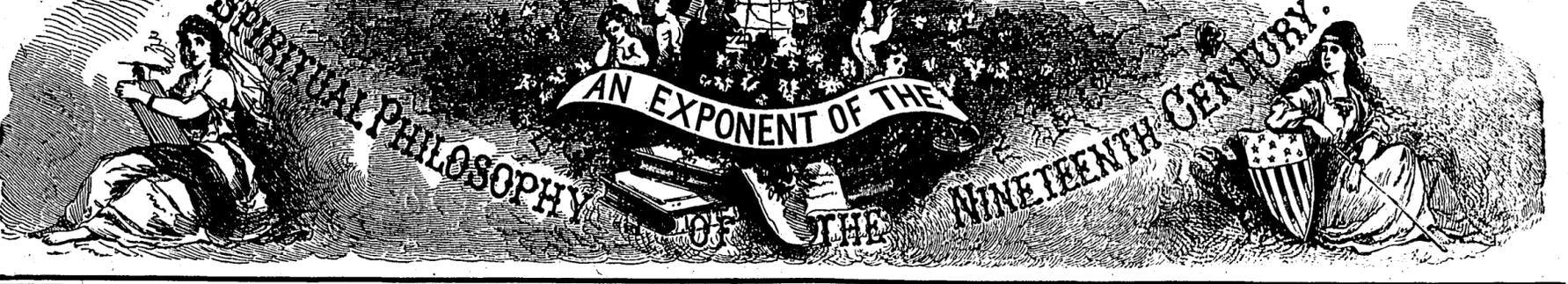


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIX.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 25.

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The Rostrum.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT SYMBOLS, MORE ESPECIALLY THE LETTER M.

NUMBER ONE.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, at Chicago, Ill., May 14th, 1876.

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Among a large class of modern realistic thinkers, everything pertaining to mythology is resolved into a fable, and all tradition is pronounced superstition. But the Positivism of Comte indulges in a little transcendentalism by accounting for singular coincidences on the score that the tendency of all substance is to seek a repetition of its former conformation, and the tendency of all organized forms is to seek their own likeness. Nothing can, in an intellectual sense, be more nearly mythological than this; and yet the Positivist school considers it the veriest philosophy.

If we escape from the narrow limits of mere realism, we shall find that Nature herself is the most symbolic of all possible existences; that the very things which are most important in life are only suggested externally, and that the forces at work in the great vitalizing mechanism of the universe are barely hinted at in what men see and call reality. A sunset is suggestive of another day of glory on the morrow, and faint indications along the horizon are signs of what may be seen in the approaching tempest. The traveler perceives the indications, on the desert, of the approaching simoon, but he must first know the significance of the symbol that portends the approaching storm.

Every power and force in Nature reveals itself by a series of signs and tokens. Nature has no audible voice. She has not even an intelligible language interpreted alike to every understanding; but he who would know may find her innermost secrets. To him who is blind, Nature is a blank; earth contains no prophesy of future blossom and fruition; the rocks are dead masses of matter, and the trees convenient for fire-wood and building of ships. To him who has no power of interpreting the signs of Nature, all splendors of sunset skies and starry firmaments are lost; they have faded into insignificance—they are not.

The religion of the ancients was largely symbolic. Their language compelled this; and the nearer you approach to the aboriginal or even the early patriarchal nations, the more do you find that their sublimest ideas were expressed in vague and, to you, unmeaning symbols. But it has been shown, not only by revelations in the various academies of science in Europe and by inscriptions which are now preserved in the European museums, but by every variety of source from whence ancient learning has been deciphered and unraveled to human understanding, that every character employed by the ancients, symbolic, hieroglyphic, or otherwise, expressed a thought, and that that thought is coequal with the intelligence of this century. Especially is this true of religion. The religion of the ancients necessarily was symbolic. They lived closer to Nature, and Nature expressed herself in a different manner from what she does to the scientific mind of to-day. You can get some idea of this from the aborigines of your own country, who believe in the Great Spirit, and hear his voice in the thunder and in the wind; who trace their language in characters upon the bark of the tree, or upon the skins of animals prepared for that purpose, and who know by a single sign or wave of the hand, what it would take a professor in any college several paragraphs to explain in a scientific manner. The intuitions of the savage bring him close to the truth at once, and he can describe a battle by two men on horseback with drawn arrows and bows, better perhaps than all the poetry that describes, in Homer, the battles of the Trojan gods.

This symbolism is reduced to the very crystallization of human thought; and an inscription upon an ancient tablet, tomb or temple, may mean all that it takes the sermons of this day, in Christendom, to unfold. Aye, it may mean even more than that: The sublimation of the very thought of Deity.

You may be well aware that the sun, as a symbol of the divine mind, representing the thought of Osiris, was the great Egyptian idea of worship. You may be well aware that Brahma is typical in various symbols of Nature, and that

no form of life but in the East had its definite significance. You will not forget that in interpreting these symbols the modern mind is too liable to interpret them with modern thought. But if you place yourselves in the position of the ancients, you comprehend that one image traced upon stone in the form of a serpent with wings, meant immortality, and that the Isis represented the undying nature of the soul, and that the sacred Apis, or Ox, represented the strength and power of the earth in its fruition each year, and that every form deified by them was but the symbol of the spiritual thought too subtle to be expressed in their language, but was veiled in this permanent symbol that the people might forever understand its presence and its power; that the departure, or idea of idolatry crept in, but the symbols remain, as the solemn monuments of the age when out of wood and stone men carved that which would bring them to their knees in devotion, or uplift them to the stars in contemplation of the Infinite Being. People were not devoid of worship because they held idols. If so, we have little worship to-day. St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's in London, are not exempt from the symbols of their worship, and if another generation should step in with a new form of religion and say, "Who were these Christian idolaters that had symbols of the cross, and inscriptions, and stained windows?" you would think it harsh, as a remembrance of the time when religion was supposed to be purely ideal and spiritual. And yet people drift into external expression without being aware that theirs may be the very idolatry that they condemn in others, because they imagine that while they worship, the spirit is there. May not others have worshiped with the spirit also, and in temples from whence the life has long departed, may not these once have been the fire and the fervor—Brahma with the three-fold image, Osiris with the eye of day, the various powers pictured by Osiris shining forth in flame and fire—may not these have been worshiped before the very shrine that you term idolatrous?

It is interesting from an aesthetic point of view, if from no other, to study the peculiar fitness of things in reference to these symbols, and to feel that everything, after all, shapes itself according to the law of poetic, if not of spiritual appropriateness, and that things have the right names mostly, and that the names express, in nearly all languages, the very idea intended to be conveyed. We think it was Hawthorne who said there are those who doubt the capabilities of language to express thought, mainly, because they have no thoughts to express; but, said he, the English language is capable of expressing the highest thoughts which the human mind is capable of appreciating or understanding. If this be true, then a symbol may express an eternity of life, and a battle-picture, in basso relievo, upon ancient marble, may convey the concentrated history of a nation.

Among these symbols that have been handed down with most singular significance, and that have had perhaps the most varied possibilities of interpretation, is the letter which forms the theme of our discourse to-night. Two triangles might be appropriately formed of a correct conformation of this letter. The triangle, in ancient days, when first discovered was used as an interpretation of the Infinite Mind who was supposed to be a circle, and therefore impenetrable except in this three-fold manner; and as we know that science gradually confirms this tradition, is it not kind to suppose that the ancients understood the true meaning of the triangle and circle, but used as a symbol the triangle and circle to picture the Divine Mind?

The letter M typifies also a symbol that was used in ancient Egypt to illustrate the rays of light, and the exact process of the sun's light crossing the equinoctial line was typified in this letter. It came to be at last a genuine character of the ancient language, and the interpretation shows that the most ancient secret order of which religious history furnishes any account, properly commences with the letter M, and that this order of Melchisedec denotes in the ancient interpretation the most secret and subtle of the powers of the sons of God. It is undoubtedly true that, although the first Hebrew record of this order begins with the time of Abraham, it was in Egypt first that the order originated, and was introduced to the children of Israel by the very power or person who is related to have met Abraham, and to whom Abraham so generously conveyed such a vast proportion of his treasures and possessions. This order undoubtedly was also the most ancient origin of what in modern times is known as Free-Masonry, a stated series of organizations that not only protected science, but also protected religion and life itself among the nations of the East; for you will remember that religion itself, as well as science, was veiled then in somewhat of mysticism, and that physical powers took the supremacy of the ideal. Hence it became necessary to clothe all expressions of science or religion in symbolism. The order of Melchisedec was undoubtedly a genuine order of recognized spiritual succession, and meant the transmission of spiritual power from one generation to another by a known theory or process of the soul's existence. Therefore, being subtle, all its mysteries could not of course be revealed to so simple and patriarchal a people as the ancient Hebrews. Yet, nevertheless, portions were communicated, and at last this order came to be regularly established among the Jews, and finally indicated a true succession of kingdom, priesthood and prophethood among them.

When, therefore, this true order was established among the Jews, it became certain that the Divine Mind intended to indicate the next Mes-

sianic period, and this period was one in the East that signified the millennium. You will notice that both terms Millennium and Messiah begin with the significant letter. The thousand years referred to in the ancient record undoubtedly did not refer to the real calendar, but to the Messianic period when it was supposed by the nations of the East that a new era would come. This period, from all computations that we can gather, must be about two thousand or twenty-five hundred years, between which periods of time the people of the East supposed that the earth by regular succession would be prepared for the next visitation of the Messiah. Thus Buddha in the East, thus the prophets among the Hebrews, thus the Messiah himself when he came and was acknowledged as such by certain persons, denoted not so much the personality thus anointed and nominated, as the fact that behind prehistoric revelations there was a symbol significant of such a period, and that that symbol must be what is now embodied in the letter M. The All-Seeing Eye, employed by Free-Masons as expressive of the Divine Mind, was none other than the Osiris of the Egyptians, whose eye was supposed to be the sun or light of day. This again was transferred to a spiritual being, the real Messiah of the East, who was supposed to come at various times and in various places, appearing as an all-pervading presence, having knowledge and power and judgment over the hearts and lives of men.

Surely, then, we have the key to many of those subtle mysteries that were supposed to be hidden and impenetrable, or to be merely idolatrous. This one character, traced through all the various languages, has perhaps more varied meanings, and is the beginning of more important words, than any other one letter or character in all the languages of the world. As the beginning of "Mysteries," as centering in the most sacred word which the English language knows of social relationship, "Mother," as typical of the millennial period when the Christ was expected to come, or the Messiah, in the East, and as denoting now the One Thousand which is the culmination of certain proportions of arithmetic figures—all these indicate a subtlety of poetic idea, and one which enables us to interpret with considerable degree of freedom and much spiritual leniency, the various symbols of the past. If the divine Madonna of the Roman Catholic church be transformed into the sublime Maia of Jove or the veiled Isis of the Egyptians, the Mother of the earth, and if we can understand that spiritually the Madonna occupies the same place that spiritually Maia did in mythology and Isis in Egyptian religion, we shall then forget our bitterness both toward the Roman Catholic tendency to idolatry, and what we supposed to be but heathen mythology. Minerva, the daughter of Jove, springing from his brow and fashioned as the Goddess of Wisdom, is also another of the sacred words beginning with the same letter, and typical of the fruition of that life which gave to the Egyptians the subtlety of meaning pictured in various forms and images, but really meaning spiritual powers and forces upon earth.

Why not Minerva as well as Mary? Why not the veiled form of the Egyptian Mother as well as the Mother of Christ? And why not all these as well as the consciousness of the Infinite Parent, whose twofold existence overshadows the Universe and makes life itself beautiful? Oh, there is subtlety even in the employment of a letter and a word, the varied meanings of which shall charm the soul into consciousness of the sublime possibilities of existence. Write all the dear words that you know and the sacred symbols beginning with the letter M, and you will have a sermon in itself that will reveal more of antiquity, and ancient learning, and ancient thought, than most sermons of greater professions. Write the name of the dearest object on earth, and it will begin with the cradle where the light of eye and the thought of love made that picture the image of divinity. No love so typical of the Infinite, none so recognized among ancient symbolism as the love of the Mother, and none expressed to every heart so sweet a language and so uplifting a voice, bringing you nearer and nearer to the Divine Mind, by contemplation of her prayers and tears.

The Maia of Jove, beloved of him but not his wife, was the symbol of that subtle power that in the typical life of the spirit may link kindred souls together as brother and sister, friend and friend, in the great eternity. Mary, the name of the mother of Christ, is the symbolic name for love and sorrow, and expresses in its manifold ideas the very thought of what the Mother of the Son of Man should be.

Then if we find such revelations couched in ancient mystery, or glancing in a ray of sunlight, and if the lightning traces, as if by magic, some word or letter upon the heavens that means more than all things else, is not the spirit right in fashioning that interpretation to its dearest consciousness, and in making all forms of existence conform to the sacred and divine character thus revealed?

The true and typical meaning must be that of the millennial period, which period, as we have stated, according to the ancients, was once in two thousand or twenty-five hundred years; and one which the earth itself has come to consider as a portion of its regular possession. If it be true, according to the glacial theory, that once in about twenty-five hundred years the earth itself is subject to periods of inundation, and subject, also, not only to the procession of the equinoxes, but to variation of rotation; and if Science can even problematically compute these variations to a certainty, and fix the period of

time when the next deluge, for instance, will appear, then it must also become true that that which assumes for science the place of language (i. e., mathematics,) must in the spiritual significance of symbols assume the position of spiritual truth, and we must look for much of our inspiration and prophecy not to the visible Christ, nor the actual cross, nor the sign of the crescent, nor the symbol of the sun, nor the Messianic emblems, but to the spirit of that which founded these symbols and made them mean the very soul of existence itself.

