawings.

We have on free exhibition in the Reception Room of the Banner of Light, a large portfolio of Crayon Drawings, of various sizes, symbolizing spiritual growth and progress, executed under direct spirit control through the mediumship of a highly respectable lady (M. F. T.) residing in Bangor, Me. During the process of the work, the lady had no control whatever over her arm or hand in holding or guiding the pencil. All the pictures are artistic, and some truly beautiful. Those who are interested in the symbolic mode of expressing ideas will find pleasure in examining the collection.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Blodgett assembled at their residence, 92 Gore street, East Cambridge, Mass., on the evening of Saturday, March 4th, to celebrate the 59th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. B. A pleasant meeting was the result.

Interesting Letter from Dr. Pence.

Mrs. Stewart and her Associates—Attempts at Deception—Fraud Breeds Fraud—Jaws of Materialization—Strange Peculiarities—Genuineness of the Manifestations—Anecdotes—The Ruling Passion Still Strong—A Remarkable Séance.

TERRE HAUTE, March 1st, 1876. In the Banner of a recent date you quote from the statement of G. B. W. a passage in which he relates that, at one of Mrs. Stewart's séances, what purported to be the materialized spirit of his wife (she being still in the physical form, but he having pretended she was dead,) came forth and embraced him as her husband. All that I can testify to as happening on the occasion referred to is this: An apparition advanced to this man (Wilson), threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. He seemed to be much affected thereat, but whether he addressed the form as his wife, or whether she recognized him as her husband, I cannot say.

After hearing his version of the case, we asked Minnie, the controlling spirit, if such deception could be practiced on the band; to which she replied that they were liable to be imposed upon. Subsequently the spirit Belle, while in the rostrum, in a materialized form, explained further that they were continually besieged by spirits anxious to write and to materialize; that some of these were deceptive spirits, and that the presence of a dishonest person in the circle favored their deceptions, and they were sometimes thus enabled to secure, by false representations, the privilege of manifesting themselves.

Our long and intimate acquaintance with Minnie, Belle, and the other members of the band, has led us to place great confidence in their statements, and our own experience confirms the belief that spirits, particularly those on the lower plane of development, are liable both to deceive and to be deceived. In the case of Wilson it has been suggested that if the spirit who thus caressed him was not his wife, there was some relation between them not yet explained. He now pretends that his emotion at the meeting was feigned; if so, he must be an adept in duplicity, for he shed tears, and appeared to be under an excitement he could not control. During the séance other spirits came whom he openly claimed as friends and relatives, and they in return admitted the recognition. On seeing Belle and the medium standing on the rostrum, side by side, in plain view of all, he voluntarily acknowledged that he was convinced there was no humbug in the case. Could he have been shamming all this while? If so, what are his representations worth? And if it be a law that like attracts like, is it surprising that he should have drawn to himself spirits who were willing to meet him half way in deception? One word as to some of the strange peculiarities in these materialization phenomena. An apparition of a female; we will suppose, is seen at the cabinet door. Some man in the circle asks, "Is that for me?" Without answering, and with a wild, confused look, the apparition scrutinizes the questioner. Then, from another direction, her name is called. Quickly turning, she recognizes her husband, who now, with extended arms, persistently and affectionately invites her to approach. Instantly her hitherto wild look gives place to a smile. She struggles against the magnetic forces that hold her back; her form sways to and fro, but at last, overcoming the power that seems to keep her in suspense, she rushes to greet the beloved object of her recognition; her arms are thrown hastily around his neck; and then, with a hurried kiss on his brow and a farewell shake of his hand, she returns to the cabinet and is seen no more. But one strange omission remains to be told: A son is sitting by the father's side, but the spirit mother does not notice him. How can this be explained? "Even thus," say the spirit band: "The spirit usually, on assuming for the first time a materialized form, is wholly unable to realize its actual condition; it is confused and bewildered. On hearing its name pronounced, it is, as it were, partially restored to consciousness; it directs its attention to the one object it recognizes; it sees the presence of that one, but is lost to all else."

Yet there are exceptional cases. For example, the other evening the apparition of an elderly Quakeress appeared. A lady called out, "Grandma!" giving the surname. The apparition started to greet the granddaughter, but, seeing some orange-peel on the carpet, stopped and removed it. This done, she renewed her effort to reach her granddaughter. They met, greetings were interchanged, and the spirit returned to the cabinet. Minnie explained that the old lady felt vexed at herself for her foolish act in noticing the orange-peel; "but," added Minnie, "she did not at the moment realize but that she was back in her own parlor as of yore." The granddaughter remarked that the incident was a good test of her grandmother's identity; for it was quite characteristic of her. It was indeed the ruling passion (of neatness) strong even in the novel state of materialization.

After materializing repeatedly the spirit seems to become more thoroughly individualized and more conscious of its relations to surrounding objects. Our séance last evening, (Feb. 29th) was held in the large hall, and a new cabinet was used. The spirit Belle made her appearance, and Captain Hook invited her to take a walk through the hall. Thereupon she stepped six or eight feet from the cabinet, and then came to a halt. After some three or four minutes, during which she kept her eyes constantly on the medium, (who could be seen in her seat, as the cabinet doors were open,) Belle passed on, quitted the rostrum, and, locking arms with the Captain, strolled off through the hall. Returning, she accepted an invitation to promenade with a lady friend, and side by side they walked along, conversing as naturally as two mortals could have done; in fact the one was, to all external appearance, as much flesh and blood as the other. And all the while there sat the medium in the cabinet!

