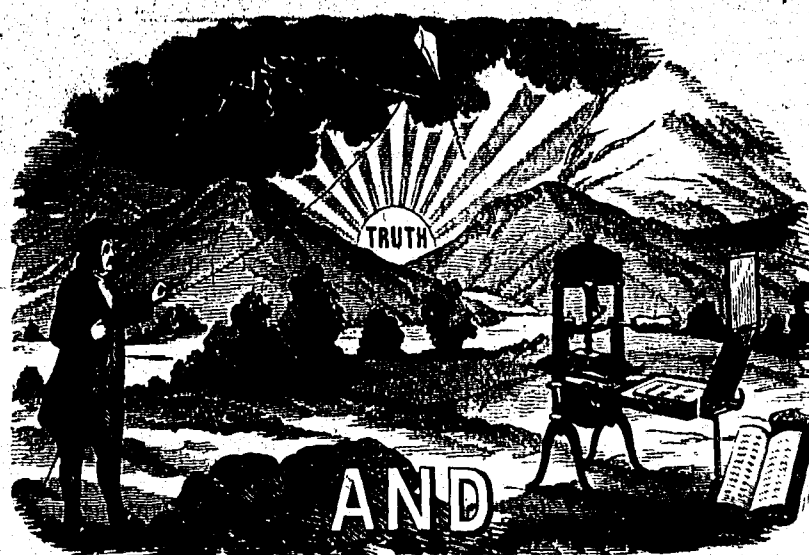


Mind



Matter.

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CHARITY AND PRIDE.—A DREAM.

BY ANNIE H. LANE.

"Twas morning, the heavens were tinselled with gold,
And with sunshiny promises rife,
When Charity robed in her simple white dress,
Started out on the journey of life.
A stately companion in rose-tinted silk,
And bright jewels, walked close by her side;
Whom she'd joined on her way, and ere long, had learned
That the name of this stranger was Pride.

Along their bright path, grew the beautiful flowers,
And they gathered them, such by the way;
The young fragrant blossoms, and partly blown buds,
Pride selected, her dress to array;
But Charity plucked both the faded, and old,
That the seeds of them all, she might gain,
Digging roots, cutting slips, that these she could plant
Where they'd cheer a more desolate plain.

The heavens soon clouded; the large round drops fell,
And they stopped at an inn, by the way;
The rain came in torrents, but lasted not long,
Nor long did their journey delay.
When starting again, on this travelworn route,
Lo! their footpaths were darkened with mud,
The flowers by the wayside, were all beaten down,
And their fragrance washed out by the flood.

Now Charity lit of these pale drooping gems,
Which so lately had suited in content,
And placed them with others, as drooping and frail,
Which she plucked on her way as she went,
Her plain modest dress, once so spotless and clean,
Soon grew soiled, and begrimed in the mire;
For she still gathered roots, transplanting them all,
Nor thought of her own white attire.

But Pride, saw no blossom, more choice than herself;
Since it seemed to be all of her care,
To keep her rich garments unharmed by the soil,
While she spurned faded flowers for her lure,
The two travelled on, through a long winding way,
Pride mourned as her dress grew more stained,
But Charity, all bespattered with mud,
Only thought of the treasures she'd gained.

At length they arrived at a clear running stream,
Which they both seemed delighted to greet,
Whose low gentle murmur, now lured them good cheer,
As it rippled along by their feet.
Here Charity washed the dark mud from her flowers;
Then plucked such seeds as she had,
That would bloom in the future, a shady retreat,
Where the traveller might rest and be glad.

Pride, ever more filled with concern for her dress,
Thought to wash off the mud which had stained,
When the water she used only soiled her silk,
While the dark shades more glaring remained;
But Charity, always forgetful of self,
Planting flowers by the side of the stream,
Dipped her dress-mauves—in the magdalen brook,
When behold, her white garment was clean.

Emma Hardinge-Britten's Enmity.

No. 1601 North Fifteenth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—About three weeks since, I was in your city for a few days, and called at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Kase—those sterling friends of mediums, and of Spiritualism. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, together with a few earnest Spiritualists, was present, and the conversation turned upon the propriety of the testing-mediums' exposing-fraud craze. Mrs. Britten said she esteemed it her duty to ferret out and expose fraudulent mediums. I replied to her that the right of private judgment happily belongs to all of us, and that while she and her guides have the undoubted privilege to think they are doing right, in pursuing and trying to expose so-called fraudulent mediums, others of us have the same right to think that in that course she is doing harm and no good; and further remarked that in my judgment there are so very many genuine mediums, and there is such a wealth of beautiful things showered upon us from the spirit world through those many mediums, that if she would devote her time to these beautiful things, her time would be more than filled; that she would have no time to devote to the so-called fraudulent mediums, and that then her time would be better employed. Mrs. Britten replied that she would illustrate her position; said that she was recently in San Francisco; she had done good work in exposing and publicly denouncing a fraudulent medium of the darkest hue—a Mrs. Crindle by name. Mrs. Britten then related that a lady, who had recently lost a child, visited Mrs. Crindle's seance, and saw what she first recognized as her lost child; but that some one grabbed for the child, and secured—a bundle of rags. Mrs. Britten further related that this poor mother was heartbroken and distracted at the revelation, that friends of that mother arose in one of Mrs. Britten's public meetings in San Francisco, and related these facts; that a gentleman then arose and said he was in favor of flogging Mrs. Crindle to a cart-wheel; and Mrs. Britten, with great emphasis, further remarked: "And I reechoed the sentiment." At that time I had never heard or read of Mrs. Crindle—did not know of her existence; that which Mrs. Britten put forth with so much vehemence I felt bound to suppose must have some foundation, and I replied: "Oh, well! Mrs. Britten, in that instance I suppose you discovered a fraud; but I venture to predict that time will come when you and I will be able to look back and see that even Mrs. Crindle has genuine mediumship."

Yesterday I returned to Philadelphia, and again called at the house of Mrs. Kase. What, think you, was my surprise and delight to find Mrs. Crindle there; to find that she had been holding seances there, in apartments prepared by Mr. Kase himself, and under conditions precluding the possibility of imposture; and to find, from Mr. and Mrs. Kase, and from many most prominent and intelligent Spiritualists of Philadelphia, the most unbounded and enthusiastic praise of

Mrs. Crindle, and her astonishing and most satisfactory seances.

Do you not agree with me, Mr. Editor, that this ought to teach Mrs. Britten a lesson? I purchased a pamphlet entitled "Experiences in Spirit Life, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Elsie Crindle." I quote, from page 6th: "We seek to soothe the discordant elements, and pour the oil of peace on the raging waves of human passion. Envy, hatred, and jealousy yet walk your earth, hand in hand. The harvest is indeed great, and can only be garnered through the labor of strong hands and brave hearts, who will step fearlessly, yet kindly, forward, and show the mighty power of peace and harmony and thus make your earth one vast Unity of Peace and Brotherhood." I earnestly call Mrs. Britten's attention to each sentence in this quotation—this trinity of pearls.

Mr. Editor, you recollect, before the abolition of slavery in America, the Abolitionists never failed to call attention to the fact that the evils of slavery were visited as much on the slaveholder as the slave—upon the oppressor as upon the oppressed—and cannot something be done to show Mrs. Britten that her unprovoked, uncalled for, and wicked persecution of her sister medium, works a two-fold harm—brings suffering and sorrow to those persecuted mediums, and reacts upon herself with terrible force.

[We will say in reply to Mr. Densmore, that we do think his most deserved rebuke of Mrs. Britten should teach her a lesson, that she will not forget unless given over to the manifestly untruthful slandering of her sister and brother mediums. The allegation which Mr. Densmore rebukes Mrs. Britten for making is a malicious falsehood, maliciously circulated by Mrs. Britten, to prejudice against Spiritualism in the three years of her mediumship than Mrs. Britten has given or will, most probably, ever be able to give should she become a centenarian: Mrs. Britten in seeking to injure Mrs. Crindle by circulating falsehoods in relation to her, hurts no one but herself with those who know ought of Mrs. Crindle or her mediumship. It would be well for Mrs. Britten if she was the peer of Mrs. Elsie Crindle in those attributes which constitute the highest womanly worth. Shame! shame! to those engaged in the slanderous misrepresentations of mediums.—Ed.]

Important Facts in Psychometry.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

Your remarks on Psychometry, in MIND AND MATTER, of December 4, that you consider psychometric sensitivities nothing more nor less than mediumistic sensitivities, and also your disbelief in the reliability of the psychometric science in proving the genuineness of the Terre Haute photographs, are to my mind clearly sustained by facts. MIND AND MATTER has clearly and consistently explained a large amount of phenomena that has puzzled, befuddled and disgraced hundreds of old and experienced investigators—phenomena that has ruined the reputation of hundreds of mediums, and disgusted and prevented thousands of persons from continuing their investigation of Spiritualism. From present appearances, those professors of science who have soared so high above the comprehensions of the common people, nay, if they will, yet learn lessons from the columns of your paper.

About twenty-eight years ago I commenced reading "Buchanan's Journal of Man," and learned my first lessons in psychometry. About that time Dr. B. commenced the investigation of spiritual phenomena, and he treated the subject with a candor and honesty that was quite rare in those days. Psychometry was his principal subject, as it was he who first discovered its phenomena. It was from his writings that I, with many others, were first induced to experiment, and discovered that we were psychometric sensitivities.

I have ever since entertained great respect for Prof. J. R. Buchanan, his honesty and intellectual ability, and have largely read nearly everything that I have seen in the public print that came from his pen, as well as all comments concerning him. In common with him and many other Spiritualists, I have for many of these years believed that Jesus Christ existed as a man—a wonderfully gifted medium; and although that belief is very much weakened, I will not admit that it is entirely obliterated from my mind.

But if Dr. Buchanan or any other person supposes that the psychometrical delineation of photographs or autographs proves that Jesus Christ now exists or ever existed, I must say, as an experienced psychometrist, and as a fully acknowledged pupil of Dr. B., that to my mind there is not the least shadow of proof about it. Where there is no controversy, no opposition, no question of any general interest to be settled, a psychometer may sit down and describe persons and reveal facts that are truly astonishing.

I can give a personal experience, if necessary, extending over a period of twenty-five years, wherein my psychometric power was smothered when most needed. Perhaps I would get enough impression to excite a slight suspicion; then would come a heavy wave from the other side and mislead me in the wrong direction. And after the enemy had accomplished their purpose, I would then be liberated, and could ferret the whole matter out correctly.

Being of a very resolute and persevering turn of mind, I have often struggled in an unsettled state of mind for days, and sometimes weeks, to ascertain the true facts relating to distressing controversies between friends and neighbors whom I desired to help. And I have found myself vibrating between two powers (undoubtedly the spirit friends of both parties); at one time stating that certain facts were, according to my impressions, correctly stated by one of the parties (I mean neighbors, living parties to the difficulty); then go to the other side and get a reverse impression, and finally, after vibrating for awhile, the lying element would be defeated, and I would be able to penetrate the whole difficulty deeper and farther on both sides than either party could comprehend themselves and bring the whole matter to a final and amicable settlement.

I could give instances where pretended mediums or tricksters (most notable among them was H. M. Fay) have evaded my psychometric power, although I had a slight impression of fraud when he first gave me his hand. But it was so soon overpowered that I went on under false impressions, though in a painful state of mind, and gave him personal assistance to give two fraudulent seances among my personal friends and neighbors. The true impressions with regard to him would almost enter my mind, but were kept back until he went to another locality, where, with another psychometer, I followed him. We detected him so thoroughly that we soon duplicated his entire though very ingenious physical manifestations.