We know of no higher contemplation for the mind than to fashion for itself a single character or symbol, representative of that which is supposed to be most perfect; and while idolatry is to be deplored, anything which can lead the mind to a loftier contemplation of the beautiful, even though it be symbolism, must be readily employed. What characters are these (notes of music) that give such strains of melody when under the interpretation of a skillful master? You would pronounce them cabalistic and strange, if unfamiliar; but when interpreted to your understanding and senses by the magic touch of a master, behold what wonders in a simple scroll of written music! Was it Mozart's Requiem that gave to the world such a sad refrain of a wonderful life? And was it not in the very passion of the death approach, that he saw, as it were, with divine comprehension, and sang, as the swan does, his own dying song? The world might not know how a soul should go out into eternity, if none could interpret the Requiem of Mozart. So you may not know what sublime songs have been sung to the ancient symbols that frown upon you from various obelisks and marbles and tombs of the past. You may not know what wonderful powers of thought and inspiration were gathered in the pavilions where the ancients worshiped and in Mithraic caves—again employing the significant letter—where the sacred tablets were preserved whereon were written the very emblems of the heavens and the signs of the zodiac. Ah! carefully must the student tread, or, in the attempt to make all things real, we shall burn the Requiem of Mozart, and never hear the last song of Beethoven nor behold any of the sweet monuments that have been left upon the shores of time. We must take care, or modern realism, to build a house, will ravish the past of its sacred possession, and in visiting Jerusalem or Rome, will tear down the very image of the Mother of Christ to serve the purpose of blind prejudice, passion, or paltry gain. We need not worship the past. There is no necessity that her forms be adored. The mother whom you cherish, and who passes away into the dust, is revered in memory, and the sacredness of the past is that it is your mother. All that is good and glorious of to-day has been hers. The germ of the present were nurtured in her breast. She gave the seeds of all splendid thoughts and prophecies to the world. She held in her loving hands, in Egypt, in Persia, in China, in Jerusalem, in Greece, in Rome, the sacred seeds that have blossomed out into prophesy and poetry and song. Christianity herself has grown out of these very monuments, and rose in splendor by the very symbols that she has sought to destroy. Paganism here and in England, the Reformation with its fire and blood, have been all in vain to exterminate the sacred and subtle Memory which the Mother of all Mysteries holds forever for her cherished children.

You may desecrate the grave; you may trample it under foot; the flowers may be despoiled, but the great earth will revolve and the careful hand of the true interpreter of the mysteries of this great past shall make herself known; her voice shall be audible in the present; the children of the coming generations shall speak her name—the name of that blessed Mother of the past, who has given all things to the present, asking nothing in return but that her memory shall be cherished, and her sacred deeds and words be unforgotten.

Out of the tombs wherein the martyrs and saints have been buried, it is said that oftentimes some symbolic flower or tree upspring. The red rose upon the breast of the crucified maiden, the white lily blooming above the grave of St. Agnes, and over there in Rome sweet flowers blossoming from the tombs of buried Christian poets who were not Christian to the interpretation of the authorities of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Behold how the eternal Mother of the Universe holds in her sacred keeping all these joyous memories that at last spring forth to the generation that has forgotten the hatred and the warfare of sectional and religious strife! The poet makes religionists clasp hands, and the prophet gives a new interpretation to all symbols, and you bridge the great warfare of centuries by a token or a flower. Perhaps you have had a cherished friend in childhood who gave you some token of writing or flower that you carefully laid aside; and then in after years estrangement has sprung up, and differences, and you have drifted further and further from each other, as a child will wander away from the mother, she all the time remembering. Then upon a sudden, in some old drawer or book, you will find the sacred symbol hidden away, and the generous thought will prevail, bridging over the wide difference, until you are one with your friend again. So, in religious conflict when the passions of men blind them, as Catholic or Protestant, as Christian or Jew, to the great meanings of the sacred word, and when they forget the spirit in contesting for the form of worship, and when, blinded by prejudice, they torture the letter to unmeaning jargon, and in warfare and flame send each other through the fiery ordeal

into the world of souls, behold, the kind mother covers the graves of all alike with verdure and flowers, and over ancient monasteries, and ruins of abbeys, weaves her fair vines as though the children of earth had never had battle. Then the student who has forgotten the warfare, and the seeker of truth who has never engaged in battle, visit these graveyards of the past, and behold how faithful and kind a friend is the earth itself. Not less kind is the spiritual memory that keeps alive all things sacred, holds them in the upper air until the conflict is ended, and showers them upon the world in new symbols of life and beauty. The violets you dig up to-day from their native soil, and scatter at random, spring up another year in various forms and places, and the things that you violently put from you, because of some blindness or prejudice, at last return in gentle benedictions.

The Motherhood of the Universe is as symbolic as the Fatherhood. The great power of spiritual life is, that the Divine Parent embodies both father and mother. And it was Theodore Parker who used to pray, "Our Father and our Mother God," as he does now with loftier symbol and diviner consciousness, seeing that the great universe is alive also with that loving thought, so like the mother, so typical of all sacred and veiled mysteries in ancient time.

These are the meanings written in cabalistic and unorthodox characters upon many an ancient stone. These are the voices that speak out to him who visits ruins and ancient halls with an intent ear. He shall hear the memory of the spirit that hovers around in the upper air, pouring forth, in the voice of Isis, in the sweet veiled stillness of the Egyptian temples, the sacred and wonderful mysteries of life. He shall see where the maidens, clad in white raiment and with lilies in their hands, kept watch by the vestal altars, while the Mother of Truth spoke to the people. He shall visit Delphos and shall not sneer when they show him the altar and shrine wherefrom the oracle in veiled form spake to man. He shall know that from behind, some inspired maiden or priestess, gave forth the voice of the spirit, and that the inspiration was like the Mother of Truth. He shall not laugh to scorn when, following Homer's tale, he reads of the wonders of Maia and Jove to whom worlds are born that blossom into spaces as shining souls; and Minerva who under another name gives to the earth her wisdom and her justice. He shall not smile when he enters the halls of sacred worship in the East and knows that the Mother Earth is typified in the blooming Lotus flower upon which is traced the form of life and of immortality. He shall not deride when he enters St. Peter's and beholds the Madonna, the symbol of the Mother of Christ, imaged there. Really, the symbol is the most ancient and the most expressive of all symbols which the earth can yield out of the soul and out of the body of external religion, fashioning the image that pictures to the earth the form of the Mother of the Son of Man.

Behold we give you the sign! It is not of church, nor of state, nor of priestcraft, nor of kinglycraft, nor of the rule of men, nor of the rule of earthly dynasties; but only of the magic power of that sublime love that can uplift the world and release it even from the thralldom of the engrossing senses.

How kind to your nation has been the great Mother of Freedom that presides, or is supposed to, over your destinies. She has wiped away the stains of your warfare, with sweet peace and blooming flowers, and upon the graves of Union soldiers and those of the South, this same Mother of forgetfulness and of memory weaves her garlands, while the souls are transplanted to immortality; and the nation glides gradually into this same forgetfulness, and only remembers that truth endures, that the Mother of Freedom is always kind even to those who slay her, and that she lives a thousand lives in the Memory and thoughts of men.

All sacred things become spiritual. No symbol can destroy them. They are transfigured, and stay forever in the sacred tablets of the soul, and though seasons come and go, and monuments perish, and from Egypt's dust there comes no sound, in the sublime stillness of the spiritual atmosphere a voice is made audible that tells of all she has done for the world, and from all the ancient storied places brings to the lap of the present her treasures and lays them at your feet. Though Rome and Greece, the Mothers of Art and of Philosophy, have faded, there comes from thence a voice that interprets to the mind of Plato, in the language of Socrates, the most subtle mysteries of the world, and the divine cosmos is pictured in the sublime image of whatever form of thought to them was most beautiful. From England comes the voice of the great motherhood, dead for many years, but speaking in new-found voices of Science, interpreting with another tongue and thrilling the church with a new-found life—not the church implanted by the harshness of the Reformation, but the new church that springs up spontaneously from the people, and infusing into that church, life and kindness and power, so that England, to-day, learns that her past history has been but a dark gulf—perhaps a sea of blood, which the beautiful in science, art and religion, must bridge over.

To-day, the living spirit has a double voice. It is not fire and flame as in the days of Moses. It is not the stern Nemesis as in the ancient East. It is not even the fiery flame that came with the voice of the love of Christ. But it is the new form of truth and love revealed to man, wherein the two-fold symbol, Man and Woman, shall forever bless and beautify the world. The Mother of the eternities speaks to the present age, and from the symbol of the snowy lily you gather

the sacred meaning of her word, and you bear it upon your heart's and place it on each shrine, while all the world keeps silence in that temple where each human heart must forever worship.

The Controlling Influence closed with the following improvisation. Subject selected by the audience:

MOTHER.
Of the snowy whiteness of the skies
Of the red and purple light, snow white
And down to earth it trembled in surprise
Then up and back toward the radiant light
Phenomena of the sun from whence it came
But keeping silent for aye with vestal flame
Out of the heaven of soul one spirit sped
By the Great Spirit sent on earth below
As pure as star beams shining with worlds afar
As pure as blossoms of drifted snow
Thou hast a child on earth his name
And all the earth around with delight
Where fragrance of the west most pervade
The garden, thou art thus it with delight
It is a child inured among the trees
Behold! an infant spirit stumbling there!
Behold! a voice, a melody thought of prayer
As I am something meaning on the midnight breeze!
A thought goes out to heaven from that soul
That speaks beyond where highest height can climb
That speaks in his great, sweet control
And sings a song that no anthem more sublime
What is this flower, and what its starry name?
And what this symbol floating through the air?
Oh, 'tis the voice of a most potent flame
The burning favor of a mother's prayer!
What is this love that kindles all below
With hushed light, 'till like to shining gold
Making the world stream of life to flow
With music-murmurs of wealth untold?
Oh, 'tis the rippling, murmuring, sheltering sound
That 'trembles at the heart with light around
Fair to the eye what the angels know above
'Tis the pure, shining light of mother's love!
What is it that lifts the world from its estate
Of groveling passion, making thought sublime
And little things become so grand and great
That they fade not from the shores of time?
It is that sympathy that ever moves
The mother's heart toward the one she loves
For every heart a mother in the skies
On earth! No orphan, wandering, wails
From out the Eden of her paradise
The sound sweeps back even on distant gales
That somewhere is a voice that wins you so
And mother's heart experience it below
Oh, Mother of All Sons! Oh, Sacred Truth!
Enshrined within the starry soul of God!
Uplift the world by thy surpassing youth!
Make green the desert ways by mortals trod,
Until at last the mother's love shall blend
With that which angels know within their home;
And out of heaven itself her light shall lend
A deathless hush that shall bid you come!

The Reviewer.

An Important Complication of Facts and Philosophy.

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY; being an account of the Materialization Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. With Remarks on the Relations of the Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion. By E. SARGENT.

REVIEWED BY HUDSON TUTTLE.
This work was originally published in the columns of the Banner of Light, and was read with deep interest by all classes. The author has done well to put it in a more permanent form, for it is not only an argument in favor of Spiritualism of unanswerable strength, but as a whole forms one of the massive blocks on which the super-structure of the new philosophy of life is to rest.

According to Kardee, when the spirit appears to us, he puts the spirit-body into the state necessary to render him visible. In order to do this, his will is ordinarily insufficient; for the modification of the spirit-body is effected by its combination with the fluid of the medium.

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state of the pulmonary organs," say Messrs. Vogt, Moleschott, Taine and others.
All these theories are scattered like mist by Spiritualism, which declares to us that the proofs which have made the belief in immortality so universal and effective, do not come in a large sense from anything so capricious as human fancy or desire, so questionable and evanescent as human tradition, or so transient and fickle as human sentiment and opinion.

Again he truly says:
"Is the truth palpable not wanted? Consider the deadness of belief in a future for man among some of the foremost minds of the age. Listen to the almost contemptuous denials that come from such men as Haeckel, Vogt, Feuerbach, Büchner, Moleschott, and many of the leading scientists of Germany. See the indignation of their brother scientists in England and America to gainsay what they so persistently and boldly assert. Hear the shouts of approval from a crowded scientific assembly in Germany, when Vogt proclaimed atheism and annihilation the creed of Science."

The tone of the religious world as expressed by Prof. McCosh is scarcely less despondent. Mr. Sargent brings forward the testimony of the sages of the past, and supplements this sparkling flood of erudition with the irrefragable testimony of Modern Spiritualism. How exquisite his closing paragraph of this section:

"Spiritualism regards man, not only from the side of his limitations, but of his possibilities. 'Why dost thou wonder, oh! man,' says Sidore, 'at the height of the stars or the depth of the sea? Enter thine own soul and wonder there!'"

Materializations occurred quite early in the mediumship of Katie Fox, and for their kind have never been surpassed.

From these the transition is easy to the wonderful impersonations at Moravia, which are dwelt on at length. Then follows a full presentation of the investigations of Prof. Crookes, and the results at which he arrived. This investigation, for integrity, honesty, thoroughness and ability, has no equal.

After glancing, in their order, at the manifestations at the Eddys and the Holmeses, as contained in the book, Mr. Tuttle concludes as follows:

"The philosophical chapters treat of 'Spirit and Matter,' 'Priority of Spirit,' 'The Spirit-Body,' 'Power of Spirit over Matter,' 'Unity of Forces and Phenomena,' 'Relations of Spiritualism to Belief in God,' 'The Divine Nature Triune,' 'Relations of Spiritualism to Morality,' 'The Message of Spiritualism.'"