The further the spirit-form goes from the medium the more the magnetic forces holding it seem to be weakened. In the promenade described, the parties must have gone at least sixty feet from the medium. The fact is interesting as showing what can be accomplished under good conditions, and after the spirit has got accustomed to the process of materialization. Respectfully, ALLEN PENCE.

We have read the above letter, and can corroborate fully the facts stated. JAMES HOOK, SAMUEL CONNER. Dr. H. B. Storer's medicines are becoming more popular every year. He is receiving orders from all parts of the country. Special information will be given by letter to invalids ordering the Doctor's excellent medicines. His blood-purifier is a capital article. The spring is the time to take it.



Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Introductory. (Part Thirteenth.) BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

The young lady to whom I referred in my last "Introductory," Rosalie, the wife of Lieutenant Wash. A. Danskin, Jr., was, as I there said, a rigid adherent of the Roman Catholic Church.

Previous to this new birth—for it was a new birth to her, and to me a most beautiful illustration of Christ's saying, "Unless a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

John May, of New York.

The sunlight under which I stand is very invigorating. I give no harsh word to death, for it has made me companionable for those who have gone before.

I am growing now, oh, friends of earth, and those who loved me—I am growing to understand my whereabouts.

Leonard Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Hark! the sound of tolling bells, chiming out the doleful tale of one who has passed under the law of death!

Why should the human mourn and cry and bewail when one is summoned to that grand tribunal which gives to either he or she life with its perpetual beauties and grandeur?

George Denison, Washington, D. C.

Ever thus. From my childhood's hour have I watched my fondest hopes decay.

Now I go, for I feel stealing over me the duller sensations of earth and earthly things.

Ava Lord, New York.

"T was cold, bleak December when the chilling hand of death was laid upon my poor, frail form.

Oh, husband, oh father, oh kindred, what is mortal life compared to immortal life?

Margaret George Moulthrop, Rockford, Ill.

My name was Margaret George, wife of Levi Moulthrop. I was the mother of L. Moulthrop, the well-known dry goods merchant of Rockford, Ill.

Oh how grand and how sublime is the thought that we meet our loved ones beyond the river;

John Forster, England.

What is this vital spark? It is life, it is not death that has come to me, for from my boyhood up I was ever told that death was a monster;

Charlotte Muller.

Is it my privilege to act according to the tenor of my own feelings? Rich indeed, oh Father of Mercies, is the gift of wisdom thou hast bestowed on one so young in years.

Leonard Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, New York.

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George Denison, Washington, D. C.

happiness. It occurred in that city of active life, Washington. My residence was on Eleventh street.

Foreign Correspondence.

Specially written for the Banner of Light. ENGLISH LETTERS.—No. 2. BY J. J. MORSE.

The old is gone, the new has come. I wish yourself, Mr. Editor, and your readers, as much happiness during this year as it is possible they can attain to.

Since I last wrote you, Christmas with its festivities has come and gone. Socially it had its usual characteristics, but spiritually it was unmarked by any event in London worth recording.

With the coming of the New Year was ushered in some important changes connected with our two newspapers, the Medium and Daybreak.

One other newspaper, "The Spiritualist," edited by W. H. Harrison, has like its contemporary, had rather an eventful history.

Our latest novelties in the matter of mediumship are the casts of spirit hands and feet, through the mediumship of Lottie Fowler and Judging from the reports in the Medium and Daybreak,

The British National Association of Spiritualists still keeps on the even tenor of its way, gaining new members, and thereby growing stronger every month.

There has lately been issued a most remarkable book, under the title of "Hafed, Prince of Persia; His Experiences in Earth-Life and Spirit-Life."

Real Life in the Spirit-Land.

Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents and Conditions, Illustrative of Spirit-Life, and the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

letter-press being communicated at the same time through David Duguid, the Glasgow (Scotland) painting medium.

Spiritualism in Liverpool is going on in its usual steady manner, the society having elected all new officials for the present year.

The dead are like the stars apart from noise, and all the weary round of this our care; Their golden lights are fixed in lucid air.

New Books.

The Relations of the Sexes. BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, Author of "What Women Should Know," "No Sex in Education," etc.

New Books.

The Relations of the Sexes. BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, Author of "What Women Should Know," "No Sex in Education," etc.

NEW WORK JUST ISSUED.

Diseases of Women; Their Causes, Prevention, and Radical Cure. BY GEO. H. TAYLOR, M. D.

Poems from the Inner Life. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

COSMOLOGY. BY GEORGE MILVAINE RAMSAY, M. D.

The Spiritual Harp. A MUSIC BOOK FOR THE CHOR, CONGREGATION AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

The Principles of Nature. As discovered in the development and structure of the Universe.

Real Life in the Spirit-Land. Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents and Conditions, Illustrative of Spirit-Life, and the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

WOMAN AND THE DIVINE REPUBLIC. BY LEO MILLER.

THE SPIRITS' BOOK; CONTAINING THE PRINCIPLES OF SPIRITIST DOCTRINE ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

DR. CARPENTER ON "PREPOSESSION."

BY EPHES ARGENT.

The great conjuring word by which Dr. Carpenter would dispel the facts of Modern Spiritualism is prepossession.