At another time, happening to be in the city of Utica, N. Y., among strangers, I received an impression that the Snell Brothers were frauds, who were to hold a seance in the evening. No adverse influences came over my mind; so after the chosen committee had been in the cabinet and pronounced them unexplainable, I arose in the audience and asked permission to enter the cabinet, which was granted. The manager tied my hands, to prevent a fair investigation. At the right time I forced open the cabinet door with my foot, and exposed their deception so thoroughly that the Utica Observer lionized me to such an extent I shall not be forgotten in that town.

Dr. Buchanan, a few years ago, requested all persons who had experienced psychometric impressions to write a personal history and send it to him. I did not comply with his request, and he may doubt that mine is really a psychometric faculty, and nothing more. I can assure him that I am fully conversant with his writings on this subject.

When I hold a letter or autograph my first impressions are of a physical nature. I feel an inclination to assume the form and shape of the writer. If the person is corpulent, I feel as though I was about to be enlarged to fill his capacity. If tall and erect, I instinctively straighten up. Whatever the form of the person, I feel an inclination to assume that form, and thus get the impression, and describe the form, etc.

The disposition and mind first come by sensation upon my own brain. If perceptive faculties are large, I feel a heat and pressure over the eyes. Being once thoroughly impressed with regard to the physical appearance, I am then able to enter deeply into the emotions, and finally to speak of events, incidents, etc., that are outside of the science as originally taught by the Doctor.

Perhaps if Dr. Buchanan should submit his photographs to Mr. Bliss and Mr. James again, he might arrive at a different conclusion.

As a mediator between two parties, I once held a book in my hands and examined it at two different times, and pronounced it honestly and correctly written. One party claimed that the other owed him a thousand dollars on an account of eight years standing; but this one had trusted the other to keep the accounts. But the books showed that the debt was all paid, and the other party insisted it was true.

I was restless and spent about two weeks investigating the case, and going to and fro between the parties who were some miles apart. Truth finally triumphed. When the lying influence lost its power, I took that book in my hand the third time, and disclosed its forgeries so pointedly to the painful and pitiful maker that he voluntarily paid all that he was able to pay, namely, five hundred dollars, and settled it.

Will Dr. Buchanan, Prof. Denton, Charles R. Miller, or any of those who do not admit that a psychometer is no more nor less than a Spiritual medium, explain why I did not get the impression of forgery when I examined that book the first and second time?

JAMES J. WHEELER.

Delaware, Wis., Dec. 7, 1880.

Mind and Matter Free List Fund.

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$ 7 24
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	50 00
A Friend	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Burrell, Port Jervis, N. Y.	50
Mrs. E. S. Sleeper,	\$3.00
R. Butterfield, Sacramento, Cal.	2 00
Thomas Atkinson, Oxford, Ind.	1 00

Spirit Communications Through the Mediumship of J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., Madison, Conn.

These communications came with the request that they might be published, and as I sit regularly to receive communications from the spirit world, I hope friends recognizing the same will report when they see them published. J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D.

HENRY N. BERRY.

I was an old man, eighty years of age when I passed away from my home in Madison, N. J., the 22d day of October. I have not been here long, but I have been long enough to realize that I am a spirit; that I live; that life is eternal. Bless the Lord! I tried to do my duty unto my fellow-men—tried to live a right life; but I lacked light. Would to God I had known more than I did—known something of the life I am now leading—for a truth and a reality. I had a hope, but no knowledge; but to-day I feel as if I could shout glory—glory—life is everlasting and eternal.

JOHN W. KEENE.

No more suffering—no more terrible agony—but joy and gladness. I was not altogether surprised to find my spirit a living thing when it became released from my body. I had at times thought much on the subject—thought more than I expressed. When I became conscious, in spirit life, I found myself surrounded by friends; and as time passed on—I have, been here many months—I found those interested in the same inventions that interested me while on earth; and I have gathered much information, and shall be able, some time, to improve greatly on the magazine gun I devoted so much time and labor to while on earth. I want to say to my friends in Utica, N. Y., that I have learned more in the months I have been here, about fire arms, than in all the fifty-three years of earth life, and shall be able to put that knowledge into practical use before a great while, having been promised the ways and means to do so. I was not ill long, but I suffered terribly before I passed away.

JOHN W. KEENE.

I am thankful for an opportunity to communicate with my dear ones on earth—my beloved wife, whose health is growing feeble, and whose steps are fast approaching the river which divides us. Soon we'll be united, never more to part, never more to know earth's sorrow. My daughter, Charlie and my son Oscar, God bless you all. I am with you much, and never lose an opportunity to greet you. I want Oscar to know that I have his little one safe, and it will grow to welcome him when he comes to his spirit home. My dear ones live in Medina, N. Y.

An Appreciative Criticism.

WATERFORD, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

Editor Mind and Matter:

It is with deep interest I read your journal in defense of mediums and the advocacy of Spiritualism. You, with the truth, strike the shattered foundation of church theology. The ancient spirits return, that lived in their earth form, about the time of the commencement of the so-called Christian era, and even centuries later, communicating convincing proof that church theology is a myth. The ancient spirits declare that they had no knowledge of such a personage as Jesus Christ. With profound thought, I read the communication of the ancients. The truths coming from the spirits, clearly prove the creeds and doctrines of the Theological Institutions to be a fraud, based on a false foundation. I see naught but that the so-called Christian religion must pass away forever. Thanks to the higher powers, the time is near. The churches reel to and fro like the reed shaken in the wind. Thanks to Brother Roberts and Brother James. May the higher intelligences sustain you ever more. Respectfully,

MARY S. LLOYD.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

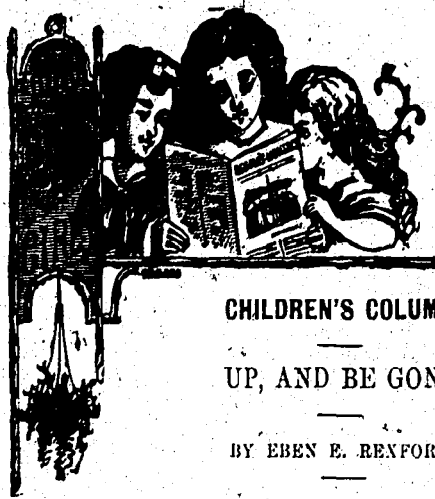
Bliss' Chief, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes to circles. Him big chief, Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moon.

This spirit message was first published in MIND AND MATTER, January 10th, M. S. 32, with the announcement that "Magnetized Paper" would be sent to all who were sick in body or mind, that desired to be healed, also, to those that desired to be developed as spiritual mediums, for three months for three 3-ct. stamps. The three months have now closed with the following result:

3,405 persons have sent for the paper by mail. 1,000 persons have received it at the office; and the hundreds of testimonials that have been received of its wonderful work in healing the sick and developing mediums, prove that Red Cloud and Blackfoot have faithfully kept their promises. That all may have an opportunity to test the merits of the paper, the price for the future will be as follows:—1 sheet, (postage paid,) 10 cents, 12 sheets, \$1.00. Send a silver ten cent piece if you can. Address, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Proposition.

I am prepared and will send to any one address, direct from my office, one sheet of "Blackfoot's" Magnetized Paper, postage paid, every week for one month for 40 cents; two months for 70 cents; three months for \$1.00. Address with amount enclosed, James A. Bliss, 713 Sansom St., Philada.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

UP, AND BE GONE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Rouse up to work that's waiting,
Lad's squander not to-day,
But make the record of our lives
A grain one while we may.

Shake off the sloth that fetters,
Put on the will that wins—
The battle for the earnest heart
In his own breast begins.

Earth's had no nobler hero
Since battle-fields began,
Than he who knows his cause is right,
And does the best he can.

How Robbie Was Found.

BY E. J. POWERS.

"What a terrible storm!" said Robbie's grandpa, hovering over the stove and trying to rub some warmth into his hands. "It will be a dreadful night on the lakes!"

"Yes, indeed," replied grandma with a shiver, glancing at the little clock on a shelf in the corner; "and it will be several hours yet before the boat will arrive."

It was a November evening, cold and stormy, and grandma and grandpa seated themselves near the stove, and close to each other, trying to keep one another cheerful while they waited for the good boat, Flying Cloud, to bring their only daughter and her little boy, Robbie, to them.

"How I have missed Robbie!" said grandma thoughtfully.

"Yes, and Robbie's mamma, too," added grandpa.

"Let me see; it is only three weeks since they went to visit aunt Jane; why it seems at least three months."

"Yes, or longer yet. But I am glad that we shall have them here on Thanksgiving day; it will then be just seven years since I brought the little fellow and his mamma home with me."

"Seven years? Sure enough, but how time flies! Why, it seems only yesterday that Robbie's mamma was a little girl!" and grandma sighed, for she thought of the little graves in the churchyard where her other children were buried.

"It was seven years ago in October that Robbie's papa died," said grandpa slowly, "and then I went for them the first week in November, and you remember we arrived here just before Thanksgiving day."

"Yes, and we shall soon have them with us again," said grandma gladly. "Come quick, oh, Flying Cloud!"

"Just hear that wind; it seems as if it would blow the house down," exclaimed grandpa, springing to his feet, as a sudden gust came whistling and tearing around the house; then striking it with such force that it seemed hardly able to withstand the shock.

"How can vessels weather such a terrible storm?" asked grandma in a weak, anxious voice, as she arose slowly, and trembling in every limb, followed grandpa to the window.

What a night that was! No one who lived in the upper-lake regions will ever forget it. The sleet and rain, freezing as it fell, came down in sheets, and the wind fairly shrieking in its mad, wild fury, lashed the water till the waves ran "almost mountain high," making it appear impossible to people on the land, that anything, no matter how strong could survive such a tempest upon the water.

All the long night grandpa and grandma watched at the window for the signal lights of the Flying Cloud, but they never appeared. At early morn a neighbor brought to the anxious watchers the sad tidings that the Flying Cloud had been dashed to pieces on the rocks a few miles below port.

"And did all perish?" gasped grandpa, sinking helplessly upon a chair as his friend concluded the sad story.

Grandma, too, was at first completely overcome; but when she heard grandpa's voice so full of sorrow, she made an effort to control her own feelings, and sat for a moment as though listening; then she arose and went slowly to grandpa, and laying her hands gently on his white head said softly.

"I think they are still living. Come, we will go down the street where we can hear the latest news," and the two walked sadly out together.

During the day some of the crew and a few of the passengers were rescued by boats sent out for that purpose; but not one word could be heard of Robbie or his mamma, and grandpa and grandma returned to their home to pass another sleepless night.

But with the morning came good news; Robbie's mamma was safe, the telegram said; and in a few hours after, the fond parents clasped their daughter in their arms again.

Where was Robbie? Day after day passed by; several bodies of men, women and children floated ashore in different places, still not a trace of Robbie could be found; and gradually the hope of ever seeing him again died out of grandpa and grandma's hearts.

But Robbie's mamma never gave up hope, and if anyone suggested in her presence that he had perished with many others she would always reply.

"I know he is living. I see him in my dreams and hear him calling to me for help. I will find him, but where shall I go to look for him?"

Twice every day Robbie's mamma and grandpa went to the train in hopes of finding the lost boy, and twice every day they returned home disappointed.

Two weeks had passed away when one day grandpa opened a Chicago paper, just as he had every day since the accident, and in it he found a notice which stated that a child from the ill-fated vessel, Flying Cloud, who had been rescued by a boat on her way up, had been brought to Chicago on her return trip, and was now lying sick in the hospital.