Modern Science only reaches the exterior crust. It has not even penetrated through the garb of matter, nor attempts the solution of the great problems of spirit-life. Herbert Spencer and his school summarily consign this domain to the 'Unknowable,' thereby covering their ignorance with the mantle of their egotism. One must know everything in order to pronounce anything 'unknowable.' Perhaps there never was another such puerility which gained the praise of wisdom, or as shallow a philosophy propounded.

"Modern Science," says Mr. Sargent, "including, as it does, Modern Spiritualism, helps us to a conception of a force behind and beyond the atoms. The unity of all phenomena was the dream of ancient philosophy. To reduce all this multiplicity of things to a single principle has been, and continues to be, the ever recurring problem."

"The unity of physical forces is the point on which science has its eyes now fixed. Materialism is not more eager than Spiritualism for the proof. . . . Hence the deduction that all physical phenomena have one and the same primordial agent as their original generator."

Thus all phenomena point in one direction—toward one source—and that, the infinite energies of spirit.

In the chapter on the Relation of Spiritualism to Morality, Mr. Sargent beautifully expresses the inter-relation of spirit and body.

"Every mental affection we experience, as it helps to mold the spirit-body, thus leaves its impress on our inmost character; every thought we think and every desire we feel is indelibly registered in the very constituents of our being, and becomes an integral part of our individuality; what is once in memory is there forever; it may be concealed from consciousness for a while, but annihilated never. Thus well-ordered thoughts and a well-ordered life issue in corresponding endowments of the spirit-body."

Again he says:
"Spiritualism fixes no creed, but from all creeds adopts whatever truth is reconcilable to the reason." "It would teach that in the transition through death we carry our human memories and affections and all the knowledge that we have gained in the earth-life; that the departed spirit has the power and the privilege, under certain conditions, of revisiting earth, seeing those it left behind, and communicating with them directly in their higher, indirectly in their lower state of consciousness; that we gravitate to what we find congenial; that we mold our spirit-bodies by every thought, act, and affection of the earth-life; that there is a principle in our very nature that punishes all violations of divine order, and sooner or later, in this world or another, works reformation without other compulsion than that of experience and knowledge; that all the truths and all the good examples and all the religions of the past are our heritage, from which we may select and assimilate what we need for our spiritual growth; that good or bad influences may be attracted by the state of the will and affections; that earnest prayer is no mere shouting into a void, answerless and echoless, but the expression of a true spiritual instinct, the very life-principle of religion, and having an efficacy proportioned to the right spiritual conditions under which it is exercised; that the highest wisdom is to trust rationally in God, and to worship him especially by doing his will, as indicated in the laws of nature and the human soul, and by laboring for the universal good."

This is a most admirable presentation of the subject.

Then he asks:
"Do we want a new revelation? . . . 'Yes; what you want is a revelation that the supreme fact of your old revelation, the fact of immortality, is an actual, living truth. A knowledge of this is what Spiritualism offers.'"

"Prof. Palpable" is the production of a ripe scholar; a close and clear thinker; it is precisely the book to place in the hands of a skeptical friend, and it is an agreeable companion for those who accept Spiritualism, presenting them with its strongest evidences and clearest philosophy. —Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Horatio N. Spooner to Warren Chase.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and G. d. the soul."

DEAR SIR—Believing that Nature is eternal, extending through all time and space, I am not at a loss to imagine a convenient dwelling-place for Deity. Although "the Universe is so full and complete" that you "have no place to put a God in," yet the design which you admit is in the laws of Nature and the Universe, is to me conclusive evidence that a marvelous Designer is not afar off.

In reference to the laws of the Universe you say: "I believe they never were established." If you will accept an amendment—"I believe they always were established"—then I would freely confess my inability, with my finite mind, to suggest any probable time when they were not already established.

Free Thought.

WAS GUATAMA BUDDHA CRUCIFIED?

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Among the "Crucified Saviours" in Kersey Graves's book, he specifies Guatama Buddha; and yet, strange as it may seem, he cites no authorities—with names, books and pages—in proof of his position.

In the Anacalypsis, Vol. II, p. 244, Mr. Higgins says, "Buddha is said to have been crucified for robbing a garden of a flower. He is also like the emblem of the Rosierucifer, called a flower, a rose, a Padma, a lotus, a lily; and Jesus's spirit is called a flower." The phrase "it is said," is rather a flimsy foundation to build any superstructure upon; and especially so when it is remembered that Godfrey Higgins wrote some fifty years ago, long before the present flood of light thrown upon Buddhism and its author.

Prof. Lethbridge, President of the Calcutta College, says (in his "History of India," part VIII, p. 43), "Finally, his great enemy, Ajatasatru, King of Magadha, became a disciple, and hospitably entertained the prophet, now an old man of seventy. At last, on his return from a visit to Rajagriha, he halted in a forest near the town of Kusinagara; while sitting under a sal-tree, he entered into Nirvana."

Jinamitra (in the Buddhavata Sanga, Vol. III, p. 210,) says, "Sakya Guatama Buddha, having made a vast number of believers and lived a holy life, sat down in his old age in the midst of his disciples under a sacred tree, and calmly falling asleep, passed into Nirvana."

Prof. E. J. Eitel (in his "three lectures on Buddhism," page 4) says, "Immediately afterwards, Buddha said to his disciples, stand up, let us go, my time is come. He went out where stood eight trees in groups; and resting on his right side he gave his final instructions to his disciples, reminded them of the immortality of the spiritual body, and then gave himself up to contemplation. Passing through the various degrees of meditation which correspond to the various tiers of heavens, he cast himself into Nirvana and thus his earthly career ended."

The learned Mr. Berks of England, in his late lecture upon "Buddha and Buddhism," published in the Northampton Mercury, says:

"The Brahmins, as was to be expected, opposed him very fiercely; but he kept on his way, converting high and low, until he died peacefully while sitting under a tree, in his 85th year, about 477 years before the birth of Christ. His body was burned with much pomp, and there was a great contention for his ashes as for any Roman Catholic relic, and no relics were so well authenticated as those of Buddha."

Samuel Johnson (in his Oriental Religions, chap. III, p. 689) says, "Buddha predicts that in three months he shall be taken from them. . . . At the appointed time and place, he dies in a holy grove, surrounded by his chosen apostles, exhorting them 'to remember that all things are passing away, and to prepare themselves quickly for what is imperishable.'"

B. Chunder Ghose, a learned Hindoo, (in his Life and Times of Buddha, chap. VII, p. 314) says, "At first he was but Sakya-Muni, the 'solitary' of the race of Sakya; but after his illumination he took the name of Buddha. . . . When in a reclining position he calmly breathed his last, under the cooling shade of the sal-tree, Buddhism had been firmly rooted in some parts of this country."

I have more authorities at my disposal touching the natural death of Buddha. Now, will Mr. Graves give us his authorities for the crucifixion of Guatama Buddha, specifying author, volume, chapter and page? The value of any book lies in its truthfulness and historical exactness.

Hammon, N. J.

EUTHANASIA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In these latter days every sincere inquirer after truth may receive indubitable proofs of immortality. We have every assurance that a life devoted to noble purposes will be rewarded with future blessedness, as its natural consummation. Those who "through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" have reason to lay aside their anxiety. Experienced physicians have long believed that the passage from this world to the next is not often attended with suffering. Messages from the other shore inform us that the liberation of a spirit from the fetters of earth is nearly always painless. Much distress, however, may be experienced previous to mortal dissolution, and hence duty requires us to seek deliverance from this trial, not only for our own sake, but for the good of others. A spirit returning to communicate often takes on the last condition of its physical existence. If this condition was full of misery, a bitter experience is in store for the spirit and the medium. Two trying instances of this nature have come within the writer's observation. In the former case, death resulted from a railroad accident, after several days of terrible suffering; in the latter instance, a brave soldier was severely wounded in the head by a rifle shot, death occurring some time after. It is the duty of medical attendants, therefore, to administer anodynes, if necessary, when the closing scene approaches. Spirits thus quietly passing away may return with ease and pleasure, to guide and benefit all within their influences.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN SPIRITUALISM.

Surprise has been expressed in some quarters that the work of local organization was not immediately proceeded with after the meeting in Philadelphia. The delay, so far as the New England branch of the Committee is concerned, was a purposeful delay. It was agreed that beyond seeking a hearing at the camp-meetings nothing should be attempted till the season of these meetings was past.

Now we are ready to take the field and proceed with the work of organizing societies in every part of New England.

A competent staff of lecturers has been secured, and stand ready to respond to calls to speak wherever there may be a desire to know the meaning and purpose of the New Movement. These lecturers will, if desired, remain in localities where an organization is effected long enough to assist in completing the details of the organization and seeing that the society is got into good working order.

This work is undertaken in obedience to a vote of the Philadelphia Conference. (That a committee of twelve be raised, divided in groups of three, selected from the respective sections of the country—North, Middle, West and South—empowered to call, at such time and place, in the year 1877, as may seem to them fit, a Delegate Convention, composed of five delegates from

each society which shall be formed within the year, and of such other persons in places where there are not enough to form a society, as may signify their sympathy with the movement and apply to the Committee for credentials, which Convention shall have for its main business to decide the question of a permanent national organization, and to transact such other business as may come before the Convention."

The main feature and prime object of the New Movement is the organization of local societies upon "a religious and financial basis," for purposes of practical work—work for the maintenance of health and the building up of sound minds in sound bodies; for the promotion of education looking to the highest possible perfection of the individual; for the study and practical application of social science, and in the whole; for the maintenance and support of all wholesome and needed reforms; for the training and nurture of the spiritual nature of man upon the same scientific principles which obtain and have been applied with so much success in the training and development of the intellectual faculties. All human beings have mediunistic powers. These powers inhere among the natural functions of the brain. The proper training will develop these spiritual faculties of the mind just as the corresponding training for the intellect brings out the faculties for arithmetic and music, for reasoning and oratory. In brief, then, what the New Movement proposes, is a comprehensive scheme of education and evolution conducted throughout on scientific principles and looking directly to the creation of a new and higher style of manhood and womanhood, and the establishment, on the basis of love to God and love to man, of a new order of society in the earth.

Without creed and without ritual we expect our societies everywhere to go systematically at work upon the great tasks of Man-making and Nation-building; convinced that whoever will take up such work in earnest, under the combined light which science and revelation now shed upon the problems of human life, will speedily realize the ancient promise that "He who will do the work shall know of the doctrine."

Hence while some of us hold to doctrines in the sciences of theology and psychology quite as decided if not as definite as any doctrines we accept in the great departments of knowledge embraced under history, physics and mathematics, and while we all are agreed that the love-principle, as it was wrought out in Jesus, and from him has passed, or is passing over into modern civilization, is the fundamental ground of evolution in the modern world, and while the spiritual leadership of Jesus, in the large sense of a supernaturally selected person to stand as the symbol, before men's senses, of the Divine Love and Wisdom, as these are operative in the practical processes of making and perfecting worlds, we yet commit no man to these nor any other set of opinions as a condition precedent to membership in any of our societies. Our societies are schools, wherein everything pertaining to the nature of man and the method of his development is designed to be systematically and scientifically taught. As far as possible, and as far as possible we would turn the whole world into a great practical school, constantly in session, teaching the elementary knowledge of all the sciences of man and of society to everybody, old and young, men, women and children, by means of primers and elementary text-books of every branch of knowledge, philosophical, scientific, practical and artistic.

Into such a scheme of culture would come, also, lectures and lecturers, demonstrations, object-teaching, apparatus, &c., &c., adapted to the needs and capacities of the whole people.

We do not wish to disguise the fact that Spiritualism in the New Movement puts on a new phase and takes a decided step forward. A new and larger definition is required to express its scope and spirit. Spiritualism in the New Departure is that scheme of thought and action which embraces the science, the philosophy and the religion of human life. It is in fact a new religion which imports a new church, a new state, and a new education, preparatory to the new heavens and the new earth which, in one form or another, has been the burden of the seers and prophets of all ages and all religions.

Now whoever is willing to take hold of the practical part of the work here outlined, in the spirit of this New Movement, is welcome to a place and to service as a member in full fellowship with our societies, so long as he loves to stay and is willing to work. On this one condition of love of the brethren and willingness to cooperate with us in eager joy, to fulfill our tasks, we invite and welcome all, Orthodox and Liberals, Spiritualists and Materialists, Theists and Atheists, to come as workers and learners into our schools, not doubting that as we travel on in unity of spirit, through practical uses to human ends, we shall constantly approximate and ultimately attain to a practical unity in that well grounded knowledge of true doctrine which can never fail to come to earnest men and women devoutly doing the work of God and humanity.

Societies wishing to obtain further information, or desiring to secure lecturers and organize societies, will address:
J. E. HAMMOND, Newburyport, Mass., or J. H. DEWEY, Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUALISM AND NERVOUS DERANGEMENT, BY DR. HAMMOND.

INTRODUCTORY.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Your columns are necessarily devoted to the exponents of your own peculiar ideas. I am not one of those, but I am sick unto death of the childish and irrational manner in which men of science, theologians et id omne genus, allow your belief to go unchecked, until it fills the world with its teachings. They content themselves with blank deities and silly suggestions, and foolishly hope such light things to a reasoning man will outweigh the experiments of philosophers.

There is only one mode open to us skeptics. We must enter the spiritual arena, examine the claims of those you put forth as veritable mediums, test them by delicate instrumental experiments, for days, months and years, if necessary, and you may depend upon it the truth will declare itself sooner or later.

With this conviction I had written the enclosed review of a work whose intrinsic weakness almost drives one into the spiritual ranks for relief, but the journal for which it was intended is afraid the motive may be mistaken, and that the editor will be publicly called a Spiritualist, as he is privately known to be.

I do not expect you will have room, or inclination, to publish unfavorable articles, but I send it to you that you may know what some, at least, who are not friendly to your cause think of Dr. Hammond and his vagaries.