In an article on "The Fallacies of Testimony," in the January number of the Contemporary Review, he remarks: "During the prevalence of an epidemic delusion, the honest testimony of any number of individuals on one side, if given under a great variety of circumstances, is worth more than that of a single adverse witness."

And by this reasoning he would explain and dispel all that Spiritualism can offer of testimony for the movement of objects independent of touch, the levitation of mediums, and similar marvels.

Truly, if such an explanation is to be taken as scientific, or as throwing the least light on the phenomena in question, then may one cheaply earn the renown of a physicist.

"Thus I think it cannot be doubted," continues Dr. Carpenter, "by any one who candidly studies the whole of the witness really believed what they deposed to as facts."

Undoubtedly they did and Spiritualists claim this as a confirmation of what they themselves can testify to. That there may have been plenty of lying and exaggeration at the witchcraft trials, just as there may be at any modern trial, is freely granted. But that in many cases the witnesses were neither deluded nor mendacious, no competent investigator, acquainted with the modern phenomena, can for a moment doubt.

The facts of levitation, or the elevation of persons from the ground by an invisible force, believed to be spiritual, are so numerous, direct, positive and conclusive, that no one but a scientist, clinging to his hypothesis under the feeling that if he fact-confronted it, then it is so much the worse for the facts, could resist the accumulated testimony. The records of the Catholic church are full of well-attested instances of this phenomenon. History, both sacred and profane, asserts it. Tens of thousands of witnesses in our own day, of which I may be counted one, testify to it.

Dr. Carpenter himself, referring to the case of St. Francis d'Assisi, who was repeatedly seen remaining unsupported in the air for a considerable length of time, ingeniously admits that some of the ablest scholars, such as those in the English church have confessed their inability to see on what ground—so far as *eternal evidence* is concerned—we are to reject these, if the testimony of the biblical narratives is to be accepted as valid evidence of the supernatural occurrences they relate.

What Dr. Carpenter means for us to infer is obvious. If these modern "miracles" are illusions, then must those on which the Christian church is built be illusions also. They all belong to the same category. So Spiritualists generally believe, and so believes Dr. Carpenter; only in his view the miracle is all reality, and he would like to be explained and exploded by his theory of "prepossession." Spiritualists, on the other hand, knowing what has been done in our own day, through the agency of a force we assume to be spiritual, can readily accept the so-called "miracles" of the Old and New Testament.

What the late Rev. James E. Smith, author of "The Divine Drama of Civilization," said of Sir David Brewster's attempt to explain away the phenomena applies so closely to Dr. Carpenter's kindred attempt (in many respects a repetition) that I must be permitted to quote it here:

"I am tempted to conclude too hastily, according to the fact that the modern Spiritualists, by using a more scientific phraseology for their physical explanations, and employing, in respect to modern alleged miracles, only such arguments as would be admissible in reference to ancient miracles, the reviewer comes to just such a conclusion as a sane man of a learned Roman would have come to in the time of the apostles, and by the same reasoning, I believe, would have done so, had he been a philosopher, and not a theologian. He would have seen that the modern Spiritualists, by leaving the question in doubt, and then attributing the facts to the influence of prepossession, are only doing what the ancient theologians did, and what the modern Spiritualists do, by leaving the question in doubt, and then attributing the facts to the influence of prepossession. He would have seen that the modern Spiritualists, by leaving the question in doubt, and then attributing the facts to the influence of prepossession, are only doing what the ancient theologians did, and what the modern Spiritualists do, by leaving the question in doubt, and then attributing the facts to the influence of prepossession."

Like the Bourbons, Dr. Carpenter learns nothing, forgets nothing. He stands in relation to the great facts of Spiritualism, just where Faraday and Brewster stood years ago. Not a step in advance has he taken. The great unparalleled movement, now in its twenty-eighth year, which, under the name of Modern Spiritualism, has gone on multiplying its marvelous facts, and winning countless thousands of intelligent persons to a belief in the spiritual origin of those facts is still, for him, nothing but the "prevalence of an epidemic delusion." Rather a long prevalence for an epidemic, it might be objected. But philosophers must be held to too strict an account for their terminology.

"Prepossession" is defined by Webster "the preoccupation of the mind by an opinion, or impression already formed," and by "prepossession" Dr. Carpenter would explain the curious circumstance that so much respectable testimony comes to us from the four quarters of the globe in confirmation of the marvels of levitation and movement without touch, now ranked among the minor phenomena of Spiritualism. He is even so far a *validator temporis actus* to fall back on Faraday's test, wholly inapplicable as it was the moment the tables moved without touch began, and now considered by every intelligent investigator to the limbo of exploded theories.

But Dr. Carpenter cannot get it out of his head that the test has not been superseded. With a gravity and confidence simply ludicrous to those who know the facts, he says: "It is still asserted that the validity of Faraday's test is completely disproved by the conviction of the performers that they do not exert any such agency, all that this proves being that they are not conscious of such exertion—which, to the physiologist, affords no proof whatever that they are not making it."

That is to say, the declaration of twelve or more honest men that they saw a table rise independently, when they were all standing at some distance from it, must be set aside as worthless because the fact "lies beyond the existing knowledge" of Dr. Carpenter and others, and is in "direct contrariety to it."