That same afternoon Robbie's mamma and grandpa started for Chicago, where they arrived

the following morning. They soon learned the locality of the hospital, and with hearts beating high with hope went in search of the child.

But another bitter disappointment awaited them. The child was not their own bright, black-eyed Robbie; but sweet little fair-haired May who had been Robbie's playmate on the boat.

When little May saw grandpa and Robbie's mamma bending over her, she threw her arms lovingly around Robbie's mamma's neck and said so plaintively,

"Did Robbie send you for me?"

"Yes, yes, I think so," said grandpa, wiping the tears from his eyes; but Robbie's mamma, with heart so full, could only kiss the dear little face in silence.

After an hour passed in the hospital, during which it was arranged that little May should go home with them the next day, grandpa and Robbie's mamma went out on the street again.

Why did they turn to the right when the street car they wished to take was at their left? Neither could tell, but Robbie's mamma said afterwards that she felt drawn to the right.

When they became aware that they had taken the wrong direction, they found themselves in an obscure part of the city, and were about to retrace their steps when the harsh notes of a violin, badly played, grated upon their ears. There was no music in the tones, but they served to attract attention, and as grandpa and Robbie's mamma were passing a corner they paused and looked.

Grandpa saw only an ordinary minstrel playing a violin, and a little boy seated on the pavement holding out his hat. But Robbie's mamma saw more, and springing forward she caught the boy in her arms while the words "Robbie!" "mamma!" burst at once from the lips of mother and child.

Grandpa was so astonished that he could not move; but in an instant Robbie was at his side.

"Oh, grandpa, you've come at last," said Robbie. "I knew that you and mamma would come."

"What does this mean?" demanded the minstrel, who, after grandpa had explained the matter, still refused to let the child go. Grandpa called a policeman, and the minstrel seeing him coming towards them turned the corner and was soon out of sight.

It was Thanksgiving day, late in the afternoon, when grandpa, Robbie's mamma, Robbie and little May reached home. They had sent a telegram to grandma; so she had a blazing fire in the best room and was at the front door ready to give such a welcome as only those can give who have waited anxiously for the coming of their dear ones.

What a Thanksgiving feast that was! No roast turkey, no great dinner, but such grateful hearts that gathered around grandma's table!

That evening grandpa took Robbie on her lap and rocked him while she listened to his story. His life had been saved by persons residing near the scene of the accident, who lived by fishing, and by what they could gather from wrecks. These people had hired Robbie to the minstrel, for money.

Robbie's story was a long one, and before it was fairly finished the eyelids drooped over the eyes, and Robbie was sound asleep.

Robbie's mamma, coming in from the kitchen, as Robbie's voice ceased, gazed on the scene before her. On one side of the fire sat grandma holding her darling boy; on the other sat grandpa—himself asleep—with dear, little sleeping May clasped tightly in his loving arms. And thus we leave them all in a home of love and happiness.—*Young Folks Rural.*

THE BUNDY CRUSADE ON MEDIUMS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

During the attack on Mrs. Richmond and others that supported Mr. Bastian in the summer of 1878, Mr. Bundy did not see fit to make a personal assault on Mrs. Richmond's character as to virtue and chastity, probably because he and Mrs. Bundy had too lately been intimately associated along with this celebrated medium; but since then he has seen fit to allude to Mrs. R. in the *Journal*, in a manner that reflect upon her character, while in private conversation Mr. Bundy has most maliciously slandered Mrs. Richmond by asserting that he had proof of Mrs. Richmond's bad character ever since she was a girl. Why didn't he keep entirely away from her, with his wife? and why did he allow her to pollute(?) the columns of the *R.-P. Journal* by writing for it? Why didn't he "clean the rotten institution out" entirely as he boasted he would do to C. V. Wilson? Was Mrs. Richmond any better when Mr. Bundy obligated himself with two others to pay three or four thousand a year for supporting the society over which she ministered than a few weeks after? To be sure, her guides had expressed themselves very clearly upon a principle, viz: that the spirit world shall dictate conditions instead of Mr. Bundy.

By the way, I referred to the fact before that while Mr. Bundy was "swelling" around and giving the other members of the Society of Spiritualists reason to think he was well off, he was sued by Mrs. Robinson for carrying off some of her furniture, and in that suit swore that he was not worth anything, that he worked for his wife; but his wife swore she did not pay him anything but for his board and clothes. So Mrs. Robinson failed to collect anything of this great, great man, who was and has been so dreadfully puffed up in his own conceit, this very virtuous man! who always exposes rottenness wherever he finds it; this man who for years lived with S. S. Jones, knowing all the time that said Jones was committing adultery, and who finally lost his life for cohabiting with another man's wife; and yet counselled and advised Mr. Jones not to get a divorce, because, forsooth, it may be, he would not get the bulk of Mr. Jones' property.

Mr. Bundy was very anxious that the rottenness of the *R.-P. Journal* should not be known publicly, so a compromise was effected with Mrs. Robinson, and the Spiritualists of Chicago supposed the matter was settled. I knew a settlement had been made with Mrs. Robinson at the time I was approached by Mr. Bundy's attorney. I did not know that said person was his attorney then, nor did any of the persons who signed a request to Mr. Bastian to give a test seance. Mr. Bundy's h'elings were too shrewd altogether in this affair, and well may Mr. Bastian say that the Spiritualists of Chicago in denouncing him without knowing the facts, did a great wrong to him both as a man and a medium.

These Spiritualists, of course, are now sorry, and have probably felt a good deal of chagrin at being duped by Mr. Bundy. If they had at once sus-

pected that a lawsuit was pending which affected the title to the *R.-P. Journal*, and involved fifty thousand dollars, and in which it was alleged that the Bundy's had concealed Mr. Jones' will, probably not one would have had anything to do with Bundy's attempt to crush out Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, because they were witnesses in regard to Mr. Jones' will. I knew that I, for one, as soon as informed by Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, that the real cause of Mr. Bundy's animosity was because Mrs. Robinson had subpoenaed, or had requested them to be witnesses for her, in trying to establish the fact that Mr. Jones left a will; dropped Mr. Bundy. I then went to the files of the Court to satisfy myself that such was the case, and took a copy of the declaration in said suit, to satisfy others of this important fact, and have ever afterwards worked to sustain Mr. Bastian, and shall probably continue to do so. I also did what I could to aid Mrs. Richmond, and labored far beyond my physical strength, so that for weeks I was unable to do anything, as before referred to.

And in closing this article, I feel that it is just to state that I think Mr. Bundy, in his treatment of Spiritualists, has probably kept his temper better than others would, although it is well known that several prominent Spiritualists have threatened him with personal chastigation if he alluded to them as he had to others in his paper; and he certainly has had some reason to fear bodily injury at the hands of some of the victims whom he had mercilessly slandered. Poor Witherford, it is alleged, started from his rooms to shoot Mr. Bundy and his heart failed him, and in his desperation he ended his own existence; and Mr. Bundy's course of striking at mediums, sensitives, will at last rouse some one to do a desperate act.

Mr. Bundy certainly has succeeded in stirring up more enemies, and people who would rejoice to see him under the turf, probably in a much shorter time than any other man in this country. But he is brazen-faced and cheeky, or else he would not have stood up under the terrible and just attack of MIND AND MATTER during the past two years. But large ulcers, and persistent ones, take a deal of cauterizing before they slough off and leave the body healthy, and this ulcer of the *Journal*, on the beautiful cause of Spiritualism, can, in my opinion, only be cured after years of vigorous treatment, such as has been administered by the instrumentality of MIND AND MATTER, and other natural remedies, which will be provided by the friends on the other side of the veil.

Deserved Tribute to the Memory of a Friend of "Mind and Matter."

If your get no other or more satisfactory account of Bro. Morange's death, I would state that he passed over from kidney trouble of long standing, although his sickness immediately preceding his demise was but short—a few days. The deceased, with whom I had considerable acquaintance, contracted at seances in Pittsburgh, was a most enthusiastic investigator, both as a reader and practical experimenter. Being a stock broker, and with plenty of spare time on hand, he seemed to live and breathe an atmosphere of spirituality, and was an outspoken, radical talker and defender of the cause and mediums, and always happy to lead others to the light by improvising seances for gentlemen acquaintances of the bar or scientific attainments.

Living several miles from the city, he was yet always found at his post Friday nights, as President of the Society of Spiritualists of Pittsburg, of whom Mrs. Patterson was the medium. He also enjoyed the sweet communion with the angel world in his own home, the instrument or medium being one of his family. He has passed to that higher life, to which his aspirations were continually ascending, and has reported since to friends, I having, individually, had a token of his fellowship, and is no doubt doing the missionary work from that other side that he so delighted in when here.

C. P. MESKIMEN.

Passed On.

From Lowell, Mich., December 4, Mrs. L. A. Kelsey, aged 83 years. Five children survive her—a son and four daughters, one of whom is the well known medium Mrs. M. K. Boozer.

Mrs. Kelsey was in many respects a remarkable woman. She combined a very practical judgment and action with unusually clear mental perception and intense spiritual aspiration. Her mentality so tinged all with which she came in contact, as to accord to her the place of teacher with many of those glad to call her friend. In all reform and the advanced ideas of thinkers, she was first to investigate and accept truth. Having gone from Universalism into Spiritualism, she was an earnest advocate of a demonstrated immortality; and though the steps toward the dark river were gradual as they were very painful, she was fully sustained by the knowledge of its facts. The closing of her earth life was marked by great fortitude, and a sweet patience that endeared her to us all.

The occasion was made one of instruction by the beautiful and elevated ministrations of Mrs. M. J. Kutz, of Rockford, Mich. It is not too much to say that this is a phase of mediumistic effort in which she is unequalled. Her poetic supplication preceding a discussion of unusual merit, was so touchingly beautiful, that any attempt at its description would almost seem a desecration.

Mrs. E. A. Chapman, of Lowell, presented the two exquisite floral designs upon the casket—a star and a cross, composed of ripe grain, ivy, white chrysanthemum, forget-me-not, jasmine, immortelles in variety, and three kinds of evergreen, with a few dead leaves and primroses. By request, the lady interpreted the designs, which were found to express the following:

"The star points us to worlds beyond. The cross we bear to-day.

"Thy gentle grace won all our hearts. Those were ready for the sickle—ripe for the harvest in years and kindly deeds.

"There is sadness and tears. Our regrets follow thee to the grave.

"But we have joy with our sorrow—hope in this hour of adversity. Truth needs no flowers of speech, and by our philosophy we know we shall not only go to thee, but thou shalt return to us; for nothing can part us. Thou art immortal.

"Our mother! we truly feel thou hast not lived in vain. We thank thee for a life which has imparted a nobility, honor and truth to all it has touched; and from thy advanced position we ask thy aid in all our best endeavor. Continue to us the inspiration of a good life—a life of intelligent purpose and effort.

H. W. B.

No More Tests.

MELISSA, Tex., Oct. 14, 1880.

Mr. Roberts.—Please put me down on your roll as one "in for the war" under your banner, inscribed "No more tests." We have had quite enough nonsense. If we are pupils let us acknowledge the fact and drop the role of teacher. Let us acknowledge that the spirits are the ones who have this thing in their hands. They are the ones to prescribe the tests. No more pandering to the prejudices of sitters. As one of our English brethren tersely puts it—"tie the sitters" if any one must be tied. Let our mediums be free and untrammelled if we would get good manifestations. No more "spirit grabbing." Let those who attend our seances understand that they are on their good behavior, just the same as though they were in attendance at an Orthodox church, and that no disturbances will be allowed. Give them to understand that they must comply with our rules and those of their spirit friends or go. It is an insult to our celestial visitants, to insist on tests of our own making. We have had enough of it. We have had it, too, from those who ought to know better. We have had it from those who have attended hundreds of sances, from those who have had the truths of Spiritualism brought home to them so plainly, that there was no room for doubt. Let the spirits give their own tests, and in their own way. Go on with the good work. Success to Bro. Hazard, Bro. Roberts and MIND AND MATTER, say I. Long may you all wave, and long may your lives be spared to do battle for the right. Fraternally yours, A. WHITING.