We halted with pleasure a new work by Dr. Hammond on nervous derangement, which we have read with scrupulous care. There seems to be a pressing need from some authentic source of a close investigation into the causes of the growing belief in spiritualistic phenomena. It is clear that every intelligent inquiry into abnormal states of the human mind which permits such beliefs, will add something to our knowledge of mental laws, and remove in a large measure the obscurity and doubts which now hang over them. But our expectation has not been realized. The work before us seems to be largely made up of wonderful stories gathered from the past, and bearing in the most infinitesimal degree on the alleged facts of the present day. As a specimen of these stories we have Mrs. Gudbandus Erlanson's brought to bed with two eggs, each containing white and yolk, and the picture of another matron hatching out her brood in a basket and holding up in maternal triumph the first little biped that has broken the shell. As also another woman who was brought to bed of rabbits, and still another of fish without scales, &c., &c., which the Professor establishes by his own evidence. Professor Crookes or any other one can bring to support the facts of Mesmerism or Spiritualism. Can human ineptitude in the discussion of a question go further? The medical

profession must feel proud of the distinguished ex-surgeon general.
From the first to the last the work is a continuous begging of the question, and in the few pages he devotes to the alleged phenomena he so confuses the facts, and so misquotes the names, that his labors, such as they are, would almost seem to have been undertaken in the interests of super-stition, for the practical effect of all he says is to discourage the intelligent mind, which is not satisfied with nonsense, from making any resistance to the inroads of Spiritualism.

When the author drops his myths of the long past and ventures into the arena of the present day, he betrays the most astonishing ignorance of claims and facts taking place daily under his own eyes and going on in the very city where he lives. Even so well known an advocate of the spiritual pretensions as Judge Edmonds becomes, in the hands of this wonderfully exact raconteur, "Judge Edwards," and other names inseparably connected with the subject are as recklessly and ignorantly distorted.

Where he touches at all upon the so called phenomena of the present day, his most strenuous attack is upon Prof. Crookes, against whom he calls up the assertions of J. Stanley Grimes! Mr. Home is declared, without the slightest knowledge on Mr. Hammond's part, to be a finished juggler, and, a little further on, performs his tricks by human electricity, even to the playing of tunes on an accordion without contact, and which, he more than hints, can exert a force equal to forty pounds avoirdupois. A professor of the diseases of the mind and nervous system might be expected to know that, in the thousands of experiments with mediums, no trace of human electricity, such as is excited in a very cold day in a very dry air, has ever been detected. But this wild system of guessing does not stop here. Mr. Home is credited with carrying on his person a bag of hydrogen gas (reservoir, the Professor calls it) and a mass of platinum sponge some six or seven inches high, and also with marking his face, hands, scalp, and each separate hair of his victim, and of his own head, with an unimaginable cushion of asbestos!!!

There is some more exquisite reasoning about the Shakers, and we refer the reader *passim* to the droveries of this medical light. He is decidedly the funny man of spiritual literature. In this country Dr. Hammond may be understood by his medical confreres, but abroad the universal opinion will be that it shows no wisdom to charge upon the spiritualistic fraternity with a pop-gun.

ANTI SPIRITUALIST, M. D.

NOT CHANGED.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The following scrap, clipped from the Boston Investigator of August 9th, has been sent me, with the suggestion that I notice the same through your columns:

"A scrap in the Investigator of May 10, by A. E. Newton, gives the key to all the wonders of spiritual manifestations. Mr. Newton was formerly one of the foremost among Spiritualists—I might almost say one of the founders. I never heard of his having changed his views, though what he says here looks as though he had. Any way, it will vouch for his honesty and true worth. How him?"

"The operator forms an image, as of a person, a serpent, a fire, or any other object, in his own mind; when the subject, if well under control, instantly sees the same thing as a reality. So positive minds in a circle may present the image of any person with whom they are familiar, and it may appear as a reality to the impressive medium."

The first thing I have to say of the above is, that if the paragraph quoted was ever written by me, it must have been done twenty years ago, or thereabouts—so long, at all events, that I have not the slightest recollection of it. It is therefore not very good evidence that I have lately changed my views as to the reality of spirit manifestations.

So far from this being the fact, I am happy to state that my convictions on this subject have only grown stronger, if possible, from year to year, and almost from day to day, by the force of accumulating evidences, during the more than twenty-three years since I made my first public announcement on the question. And the same, I think, must be the case with every person who takes care to keep himself acquainted with the evidences that are available on the subject, and has the mental ability to appreciate their force.

I am quite willing, however, to fully endorse the quotation attributed to me, whether its author or not. But I fail to see that it gives the key to all the wonders of spiritual manifestations, "in the sense of showing them to be of mundane or embodied human origin. Very far from it. At most, it would account for but a very small share of the phenomena. It could have no possible application to the movement of material articles, or even to the production of telegraphic sounds, (raps,) the most primitive of all modern forms of manifestation. Much less would it apply to the more recent developments of spirit-photography, or psychography (if that is the more correct term), nor to materializations, all of which were quite unknown when that paragraph must have been written."

The quotation merely affirms the possibility—in view of the well-known achievements of mesmerists, psychologists, or biologists, in affecting the perceptions of their subjects—that positive minds in a circle may be able to affect the minds of mediums in a similar way. That is a rational inference from conceded facts. But when I add that, though I have repeatedly tried the experiment, I never was able to influence the perceptions of a medium in that way, and never had any conclusive proof that it was done by others, in any circle that I ever attended—while, in unnumbered instances, mediums, when no other visible person was present, have seen and described to me spirits of whom I had no thinking, and sometimes those of whom I had no knowledge at the time, and have given me pertinent messages which I know were not dictated by my own mind—then it will be clear to every honest thinker who believes my word, that the above scrap furnishes no key whatever to any of the "wonders of spiritual manifestations," in the sense which this writer intends.

There is a sense, however, in which the facts cited furnish a key to a certain part of the genuine spiritual phenomena; but that sense is fatal to the materialism of the investigator. It is this: if mesmerists, psychologists, etc., are able, while in the body, to produce such effects as it is known they do on their impressive subjects, it is highly probable that those out of the body (i. e., spirits), if such there be, may act in similar ways on the impressive subjects called mediums. That they should do so would be entirely natural, and in accordance with known law.

Abundant facts prove that this is done, and that the operators can be no other than invisible or disembodied beings. This being so, spirit-essence and spirit-communication is a fact, while the investigator's materialism is a gross delusion. For my part, in coming to the conviction of the reality of spirit-essence, I was not contented. I have ever made it a rule to attribute to spirits nothing which could rationally be traced to their sources. In fact, I have gone further, and have based my conviction solely on facts which had in themselves proof positive of spirit-essence. Had phenomena occurred under my notice which could rationally be traced to "positive minds in the circle," I should not have counted them as spirit-manifestations at all. Though the careful application of this rule has led to the setting aside as doubtful of a large amount of observed phenomena, yet there remains, in my experience, an overwhelming mass of proof which compels conviction. These, therefore, who through my early testimony may have been led to investigate and to know for themselves the reality of spirit intervention, need not look for any "change of view" on my part so long as I shall be able to return the fair use of my mental faculties. As to the writer of the above scraps, I have no confidence in my of this declaration.

It strikes me, Mr. Editor, that the materialists of the Investigator must be hard pushed to maintain their position against Spiritualism, when they attempt to press an old soldier of the faith

like me into their ranks, in this unfair way. They will find my gips point the wrong way (for them) every time.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn, Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years Among the nations. How the rushing waves Bear all before them!

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont. BARNET.—James Edson writes: I am pleased to know, from your issue of July 29th, that some of the leading Spiritualists have at last concluded that the time is now come when Spiritualists ought to organize.

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE MATERIALIZATIONS THROUGH THE WELL-TESTED MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. BLANDY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Having been a constant reader of your journal and other spiritual publications for the last thirteen years, I have had a fair opportunity for observing the various trials through which our noble cause has had to pass; but it is only lately that I have noticed with much pain the unkind and unjust treatment to which, it seems, a certain class of Spiritualists are determined to subject our mediums.

The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid, Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam. Down go the steed and rider, the plumed chief Slings with his followers; the head that wears The imperial diadem goes down beside The felon's with cropped ears and branded cheek.

With regard to this new departure in Spiritualism, I am afraid that a very large number of Spiritualists will object to uniting Christianity and Spiritualism together. It looks too much like some of the apostles, trying to unite the Jewish and Christian Dispensations together; it was the cause of much wrangling and dispute, and made a breach among its members that never was healed.

In order to be of some assistance to physical mediums, I wish to state some of my experience for the last six years, during which time myself and family have resided in the same house with Dr. and Mrs. Blandy (late Lizzie Davenport); in consequence, I have had the very best opportunity of studying materialization in all its phases.

And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields The chisel, and the stricken marble grows To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed, A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch, Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;

Strange and Beautiful. A strange and beautiful story of a little boy that died, of which, in an imperfect version, Mr. Moody makes frequent use in his sermons, is told by Augusta Moore, in the Boston Congregationalist.

And now, Mr. Editor, as I have given you a fraction of my own remarkable personal experience, I will, as succinctly as possible, state part of that of a little coterie of gentlemen who have sense enough to accord our spirit friends their necessary conditions; they are all of assured social position, two of them being principals in our public schools, one a surgeon dentist, and the other a medical student, viz.: Messrs. A. Z. Barrows, E. L. Chamberlayne, D. M. Hibbard and Dr. J. Blandy.

Lo, water grows the stream; a sea-like flood Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces Crumble before it; fortresses and towers Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms, Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes Engulfed and lost, their very languages Stilled and never to be uttered more.

TOPEKA.—Our correspondent S. writes, Sept. 1st, as follows: In this city and vicinity there are a very large number of Spiritualists, but for some reason we are apparently unknown to the many lecturers and mediums who are traveling in various portions of the West.

For the year past they have met, (often several times a week,) and the entire party are ready to testify that they know (mark I not believe,) that the spirit friends visiting them are veritable flesh and blood, having brought every sense they possess to bear on the fact; they all have locks of spirit hair, and specimens of velvet, silk and fringe, which they themselves have cut from the dresses of our dear angel friends, who have on several occasions shown themselves to the party in a good strong light.

The broken legends, thrones of kings overturned, The broken altars of forgotten gods, Foundations of old cities and long streets Where never fell of human foot is heard Upon the desolate pavement, a helms and Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx, Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite, Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows

NEW YORK. BYRON.—J. W. Seaver writes, Sunday eve, Aug. 27: Mrs. F. O. Hizer, of Baltimore, has this day been with us, reviving, by her presence, her thrilling eloquence and improvisations, and the very large audiences attracted by the announcement of her proposed visit, the pleasant memories of bygone days, when she resided in Buffalo, and for years met with and addressed us.

Then another lady attired in crimson silk advanced, shook hands, talked, was measured, height, 5 feet 4 1/2 inches, (Mrs. Blandy's height is exactly five feet) took off her cap and waved it in triumph, (this being her first attempt at materializing in the light) then left us, and afterwards remarked that she could have waltzed with one of us. These ladies were of distinctly marked individualities, exquisitely symmetrical, and as lovely as can be imagined.

Long, low and distant, where the life that is touches the life to come. The Flood of Years Rolls toward it, near and near. I must pass That dismal barrier. What is there beyond? Hear that the wise and good have said. Beyond That belt of darkness still the years roll on More gently, but with not less mighty sweep. They gather up again and softly bear All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed And lost to sight—all that in them was good, Noble, and truly great and worthy of love— The lives of infants and ingenious youths, Sages and saintly women who have made Their households happy—all are raised and borne By that great current in its onward sweep

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But we are of the opinion that those who are not prepared to defy all and everything like Gruntyism, in its various phases, are unworthy to be the recipients of the blessings showered from the spirit-world upon all those who are not too prejudiced or too conceited to receive them. And I call upon all, in the name of humanity and our angel friends, who have had a like experience, to put it on record before the community, and thus bring an overwhelming amount of evidence to the support of our martyr mediums.

In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms Again are folded round the child she loved And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now, Or but remembered to make sweet the hour That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled Or broke are healed forever. In the room Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw The heart, and never shall a tender tie Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change That waits on growth and action shall proceed With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

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—William Cullen Bryant, in Scribner's Monthly for August.

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as his guests. My rooms were thoroughly examined, and several forms were shown in the light circle. All declared themselves satisfied that there was no imposture, and pleased with the manifestations. I would say they were all the Judge's own friends, and almost entire strangers to me; the majority I had never met at all before. I send the fabric for you to compare with other pieces (no doubt in your possession), obtained in a similar manner.

Photographs of recent discoveries made by the expedition sent out by the Palestine Exploration Society have arrived in New York, and form an interesting record of the progress made. They were taken at different points in the land of Moab, Gilend and Basban, which the Society had mapped out for its work.

Strange and Beautiful. A strange and beautiful story of a little boy that died, of which, in an imperfect version, Mr. Moody makes frequent use in his sermons, is told by Augusta Moore, in the Boston Congregationalist. The mother of the child, who is yet living, is her friend, and did not believe in early religious instruction.

TOPEKA.—Our correspondent S. writes, Sept. 1st, as follows: In this city and vicinity there are a very large number of Spiritualists, but for some reason we are apparently unknown to the many lecturers and mediums who are traveling in various portions of the West.

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Regular meetings are held by the "Chattanooga Spiritualists' Union," at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Hays, 121 1/2 Broadway, on Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock. Officers: President, J. H. Hays; Secretary, J. P. Hays; Treasurer, J. P. Hays.

CLEVELAND, O.—Lectures meet every Sunday at Temple Hall, 181 Superior street, at 11 A. M. Conducted by P. H. Hays, 181 Superior street, at 11 A. M. Conducted by P. H. Hays, 181 Superior street, at 11 A. M. Conducted by P. H. Hays, 181 Superior street, at 11 A. M.