If this reasoning were true—if it were not presumptuous, sophistical and corrupt—then no testimony could be given in our courts of justice that might not be invalidated by an adroit "physiologist." If, in science and logic, Dr. Carpenter's *a priori* notion of what is possible in nature is to annihilate the force of the testimony of such physiologists as Ashburner, Gully and Gray, or of such physicists as Far, Crookes, and Wallace, and of competent witnesses innumerable, then must we remain content with such truths only as are agreeable or probable to our unaided conceptions. We must not hope for progress.

Dr. Carpenter would have us discriminate between "the testimony of our senses and that of our sense." A pretty antithesis, but it means nothing in this connection. If it is to our common sense he would appeal, that is precisely the ground on which we would like to meet him.

He graciously concedes that he does not "question that Mr. Crookes is thoroughly honest when he says he has repeatedly witnessed the levitation of the human body." ("A human body, sir, honest as the skin between his brows, but he will be talking!") "I can regard his statements," continues Dr. Carpenter, "in no other light than as evidence of the degree in which certain minds are led by the influence of strong prepossession, to believe in the creations of their own visual imaginations."

There is no coolness like the coolness of ignorance, it is so charmingly unconscious! But what an imposition on our common sense is all this prattle of "prepossession!" Let me recur

to my own case. Was I "prepossessed" in their favor when I first became convinced of the actuality of these physical phenomena? Oh, the contrary! I was strongly prepossessed against them. Like Deleuze, who, as far back as 1836, when Bulot wrote him that he had both seen and felt the spirits, said, "I cannot conceive how spiritual beings are able to carry material objects." I, too, held opinions strongly adverse to the supposition. And yet the phenomena were forced upon my unwilling convictions by the mere stress of irresistible facts, under conditions perfectly satisfactory to that "sense" which Dr. Carpenter would have us discriminate from our "senses."

I believe that thousands of investigators could give the same testimony as I do on this subject of "prepossession." How many, from a state of positive incredulity and opposition, have been converted? Where was the prepossession in their case? And how often have students of the phenomena remarked that, wonderful as those may have been, their pulses have not been quickened thereby, nor their surprise been of a character to unsteady their senses or their nerves in the least. The absence of excitement on these occasions is indeed something that has often been the least astonishing part of a successful séance.

One word as to what Dr. Carpenter says of the Davenport Brothers. He tells us that "their tricks have been not merely imitated but surpassed by Messrs. Cooke and Maskelyne." I have never witnessed the performance of these jugglers, but if they do anything that experts in jugglery cannot explain, the probability is that they do it through some cooperating medium, assisted by a low order of spirits. They have been repeatedly challenged to produce the mediumistic phenomena under conditions acceptable to genuine mediums, but have never, I believe, found it convenient to comply with the terms of the challenge. There have been plenty of instances in America where mediums have attempted to pass off the phenomena of Spiritualism as their own skillful jugglery; and in the East this, I suppose, is a common occurrence.

The notion of Dr. Carpenter, that because he has compiled a number of useful works on physiology, and has perhaps had his share of experience in the science, he therefore possesses "a trained and organized common sense" (his own expression) which gives him an advantage over a large number of men of various occupations, lawyers, mechanics, artists, electricians, merchants and farmers, in estimating the value of evidence, which he is plainly ignorant, but on which, as coming within the range of physiological inquiry, he presumes to sit in judgment, is one of those fallacious pretensions which we are all of us too apt to accept without proper question and scrutiny.

It was a saying of Sala, that if a man would stand at the corner of the streets and keep bawling, "I'm a genius! I'm a genius!" there would be plenty of people who would end by believing him. And so in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism, we have heard it so often repeated that only a physicist like Dr. Carpenter, could be acquainted with the sources of fallacy which attend this particular department of inquiry, can judge of them, that some worthy people have ended by taking it for granted that his claim must be valid.

But what is there in the facts which a keen-witted, sharp-eyed artist or detective is not as competent as any member of the Royal Academy to investigate? Dr. Carpenter would come to a séance prepossessed with his pet theories of "prepossession" and "unconscious cerebration," and he would apply those measuring rules to everything that might occur. The artisan or detective, without any prepossession except a determination not to be humbugged, would keep a cool head and his suspicions awake, and without any theory for or against to provide for, would, if he repeated his experiments often enough, be likely to arrive at a fair and truthful conclusion.

The phenomena are not such as Dr. Carpenter is any better qualified to decide on than thousands of intelligent men and women, who, if they have no preconceived theory, and cannot boast of a diploma, have yet "a trained and organized common sense" to keep them on their guard against being fooled. Dr. Carpenter seems to take it for granted that all investigators who have admitted the facts are "prepossessed" individuals.

In reference to a hasty opinion on Spiritualism, in which the late excellent Sir Benjamin Brodie once indulged, the Spiritual Magazine remarked: "What are we to say when a President of the Royal Society, and a high medical authority, expresses publicly an opinion upon a subject of the elementary facts of which he is entirely ignorant?"

All who know the facts will see that the same question may be justly put in reference to all that Dr. Carpenter has said on the same subject. Boston, U. S., Feb. 18th, 1876. —London Spiritualist.

Another Witness for Mrs. Thayer—A Lady Holds her Hands and Gets Flowers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I have noticed of late, in the spiritualistic press, animated discussions regarding the genuineness of certain so-called spiritual manifestations. A prominent and I may add surprising feature (to outsiders at least) in this discussion is the fact that it is largely carried on in the house of its friends, among Spiritualists themselves.