Strange Cure of Sciatic Rheumatism.

Last January I began to be affected by a sharp piercing pain in my right hip, attended by lameness. This continued at intervals during the rest of the winter and spring, growing in intensity and duration; sometimes continuing for several days. About the middle of June I considered it no longer sufferable and called on a doctor. He said the sciatic nerve was seriously deranged; that affections of this nerve which become settled almost always result in lameness during life, and that the chances of recovery were much against me. I consulted another doctor about this time and received no encouragement. A few days after my conversation with the last doctor, Henry Taylor, to whom I am indebted for my recovery, came to my house and offered his services, expressing full confidence in his ability to cure me. Different persons in whose judgment I had confidence, had spoken to me of Mr. Taylor's power as a healing medium, and urged me to employ him; the same persons had also persuaded him to call and see me. Through their influence I put myself under his care. He came daily for two weeks; during which time he prescribed no medicines whatever; confining his treatment to rubbing the affected hip, under influence. After a few days the pain began to leave the hip, and pass down the limb and so continued until it left entirely. He then prepared a syrup of little herbs, left directions how to take it, and ceased coming. I was under his treatment three weeks, and was cured entirely. In submitting these facts, I am influenced, by no desire to advance the interests of Spiritualism, for I know nothing of it. I simply make this statement in justice to my benefactor. Mr. Taylor is a strictly moral man; a man of superior intelligence, of good address, and a firm believer in Spiritualism. He has often lectured in defense of his faith with good success, and always held himself ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Very respectfully, A. C. SMITH.

Tompkinsville, Pa.
Mr. Taylor's address is Tompkinsville, Pa.

Letter from J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D.

MADISON, Conn., Dec. 14, 1880.

Mr. Roberts.—I have just returned from my labors in New Jersey. I found in South Amboy an earnest band of seekers after spiritual light and truth, and I also found a number of mediums developing for usefulness in the field. Mr. Wm. Jones, of South Amboy, N. J., is an old Spiritualist and lecturer, and is again in the field and ready to answer calls when his services are needed. He should be kept at work, and I hope those who need a good inspirational speaker will apply to him and receive the benefit he can give them. His terms are optional with those who employ him. I go to Portland, Me., the last of January—will be glad to stop at places on the route. Yours for truth, J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

KIND WORDS.

Mary A. Giles, Charlton, Mass., renewing subscription, writes: "Your fearless defence of our mediums I admire. I hope you may still be successful."

Teresa Taylor, New Orleans, La., renewing subscription writes: "I am pleased with your impartiality and truth."

B. E. Litchfield, Ellicottville, N. Y., renewing subscription writes: "I admire the ability and energy you display in defending all true mediums. That Spiritualists may sustain you and angels protect you is my earnest prayer."

George C. Mead, Franklinville, N. J., writes: "Your paper has got the enemy of true Spiritualism by the horns. Please hold him tightly; he will die more easily in your hands than in his imaginary friends' hands."

John F. Goodrich, Highland P. O., Tensas Parish, La., renewing subscription, writes: "Your paper, to me, is an interesting and invaluable journal. You have my best wishes for your success in your arduous and responsible undertaking."

S. F. Houghton, Darien, Wis., renewing subscription, writes: "Bro. Roberts, stand firm in your position; you have backers what the world knows not of; stand firm by the chosen reapers and I am with you. Your paper is doing a great work."

Henry Strong, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I trust you will not falter in your noble efforts to place Spiritualism before the world in the glorious light in which it should be received by the world. Keep on and welcome the angels, for they have come to stay!"

Charles E. Tohey, Taunton Hospital, Taunton, Mass., writes: "MIND AND MATTER is a valuable and fearless paper. Through you it is a great inspirer of truth, giving accounts of our progress to its co-workers. May it be found in every home, for it brings peace and happiness with it."

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MARABAS CATINA.

I lived about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, during the reign of a Parthian king named Arsaces. He was a monarch who was devoted to literature, and selected myself as the one most fit to collect the ancient Armenian documents, and these were exceedingly valuable. They were copied from records left at Nineveh, and they showed the religious secrets of antiquity. They also explained the real ideas embodied in mythology of the deity or the first cause, as understood by the ancients. These works of mine survived until the fourth century, when they were destroyed. This was because they showed that the relations between my mythological explanation or plan of salvation was identical with the Christian plan. There could be no interpolation of them, they were expressed so clearly and concisely that the average mind could understand them, and it was this fact that caused their death. There was a certain emperor of Constantinople—Justinian—his character was a libel on his name—who ordered my works destroyed. I do not know that this is historically recorded, but it is spiritually known to be true. A history of a Saviour is but a history of sacrifice, commencing away back in the past with offering the fruits of the ground, and ending with sacrificing man. And this is the history of the salvation plan by blood-redemption among all the nations of antiquity. The higher the civilization the nobler the sacrifice required. I will say, in conclusion, it is a shame—a blot on the intelligence of the nineteenth century to believe or hope for relief from the consequences of sin by a blood atonement. I would ask all readers of this to pause and reflect on what I have said, for it will save them untold misery as spirits.

[We can find no historical reference to Marabas Catina, a Parthian author and historian. If he lived and wrote under either of the Arsacides, it is most probable it was under Arsaces VI., who, in 138 B. C., made Demetrius Nicator, king of Syria, prisoner, who treated him kindly and gave him his daughter Rhodogune in marriage. He was a just prince and opposed to idleness and luxury.—Ed.]

DOMITIUS ULPIANUS (A ROMAN JURIST.)

I GREET YOU, SIR:—I am accused of having conspired against the Christians, in the reign of Alexander Severus. I admit it; and as a spirit, looking back upon the results of Christianity, I wish, sir, I could have succeeded in strangling it in its infancy. If I had succeeded, millions of suffering spirits now in the spirit world would have hailed me as their redeemer. Those hypocrites—Christians so-called—proclaimed themselves, boasting, as the best of men and women, but when you came to analyze their claims, in almost every instance, while pretending to live as hermits, they were trapping unwary travellers and robbing them of their goods. In fact the Christians at that time were nothing more than banditti, and as they were such lawless people, they deserved the punishment they got for violating the laws of their country. I make this charge without qualification, because my clear and unbiased mind that will examine the records, now extant, of the age in which I lived, will say I am correct. Those Christians murdered, tortured and robbed every pagan and infidel who fell into their hands. Could you expect the pagans and infidels, under these circumstances, to be very merciful to them. They conspired against me, and by some means cast such suspicions upon me, that I lost my life in fighting against them. But I do not regret it. While here I will say this to you: I will stand by your side and aid you with all the force and ardor I possessed when here. My name was Domitius Ulpianus, about A. D. 207.

[We take the following sketch of the life of Ulpianus from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.—Ed.]

"Domitius Ulpianus, derived his origin from Tyrus in Phœnicia, as he states himself '*Indemihii origo*.' These words do not prove that he was a native of Tyre, as some have supposed; they rather prove that he was not, and that his ancestors were of that city. The time of Ulpian's birth is unknown. Some of his juridical works may have been written during the joint reign of Septimius Severus and Antoninus Caracalla (A. D. 211), but the greater part were written during the sole reign of Caracalla, especially the two great works *Ad Edictum*, and the *Libri ad Sabinum*. He was banished and deprived of his functions under Elagabalus, who became emperor A. D. 217; but on the accession of Alexander Severus A. D. 222, he became the emperor's chief adviser, who is said to have followed Ulpian's counsel in his administration. The emperor once designed to assign a peculiar dress to every office of rank, so that the condition of persons might be known from their attire; and he also proposed to give slaves a peculiar dress that they might be recognized among the people, and that slaves and ingenui might not mingle together. Ulpianus and Paulus dissuaded the emperor from this measure by good reasons. As proof of his confidence the emperor never saw any of his friends alone, except the Prefectus Prætorio and Ulpian; and whenever he saw the prefect he invited Ulpian. The emperor conferred on Ulpian the office *Scriniarum magister*, and made him a consiliarius; he also held the office of Prefectus Annona; as we see from a constitution of Alexander, in which he entitles him '*Domitius Ulpianus, prefectus annonæ jurisdictionis amicus meus*.' He also was made Prefectus Prætorio, but it is doubtful whether he first held this post under Elagabalus or under Alexander Severus. The epitomator of Dion says that Ulpian prepared the way for his promotion to the place of Prefectus Prætorio, by causing his two predecessors, Flavianus and Chrestus, to be put to death. But there is no other evidence than this. Zozimus says that Ulpian was made a kind of associate with Flavianus and Chrestus in their office, by Mamaea, the mother of Alexander, and that the soldiers hereupon conspired against Ulpian, but their designs were anticipated by Mamaea, who took off their instigators, by whom we must suppose, he means Flavianus and Chrestus; and Ulpianus was made sole prefectus prætorio. Ulpian perished by the hands of the soldiers, who forced their way into the palace at night, and killed him in the presence of the emperor and his mother A. D. 228. As this happened so early in the reign of Alexander, the remark of Lampridius that the emperor chiefly availed himself of the advice of Ulpian in his administration, is only a proof of the carelessness of this writer. His pro-

motion to the office of prefectus prætorio was probably an unpopular measure. A contest is mentioned between the Romans and the prætorian guards, which lasted three days, and was attended with great slaughter. The meager epitome of Dion only leaves us to guess that Ulpian's promotion may have been connected with it.

"A great part of the numerous writings of Ulpian were still extant in the time of Justinian, and a much greater quantity is excerpted from him by the compilers of the Digest than from any other jurist. The number of excerpts from Ulpian is said to be 2462; and many of the excerpts are of great length, and altogether they form about one-third of the whole body of the Digest. It is said that there are more excerpts from his single work *Ad Edictum* than from all the works of any single jurist. The excerpts from Paulus and Ulpian, together make about one-half of the Digest. Those of Ulpian compose the third volume of the Palingenesia of Hommelius. * * *

"The great legal knowledge, the good sense, and the industry of Ulpian place him among the first of the Roman Jurists; and he has exercised a great influence on the jurisprudence of modern Europe, through the copious extracts from his writings which have been preserved by the compilers of Justinian's Digest. * * *

"Some attempt has been made to prove both Ulpian and Paulus were very hostile to the Christian. The charge is founded on a passage of Lactantius; but it is not certain that the Domitius whom he mentions is Domitius Ulpianus. And if the passage refers to Ulpian, it proves nothing against him. If among the imperial rescripts directed to pro-consuls, there were some that imposed penalties on Christians, a writer *de officio Proconsulis*, could not omit a part of the law which regulated a pro-consul's office, even if the law was severe and cruel. A collection of the statute law of England on religion would not have been complete a few years ago, if it omitted those statutes which contained severe penalties against certain classes of religious persons."