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PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Convention in Minnesota. The Ninth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Hartwood, Minn., in the city of Minneapolis, on the 6th, 7th and 8th days of October, 1876.

Quarterly Convention. The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Ferrisburgh, Vt., Saturday evening, Sept. 24th, and Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, at 10 o'clock.

Convention in Wisconsin. The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Conference will convene in Omro, Wis., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23rd and 24th, and on Sunday, Sept. 25th, at 10 o'clock.

The Eleventh Annual Convention. The Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at New Britain, Conn., on Saturday, Sept. 23rd, and continuing through one day only. The morning session will convene for the election of officers for the year ending Dec. 31st, and such other business as may come before the Association.

Passed to Spirit-Life. From Bradford, Vt., August 28th, after a lingering illness, Elmer E., son of George W. and Abigail Simpson, aged 13 years and 9 months.

From Falls Village, Conn., August 11th, with Bright's disease of the kidneys, Wm. H. Hinman, aged 66 years. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and his father and mother were converts to the faith. He had many spiritual friends, and was a most devoted and successful medium.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. ISAAC W. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications appertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC W. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"Who we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an overruling authority. We most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, and self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Britton.

"A First-Class Humbug."

That Baldwin, the so-called exposé of Spiritualism, is an amusing humbug and nothing more, we think must have been made sufficiently apparent to our readers by his own letter published in last week's Banner. When to that was added the testimony of Dr. Noyes, Mr. Reed, of Salem, Oregon, and the editor of the San Francisco Figaro, the reader will admit that little more is wanted to settle the character of Baldwin's pretensions. But we find in the San José (Cal.) Weekly Mercury of Aug. 31st, some comments on his performances which confirm, in every respect, all that has been said in the Banner. After alluding to the absurdity of Baldwin's supposing that "by a few juggling tricks he can convince people of average common sense that he has solved the whole theory of the so-called spiritual phenomena," our San José contemporary remarks as follows:

"And yet for the past two nights he has filled the Opera House, and while claiming to duplicate and expose the manifestations of such mediums as Slade, Eddy, Mrs. Holmes and others, he has utterly failed to duplicate or expose anything, other than a few tricks of sleight-of-hand performers, leaving the wonderful phenomena entirely unexplained. No, we beg pardon, he has explained them all away upon the proposition that 'if I can, by means of a few chemicals, change water to the color of wine. I have told you how four or five spirits of dead persons have walked out of a cabinet within which one medium had been placed, and were recognized by their friends, who spoke to them and received answers in different voices.'!!! And well-meaning persons, knowing but little of the phenomena produced by mediums, of which the books are full of authenticated cases—that is, that such seemingly unexplainable manifestations have taken place—think that Baldwin has produced all the phenomena ascribed to have occurred by Spiritualists; even that he has told the best producer of manifestations in the shade, when, as we have said before, he does nothing but a few simple tricks, imposing, by the way, the most arbitrary conditions and allowing no one to offer a suggestion; furnishing his own apparatus and having his own way altogether. Nevertheless, Baldwin is clever, in his way. Another thing: His grand expositions do not consist in what he actually does, but what he, in a boastful, egotistical way, says he can do, but strange to say, never does.

"He pretends to expose all the great manifestations of the Eddy Brothers. He does nothing of the sort. At a late séance given in the East by William Eddy, as reported in the papers, fourteen spirits were materialized in one evening. One of the audience recognized six. They were of various ages and sizes, and divided as to sex. Nothing approaching in the faintest degree to this was given by Baldwin. His performance consists in the rope-tying trick, he furnishing the ropes and talking his committee blind while they are tying him—the ropes being short and few in number—not one long rope, which would have furnished a good test—and a few chemical experiments.

"The clairvoyant trick, by which it is pretended that that phenomenon is duplicated, is so transparent a sell that a third-rate magician would be ashamed to introduce it in his performance. Pieces of thin paper are passed around, and some of the persons receiving them are furnished with a book of manifold sheets on which to rest the paper while writing. The questions are duplicated on this book, which is carried behind the scenes to the 'clairvoyant,' who then has it all her own way. Several of the expositions last night, notably the slate-writing, consisted in explaining how it was done, not by actual demonstrations. We do not believe any medium ever attempted any such weak devices to deceive sensible people. And further, the manifestations we have seen did not occur in the way Baldwin stated. People knowing nothing about the matter and prejudiced against Spiritualism, may believe that he has given a genuine exposition. The writer, standing on middle ground, can positively assert in regard to the wonderful manifestations he has seen, that Baldwin explained nothing. His attempts, in most instances, were too flimsy and ludicrous to require notice. His great stock in trade is bluff, and at that game he is par excellence the chief. Moreover, our reporter, of his own motion and at no one's suggestion, went there Tuesday night to obtain points to show up the egotistical, overbearing Professor's pretensions, being convinced on the first night that he was a first-class humbug."

All this confirms what Dr. Noyes told us of Baldwin's duplicity, his air of ingenuousness coupled with an obvious talent for humbugging, his pretensions to explain, his equivocalness, and his cleverness in not doing it. He will "talk you blind," but when you come to look for the grain of explanation in the chaffy mass of words, you do not find it.

Baldwin is but the prototype of Bishop and the other recreant mediums who use their peculiar gift in pretending to expose what they know is not capable of exposition or explanation.

A writer in the Sunday Herald commends what we had already suggested in the Banner as a short way of dealing with these sham exposers. Select some one of the phenomena that we now know to take place in Dr. Slade's presence in the light. Let it be that of independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, or the materialized hand, visible and tangible—all under the conditions accepted by Slade. If any one

of these phenomena is produced by the "exposer," then call upon him to explain by what trick or effort of skill it can be done. Note well the face and the reply of the exposé when you put the case to him thus. If he does not play the "artful dodger," set us down as no prophet. The only objection to this is that the greater part of the audience, who go to see these "exposers," are so anxious to believe that Spiritualism has come to grief in their persons—that they have plucked the heart of its mystery—that they do not want to be undeceived, and the man who interferes to expose the exposers as the miserable humbugs they are, is hooted down. They remind us of the Athenian audience that went into paroxysms of delight over a favorite clown who could imitate the squealing of a pig. At last a countryman, who offered to do it as well, came upon the stage and produced the sounds. He was hooted off; when, drawing aside his cloak, he showed a pig concealed there, from which the squealings had really proceeded. We commend this fable to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Mr. George W. Curtis, Dr. Hammond, Rev. Mr. Hepworth, and the rest of these hasty assailants of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism and Immortality.

We published in the last number of the Banner for July, a discourse delivered before the Free Congregational Society of Leavenworth, Kansas, by Rev. E. B. Sanborn, on "The Evidences of Immortality from Spiritualism"—a discourse that, while it professedly denied everything like a subscription to the claims of Spiritualism, nevertheless raised questions, and proposed problems, and started speculations which nothing so far has come so near to answering as Spiritualism itself. There were many high thoughts in that discourse, which make a return to it not simply excusable, but profitable. The author, after discussing "protoplasm" and kindred theories which still evade the beginning of things, and after duly reciting the disappointments of men in relation to the results of their creeds and professions, at last comes down to this broad and firm conclusion:

"Granting, then," he says, "a time when the earth will contain a race of pure spiritual beings to whom matter is but an incident, and that out of the materiality we behold there are also pure spiritual existences to whom matter is no restraint—the conclusion forms itself that that time will see an intercourse between the beings who make the earth their home and the beings who have seen death, as free as is now possible between you and me; and more, because we are restrained by the conditions of the body." This is what he believes as to the future population of the earth. They will become so advanced spiritually as to come into free and open communion with the spirits which have become disembodied. But if that is to be the universal state hereafter, why may it not begin now, as a step toward that result? And why, then, is not Spiritualism that very step?

Again he observes: "Some believe without sufficient proof; others will not look at proof at all, but turn their heads away when it is advanced. To me the whole matter of so-called spiritual phenomena unlocks a world of mystery which it will take many ages to explore." Doubtless. The immensity of the ocean of truth which the phenomena are sufficient to reveal need not lead one, however, to question the fact of the phenomena. Spiritualism has not yet set itself up to explain and clear up everything. It has not even attempted to account for anything. It comes simply as a palpable proof of the existence and presence of emancipated spirits. And it reveals the existence and operation of a great law which includes and overrules all laws that are laid down, only to be taken up again, by the dogmatizing mind of man.

Yes, yes; it is these very phenomena of Spiritualism that open the door and point the way for all the rest. They explain nothing, measure nothing, set neither metes nor bounds; but they do bring visible and invisible nearer together, very close together. Mr. Sanborn recites some of what he regards as the more wonderful of them, as they have come under his observation. And from his own experience he draws this conclusion, that "there is a great field of manifestations becoming more and more prominent every day, in which you may find tests as trying as human genius can devise, which go to sustain the assertion of the Spiritualist. To the Spiritualist himself he adds, "they are as common as the leaves upon the trees." And he testifies that he has seen really scientific men, who were skeptical to the claims of the Spiritualist, nevertheless convinced of the truly genuine and marvelous character of the manifestations.

The most that he has to say about the phenomena is that they are "unaccountable." Ah, but suppose he patiently listens while the spirits themselves expound the laws according to which they are produced. If they may be given to the comprehension and satisfaction of one, they certainly may be to that of another. He agrees that the spirit activity is one "that has an utter indifference to matter." Then of course it is superior to matter, and is able to control it. He also confesses that he finds hundreds who are not Spiritualists, "vaguely impressed with the feeling that some unknown soul whose love can never die, is lingering in their presence to help, and comfort, and console." Yes, but who is it that thus impresses them? It must be only spirit that thus operates on spirit. He is willing to believe that it will be so some time, if it is not so now, and that all men will come to realize it as a fact.

Beautifully does the author of this discourse say that "there are sad hearts for whom death has made this world a tomb, which have been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the scintillations of love from an unknown world which unseen lies around us all. The gloom has been transformed into shimmering splendor by processes more marvelous than any physicist has found. And souls to whom this world has been a hell, have been suddenly awakened to find it a heaven surpassing any tale of seer or fairy." And why, let us ask? Simply because the revelations of Spiritualism, by demolishing superstition have robbed death of its sceptre. Because this proof palpable of the direct communion of spirits has rolled back the mists of fear founded on ignorance, and let in the light of truth. Because actual knowledge is better than blind, unbordered faith, and seeing is indeed believing.

And when the question is asked again—What is the practical use of Spiritualism, and what good has it done? let it be answered in the language of this striking discourse, as follows: "While moralists are confounded by a maze of difficulties, appalled at the inefficiency of future rewards and pains to stay the present crimes, ashamed of and shocked at the irreligion of the

most religious, here is a force which trains men and women into the life of right by the simplest though subtlest influence—the love of unseen ones who are ever anxious for their higher growth." He freely admits that if all humanity could be touched by this force to-day, "it would be the regenerating power of the race." The final question with him is, whether these phenomena are only appearances or are genuine. He answers that time alone can tell which. Yet he frankly confesses—and it is a confession that is far more stable than any of the unsatisfying creeds—that "they have better evidence in their favor than the religious revelations on which the mass of people hang their hope and faith." And that makes out the case sufficiently for Spiritualism.

The Secret Out.

The Liverpool Daily Post has let out the secret that Dr. W. B. Carpenter, President of the Royal Society, is the "distinguished scientist" whose skepticism has been stunned and staggered by Dr. Slade, the American medium, in London. Other Fellows of the Royal Society have had séances, and, like Dr. Carpenter, have been completely nonplussed, acknowledging that there can be neither delusion nor fraud in the manifestations, and that the only fair way is to own up.

The Sunday Herald has the following remarks: "English men of science certainly have more pluck than those of the United States. For some years Dr. Slade was giving his phenomena in New York, but no physicist of any note went to see him. He had not been in London a fortnight when the president of the principal scientific association in England had a séance with him. We learn that among the letters of introduction taken out by Dr. Slade was one from Mr. Epes Sargent to a clergyman in London. The clergyman went to see Slade, and satisfied himself of the wonderful phenomena in his presence. Thereupon he addressed Dr. Carpenter, and the latter, to his credit be it said, though he was strongly committed against Spiritualism, sought a séance with Dr. Slade, had a successful one, and confessed he had come across the 'inexplicable.' We are not as yet at liberty to state more than is given in the paragraph from the Liverpool paper. But the American editors who think that 'one of the popular impostors of the day has come to an untimely end,' may soon find among the deluded dupes claiming their pity for recognizing the phenomena alleged, no less a person than the president of the Royal Society."

But for Dr. Carpenter's absence in Glasgow, whether he had gone to attend the great September gathering of men of science, he would have followed up his investigations with Dr. Slade immediately. He invited the gifted medium to go to Glasgow; but probably the latter's engagements in London will prevent, as he must leave for St. Petersburg the last week in October.

The New York clergymen, doctors, editors, and others, who have been making dunces of themselves by proclaiming that the bottom had dropped out of Spiritualism because that young impostor and artful dodger, Mr. W. I. Bishop, mingling medial phenomena with jugglery, had persuaded them that all spiritual phenomena are tricks, will be struck with consternation when they learn, as they quickly will, that the President of the Royal Society and some half-dozen of the most eminent of his associates have admitted that the phenomena of independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, and the independent materialized hand, are true objective facts, and not at all the result of illusion, jugglery or fraud.

These are types of nearly all the great phenomena claimed by Spiritualists; so that in admitting these, the savants admit everything. It is the facts, for which Spiritualists have been reviled and ridiculed; for they admit that every one is free to supply what theory he pleases for their explanation.