It is not strange that the outside world, to whom the revelations of unseen intelligence that you claim to have received, have not been given, should, as of old, stone and starve the prophets and apostles of the new faith. The saviours of mankind have been recurrent since the beginning, so also have their crucifixions been. The world has ever slain its Messiahs, but the phenomenon of so new a religion turning upon its ambassadors is for the first time seen in Spiritualism.

An investigator, hoping to become a believer in this new philosophy, asks the privilege of appealing through your columns to all who read your paper, to suspend unfavorable judgment upon one who has given to her the strongest and sweetest test of invisible, intelligent forces that in the course of fifteen years of investigation she has ever received. I do this in the case of Mrs. Thayer of your city, for the reason that her honesty and occult power have been doubted by Spiritualists of long standing, character and influence, and moreover for the reason that these doubts have gone forth to taint her name with suspicion.

During a recent visit to Philadelphia I was so fortunate as to meet for the first time this wonderfully gifted woman. I attended a promiscuous circle, where a profusion of flowers and plants were strewn on the table, and to the discomfiture of delicate nerves, a live fish from six to eight inches in length was dropped, to "float" about in unuasiness, out of its natural element, among the flowers. All this was to my senses quite bewildering, but mingled with the wonder were the doubts that had been planted in my mind by strong believers in the possibility of this weird and mystic power. Turning the events of the evening over in my mind, the next morning I sought the lady, and begged of her a private séance, which she gave me the following evening in my own room. To my own knowledge Mrs. Thayer was not in that room previous to her sitting with me in the evening; no one was present except three friends invited by myself, the room was closed securely, leaving no crevice in window or door; the night was bitter cold. After sitting ourselves at the table, the gas was extinguished. Mrs. Thayer, with both of her hands, which I grasped and held firm, made the entire sitting. Her hands were icy cold, and her frame seemed convulsed as if in mortal throes, carrying me in imagination back to Gethsemane, and echoing in my ears from adown the corridors of time, I could hear that memorable prayer of agony: "Oh let this cup pass by me."

In about five minutes, during which time she was as if in great physical suffering, she ordered

the light, and there on the table, grouped before me in the most exquisite order, were a quantity of the choicest flowers to be found in hot house or garden, gathered from every clime, from temperate to torrid zone. Twenty-seven varieties of flowers, ferns and grasses, and every one a choice selection; the majestic calla lily set between two of its green leaves, which florists so grudgingly cut; three varieties of the camellia; a stalk of hyacinth, its pure, white, wax-like blossoms shimmering upon them; the magnolia, and double, deep, variegated tulip, as if just wafted from the land of the "express and myrtle." Delicate ferns, long, graceful grasses, dancing in the crystal light of the dew that had baptized them in their flight from congenial skies; the pale bellflower, and modest forget-me-not, with many others, forming altogether a fit subject for the artist's pencil; not a petal marred, not a twig bent; the pollen on the lily's stamen intact, resting as lightly on it as if just dusted there by some celestial florist's hand. Where did they come from? Their perfume, which penetrated the atmosphere of the room, would have discovered their presence if in the room, the dew and unusual beauty of the delicate white blossoms rendered the suspicion of their existence being handed down from the land of the "express and myrtle." The exquisite flowers alone precluded the idea of fraud; and who was to bring them, if accomplices were possible, in my own room, surrounded by my own friends? These are the questions necessary to be solved, bounded by difficulties on every side. If brought by spirits, how introduce matter through solid matter? and so on with endless querying. Whatever the solution of the mystery may be, I am perfectly certain that it is to Mrs. Thayer as great a mystery as to us; that she is not cognizant of the doing, any further than that her presence is necessary to produce the phenomenon; that the intelligence, invisible to us, to her is a tangible entity; after this all is on an unknown sea—a sea of invisible forces, governed by laws as yet not even guessed at by the scientific world.

I have written this account, not with the hope of attracting secular attention, so much as of appealing to Spiritualists who have knowledge, or believe they have, of these things, to allow the outside world who do not believe in these "signs and wonders," but attribute all to trickery, jugglery and fraud, a monopoly in the art of exorcism; they are fully capable of doing this work justice. It is one thing to be vigilant against imposture, it is quite another to suspect and charge fraud without knowledge, the positive knowledge to support it.

To those who wait outside the door of this beautiful temple of belief, this spirit of suspicion, the jealousies, bickerings and selfishness displayed by those who claim to have rent the veil, is a constant reminder that such knowledge as they profess to have gained, ought to bear better fruit. Spiritualists claim to have received a later revelation than the Christian Church, of whatever sect called. There is one practice they may safely pattern after in that Church, that of impartial support, care and attention given to their inspired teacher.

It is one of the facts so far established in Spiritualism, as acknowledged by their press and forum, that the sensitives through whom their peculiar doctrines and knowledge of the invisible world believed in by them has been given, are delicate in organization, sensitive to painful degrees to material surroundings, and as a rule, poor in pecuniary riches. And yet in spite of these facts, and the wealth of the organization, there is less done in the way of homes, public buildings, charities, &c., &c., and far less of that broader charity that covers a multitude of sins, than in the average Christian Church of the present day. If we are to believe the utterances of the spiritualistic press, this is not overstated.