[Such is the confused historical account that has come down to us concerning the great Roman jurist Ulpianus, to whom the Christian Church owes the great bulk of the civil laws under which it has ruled humanity. Those who were interested in, and identified with that church, as its officials, could not afford to have it known that they borrowed even their laws from an enemy of their religion, and hence they have sought to conceal that pregnant fact. But the spirit of Ulpianus comes back and tells us that Lactantius was right when he said that "Ulpianus was very hostile to the Christians." Not only was he hostile to them, as he tells us in his spirit communication, but he also tells us why he was hostile to them. He was a Roman magistrate, whose duty it was to protect his fellow citizens against all classes of criminal law breakers, and as he tells us, he found those who made a profession of Christianity to be hypocrites, who, under their professions of extreme righteousness, lived in seclusion, in order to plunder with impunity their pagan neighbors and wayfarers. They were, says Ulpianus, "nothing more than banditti." He says: "Those Christians murdered, tortured, and robbed every pagan and infidel that fell into their hands." Such a religion was Christianity in its infancy. Is it any wonder it grew to be such a scourge of humanity in its strength of manhood? Well does Ulpianus say: "I wish I could have succeeded in strangling it in its infancy. If I had succeeded, millions of suffering spirits, now in the spirit world, would have hailed me as their redeemer." Such is the testimony of Ulpianus, the trusted friend and counselor of the Emperor Alexander Severus, one of the last great rulers of the Roman empire. Such is the testimony of Ulpianus, the great jurist and framer of the Civil Law. Let no one sneer at the fact that the spirit of this eminent man, should seek to correct the historical misconceptions of his true character, through an humble, poor and uneducated man. He comes in that way, because it is the best means at his command to receive an appreciative and intelligible public hearing. Spirits like mortals are the subjects of conditions, and avail themselves of the best that are presented. It is to us a source of the highest gratification that we can contribute to opening the way for the coming of such spirits.—Ed.]

BELISARIUS (A ROMAN GENERAL.)

GOOD DAY, SIR:—War was my element. Whilst you are engaged in war you must ever keep this in mind: Fight for something more than conquest, or in future ages your name will be lost in oblivion. The Christian Book says, "He who draws the sword, will perish by the sword;" but I say that he who does not draw the sword when his enemies do, will soon find himself placed *hors de combat*. As I found that my enemies wanted the sword, I determined to give them enough of it. Those who are always crying, "Peace—let us have peace" have not the courage to go to war. I admit that war is a cruel necessity; but there never was a truth that was not compelled to triumph through bloodshed; and if men in the mortal life do not progress more rapidly than they have yet done, the future will be deluged with blood. Put down religion and establish morality, and you will then have a chance for progression. Many are calling from day to day for more harmony. What is harmony but a dead flat nothing. It is a stagnant pool; remove it out of the way. You need thinkers, not sleepers, at this time; you need to push strongly and energetically against the fortresses of error, until every man, woman and child has been emancipated from the thralldom of superstition. Then you can talk about harmony. But harmony is a hindrance in your generation. If you cannot have peace on an honorable basis, maintain an endless war until your enemies cry, enough. I lived about 565 A. D. My name was Belisarius. I was of Constantinople. I fought under the weak emperor Justinian.

[We take the following sketch of the life of Belisarius from his biographers.—Ed.]

"Slavic *Beli-tzar*, white prince, a Byzantine general, born at Germania, in Illyricum, about 505, died in Constantinople, March 13, 565. While a youth he served among the private guards of Justinian, and upon the accession of that prince to the throne in 527, was promoted to military command, and in 529 made general-in-chief of the Eastern army of the empire, stationed at Dara in Mesopotamia, near the frontier of Armenia. He successfully maintained the eastern frontier until the end of the war with the Persians in A. D. 532. He then returned to Constantinople. In 533 he was made commander of a land and naval force of 600 vessels and 35,000 troops, with which he sailed from Constantinople against the Vandals in

Africa. He took Carthage, captured the Vandal king Gelimer, and sent detachments which reduced Sardinia, Corsica and the Balearic Isles. For these services he was, on his return to Constantinople, rewarded with the first triumph granted to a subject since the reign of Tiberius—a medal was struck in his honor, and in 535 he was chosen sole Consul and awarded a second triumph. In the same year he commanded an expedition to recover Italy from the Ostrogoths. He regained Sicily, subdued a rebellion that had broken out in Africa, and returned to the island and quelled a mutiny in his army. He then captured Naples after a siege of twenty days, and at the end of 536 was in possession of Rome. Here he was besieged in 537 by an army of 150,000 Goths under Vitiges, their newly elected king. He maintained his position until 538, when the army of the Goths retired to Ravenna, whither, after repelling an inroad of the Franks, Belisarius followed and invested the city. During the siege Vitiges obtained terms of Justinian which Belisarius refused to recognize. Then the Goths offered him their support if he would assume the title of Emperor of the West. By pretended compliance he gained possession of Ravenna for the emperor, and afterward of all Italy, when he was recalled by Justinian. In 541 with an unpaid and undisciplined army, he defended the eastern frontier against the Persians under Chosroes Nushirvan. In 542 or 543 he was again recalled by the intrigues of the Empress Theodora and his wife Antonina, who accused him of disloyalty to Justinian. His treasures were attached, but he was finally pardoned on condition that he would pay a heavy fine and become reconciled to his wife. In 544 the Goths, under Totila, having attempted the reconquest of Italy, Belisarius was sent against them, and during the year 546, strove to prevent their taking Rome. Though unsuccessful in this, he saved it from total destruction, and after its evacuation by Totila entered and held it against him. But no reinforcements being sent him, he gave up his command in September, 548, and his rival Narses succeeded him. His last victory was gained over the Bulgarians, who in 539 invaded the empire and threatened Constantinople. In 563 he was accused of conspiring against the life of Justinian, his property was sequestered, and 'the Africanus of new Rome' passed the greater part of the last year of his life in prison."

[We concur in the sentiment of the spirit of this great Roman general, when he says: "You need thinkers, not sleepers—you need to push strongly and energetically against the fortresses of error, until every man, woman and child has been emancipated from the thralldom of superstition. If you cannot have peace on an honorable basis, then maintain an endless war." His closing sentence shows the contempt of this brave and patriotic Roman citizen, for the priest controlled Justinian, when he said, "I fought under the weak emperor Justinian." On taking leave of us he expressed his sympathy with us in our work, and promised us to give us all the assistance he could as a spirit.—Ed.]

JAMES BYRNE, (Hot Springs, Ark.)

"GOOD DAY, SIR:—When here I used to have to do with paper controversies as a reporter. I never knew how the affair would come out, but used to start in and slash around lively, and trust to luck to get out. If you don't keep your blood stirring, you are apt to get dead and apathetic. I want to say this. The best thing I found when here was never to acknowledge myself beaten. In time, the only fellow that ever beat me was old King Death. But still he did not beat me so badly, for so far as aches and pains are concerned I am better off. Do you know what kind of a heaven suits me? I'll tell you. That kind of a place where I can set two fellows to quarrelling all the time, and stand off and see the fun. Not that I am cowardly, for if I find the weaker party going down, I'll take a hand for the fun of the thing. I do not think if I should live to be as old as Methuselah, that my veneration for religion would ever set me crazy. All spirits must have the condition suited to them, and as I am in a condition that suits me at present, I think I will stay where I am until something better turns up. This is from James Byrne, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

[Some will ask why we publish that communication? We answer because it teaches wisdom as to his individual experience.—Ed.]

ROSSELLA L. BENEDICT.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR:—I come here to-day to say that the future life has not turned out to be what the Christian religion promised. I have seen no city where the streets are paved with gold—no gates of pearl—no crown—no harp—no God—nothing. What have I seen? You will ask. I have seen millions of spirits watching, hoping, longing for happiness, and yet upon their faces there is nothing but black despair. Oh! what a shock it was to my spirit when I first beheld the awful realities of the Christian heaven. No; my spirit was too restless for that. I went too young to spirit life to sink into such a state of despair. I burst those chains of error by force of my will, and now among the wise—the learned—the philosophic minds that had matured here on earth I find a happy spirit home. And with this my spirit voice coming back again across that mighty chasm called death, I would say you need but kindness and good actions to bring you happiness as a spirit. No religion—no belief—nothing but moral rectitude, which injures no one and benefits yourself. I passed to the spirit life September, 1877, at Starucca, Pennsylvania, and my name was Rosella L. Benedict.

[We find Starucca a postoffice in Wayne county, Pa.—Ed.]

SOPHIA M. GIBB (Rochester, N. Y.)

GOOD AFTERNOON:—I passed to the spirit world from Rochester, N. Y., some two years ago. This spirit life has not met my anticipation; and the reason is that when I came over here I knew not the right way, but was narrow contracted and prejudiced in my views. I was a Methodist in my religion, but I have seen many of them over here that have been shouting and having a happy time among themselves, but when it comes to keeping this up every day, day in and day out, it becomes oppressively wearing. With some it does not so operate, but with me it becomes discontent and this discontent was the commencement of my happiness, for, like a bird in a cage, I began to want liberty, and at length I succeeded in escaping those conditions. I then entered a heaven so immense that it has no light, no length, no breadth. I asked a spirit passing by, "What place is this?" She answered, "This is the liberal heaven

—broad and incomprehensible as their belief was when in a mortal state." Then I said: "I want that kind of place;" and now I look down upon those prisons—for all these religious spirits are in prison—just as much so as if they were confined by prison walls of granite. I hope those who knew me in my mortal life will get this and take a lesson from my experience. SOPHIA M. GIBB.

BLACKFOOT'S WORK.

DONE WONDERS.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 13, 1880.

Mr. Bliss:—Blackfoot's magnetized paper has done wonders for us and we desire more as soon as possible. Send one dollar's worth.

C. E. TWOMBLY.

PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Barnardston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—The magnetized paper gave perfect satisfaction. Blackfoot has been here to see us twice. Do the best you can for me and I will sell what I can for you.

CHAUNCEY GUTLOW.

GREAT BENEFIT.

Palestine, Texas.

Mr. Bliss:—Please send me one dollar's worth of magnetized paper—one each week. I think the paper I have used has been a great benefit to my health. Respectfully your friend,

A. I. CUTHBERTSON.

SPLENDID.

Antwerp, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—Blackfoot's magnetized papers are splendid. I have received benefit while wearing them. I gave four of them to my friends, who also testify to their good effects. Yours truly,

H. S. SIDDILL.

CURES VERY SORE FINGER.

Columbia, Penn.

Dear Bro.:—We have used magnetized paper in our circle for some time, and need it as much as we do our medium. I had a terrible sore finger, and used it for it and it cured it in one night. May the angel host attend you in your works of love.

JACOB TRACY.

THANKFUL.

San Jose, Cal., Dec. 7, M. S. 33.

James A. Bliss:—I duly received the magnetized paper; many thanks and blessings to you and your control for the great benefit I have derived from the use of the same. God and angels ever bless you, is my prayer.

SUSANA AGNEW.

ASSISTS IN DEVELOPING MEDIUMSHIP.

Colfax, Ind., Dec. 14, 1880.

J. A. Bliss:—* * * With magnetized paper we find the development of mediumship very much more rapid than without it. Keep on, you are doing a grand work and accomplishing much more good than you will ever know, unless it be after you are called up higher.

BENJAMIN HAYDEN.

SATISFACTORY COMMUNICATION.

Bafile Centre, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1880.

Dear Friend:—I cannot express my thankfulness in words for that spirit communication which you sent me, but I can only show my gratitude by working harder for the cause of Spiritualism. The kind words expressed by Fannie Conant will help to tide me over many rough places, and when I have the assurance that my loved ones out of the body are loving and helping me, I can face the scorn and ridicule of those on this side without flinching.

Yours in truth and love,

ELIZA C. GATES.

CURIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

Wheeling, Del. Co., Ind.