When the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reference to the cunning fooleries, called an "exposure," by the lad Bishop, cries out, "Let us hope that this is the beginning of the end of the pestilent superstition, with which ten millions of people have been infected," what he means is simply to give vent to his exultation at the prospect of disproving our phenomenal facts.

When Mr. George William Curtis gives the readers of Harper's Magazine to suppose that the sham exposé, Bishop, by his "suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession," has explained and brought to naught the supersensational phenomena attributed to spiritual agency, he is simply laboring to show that there is no validity in our facts, and that we have drawn our momentous inference from such premises as lie in certain gymnastic feats performed by a youth who has the effrontery to pretend that all our phenomena are of the same trivial type, and to be duplicated by a juggler or a gymnast.

When Dr. Hammond, in his worthless book, entitled "Spiritualism and Nervous Disorders," gives 366 pages to his task, his object is to show that our facts are all chimerical, and that such phenomena as levitation, independent writing, lifted chairs or tables, &c., are impossible.

The whole editorial antagonism to Spiritualism is based upon a persistent denial of our facts. And now—confusion!—here are Dr. Carpenter, and some of the strongest men of the Royal Society ready to assure the world that we are all right in our facts!

What is the world coming to! Imagine the countenance of the Rev. Dr. Bellows when he learns that Dr. Carpenter has backedslide, and hopes to carry with him both Tyndall and Huxley! What will Philosopher Flske say when he learns that the phenomena he has sneered at as "Totemism" have been witnessed and endorsed by some of the first men of science in England! What will the Harvard professors say after their Rip Van Winkle lethargy of a quarter of a century? We drop the curtain on the scene of dismay and indignation.

Mrs. Tappan to go to San Francisco.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is engaged to lecture in San Francisco, Cal., for four months, beginning with the first Sunday in November. From the deep and most favorable impression left by her lectures of last year, a still more extended usefulness through her visit of the coming winter is anticipated, writes our agent, Mr. Herman Snow.

M. Milleson will speak in Stoneham, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 17th, at 2 and 7 p. m. The afternoon lecture will be on Spirit Art, and that of the evening will have for its theme, "The Anatomy of the Spiritual Body." These addresses—as are all which he delivers—will be illustrated with pertinent drawings. Would be pleased to make further engagements. Address him care Banner of Light.

An obituary notice of the decease of George Haskell, M. D., of Ancora, N. J., from the pen of A. E. Newton, Esq., will appear in our next issue.

Leymarie—Bugnet—The Number of Spiritualists in France.

Emily Kislingbury, Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists, is at present furnishing letters of continental travel to The Spiritualist, London, Eng. From her last epistle, dated Paris, France, Aug. 26th, we make the following extracts:

A VISIT TO THE PERSECUTED M. LEYMARIE.

The first step to be taken on my arrival here was to present myself at the Préfeture de Police, to receive in person a permit of entrance into La Santé, the prison where M. Leymarie is detained. It was duly impressed upon me that it was a great favor, par exception, and not to be abused. The visit was made this morning. After passing innumerable doors, guarded by grim-looking officials, I was introduced into a tiny sort of box, divided into two parts by an iron or zinc trestle, through which the prisoner and the visitor can just touch fingers, not shake hands. The warden examined the wires, to see that there were no loop-holes, so that written communications could only be exchanged by being rolled up very tight, in packets no thicker than your thumb. Of this arrangement one of course takes due advantage. M. Leymarie seemed rejoiced at my visit, which he regards as a representative act on the part of English Spiritualists. He looked pale and rather thin, but his health remains unimpaired, and he conversed cheerfully with me for nearly an hour. It says that he is very particular to take as much exercise in his cell as his size will allow. The length is five paces, the width two and a half, and part of the space is occupied by his bed.

The petition for pardon, with the signatures attached, has been presented, and I went with Mme. Leymarie to the Ministère de la Justice to see the secretary on the subject. We were received by one of the under secretaries, who said that as, in the absence of the chiefs, a large amount of work rested on the shoulders of a few officials, no answer could be given under three weeks from that time. Madame Leymarie, whose courage is something admirable, especially in a country where the people bow down before officialism, then pleaded in eloquent terms on behalf of her husband. The secretary said he was very sorry; that it was not for him to judge; but that he found in the book of the trial, which Mme. Leymarie had sent him, several letters proving her husband's complicity in the Bugnet frauds. "Indeed, sir!" said Madame Leymarie, "then pray show them to me; I am the compiler of that book, and should like to see one word in it which reflects upon my husband's honesty." The secretary then closed the book, in which he was seeking for the proofs of his assertion, and did not refer to it again. I put in a few words to the effect that the signatures to the petition were genuine, many having been written under my own eyes, and that they had been appended as a mark of esteem for the character of M. Leymarie. The fact that Firman had been set free was greatly in his favor, we were told, and we left the halls of Justice, feeling that hope was not yet quite extinguished nor charity quite dead in the breasts of French officials.

CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF BUGNET.

I think it is not yet known in England that Bugnet has been recaptured, or, rather, has given himself up to justice, and is at present at La Santé, where he will have to work out his full year. The mistress of the photographic establishment in Belgium, where he was employed, being herself imbecilic and unable to pay her assistants, had Bugnet arrested (unjustly, it appears) on a charge of theft. She then informed the authorities in Paris that she had found the notorious spirit photographer, and, at last, Bugnet himself, to avoid further complications, requested that he might be at once removed to Paris to work out the full term of his imprisonment. He has been at La Santé for two months, and, being an artist, has been appointed superintendent of the artificial flower-making, for which he also draws the designs. His wife and children are living in Paris in great distress and poverty.

THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN FRANCE.

I found it impossible to arrive at any like statistics with regard to the number of Spiritualists in Paris or in France. Beyond the names of subscribers to the Révue, I was told that it would be impolitic to attempt to keep any register at the Rue de Lille; because, in case the papers and books should be seized at any time, the names of Spiritualists would become known to the authorities; and, though the Republican motto is Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, there is still so little of the first of these in France, as to make the two others a dead letter. For the same reason the society was registered as The Joint Stock Company for the Constitution of the Works of Allan Kardec, no mention being made in the articles of the tendency of the works, nor of Spiritualism. If it had not been for this precaution, the whole of the property on the premises at the Rue de Lille would have been confiscated during the late persecutions; as it was, several thousand copies of the Révue were seized by the police, but were afterwards restored with offensive marginal notes on some of the pages, such as l'imbécillité, against a name well-known in high places. All meetings and séances have been given up for the present at the Rue de Lille. In no case can more than twenty-one persons assemble in a private house in France without the presence of the police; but all the gens d'armes who attended the Kardec meetings became so interested in the proceedings, that they became by degrees secret but fervent adherents of the cause. Thus Spiritualism spreads by the very means taken to crush and hinder its growth.

Correction.

On our second page is an article from the pen of Dr. J. E. Bruce on "The New Movement in Spiritualism." The Doctor desires that the seventh paragraph should be understood to read as follows: "While the spiritual leadership of Jesus, in the large sense of a supernaturally selected person to stand as the symbol, before men's senses, of the Divine Love and Wisdom, as these are operative in the practical processes of making and perfecting worlds, is a recognized principle in the science of theology, we yet commit no man to these nor any other set of opinions as a condition precedent to membership in our societies."

Ultra Sabbatarianism scattered carbolic acid, by aid of sprinkling carts, in Leather Lane, London, recently, so that the Jews could not keep their shops open on the first day of the week. This is an improvement, for the same blessed bigots once secretly put ladders on the pavement of St. Martin's le Grand, that city, to break the legs of the horses attached to the Government mail-carts, so that "Sunday" should not be violated by the procession of these vehicles. Verily Christianity is the foster-mother of liberal (?) sentiment in the breasts of its believers.

Miss Anna C. Colby, eldest daughter of George J. L. Colby, of the Merrimac Valley Visitor, Mass., was united in marriage, Tuesday, Sept. 12th, to Dr. Mayo G. Smith, of Colorado Springs, Col. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Randolph Campbell. The newly married couple left for Philadelphia in the afternoon.

Read Hudson Tuttle's able review of Epes Sargent's popular and exhaustive work, "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," on our second page. A new and revised edition of the work is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—Go and see this magnificent example of modern French art, which continues to attract large numbers of visitors to Brainard's gallery, 146 Tremont street, Boston.

A New Indian Treaty.

The war against the Indians is over, and it is pronounced a failure. It has been a series of disasters from the beginning. Crook failed of a victory at Rosebud Creek, Custer's command was massacred in a brave stand-up fight, and then Crook and Terry started in pursuit of Sitting Bull. He has broken up his body of warriors and sent them flying in all directions over a country where our troops cannot follow them. It is argued by military men that the misfortune of Crook at Rosebud Creek paved the way for the Custer disaster, and the present defeat of the purposes of the army. And it has to be conceded by them that Sitting Bull has beaten them out-and-out in strategy and generalship, getting away from the army at last with small loss and real prestige.

There was never a more needless war, or one based more strictly on selfishness. It was of our own provocation. The Sioux Commission, with Bishop Whipple at its head, is now at Red Cloud Agency, proposing a new treaty. It would have been better and juster to keep the old one more faithfully. Doubtless the hope is to stave off hostilities for another year. Yet the objective point is clearly to become possessed of the Black Hills, the coveted territory which is the cause of all the trouble. Bishop Whipple opened the negotiations with prayer, which shows how Orthodoxy mocks the sentiment of justice before it begins the work of cheating, and after the proposal was read and interpreted to the Indians assembled, there was a feast: Six beeves, ten pounds of sugar, and five pounds of coffee for each of the six bands present. What the Commission proposes, after the Indians have fairly whipped us, is that they shall give up their Black Hills reservation, abrogate the treaty of 1868, give the right of way through the lands that are left, and move down into the Indian Territory. But even there, the railroad cormorants are after the land, and the Indians would have no better guarantee of stability than where they are now. There never was a more hypocritical or greedy scheme set on foot in the name of peace and religion.

Remarkable Cure by Dr. J. R. Newton.

The following letter, which was forwarded to Dr. Newton, the healer, without solicitation on his part, is full of the soul of gratitude, and furnishes additional evidence of the wonderful powers possessed by this venerable worker in the spiritual field:

Dr. J. R. Newton: Dear Sir—As an expression of intense thankfulness, and from a sense of duty to my suffering fellow-men, I desire to state briefly the remarkable cure of my daughter, of nine years of age. She inherited a very feeble constitution, and has always been very frail from birth, especially subject to attacks of inflammation of the eyes. Last winter she had a protracted blindness for several weeks, which was at last greatly intensified by an attack of measles, which threatened total blindness. The best oculians and regular physicians failed to accomplish anything. In utter despair, having heard of your great success as a healer, we decided to try your method, and we have reason to thank God that we were so directed. Even upon our first visit you succeeded in showing her the blessed light, which she had not seen in many weary weeks, and in a few treatments she was entirely restored to us. No medicine, nothing but the divine touch of magnetism!

My prejudices were always in favor of the regular profession, but these "stubborn facts" are stronger than theories. Alas! that "selfish interest" and the learned ignorance of the "schools" should ignore this wonderful power of healing—but so it has ever been. May God and his good angels still abide with you, and give you long life and this power to bless your fellowmen, is the earnest prayer of myself and wife. Yours very truly, E. C. PHELPS.

Phelps Conservatory of Music, 24 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 25th, 1876.

Grove Meetings.

Extended reports of the Spiritualist gatherings held at Lovell's Grove, and Highland Lake Grove, on Sunday, Sept. 10th, were prepared for this issue, but are deferred till next week, in obedience to that law of philosophy whereby it is laid down that two bodies cannot occupy the same space in the same time. Our space has its limits, and matters having come to hand which could not brook delay, we were unable to accommodate all, and were obliged to defer these reports.

Lovell's Grove was the scene on that day of a pleasant party, assembled under direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner. Miss Lizzie Doten delivered an inspired address in the morning on "The Sphinx's Riddle," closing with a poem; Mrs. Suydam held a successful fire séance, and Dr. Storer delivered the afternoon discourse—music by a military band affording additional interest.

At Highland Lake Grove on the same day the services carried out under the auspices of Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston (J. B. Hatch, conductor), were varied and attractive, consisting of exercises by the scholars, music by the band conducted by Alonzo Bond, and addresses by Dr. John H. Currier and Henry C. Lull, of Boston.

Special Notice—End of Volume.

One more number of the Banner will close the present volume (XXXIX). Those of our patrons who wish to renew are respectfully requested to remit at once, thus sparing additional labor to our mail clerks, and at the same time conferring upon us the benefit of an encouraging pecuniary remembrance.

We not only earnestly request all our present subscribers to renew, but anxiously solicit them to exert their influence to increase the number of names on our books, and thus assist us in the great work we are engaged in of promulgating truth for the enlightenment and good of the whole human family.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

The friends of reform in the political condition of woman, met in delegate convention at the Melancon, Tremont Temple, Boston, Sept. 12th, to consider the means best fitted to advance their cause. No direct candidates were nominated, but the support of the movement was pledged to the Prohibitionists. During the sessions held, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and Messrs. Vibbert, Blackwell, Lathrop and others addressed the Convention, Mrs. Livermore being elected as presiding officer. Music by the Hutchinsons added to the harmony of the meetings.

The reports of the first day's proceedings at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Meetings, and the Baltimore messages—which will be found on our 6th page—occupy more space than usual, and are replete with interest. The Banner Circles have now entered successfully upon the second week of the season, and are largely attended.

Andrew's church—and that is on Fourth Avenue, Harlem.

Weep not, mother, for your son has arisen from his watery grave, with all the necessary qualities needed to make him of some advantage in this celestial home, and to give you some consolation. Though one dies without the rites of the church, still the architect of his life bids him not depart, but enter in and sup, if not at first with the high, to be with the low in spirit, until the upper courts are opened for his investigation.