It is the end of this criticism upon Spiritualists, who if their philosophy is true, have the grandest cause to suffer for the world has ever seen, that I have written these lines, and for which privilege I thank the Banner.

H. M. B., Member of the Theological Society, New York City, March 1st, 1876.

On File for Publication: Several very interesting reviews, essays, etc., by writers of merit, viz.: "Mediums and Skeptics," Mrs. Elizabeth M. F. Denton's Reply to Mrs. Louisa Andrews; "Permissions of Spiritualism in its Present Status," by Allen Putnam, Esq.; "An article from the pen of J. M. Roberts, Esq., entitled 'What is Spiritualism?'"

"A lively essay on a profound subject, 'The Unknown.' The writer attacks materialism as expounded by Tyndall, and calls in question the assumption that every movement in Nature is referable to matter and its evolutions; 'Mediums versus Utero-Maniacs,' by W. P. Shattuck, M. D. A well-written article; 'The Relation of Mesmerism to Spiritualism,' by Prof. A. E. Carpenter; 'A Cure for Intemperance,' by A. E. N.; 'Hereditary,' by J. Dilie, Esq. An able and important article, of great value to every human being.

"An interesting letter from John Wetherbee; 'Spirit and Matter,' by P. Smith; 'The Evidence of Immortality from Spiritualism,' by Rev. E. R. Sanborn; 'The Element of Fear,' by W. S. Bell; 'What is Organic Life?' by Hon. Warren Chase; 'An Elementary,' original poem, by Mrs. F. O. Hizer; 'A Sketch (from the Louisville Courier Journal) of Prof. J. R. Buchanan's eloquent appeal to the State authorities at Frankfort in behalf of the criminal youth of Kentucky; 'National Spiritualism,' by Prof. S. B. Brittan.

A Spiritualist and Liberalist Convention Will be held at Liberty Hall, Springfield, Mass., Friday, March 31st, April 1st and 2d. The first day's sessions will be held to celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism; morning meeting at ten o'clock, volunteer speakers; afternoon at two, addresses by some of our ablest lecturers; evening, from eight to twelve, a social, including music and dancing.

April 1st, at ten A. M., the LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION will hear the report of their committee, and make arrangements for the camp meeting next August. In the afternoon speeches will be in order. In the evening a dramatic entertainment will take place.

April 21st, Sunday, lecture will be given at ten A. M., two and seven o'clock P. M. Speakers, mediums and the public are invited.

The Boston & Albany Railroad charge two-thirds fare. On this road call for Convention tickets. Passengers by other roads will receive return tickets at the Convention.

For further particulars address Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass. Per order of the Committee.

DANGER SIGNALS: an address on the uses and abuses of Modern Spiritualism, by Mary F. Davis, is the title of a very sensible, well-written pamphlet, just issued by the publishing house of A. J. Davis and Co. Its object is to show the dangers, errors and hurtful tendencies which are menacing Spiritualism—the mistakes which some are running into, and the fallacies which are being imbibed. Our Spiritualist friends will be pleased with it.—D. M. Bennett's Truth-Seeker, New York.

For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

The asylum for aged people at Williamsburg, N. Y., was burned at an early hour Tuesday morning, March 8th, and it is supposed that about thirty of the inmates perished in the flames.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC for March—H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers, 215 Somerset and Beacon streets, Boston—opens with a fine poem by T. B. Aldrich; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Celia Thaxter, C. C. Birch, Edgar Fawcett, A. R. Grote, and Annie R. Annan, furnish choice metrical lays; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., treats of "The State and the Railroads," Frances Anne Kemple's Autobiography is further continued, and articles on "The Welsh in America" (by Erasmus W. Jones), "Money and its Substitutes" (by Henry Carey Baird), "The Hudson World" (by John Fiske), etc., etc., continue with the serial novel by W. H. Howells, and the able editorial department, in making a highly readable number of this valuable magazine.

THE GALAXY for March—Sheldon & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers—gives another installment of William Black's story, "Madcap Violet"; Gen. G. A. Custer commences the series of "War Memoirs" which has been announced for this magazine; Joaquin Miller discourses in poetic fashion upon "The Ideal and the Real"; and essays, poems, continued tales, etc., etc., by E. G. Holland, Alfred Rhodes, J. W. DeForest, Josiah McFarley, Arthur H. House, etc., etc., furnish an attractive and good reading. Ella Wheeler's poem, "Three in One," is a gem, and the special departments are worthy attention.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 23 Washington street (corner School), Boston, Mass., furnish with the March numbers of SCHENCK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE and ST. NICOLAS; both of which publications they have for sale. The principal illustrated article of the first named magazine is a description of the new buildings of Trinity College, Hartford, Ct.; "Bret Hart's Story," (Gaiety and Contrary," is continued; Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" and "The Children of the Moon" are concluded in the number for April; John Van Cheney gives No. 3 of his series of "Revolutionary Letters"; and poems, sketches, etc., fill up the residue of the space. ST. NICOLAS gives the first of Mrs. Oliphant's sketches of Windsor Castle (the article being illustrated with six engravings,) an original poem by John G. Whittier, entitled "The Present Gentian," and other attractions. So many points claim notice that we are compelled to recommend the whole number to the attention of our young readers, that they may personally select their own from the mass.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for March—S. W. Wells & Co., publishers, 77 Broadway, New York City, in various articles on "Taking Cold," "Water—Its Use and Its Abuse," "How to Purify the Blood," and kindred topics, presents much good advice.