Mr. Bliss:—Dear Sir:—I sent for a sheet of magnetized paper some weeks ago and it is worn out. I think it has done me good. I want another. I cannot say whether Blackfoot was here or not, but one thing I recollect: I had tied the paper on and had retired. After a short time there was a buzzing at my ear that made me jump, and I commenced to brush the intruder away; it sounded like a bee, but ten times louder. A thought struck me that bees did not fly about after dark, especially in such cold weather; so I concluded it might be Blackfoot that made that noise to make his presence known to me. I wish that you would let me know, through MIND AND MATTER, if it was him.

M. N. DUNLAP.

[I have no means to know at present whether it was him or not. One thing is certain, Blackfoot and his band, if it is possible, will find some means to let their patients know they are with them.—J. A. B.]

ANOTHER CURIOUS MANIFESTATION.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1880.

Mr. Bliss:—On or about the 25th of September, I sent for three of your magnetized papers. The envelope came in due time. My wife took it from the postman at the door, opened and found two papers in it. She took them out and there was no more in the envelope, which was numbered as follows, 11262, 11263, 11264. She tried every possible means to make three out of the two, but could not. We then concluded one must have been taken out through the mail. She then laid them away, then in a day or two she says, "I will look again," which she did with the same result, found but two, put them away again. After waiting about a week, she opened the envelope to put one on, and lo and behold to her surprise, there was three papers there, which I myself saw, then after taken one out there certainly was two left in the envelope as plain as A B C. Now there is still another mystery. She went to get another one, and found but one where she left the two, consequently she has had but two papers out of three ordered. We supposed our friend Blackfoot was playing a joke on us, was the reason why I write to you for an explanation. There is no persons in my family but myself and wife, consequently it was not done by any mundane agency. Respectfully yours,

G. W. GARDNER.

And "to call" such a narration as that honest and made in good faith, is too bald to deceive any one who knows ought, from personal observation of the phenomena which take place in the dark sequences of Mrs. Elsie Crindle. The reckless untruthfulness of Col. Bundy could not have been more plainly shown, than by thus mistating and perverting occurrences, in a city where hundreds if not thousands, of persons had positive knowledge of his falsehoods: It is positively not true as Mrs. Crindle herself informed us, that she refused to give Col. Bundy a seance. Mrs. Crindle who has been in this city for the past eight days, and that when she reached Chicago, on her way from San Francisco to the East, she was an entire stranger to all in that city, and went to the *Journal* office to find out a stopping place where she could give her seances. Col. Bundy sent her to that admirable medium and true Spiritualist, Mrs. Simpson, who kindly assisted Mrs. C. to make the acquaintance of the Spiritualists of Chicago. Mrs. Crindle, desiring that the public should know of her visit and her proposed seances, took an advertisement to the *Journal* office, and paid for the insertion of the same, getting a receipt therefor. Colonel Bundy returned the advertisement and money to Mrs. Crindle, saying it was the rule of his office to advertise no mediums that he had not himself tested. This was an absolute falsehood, as the young lady in charge took Mrs. Crindle

dle's money without asking her any questions about Col. Bundy's having tested her mediumship, a thing she would not have done if Col. Bundy was governed by any such rule in advertising for mediums. When Col. Bundy sent the advertisement and money back to Mrs. Crindle, he said he would inform himself of Mrs. Crindle's claims to his recognition as a medium at some time during her stay in Chicago. As a matter of course Mrs. Crindle took no notice of this insolent proposition, and this is the ground for saying that Mrs. Crindle refused to give him a "test sitting." For three weeks Mrs. Crindle continued to give her seances in Chicago under the very presence of Col. Bundy; delighting all who attended her seances, with the convincing evidences of the truth of Spiritualism which there took place through her wonderful spirit attendants. During all that time Col. Bundy neither went himself, nor sent any one, to ascertain whether the manifestations that were creating so much interest were true or false.

It seems from the above references to the last seance given by Mrs. Crindle in Chicago, that Col. Bundy could find no opportunity to misrepresent and injure her prior to that time. To that seance he sent one of his spies—whose name he conceals—to misrepresent as far as possible what there occurred. Not daring to publish the false statements of his tool while Mrs. Crindle was in Chicago, he waits for weeks after her departure before he attempts the dastardly meanness of seeking to depreciate the thoroughly tested and absolutely proven mediumship of Mrs. Crindle, in the lying manner above set forth. Any one who has ever witnessed the phenomena occurring at Mrs. Crindle's seances, knows how far from the truth is the statement published by that "friend" of Col. Bundy, who attended that seance "on his own suggestion." We shall therefore do no more than to pronounce the statement of Col. Bundy's spy (if he was there at all, a thing that is more than questionable) to be essentially false in every particular, and maliciously intended to mislead the public as to Mrs. Crindle and her seances. Especially do we know him to be guilty of falsehood when he said: "An hour was spent by most of the persons present in praising a performance, every part of which could have been enacted as well without the aid of spirits as with." This miserable liar could no more simulate what takes place at Mrs. Crindle's seances, by deceptive means, than he can tell the truth about anything relating to Spiritualism. It is such liars as this man (or woman) who are the special friends and endorsers of Colonel Bundy. He does well to call such people his friends, for he has no friend among true and faithful Spiritualists, who have discernment enough to distinguish between hypocrisy and sincerity in spiritual professions.

Mrs. Crindle has given six public seances in Philadelphia, the average attendance at which was thirty persons at least, many of them very sceptical, with surprising success in convincing them of the truth of Spiritualism. We do not hesitate to say we regard Mrs. Crindle as one of the most useful and faithful mediums in the field. As a brave, heroic woman, she has no superior, and legions of Bundys, and the friends of such editorial frauds, can not stay the grand work she is accomplishing.

A few words more and we have done. Col. Bundy says: "In the simple platform 'Investigate,' therefore, there is occupation not only for Materialists, but for Spiritualists. It implies that something is known, that much is still unknown, and that everything that presents itself for observation is to be criticised." Now let us see Col. Bundy show some little evidence that all his pother about investigation is sincere. For years, now, he has been talking about "Investigation." Will he tell us who and what he has investigated in all that time? His whole course has been one of avoiding all "Investigation" and to content himself with lying about things that he is too cowardly and dishonest to confront. If Col. Bundy is sincere, why does he not find some medium who will submit to what he calls "Investigation," and show that spiritual phenomena can be investigated by his process of investigation. We know very well that the last thing Col. Bundy desires to do, is to investigate spiritual phenomena as they occur through public mediums. His pretence in that direction is supported by no act of his that we can recall. We, therefore, denounce it as equally insincere with all Col. Bundy's editorial actions.

The only true basis for Spiritualists to unite upon is the fostering of spiritual mediumship—the encouragement of mediums—the defence and protection of mediums unjustly and untruthfully attacked by the secret and open enemies of Spiritualism—and providing for their every want. If Spiritualists will unite and organize on that basis, we have the assurance of the spirit workers that no power on earth, nor in the spirit spheres, can long withstand the all consuming rays of the sun of truth. That is our platform, how many will stand with us upon it?

We know that "Investigation" is most important, and none need it more than those who are the loudest in calling for it. We have been engaged in "investigations" in that direction with fearful effect to the professional "investigators." We are not done with those investigations yet.

MIND AND MATTER is on sale at the office of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass., every Saturday morning.

RENAN'S ENGLISH CONFERENCES.

ENGLISH CONFERENCES. Lectures on Rome and Christianity and on Marcus Aurelius. By M. Renan. Boston, 1880.

Those who are familiar with M. Renan's works on the origin and early history of the Christian church, will not find much that is new in these English conferences, which are indeed mainly a condensation of the author's later volumes. What is really remarkable, however, is the fact that these lectures, by one who is denounced by many as an enemy to Christianity, were listened to by large and fashionable audiences, in the city of London. It is to the bequest of the late Robert Hibbert that the world is indebted not only for these so-called conferences, but also for the Lectures on the origin and growth of religion as illustrated by the religions of India, delivered in 1878 by Prof. Max Muller in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hibbert's bequest, M. Renan tells us, was made for the purpose of aiding the progress of enlightened Christianity, inseparable, according to his idea, from the progress of science and reason. Presented under such auspices, the favor which the new learning of both the German and the French professor was received by the British public, is a sign of the growing influence which continental ideas are exerting upon English thought. The British mind is naturally as conservative in theology as it is in politics. It has long opposed a passive resistance to the religious novelties which in the present age would disturb its peace, but the time has come at last when the results of German criticism are having a marked effect upon public opinion, not only in England, but even in Scotland as well. This is perhaps owing quite as much to the influence of the Court as to the intrinsic weight of the continental learning. It is well known that the late Prince Albert was liberal in his theological views, and it was not unnatural that the Queen should be influenced in this as in other matters by her husband's judgment. Certain it is that, ever since her marriage, she has shown a leaning toward the Broad Church, and it is clergymen like the Dean of Westminster, whom she has ever delighted to honor. It is well understood that, if her advisers would consent, Dean Stanley would be promoted to a Bishopric. However that may be, there is little doubt that the social position of the Dean has sustained him in opening Westminster Abbey to lectures delivered on the foundation established by a Unitarian of liberal principles, and that the social success of such a heretic as M. Renan is largely owing to the same cause.

Both Max Muller and M. Renan have drunk deeply of that Teutonic learning of which it may indeed be said that shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, but neither of them seems to have paid much attention to the French school of Biblical critics of which Dupins, Reghellini and Eliphaz Levi are distinguished ornaments. These original thinkers have sought, with a wealth of learning which even their German contemporaries might envy, to demonstrate the influence of the occult philosophy of the East on Catholic ritual. In Germany the great critics like Reimarus and Strauss and Baur seem to have considered the ideas of Dupins as unworthy of notice, while in the English language the works of Robert Taylor and the more recent *Keys of the Creeds* are almost the only books in which they can be studied. And yet the astro-theological explanation of certain resemblances between the ancient Persian cultus of Mithra, the god of light and the ceremonies of the Roman church, would seem, to the ordinary student, to be worthy at least of discussion by a writer who undertakes, like M. Renan, to explain the secrets of the primitive church. "I sometimes," he says, "allow myself to say that, had not Christianity taken the lead, Mithraism would have become the religion of the world. Mithraism had mysterious reunions, and chapels which strongly resembled little churches. It established a very solid bond of brotherhood between its votaries, it had the Eucharist, the Lord's Supper, and bore such a resemblance to the Christian mysteries that the good Justin, the Apologist, saw only one explanation of these resemblances: it is that Satan, in order to deceive the human race, sought to mimic the Christian ceremonies and committed this plagiarism. The mithraic tomb of the Catacombs is as edifying and deeply mysterious as the Christian tombs." The learned lecturer is far from having exhausted the list of coincidences between the ceremonial part of the two religions, but after thus piquing the reader's curiosity, he neither undertakes himself to explain the cause of these resemblances nor does he refer to the explanations of others.

This neglect to thoroughly examine a point of the highest interest to the student of comparative religions, not to speak of the initiate in Masonry, or the investigator of the Kabbala, is all the more striking, when it is placed in contrast with the prominence which M. Renan gives to certain German theories, some of which are now exploded, while others have long since seen their brightest days. He pushes, for example, the speculations of the Tubingen school to greater lengths than even Baur himself, and does not hesitate to say that "all the differences which to-day separate the orthodox, the heretics, the schismatics of the whole world, are nothing beside the dissensions of Peter and Paul." Of this short and easy method with early Christianity it is sufficient to say that, although not without some foundation in St. Paul's own words, it does not now enjoy the vogue in

Germany itself which it did some twenty years ago. Not less doubtful is the broad statement that "the Jews had no idea based on the immortality of the soul," an assertion of which it is safe to say that it cannot be truly predicated of the Jews of whom he is speaking, namely, those of the first century of the Christian era.