The arm, mother, which sometimes you feel around you, is not dripping with water—it is all fashioned in accordance with the law under which we have to rest for a season. I know your heart is sad, and your mind is weary, with thoughts and feelings regarding my untimely death; but let that be placed with the days that are past and gone. Let you and I commence life anew—I to be your teacher, from the celestial world, and you to be my teacher in the material; and thus the days and the nights, the hours and the minutes, will pass away; and the time, oh, mother, dear mother, fond mother, will come at last, when we will meet on those shores, where the flowers bloom, where the birds warble, and where the waters flow, and you and I will drink and be made happy.

The sensation of drowning is not so terrible as the human mind imagines. It is only the twinkle of an eye, when the soul escapes and walks upon the air, which the angels have woven sufficiently strong to bear the weight, until we enter the inner courts, and there the sentinel teaches us what to do and how to act.

Rachel Dakin Waggener.

Husband, dear husband! I am only dead in the body to yourself, but not in the spirit. I suddenly died, and went hence to meet my reward. My residence was Somerville, N. J. My name was Rachel Dakin. I was the beloved wife of Doctor Henry Waggener. I was in the thirty-ninth year of my age.

I feel keenly the grand responsibility of the change from one life to the other, but he that fashioned me into life has power to quicken me into eternal happiness. Grieve not that my footsteps are not heard, or that my voice has ceased its echo to your outward ears; if you will only quicken the inner sense, you will still hear the one whom you love, for I have power to speak in sentences which will bring the truth to your minds, that there is a life beyond the grave.

If we are idle and seek it not, then the power is not ours to come and go; but that love which was mine for you, Henry, brings me back to console and to cheer. Doubt it not, for a spirit, a stranger to myself, brings me here, and teaches me how to act and how to speak, for good to you and benefit to me. This is the most pleasant part of my existence, to know and to feel that God's love is with all his children. When the time approaches for you to lay down the body and take up the spirit, we will walk hand in hand on those beautiful shores called the Flower Gardens of Eden.

Now I hear the music of the angels, it thrills my being into new life, for they are wafting me from earth to heaven.

Fanny Willis.

At Elizabethport, New Jersey, Fanny, wife of Willis, and eldest daughter of Whitman, of East Orange.

It seems strange, though natural, yet this world, in its aggregate, has a likeness to the one I left. It was hard to part from all those I loved, but in that parting I have had full assurance of meeting and knowing them. I knew not of this dispensation, but I've been taught that it is a law by which I can reach the minds and hearts of the dear ones I left behind. I will trust to chance and circumstances to throw these lines before their eyes; and, in the reading, I know they must be accepters of the immortality of the soul.

Heaven, as presented to me, is not a locality, but a broad sphere in which each one has to fashion a home for himself or herself. This gives work, unfolds the intellect, and gives aspiration for something higher. My time has been short, but in that brief period I have availed myself of opportunities to gain knowledge concerning this life which I feel is to be perpetual.

When death comes the mind stands still with awe, for it feels the cold chills creeping over the body, the senses little by little lapsing into quietude, and, at the last, we feel lost, until we are quickened into life on the other side; then the grand realization comes that we must gather in all our attributes for work and for advancement. No one can perform the labor that belongs legitimately to another. Each must be the worker, and in the work he must be either the gainer or the loser. I have striven, friends and relatives, to perform a work in this beautiful land of realities that will not only give pleasure to myself, but comfort and delight to you. Search in this law, and in your searching you will find truth, and through truth you will find heaven. Let this be a guide by which each and all of you will meet me in the days to come.

Alice A. F. Weaver.

By consent of others and their aid, I stand justified in the right of speaking, and making known to those I've left behind that I am not dead, but have life beyond that grave from whence I was told, "no traveller could return."

Alice Ann Fulton was my name. I am the wife of A. Weaver, and when in the body lived on River avenue, below Market street, Harrisburg, Penn. Parley, no, contradict this writing, for my purpose is to manifest good to all. Enemies I may have had, friends I know I had. They will comprehend the sentence, for they knew me. They will know to what I refer. You will say I was fastened to earth. I was, and for reasons which, here among strangers, I will not express. But having gone through that unknown valley, and having found neither death nor darkness, I return with a light heart to thank those who were ever kind to me in all my seeming afflictions. This place of the spirits is too wondrous for me to explain in this chapter. Let it suffice that I have found light, peace and happiness—not by folding my hands, not with prayer and thanksgiving, but with labor of the brain. The work which I have performed, oh, earthly friends, has brought me to this pleasant and happy condition.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD. Rev. Arthur Caverno; Robert Jay Spearman; Cecelia Monteiro; David S. Lawrence; E. J. Pat MacManus; Charles Wright; Rebecca C. Washington Macomber; Josiah Colledge; Fannie Burbank Felton; Charlie Stanley; John J. Glover.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN. Rufus Wardwell; Thomas A. Hardy; William Ludlow; Holbrook; Mary Augusta Herney; Jane Ingraham; Fannie Brooks; John Grubb; Harriet Eldred; James Skidmore; Halpin; Joseph Meech; Catherine Conner; William H. Mittle; Jane Hull; Myers; Eliza Campbell; Nancy Conner; Priscilla Spencer; Eliza Taylor; M. McManis; Caroline Thomson.

Advertisements.

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MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, Rooms 122 & 123, 123 Mt. Vernon St., (near Dover St.) Boston, Mass. General sittings, terms one dollar. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, also Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents. April 6-25th.

Susie Nickerson-White, TRANCE MEDIUM, 130 West Brookline street, St. Elmo, Suite 1, Boston, Hours 9 to 4. June 24.

MRS. CAREN, TEST and Developing Medium, sittings, \$1. Stances every Thursday afternoon, Hours 11 till 12, 21 Sawyer street, from Shawmut Ave., Boston. 2nd Sept. 6.

MRS. F. C. DEXTER, 476 Tremont street, Boston, Clairvoyant, Test and Developing Medium. Examinations by lock of hair. Test and Developing (circles) Saturdays, 12 to 2. July 1.

SADIE JOHNSON, Medical and Business Clairvoyant. Tests all ailments by lock of hair. Magnetic treatment. Cures Rheumatism. 14 Hanover street, Boston, Aug. 26-4th.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Healing sittings, 2 Hotel Woodford, cor. of Oak and Washington sts., Boston, (entrance on Ash St.) Hours 10 to 5, July 1.

MRS. HARRY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 4 Concord square, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 1 and 2 to 3. 13th June 24.

FANNIE REICHEL, TRANCE MEDIUM, 362 Tremont street, Boston. Sept. 16-24th.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 40 Dwight st., Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. Sept. 2.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Physician and Medium, No. 14 Indiana street, suite 4, leading from Washington street to Harrison st., Boston. July 29.

MRS. CHAS. H. WILDES, No. 8 Eaton street, Boston, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Hours 9 to 4. 4th Sept. 16.

LIZZIE NEWELL, 14 Tremont st., Magnetic & Healing Medium, Test and Business Clairvoyant. Sept. 2.

MRS. JENNIE CROSE, Test Clairvoyant. For sittings by mail \$1.00 and stamp. Whole life reading, \$1.00. 75 Dover street, Boston. 1st Sept. 16.

MRS. M. C. HAGLEY, Test and Business Medium, has returned to the city, and for a short time can be found at 30 Lynde street, Boston. 2nd Sept. 9.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Clairvoyant, 28 Kneeland st., Boston. 4th Sept. 2.

CLARA A. FIELD, Clairvoyant and Business Medium, 55 La Grange street, Boston. 4th Sept. 2.

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The Psychology of Faith and Prayer.

Spiritual Phenomena.

(From The Spiritualist (London, Eng.), Aug. 25th.) AN EXTRAORDINARY MATERIALIZATION SCENE.

BY T. P. HARKAS, F.G.S.

On Tuesday evening, August 15th, 1876, I, by invitation, attended a séance at the house of Mr. Petty, No. 6 Suffolk street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The hour appointed for the commencement of the séance was eight o'clock, and I was requested to be present a few minutes before that time. I reached the house at 7:50 P.M., and found the company assembled in the drawing room, which is a small, plainly furnished sitting-room on the first floor of the house—that is, the floor above the basement story, and about twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the street. The room is fourteen feet by eleven feet, and is entered by one door in the corner of the room; the window at the other end faces the main street. One corner or recess of the room formed of the front wall and cable end of the house was screened off by a dark curtain suspended by an iron rod; the window was entirely closed by deal boarding; the door or entrance of the room was locked, fastened on the inside, and fastened by a screw, so that there was no access to or egress from the room. Across the window, and close to it, an ordinary double-ended sofa was placed, and the medium, Mrs. Petty, a lady about forty years of age, stout and matronly, reclined upon the sofa, with her feet toward the curtained corner of the room, and her head at the other end of the sofa, resting on a pillow.

The company sat in the quadrant of a circle in the following order, and extended entirely from the end of the sofa on which the medium lay, round the two sides of the room close to the walls, thus preventing the possibility of either ingress or egress through the circle of the sitters. The sitters were in the following order—Mr. W. Petty next the sofa, Mr. Har, Mr. Lee, Mr. Har, Mr. Har, Mrs. Mould, Mr. Mould, Mr. Bewick, and Mr. Petty. During the whole time the lamp was burning, and during the greater part of the time it burned so brightly that I could see with distinctness the features of all who were sitting in the room, and the medium lying on the sofa. That all present saw the medium on the sofa during the whole of the séance, there is not the shadow of a doubt.

The séance commenced at eight o'clock promptly. A suitable hymn was sung, and Mr. Petty engaged in prayer, after which the musical box played, and we sat in silence. After sitting for about twelve minutes, the curtains screening the recess began to move, and a tall white form presented itself. This partial presentation took place five or six times at intervals of about one minute, and finally a tall female form emerged from behind the curtains. She was draped in brilliantly white raiment, which covered her after the fashion of the clothing of the young girls of ancient Greece, or in a manner resembling to some extent the models used by modern artists. Over her head and face there was a thin most perfectly transparent gauze veil, on her shoulders was a cape or cover, which descended a little below her waist. She was clothed from the neck to the feet in a loosely-fitting white garment; her bust, which was small and slightly developed, was loosely covered by her cape and dress, and her body and lower extremities were well covered by moderately ample skirts. When she raised her arms, which she frequently did, the cape fell from them and left exposed slender arms, naked to the shoulder. She was, as I have said, slender, elegant and sylph-like, and the medium, who visibly lay on the sofa, is a stout and very fully developed matron. The figure was the beautiful of a lovely girl in the first flush of womanhood; she moved about in the room freely, gracefully, modestly, with all the air and modest grace of a girl accustomed to good society.

The figure, on first emerging from the recess, walked timidly into the centre of the room and looked modestly round on the circle of sitters. She approached Mr. J. Petty, and, after shaking hands with him, she went to Mrs. Har, who presented her with a bouquet of flowers, which she gratefully accepted. She then went to Mrs. Mould and received a bouquet from her, and another from Mr. Petty, who sat at the end of the circle. Gathering these flowers in her hands she passed behind the curtains, and on her next appearance, in the course of a couple of minutes, she was without the flowers. She shook hands with and embraced Mr. W. Petty, kissed Mrs. Mould and others on the cheek and mouth, and nearly saluted the entire circle. When she approached me, she proffered her right hand, which I took in mine, and held it in mine while she kissed me on the brow. The feeling was that of human lips, and the sound that of kissing. Her hand was warm and moist. She again entered the recess, and I observed—as I perceived several times during this remarkable séance—that when the psychic form remained visibly in our presence for about five minutes, her garments became less white and substantial; that her power of motion appeared to decrease; but, after entering the recess, on returning, her dress was brilliantly white and her motions free and firm. She appeared to lose power and solidity in the open room. She entered the recess and reappeared in the midst of the sitters at least twenty times during the evening, and always with the same result. When next she presented herself I was desirous of ascertaining her exact height, and requested permission to stand beside her; this she kindly granted, and I stood before and within a few inches of her. I then saw that the top of her head was on a level with my eyes, and that her height was five feet five inches; that is, three and a half inches taller than the medium, who lay visible on the sofa. After the measuring she sat down on an unoccupied arm-chair, which stood near the centre of the room, and while she and we sat in a hushed and impressive silence, one of the gentlemen present introduced the following words, which were sung softly and earnestly by the company:

When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night, &c.—(Hymn 143.)

The hymn being finished she again retired, and reappearing looked cautiously round the room, and when at a distance from her medium made mesmeric passes toward her. The medium, who had up to that time lain perfectly still on the sofa, began to move, changing the position of her hands, and seemed to be under some peculiar influence; the psychic form or palpable apparition then approached the medium, and bending over her, embraced and kissed her fervently, and for a short time medium and spirit-form were clasped in each other's arms. The psychic form then released herself from the medium, and sat on the sofa near her feet. Again retiring and reappearing she sat gracefully on the vacant chair, and Mr. Har rose and pronounced a very impressive and appropriate invocation. The form again retired, and returning sat beside her medium, bent gently over her, took her in her arms, and raised her up into a sitting posture.