IN THE HERALD OF HEALTH for March—Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City.—T. A. Blair, M. D., continues his "Notes of Travel in Yankee Land"; and in the articles and editorials a good showing of entertaining matter on health topics generally is embodied.

THE WESTERN, a monthly journal of literature and art, published at St. Louis, Mo., by a company of the same name, and edited by H. H. Morgan, comes to hand regularly, and is the vehicle of much entertainment and instruction.

HARVEY, PRINCE OF PERSIA: his Experiences in Earthly and Spiritual Life. Being spirit communications received through Mr. David Duguid, the Glasgow trance-jumping medium. Illustrated by fac-similes of forty-five drawings and writings, the direct work of the spirits. This strange book lies altogether outside of the ordinary rules of criticism. It can be gobbled to the general reader only by offering selections from it. The medium, David Duguid, a Scotch cabinet-maker, has for some time past attracted special attention to himself for his remarkable powers; and this attention is the result of the services he has rendered to the spirit world, containing as it does the most striking communications from ancient spirits, who make paintings and drawings in his presence without the help of human hands. These pictures illustrate the communications, which are historical in the most genuine sense. We can only say that they are wonderful for their simplicity, their beauty, and their direct power. Hated lived on earth 1900 years ago, was Persian chief or prince, followed a priest and head of the Magi, and in old age a teacher of Christ, for whom he also suffered martyrdom.

The changing phases of mediumship in this unedicated Scotch mechanic are most interesting, as the spirit seeks to obtain and keep control of him. The experience of this ancient spirit is as varied and startling as that of a romance. He follows a round of avocations in the course of his earth career, and in returning to earth again to narrate them after so long an absence his descriptions are so new and profound as to engross the mind of the reader. There are directly opposite qualities to this book, some of which will gratify Spiritualists, and some will cause free criticism. It must be read with studious care in order for its understanding; but when once in the heart of it, the reader will discover, along with its romance of narrative, a philosophy that will richly repay his close attention.

"NARRATIVE OF SOUJOURN TRUTH," a bondswoman of old time, emancipated by the New York Legislature in the early part of the present century, with a history of her "labors and correspondence," drawn from her "Book of Life." The character of this book may be read in its title; of the character of its subject there is nothing to be said, for her fame is self-spread. The story is one of sorrow, want, wandering, and friendly welcomes; of a woman who came out of slavery to speak strong words for freedom for the rest of a long and honored life. It is well compiled, and the narrative is flowing and graceful. The book ought to stand steadily for its aged author's sake.

"FIFTH-DISEASES AND THEIR PREVENTION," by John Simon, M. D., is a little essay, and a timely one, printed under the direction of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. It is pronounced a masterly essay, whose truths, if adopted and acted on, would save a great many lives that are now lost by ignorance and heedlessness. The author is Chief Medical Officer of the Privy Council and of the Local Government Board of England. Published by James Campbell, Boston.

Received from T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, No. 200 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., the following standard works, which they have published in a style uniform with their popular cheap edition: "A Rent in a Cloud," a novel, by Charles Leyler, author of "Tom Burke of Ours," "Charles O'Malley," etc., etc.; "The Count of Monte-Cristo," by Alexandre Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," "The Memoirs of a Physician."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums. C. B. Lynn will lecture in Washington, D. C., during March. Address, 1016 I street, N. W. Mr. Lynn's success in Philadelphia during January and February was marked. He is ready to make further engagements.

Warren Chase lectures in Rockford, Ill., March 10th, 21st, 22d and 23d. Address accordingly. Mrs. Foster of Chicago will sing at his meetings.

E. V. Wilson will lecture and give tests in Houston, Texas, on Sunday, March 19th and 20th; in Galveston, on the 21st and 22d; in Brenham, Texas, 23th, 24th and 30th. Will speak in Waco, Dallas, Sherman, San Antonio, and other places. Will be in the place at 11 o'clock on the 21st. Brenham writes him on reading this notice; Address at Houston, Texas, or at Lombard, Ill.

E. Anne Hinman will speak in Bartonville, Vt., March 12th; Nashua, N. H., March 19th; after that will visit Bradford, Vt., and attend the anniversary at Poquonnock, Conn., March 31st. In April she will fill engagements in Maine. Can arrange for lectures en route, or extend engagements after the time specified. Address, West Winsted, Connecticut, Box 323.

Susie A. Willis-Fletcher lectured at Arcade Hall, Putnam, Ct., on Sunday afternoon and evening, March 5th, to good acceptance. She will occupy the platform there for the remaining Sundays of March.

W. S. Bell is engaged to speak in Springfield, Mass., this month.

W. F. Jamieson commenced his second engagement, after a year's absence, with the New Haven Free Lecture Association, on Saturday, March 4th, and was warmly welcomed by large audiences afternoon and evening. He is engaged to address the First Society of Philadelphia during the Sundays of May. Is still open for week-evening engagements. During March and April, address at New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullens, trance speaker, occupies the rostrum, morning and evening, at the hall corner of Green and Washington streets, Chicago, Ill., during March. She will accept invitations to lecture in towns adjacent to Chicago, during week-day evenings. Address her at No. 179 Warren avenue, Chicago.

Giles B. Stebbins lectures at Hastings, Mich., March 13th, 14th and 15th.