The confidence of the lecturer himself in a future life, we fear, no stronger than that which he attributes to the Jews. "There is," he tells us, "no definite revelation. It is the touching effort of man to render his destiny supportable." It is curious, however, to observe that what M. Renan tears down with one hand, he would like, if possible, to build up with the other. He overturns the idol and the temple only to gush over their ruins and in his sentimental style to point out the artistic and picturesque beauty of that which he asserts can never be restored. He congratulates himself on having lessened men's faith in the supernatural, while he rejoices that he has at least infused into their minds the Christian spirit. Although himself disowned by mother church, he would fain lay his head once more upon her bosom. "Some associations of childhood, the most profound of all, attach me to Catholicism; and, although I am separated from it, I am often tempted to say, as Job said (at least in our Latin version), *Elam si occideret me, in ipso sperabo*." Incredulous in his own person, he would rather confirm than disturb the faith of the lower classes. "Let us not," he says, "try to banish legend, since such is the form in which the faith of mankind is necessarily clothes itself. Humanity is not composed of savants and philosophers." With this contempt for the common people, and this despair of ever getting at the truth in matters of religion, it is easy to see why this voluminous writer, one of the most graceful and cultivated of our time, exercises such a feeble influence upon thinking minds, and why, although people may flock to hear him, he has no following, either among the orthodox or unbelievers.

MRS. EMMA J. BULLENE IN PHILADELPHIA.

On Sunday morning last Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, who has for several years been withdrawn from the lecture field, occupied the rostrum of the First Association of Spiritualists. Curious to learn whether Mrs. Bullene would prove an exception to the almost general rule with what are termed inspirational spiritualistic speakers, we attended; but we frankly confess our disappointment. Mrs. Bullene, to the outward eye, seemed to be entirely herself, but her utterances were those of some controlling spirit influence, who sought through her, to ventilate his thoughts. We followed the speaker with the closest attention, and for a very long time was at a loss to determine whether he was a friend or an enemy of Modern Spiritualism. The subject chosen was, "The signs of the times," but what the great bulk of the discourse had to do with that subject we could not perceive, as that portion of the discourse was made up of pointless generalities couched in well chosen language, and profusely adorned with tropes and figures of speech that were made to take the place of useful facts and instructive illustrations of spirit teachings. We felt very sure that the real nature and meaning of the controlling spirit would be manifested before the discourse was closed. We therefore waited and watched proceedings. We were not disappointed, for at last he made the sweeping allegation, that the higher spirits could find no fitting medial instruments through whom to give their truest and best teachings. He alluded to the fact that with hardly an exception the people who occupied the Spiritualistic rostrum were a mass of moral rottenness within the dress that covered them. He made no exception as to the medium he was controlling. He feigned to urge that mediums to be fitted for their work should be of immaculate purity physically, mentally and morally, and because such mediums could not be had, Spiritualism was a reproach to spirits and mortals who were identified with it.

Leaving the inspirational and other spiritualistic lecturers he turned his attention to the less pretending mediums, and intimating that as a class of persons they were reeking with fraud and corruption, with scowling brow and clenched teeth, the medium, with stamping foot, was made to say, "All fraud in mediumship must be stamped out." Why fraud in mediumship was so heinous an offence, because Spiritualism was a sacred thing, and any fraud in Spiritualism was sacrilege. That pretence of the sacredness of Spiritualism was enough to show the cloven-foot of the spirit dissembler beneath his sanctimonious robes. Spiritualism has nothing especially sacred about it, and spirits who pretend that it has are not the friends of truth. Spiritualism is a part of the great whole of natural truth and not a whit more sacred than any other branch of human knowledge, or human interest. We would have all persons to be as pure and good as circumstances will admit, and not one whit more. To wish otherwise is to wish that natural law shall cease to operate and chaos come again. It is claimed by some inconsiderate persons, calling themselves Spiritualists, that spiritual mediums should be exceptionally pure, despite the soiling influences amid which they are compelled to live; and that these susceptible sensitives, who are acted upon by every influence, spirit as well as mortal, to which they are exposed, shall be dead to that which they are necessarily peculiarly alive to. Not a word had this spirit speaker to say to those

chapel houses of corruption and selfishness who make it their especial business to prey upon mediums, or failing in that, to injure and destroy them. When pure spirits alone control mediums, and pure and unselfish mortals surround them, then expect especial purity and goodness in them—not before. It was a pitiful fact that the utterance, "All fraud in mediumship must be stamped out," was applauded by a few who imagine mediums to be, as a general thing, as given to fraud and hypocrisy as themselves. If Mrs. Bullene is to be cursed with such spirit dissemblers as the one who controlled her on Sunday morning last, it is little she will accomplish in the promotion of Spiritualism. That spirit was an enemy of mediums and therefore the enemy of the truths given through them. There is nothing, whatever, sacred about mediumship. It is a human attribute that all possess in a greater or lesser degree and to talk of it as especially sacred, or more sacred than any other human attribute is as untrue and nonsensical in a spirit as in a mortal.

Some prominent Spiritualists like Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Kiddle, Dr. Crowell, Dr. Peebles, Rev. Samuel Watson and others claim that Jesus Christ was a sacred medium, and make him an object of religious veneration, if not of worship. The spirit that controlled Mrs. Bullene no doubt fully concurs with them and would like Spiritualism to sink back into the worship of those who, as its exponents, complacently arrogate to themselves divine pretensions. We have seen the outcome of sanctification and dedicated sacredness in the grovelling superstition that now passes for religion and we want and will tolerate no more of this spirit effort to load Spiritualism down with it.

Self-righteousness in mortals and spirits is the unpardonable sin, and those who indulge in it, will live to realize that fact, although as old as Methuselah.

Spirits are to be judged as mortals are judged "by their fruits" and judging the spirit we have been criticising, by his fruits, we feel sure he is no friend of the cause he pretends to advocate.

We insist that he has done gross injustice to spiritualistic speakers and mediums alike, and richly deserves the exposure we have made of his hypocrisy.

Seance for the Benefit of the Mediums' Home—Given at the Residence of George Hall, Esq. By Dr. Frank T. Ripley.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 6, 1880.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

It affords me great pleasure to inform you that Dr. Frank T. Ripley gave a test seance in the parlors of George Hall, yesterday (Sunday), to a large audience. Bro. Ripley gave the names of spirit friends to many present who had never met the medium. We esteem Bro. Ripley as among our best test mediums, and his services should be sought by investigators. Some remarkable tests were given.

The order of services were, 1st.—Invocation by Theodore Parker. 2d.—Answering questions by Thomas Starr King. 3d.—Tests by Spirit Henry Ripley. The answering of questions were after the style of J. W. Colville, and with the inspirations of our musical director, Mr. Ben Fagan, our seance was a grand success, both socially and financially.

Our dear brother medium has thus come to our aid, nobly and generously doing his part towards the Mediums' Home. Theodore Parker, through Bro. Ripley, suggests that public mediums everywhere occasionally give a seance for the benefit of the Home.

Bro. Ripley has kindly consented to remain in the city a few days longer, and has secured rooms at No. 258 West 8th street.

Contributions for the Mediums' Home can be sent to George Hall, Esq., Treasurer of the Mediums' Home Association, No. 482 West Liberty street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Strong Endorsement of Thomas R. Evans as a Photographic Medium.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 7th, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in announcing to you through the columns of MIND AND MATTER, my appreciation of spirit photography by T. R. Evans, who undoubtedly is giving entire satisfaction to many of our hungry citizens to-day. I being a perfect stranger to him, (as well as he to me) went into his gallery on last Tuesday, to inquire into this wonderful phenomena. I gave him no clue to myself whatever. He made an engagement for me to come to the gallery on the following day at 11 o'clock A. M.

Accordingly I went, and the first sitting brought most distinctly the face and form of a spirit sister, who has been in spirit life thirteen years. We never had a picture of her, who was ten years old when she passed away. I recognized it at once in the negative. My mother and sister, (who are skeptical) acknowledge the effort, and claim with much tenderness that the angel pictures are a reality. I feel it a duty after such rare satisfaction, to spread as far as I am able, the fame of so wonderful an artist.

I have received some of your papers from Gen. Edwards of Washington, containing contributions from him. I enjoyed MIND AND MATTER very much. Although I am an authoress, I have never written anything for spiritual papers or periodicals. I hope you may remember this notice, and place it where many may read, and like myself yet enjoy the grandeur of a new life opened unto them. Most respectfully I remain,

Mrs. SALLIE E. KREIDER.

Alfred James

Is prepared to answer calls to lecture under spirit control, on subjects chosen by the audience or answer questions, or spirits will choose their own subjects at the option of the society, at any point within one hundred miles of Philadelphia. For full particulars and terms address,

A. JAMES,

No. 2, Rear of 1229 Vine St., Philada., Pa.

JAMES A. BJISS, Trance, Test Medium, will, until further notice, give private sittings for Healing, Developing and Communications, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, from 1 to 6 o'clock, at Room 9, 723 South Street. Short consultation free. Treatments and sittings \$1.00. Developing Circle every Monday evening at 8 o'clock at his residence, No. 1620 South Thirteenth Street. Admission 25 cents.

MRS. JAMES A. BJISS, Materializing medium, will, until further notice, hold a Select Materializing Seance every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, at her residence, No. 1620 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Private Seances by special arrangement. Take Thirteenth street car, green light, to Baltimore depot, exchange for one horse car to 1620 South Thirteenth St.

Mrs. Hollcock, German Trance and Test Medium, gives circles every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Sittings daily, 131 North Front Street.

Dr. William R. Rex, Healing and Test Medium, 446 1/2 Broadway, N. Y. City, gives Tuesdays and Thursdays circles of women a specialty. Consultation free. Consultation by letter, enclose three 3-cent stamps. Developing circles Tuesday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosio, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street, Circle every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings also every Tuesday at 2.30 p. m. Consultations daily from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mrs. A. E. DeLana, Clairvoyant examination, and magnetic treatment. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. No. 1231 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

-Alfred James, Trance, clairvoyant and letter medium. Test circles Tuesday and Friday evenings' Sittings daily from No. 2 Rear of 1229 Vine street.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, the well-known Trance Test medium, will give sittings daily to investigators, at 212 Brandywine street.

Mrs. Carrie Crowley, Trance Test Medium, will give select sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., at No. 821 Erie

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Come in person, or send by letter a lock of your hair, or hand-writing, or a photograph; he will give you a correct delineation of character, giving instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties to cultivate and what to restrain, giving your present physical, mental and spiritual condition, giving past and future events, telling what kind of a medium you can develop into, if any. What business or profession you are best calculated for, to be successful in life. Advice and counsel in business matters, also, advice in reference to marriage; the adaptation of one to the other, and whether you are in a proper condition for marriage; hints and advice to those that are in unhappy married relations, how to make their path of life smoother. Further, will give an examination of diseases, and correct diagnosis, with a written prescription and instructions for home treatment, which, if the patients follow, will improve their health and condition every time, if it does not effect a cure.

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BE ALSO TREATED DISEASES MAGNETICALLY AND OTHERWISE
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J. V. MANSFIELD.

Test Medium, answers sealed letters at 61 West Forty-Second Street, New York. Terms, \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps. Register your letters.