In this position the normally and abnormally-embodied human beings clung together for upwards of a minute, and then the medium was gently lifted upon her pillow. This scene produced so powerful an impression upon one of the sitters that he burst into tears and sobbed like a distressed woman. Again the spirit-form retired and reappeared and walked round the room, shaking hands with the sitters. I requested permission to feel her pulse, and she immediately placed it in my left hand, and permitted me with the forefinger of my right hand to feel her pulse. It was feeble, but perfectly recognizable, and beat at what appeared to be the rate of seventy per minute. I counted the beats aloud as they occurred up to twenty beats. She afterwards sat on the arm-chair, and was resting easily when we asked her to be kind enough to write in our presence. I supplied a pocket-book and paper to write upon, Mr. Mould supplied a pencil; she took these, and resting the book and paper on the arm of the chair, wrote "Good night," and I have now the paper containing the writing in my possession. She entered the recess, reappeared, walked

round the room, shook hands with all who were present, and then retired to feel her pulse, which, judging by feeling and appearance, appeared to consist of the finest muscle; after this she sat on the vacant chair, and Mr. Har delivered a very suitable address of thanks to the visitor from the other world, who had kindly favored us with her presence on many previous occasions. She walked round the circle of sitters, shook hands with each, shook hands with and kissed Mrs. Har, and audibly bid her "Good night." She retired within the curtains after having been with us for upwards of one hour and a half, and at ten o'clock this wonderful séance closed.

During her frequent visits to the circle I had several opportunities of seeing her face. On one occasion she stood at an angle between me and the light, and I saw her face and the profile of her features with great distinctness; the skin was somewhat dark, the features clean cut, but small, and remarkably well formed and refined. The weather was almost unbearably hot, and after the last appearance of our psychic visitor I slightly opened the door of the room and took charge of it until the light was turned fully up. The medium gradually and slowly recovered from the trance in which she had lain the whole evening, and was so feeble and exhausted that the two ladies present had to assist her across the room. Immediately she left the sofa I took up my position near it, moved it quite away from where it was standing, examined it carefully, drew aside the curtains of the recess, took down the curtains, and did not discover anything that presented the slightest appearance of deception. I examined minutely the walls and floor, and all were perfectly sound and good. In my opinion there was not the possibility of successful deception, nor was any deception attempted. If I required absolute proof of the genuineness and reality of these singular psychological phenomena I had it previously, because with the same medium I had seen the same form grow up in the middle of an open room out of apparent nothingness, and then before my eyes again become reduced to invisibility. There is no escape from accepting the genuineness of the series of phenomena just described, except that of absurdly denying absolutely the power of arriving at just conclusions respecting unusual occurrences. I refrain at present from expressing any opinion as to theories, but as to facts I believe those just detailed are as real, genuine, and objective as the fact that the river Tyne flows past Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 19th, 1876.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC for September comes to us from its publishers H. O. Houghton & Co., corner Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, with a fresh face, and an admirable table of contents. The names of Edward Wheelwright, W. B. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Kemble, Sarah O. Jewett, Henry James, Jr., and others appear in connection with articles of marked interest, and Aldrich and H. H. are the poets. The Characteristics of the International Fair breaks the continued treatment of the reviews of recent books, and the articles under Art and Music are well worth reading, and the discussion of College Education for Women merits special attention.

The Atlantic for October will contain among other attractions General Howard's story of the Battle of Atlanta; a curious and instructive paper on Libraries, by John Fluke, Assistant Librarian of Harvard College; a sketch of Jerusalem Neighborhoods, by C. D. Warner; a criticism of George Sand's Life and Writings, by T. S. Perry, and a paper on the Troubadours, by Miss Preston.

THE GALAXY for September—Sheldon & Co., New York City, publishers—leads off with an installment of war memories, from Gen. Cluster, embodies Gilson Wells's account of the nomination and election of Abraham Lincoln, continues William Black's "Madcap Violets," allows space to Albert H. Hoyle to propound the command, "Sugar! we drink wine," to the prince, and sketches of "Cuba from the pen of Frederick Whitaker, furnishes a dissertation on "The Bones of Speech," by Richard Grant White, and contains other articles worthy of perusal. Bourdillon and others contribute the poetry. The departments are lively, as usual, but we are sorry to note that the editor has found it necessary to endeavor to bolster up that weak and lame volume with which Dr. Hammond has sought to darken the reputation of Modern Spiritualism. A correspondent (not a Spiritualist) has on our second page given Hammond's work a crushing analysis.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street (corner School street), Boston, forward to us the September numbers of SCHUBNER'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICHOLAS, which they offer for sale. "Insanity and its Treatment," by Frances Day, "Wesleyan University," and "The Bride of the Blue," are the principal features of the first named magazine, the same being backed up by interesting sketches, the poetry, etc. ST. NICHOLAS has for a frontispiece "Francesco Ferruccio," a spirited historical and stories, illustrated and otherwise, engraving sketches arranged for the level of appreciation on the part of its young readers, and poems aglow with mirth and good humor fill up the measure of its attractive pages.

WIDE AWAKE for September opens with Part I. of a notable story, "David Bushnell and his American Turtle," by Miss S. J. Prichard, in which figures the first of our sub-marine war-ships. Further on are found a sensational camping-out story, by Mrs. Nason, and a Centennial story by the editor, together with various other attractively illustrated sketches. There are also poems by Mary Clemmer, Clara Doty Bates, &c. The various departments complete an excellent number of an excellent magazine. Edited by a first-class man, and published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

ELLIOTT ROBINS, amanuensis, 50 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has executed a splendid copy of a portrait, illustrated with several sets of drawings of a patriotic order, and bearing as a title, "Panacea for the Healing of the Nation," being a compendium of various addresses, purporting to come from Washington and John Quincy Adams, also matter from other sources, in relation to the commercial distress from which the country is now suffering, and the means to be employed in assuaging the same. Parties desiring to purchase copies of the work can address Mr. Robbins as above.

THE RAPID WRITER, a publication devoted to Language, Short-Hand Writing, and kindred topics, and issued bi-monthly by the Rapid Writer Association, Chicago, Ill.—Eastern office, Fernwood, Pa.—is received. In addition to much matter of service to students in orthographic reform, the number before us has eleven pages of engraved telegraphic characters, mostly comprising a list of excellent word signs. Mr. Lindsay, the inventor of this truly valuable method, is now a resident at Fernwood, Pa., where he can be addressed on any subject pertaining to his art.

THE PHENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September—S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 73 Broadway, New York City—has as a frontispiece a picture of Gov. Tilden, and supports it with a sketch of his life and services. "The Chin, and what it Signifies," is a taking article, as also are several in its list, while its hints for the advance and perpetuation of physical and mental health are severely practical and to the point.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH, an illustrated Magazine of Home Arts and Home Leisure, has come to hand for September, from D. L. Milikon, publisher, 101 Milk street, opposite Post-office Square, Boston. The contents of its pages, musical, fashionable, social, humorous, etc., are varied and interesting, and it cannot fail of a warm welcome at the hands of its patrons.

RECEIVED: VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, No. 4, for 1876. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

ZERUS THORP'S EXPERIMENT, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Lorain, publisher, corner Bromfield and Washington streets, Boston.

Mr. Jennings writes from London to the New York World: "I can tell you of a New Yorker who is likely to make a good thing of it for her hour, although she is only a few weeks ago. It is Mr. Slade, a medium—better known I believe, as Dr. Slade. He has taken a house in Bedford row, and I understand that his day is pretty well taken up with visitors. He charges \$1.25 each visitor. I never had the honor of consulting this medium myself, but I was talking, yesterday, to some one who saw him, last Sunday, and he gives a wonderful account of his revelations, or performances, or whatever may be the proper name for them. Some very eminent persons have already been among Mr. Slade's visitors—you would be surprised if I told you the names of some of them. I should like to have all in excess of £5000 a year which Slade will make—at least for the first two years—after he gets well established here. Spiritualism has been making rather rapid strides of late."

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men? Let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee; and know, if thou hast it not, thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

This is the way a philosophical Chinaman is reported to have "settled" at one and the same time an interviewer and the state of the country: Interviewer: *loquitur*: "Why don't you deposit your money in some good bank?" "Bank bustee up—everything bustee up; everybody big bustee, like Hoosey Tweedee."

Travel Centennialward is immense just now, and will probably increase in volume as the hours of the Exposition's staywood grow fewer.

J. L. Haywood, cashier of the First National Bank of Northfield, Minn., proved his honor and bravery, at the sacrifice of his life, at the recent attack by burglars on that institution. Eight masked men rushed in and seized him, threatening him with death if he would not open the bank vault. He refused, and died at his post, the tolling being sounded at the same time. The Boston Advertiser calls on the banking interest of the nation to see that this hero's bereaved family are not brought to want by this act of heroism and fidelity on his part.

The New England Illustrated News, the opening numbers of which we have received from E. R. Moree and Lambert Hollis, editors and publishers, Boston, Mass., is a lively and readable venture upon the literary sea.

The statue of Lafayette, which was unveiled in New York on Wednesday, Sept. 14, is a monumental offering from France, and possibly conveys an unintentional reproach that a hero who should be held in profound respect and warm admiration by the American people had not yet been honored with a statue. It was executed by A. Bartholdi, the distinguished sculptor, in pursuance of a commission received from President Thiers, in behalf of the Republic of France. The material used is bronze, the statue is of heroic size, and represents Gen. Lafayette in the act of offering his sword to the young Republic of the United States. The pedestal is the gift of the French residents of New York. It is handsomely carved, and bears four inscriptions.

Mother, Mass., celebrated her 150th anniversary, Sept. 7th.

Mrs. Swishlow writes from Saxony that we should hunt Indians as we would hunt wild beasts. "That's very well, my dear; but see here! they won't let us."—*Hesperian Journal*.

It is reported that Boss Tweed was arrested at Vigo, Spain, on the 6th instant. The fugitive is to be sent to Havana on the 21st of the present month.

News from Turkey says: "The new Sultan will publish no act of accession. He says that although he has never been published, it is as yet to know that the new Sultan, instead of seceding his artery, is going to 'shoot his hat.'"—*New York Graphic*.

Crook's command has abandoned the war with the Sioux. Cold and hunger have entered into alliance with the children of Nature, and the struggle has been abandoned on the part of the regulars. At last accounts the troops, on one-half rations, were seeking to push southward in the face of bitter cold.

Josh Billings says: "There's no one thing about a hon that looks like wisdom—they don't kackie much until they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are always a bragging and a cackling when they are going to bed beforehand."

A sarcastic daily in Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "The majority of the prisoners in the Iowa State Prison are said to be the sons of pious parents. When you get West of the Mississippi, you can't depend on piety much longer. It is said to be the rule that the more you get from the East, and when they die they seem to take it along to keep it from feeling lonely."

It is suggested by an exchange that Anna Dickinson, Bret Harto and Kate Field should bring out a joint play entitled "The Disgranted Critics."

The Turks under Dervish Pasha were defeated by the Montenegrins at Cetinje, with a loss of 800 killed and 1,000 wounded. The Montenegrins lost 200 killed and wounded.

Beyond the Mountains! Oh, the blissful night, That world of glory never gloomed by night; From these green hills, in the bright light, I mark the verge where Earth dissolves in Heaven; I hide in hope that joyful time to come, When loved ones meet in their Eternal Home.—*Joseph Story*.

A New Jersey paper thinks the following notice of a death is a copy of a contemporary is susceptible of two meanings: "Maria B., wife of Henry B., Esq., aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

Henry Alexander Wise, one of the most noted of American politicians of the last forty years and a man of much ability and of equal eccentricity, died on the 11th inst. at Richmond, Va. He was born on the 3d of December, 1806, at Drummondtown, in Accomack county, Virginia.

When is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt? When it is hemmed in.

Joseph Everts, of Guilford, Ct., was at last accounts at the verge of death from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a dog received by him sixteen years ago. The virus, it seems, lay dormant; in his system till the fearful hour of development arrived.

Benjamin Franklin, in substance, said that the freedom of the press, subject to the conservative influence of a dog-woman, was a powerful instrument to advance civilization and perpetuate public liberty. The free use of the club at this juncture may be the only remedy, says a contemporary.

Philadelphia had an \$80,000 conflagration Sept. 9th, which broke out at Marshall's cigar saloon, on E. 4th ave., opposite the Main Exhibition Building, and destroyed a whole block of houses before it was extinguished. For a time the Centennial Exposition itself was threatened with an unwelcome visitor, the heat from the fire being so great that it scorched the paint on the turn-stiles at the entrance gates, requiring a stream to be played upon them and upon the southern side of the Main Exhibition Building.

Egypt has had a "Custer massacre"—1500 of her semi-savage soldiers, with their commander, Raht Pasha, having been remorselessly slaughtered by their more savage enemies, the Abyssinians. Egypt also contemplates revenge, as did the United States Government. Will it get it?

South Billerica, Mass., had pleasant services in honor of the breaking ground for the new twenty-four inch railway, Sept. 6th.

Before the Social Science Meetings in Saratoga, recently, Mr. Angell made a bad showing for our Commonwealth. According to his paper, the proportion of crime to population in Massachusetts is now thirty-three per cent. higher than it is in Ireland; life and property are more insecure in this country he said than in Italy, where nearly twenty millions of the people can neither read nor write. In the course of his essay he stigmatized the bad faith of the United States Government toward the Indians, in appropriate terms.

The middle aisle of the Main Centennial Building is broader than any street in the world, and each of the side aisles is broader than any street in Washington.

Never on custom's old grooves, The world to a higher level move; But gates and grids with friction hard On granite boulder and flinty sand; Ever by losses the right must gain; Ever good have to be had; And Graces and Charities feel the fire In which the wrongs of the ago expire.

Maine was carried by the Republicans, Sept. 11th—4,000 majority.

"Bulldozer"—a manufacturer of mythical stories based on still more mythical foundations—is the last addition to the wealth of expression afforded by the English language.

Our Indian campaign has not resulted in a great deal of good. The troops find it more difficult to have an Indian pony. That's about all we have gained.—*Boston Herald*.

The boiler of the Keokuk and Northwestern Live Packet Company's mill at North La Crosse, Wis., exploded on the evening of Sept. 11th, demolishing the mill and machinery, worth \$20,000 to \$30,000, and killing the engineer, Edward Andrews. Several persons were badly wounded, two fatally.

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