Mrs. Mary L. Jewett, M. D., is now stopping in Detroit, Mich., she has been filling engagements on the route from St. Louis, Mo., via Montreal, Canada. She is to visit several States—Minnesota at the last—return to Virginia and New York to her home. The subject of her lectures is "Maternity."

Dr. H. P. Fairlie will now engage to lecture wherever his services are required. Address, Greenwich Village, 100 lectures during 1876 on THOMAS PAINE by W. F. Jamieson. Engage him. Sea address.

The rising of the Danube has brought about much damage, and the flood showed no signs of retreat at the time of our going to press.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PAINE MEMORIAL HALL.—People's Course.—J. Frank Baxter, lecturer, vocalist and poet, will speak Sunday, March 12th and 13th, at 10 o'clock, evening, Boston, and of evening meetings. Dr. H. K. Gardner, Manager.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 11, in its usual course every Sunday evening at Rochester Hall, 20 Washington street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; Julia C. Carter, Secy.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. Barrett, Secretary.

LUKE HALL.—Free Public Circles are held at this Hall, No. 3 Winter street, every Sunday 10 1/2 A. M., and 2 1/2 P. M. by many of the best test mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. All are invited to attend.

Rochester Hall.—If the audience that assemble at this hall, to witness the exercises of the Children's Lyceum, continue to increase in numbers, it will very soon be necessary to adjourn to a larger place. Last Sunday morning, March 5th, the seats were crowded, and many were obliged to stand. The names of those who took part in the recitations were Mrs. Downes, Rudolph Burdison, Nellie Weeks, Edly Washburn, Mabel Edson, Carrie Hale, Ernestine Edmister, Linn Harvey, Elmer Smith, Florence Hall, Alice Dodge and Lizzie Thompson. Maria Adams and Flora Collier sang a duet, Mr. Keith played a flute solo very finely, Miss Harrington and Mr. Lull sang, and Maud and Blanche Williamson rendered a piano solo. Mr. Hatch, the Conductor, read the beautiful poem entitled "Somebody's Darling," followed by a short address. Dr. H. B. Storer and George A. Bacon, on being called, responded in a few pleasant remarks, after which the session closed. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec'y.

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not used.

T. B. OAKLAND, CAL.—The documents you inquire about were received.

Brother E. M. Davis, of Des Moines, Iowa, endorses the membership of Mrs. Hauke. We have given the Committee of Terro Haute a hearing in her defence, and their article contains substantially the same that other articles do, sent to us for publication. Our faith in her membership, from the evidence of many credible witnesses, remains unshaken.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

New Work on Mental and Physical Health. SOUL AND BODY; OR, The Spiritual Science of Health and Disease.

BY W. F. EVANS, Author of "Mental Cure," and "Mental Medicine."

It is a Book of deep and genuine inspiration. Dispense traced to its Sominal Spiritual Principle, Spiritual Influences and Forces the Appropriate Remedy.

The Fundamental Principle of the Cures wrought by Jesus, and how we can do the same. The Influence of the Spiritual World on Health and Disease. The Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse. How any one may converse with Spirits and Angels. The Psychology of Faith and Prayer.

This work is a reproduction in a scientific form of the Phenomenal Method of Cure practiced by Jesus eighteen centuries ago, and sustained by the most medical authorities. It is a scientifically religious, but not a theological, it is clear in thought, eloquent in style, and the profoundest of philosophy and medical science are so wedded together that the work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon the religious and scientific world. The previous volumes of the author, "Mental Cure" and "Mental Medicine," have received the highest commendations from every part of the country and the civilized world. The present work is on the boundary line between the profane and the sacred, and a genuine spiritualism merge in one. It is the result of years of thought and investigation. In it the principles of Psychology and medical science are so wedded together that the work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon the religious and scientific world. The previous volumes of the author, "Mental Cure" and "Mental Medicine," have received the highest commendations from every part of the country and the civilized world. The present work is on the boundary line between the profane and the sacred, and a genuine spiritualism merge in one. It is the result of years of thought and investigation. In it the principles of Psychology and medical science are so wedded together that the work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon the religious and scientific world.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM ACCORDING TO HOLY MEN OF OLD, BY THE AUTHOR OF "Samson, a Myth—Story of the Sun." Vol. I.

We are much indebted to Prof. Max Müller, Rev. G. W. Cox, Dr. T. Munster, and many other distinguished scholars with the keys to open the secret chambers of the ancient kingdom of heaven, and for supplying us with their labor-saving machinery for doing the Word as clothed upon by them of old time. Price 50 cents, postage free.

Vol. II. Just Issued. Price 50 cents, postage free. 2 Vols. 1 and 2 of "The Gospel of the Kingdom" and "Samson—a Myth—Story of the Sun," will be sent for \$1.00, postage free.

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An invaluable Collection of Original and Practical Receipts, containing Family Remedies, Agricultural, Medical and Miscellaneous, with directions for preparing all the Thomsonian Remedies, and directions for course of practice to which the patient is to adhere, and original suggestions pertaining to the laws of Life and Health.

This little book not only gives a large number of really original and practical receipts, (72 pp.), but contains a valuable information in a condensed form, on a variety of subjects necessary to be known by all persons in every department of society. We cannot refrain from saying our sincere belief that there is no other work extant containing one-quarter the amount of useful information to be found in these pages, even for double the price. Price 50 cents, postage free.