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Communications by letter for persons at a distance. Terms \$1.00 and three 3-cent stamps. Office, 713 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

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POWER is given John M. Spear to delineate character, to describe and prescribe for disease of body and mind. Persons desiring such aid may send handwriting, stating age and sex, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope, with one dollar. 2210 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, Pa. (U. S. P. M.)

HEALING MEDIUMS.

DR. ROXILANA T. REX'S

UTERINE PASTILLES AND COMPOUND TONIC,
FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Consultation free, by letter three 3-cent stamps. Pastilles \$1.00 per box, by mail postage prepaid. Compound Tonic sent to any address by express \$1.25, charges prepaid. Send stamp for pamphlet to 446 York Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. (U. S. P. M.)

MRS. M. K. BOOZER.

Medium for Medical Diagnosis and Psychometry, 415 Lyon Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mrs. Boozer cures all forms of Chronic diseases. Diagnosis made by look of hair or patient's hand-writing. Diagnosis, sitting or Psychometry, \$2. Examination and prescription, with medicine, \$3. The cure of the habit of using tobacco especially—the appetite often changed by one treatment. Terms, \$5 per treatment.

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MRS. A. M. GEORGE.

Business Clairvoyant and Test Medium, Rooms Nos. 14 and 15 Schuylers Block, 114 Massachusetts Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

J. Wm. Van Namee, M. D., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, Madison, Connecticut. Examinations made from lock of hair \$1.00. Psychometrical reading of character \$2.00. Magnetized remedies sent for all diseases. Will answer calls to lecture before Spiritual Societies, Liberal Leagues, Temperance Societies, and attend Conventions and Funerals within reasonable distance from home on moderate terms.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOOKS. BOOKS.

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Sixth Paper.

THE GOD OCCULTNESS (THE UNKNOWNABLE) HÆDES
OR PLUTO; AND PROSERPINE (EVOLUTION) HIS
WIFE.

I.

HÆDES OR PLUTO.

This God, the third son of Kronos, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune, was assigned in the popular understanding of the matter to the infernal regions under the earth; that which, however, in respect to modern ideas rather accords with Purgatory (Hædes) than with hell, which latter idea is better represented by Tartarus; but, for the philosopher, Hædes meant rather as we shall see, whatsoever was occult, impenetrable by human intelligence, and therefore unknowable. Of course, what is hidden beneath the ground from the inspection of the material eye, and what is hidden by the nature of things, from the eye of the mind are analogous of each other. In the more popular sense, Hædes was so imperfectly mythologized that the word more frequently meant the locality or the region, than a person. The more usual personal name was Pluto.

The name Hædes, as agreed by etymologists, is of Greek composition from *a-id* (of *id-eia*), meaning the invisible, the unseen, whence also the unknown, that is to say the hidden or occult. It curiously coincides with the English verb to hide, though probably not of the same origin. His other name Pluto signifies "endowed with riches or fullness," which applies signally to the earth beneath the surface, or to the philosophical absolute, from which all relative and phenomenal products are evolved or derived. Some further particulars respecting Hædes or Pluto will be introduced in treating of Tartarus.

II.

PROSERPINE, EVOLUTION, THE WIFE OF HÆDES OR
PLUTO.

There are two names for this Goddess, Latin (probably) and Greek respectively, closely resembling each other, but meaning very differently. There are Proserpine and Persephone. Etymologists have reasoned from this resemblance that the Latin derived their naming by mistake, or false etymology from the Greek Persephone. This I think may well be doubted. Persephone means the queen of death, or of the region of death, Hædes, and relates to the functional office of the goddess after she was married and violently transferred to that subterranean kingdom. Proserpine, on the other hand means the serpentine forth, as of the tendrils of plants, meaning the growth, development, evolution of vital Nature in the upper air, and relates to the native quality of this daughter of Ceres, who was goddess of Seed-time and Harvest, or of the growing period of the year. There is ample room, therefore, for the independent development of the two names, which by their accidental resemblance gives the appearance of a mistake where there really was none; a resemblance, however, which may have considerably aided the growth of the myth. The Evolution signified by Proserpine was originally, no doubt, biological or confined to the living world, and typically to the plant-world; but the idea is susceptible of enlargement in the Spencerian sense, to mean all progression from lower to higher stages of complexity; and in this sense Proserpine, continues the chain of thought running back through Ceres to Kronos and Rhea—the temporal and successional range of existence—as previously mentioned. Evolution is Overtaking, or a bringing forth to the Light, and is, therefore, the proper antithet, or counterpart of Occultation or Hædes.

Seventh Paper.

THE GOD, MASCULINITY; ARES OR MARS; AND
FEMININITY; VENUS OR APHRODITE, HIS PAR-
AMOUR.

I.

The blossoming, or flowering out of the great family tree of Universal Being is Man or Humanity; Man Male and Man Female; whence the two counterparting principles in this higher range of Being, Masculinity and Femininity. Hence we come now, in the study of the mythological pantheon, to Mars, the God, Masculinity, the God of war, of impetus, bravery, of gallantry in war and love, and Venus, the Goddess, Femininity, the Goddess of beauty, female charm, loveliness, and passion. These are the natural companions and counterparts of each other; "elective affinities." But the course of true love seldom does "run smooth," and Greek intuitive genius, recognizing this tendency of fatality, married Venus to Vulcan, the God Heat, or Brute Lust, and she only attained her proper destiny by an illegitimate liaison with her higher-type companion, Mars.

First, as to the etymology of Ares, the Greek name for this god, and Mars his Latin name. The following extract is from "The Mythology of the Aryan Nations," by Sir Geo. W. Cox, (1). "However sure may be the foundations of the science of Comparative Mythology, and however sound its framework, the measure in which its conclusions are received must depend largely upon the acceptance or rejection of its method in the philological works chiefly used in our schools and universities. Hence, in acknowledging thankfully the great improvement of the last over the previous editions of the Greek Lexicon of Dr. Liddell and Dr. Scott in the etymology of mythological names, I express a feeling shared doubtless by all who wish to see a wide and fertile field thoroughly explored. The recognition of the principle that Greek names must be interpreted either by cognate forms in kindred languages, or by reference to the common source from which all these forms spring, is the one condition without which it is useless to look for any real progress in this branch of philology; and this principle is here fully recognized. The student is now told that he must compare the Greek Charites with 'the Sanskrit Haritas, the couriers of the Sun,' and that both received their name from a root *ghar*, to shine, or glister. Zeus is referred to the Sanskrit Dyau, the brilliant being, Ouranos to Varuna, and Erinyes to Saranyu. It is only to be regretted that the method has been carried out more systematically. In all doubtful cases a Lexicographer is fully justified in keeping silence;

but the affinity of Ares and the Latin Mars with the Sanskrit Maruts, the Greek Molion, the Teutonic Mjolnir, * * * is as well established as that of Erinyes and Saranyu, or of Ouranos and Varuna. Yet under Ares we read [in Liddell and Scott] that it is akin to *arren, arsen* (male, masculine, manly, strong), as Latin Mars [Mar-tis] is to *mas* [mar-is, male, etc.]"

The meaning of this extract is a severe animadversion upon Liddell and Scott, for asserting that both Ares and Mars are allied etymologically, and have a close common meaning with the Greek and Latin words, which mean Male and Masculine; and the reason given is that we now know that the names of the war god are allied with the Sanskrit word Maruts (meaning the storm clouds rushing through the sky). This is to assume that the two things cannot be both true, and that we must surrender an old and obvious alliance of sound and meaning as between two sets of words in two allied languages, because we have now discovered a new alliance with words in other kindred languages. It is as if we must, of course, surrender an old and well-tried friendship in one direction because we have contracted a friendship in a new direction; and where there is not only nothing incompatible in the two, but where they actually strengthen each other. The common idea at the bottom of all the meanings involved is that of warlike strength, or fierceness, such as especially characterizes the male animal.

The identification of Mars with the Scandinavian *mjolnir* (Eng. mail), Lat. *molleus*, Fr. *martel*, a hammer, bruiser, beater, confirms this etymology (1.) A hammer or any thrusting tool or weapon, which entering, filling, and withdrawn leaves a corresponding matrix or mould filling its own figure and counterparting it, suggests lignam and yona, the symbols of phallic worship. On various grounds there can be no doubt whatever that Mars is, and from the inception of the idea was meant to be pre-eminently the male god; as Venus was the special impersonation of the feminine idea and principle. The full etymological discussion of the subject must not be indulged in here.

Mars was the legitimate son of Jupiter and Juno; that is to say: Manhood is the result of the conjunction of Instantiality or Promptitude and Vicissitude or Opportunity; or, is the Trinity idea from the union of the Unity and the Duality. The promptitude which takes quick advantage of opportunity is the equal characteristic of the gallantry of love and of the gallantry of war; and in the rugged naturalness of the unregenerate, these it is, then, which constitute virtue or manhood.

I quote again from Bennett's History of the Gods: "Everybody understands that Mars was Secretary of the War Department in the Celestial regions, and Commander-in-chief of all their military forces." After reciting a fable in relation to the birth of Mars, he proceeds: "It is perhaps singular that a god begotten in that very graceful manner should be fond of war, storm, tumult and fury; and doubtless there are sufficient grounds for thinking, notwithstanding the flower in Flora's garden that Jupiter had something to do with the sanguinary deity who delighted in arousing the bloodthirsty passions of men, and inciting them to rush together in fiercest combat. Mars also was an amorous god, and there was a very heavenly scandal about him and Venus being caught in bed together by Vulcan, the husband of Venus, who, informed by Sol what his wife and Mars were up to, ingeniously made a net of small meshes for the purpose of trapping them, whereupon the jealous blacksmith called all the gods together to witness the chagrin of the guilty pair. After they had been subjected to such a review a sufficient length of time, at the request of Neptune, Vulcan unlocked them and allowed them to go about their business. But a penalty had to be paid, and Electryon, a favorite of Mars, suffered the punishment which rightly belonged to Mars."

Let us see if we can make out the meaning of this curious recital. The illegitimacy is first hinted by Sol, public rumor, or the light of day, thrown upon the transactions of the parties. But this is no more than suspicion or the testimony of appearances. The offended husband is made jealous, and sets about verifying the scandal. He ingeniously weaves together a net or mesh of evidence which can no longer be evaded. All the gods are called to witness the denouement. But Neptune, the measurer, the adjuster, the compromiser, advises moderation, policy, a just regard to the social proprieties, and induces Vulcan, the irate husband, to overlook the matter, and ignore the facts. Some gloss has, however, to be given to the affair, and so the fault is laid at the door of Electryon, another name for the radiant sun-light, and so for public rumor. (3).

II.

VENUS OR APHRODITE; FEMININITY OR THE FE-
MALE TYPE.

The name Venus is etymologically of the same origin as the English words want and wish, or the German *wunsch*, wish, want, or desire. Aphrodite means the excitation of desire. As a popular goddess, she with her son Cupid, is so well known as presiding over the affairs of love, that little now can be said of her. It should be simply borne in mind that she is the distinctive feminine type of charm and loveliness; with both the virtuous and the vicious possibilities of that attribute. "She was the goddess of love, beauty, grace and sexual attraction. She presided over lovers and those who entered the marriage state. She is represented as being exquisitely beautiful, possessing in a marked degree the most voluptuous charms. While there was much that was lovely, grand, and noble in her character, it has also to be confessed that she exhibited qualities low, coarse and sensual. While she was the divinity that presided over the hallowed love between lovers and husbands and wives, she was also accused of inciting the baser passions, and arousing fierce and unquenchable fires, which urged her votaries or victims to the commission of unnatural crimes and unholy alliances. She was the same as the Ashtar of the Phœnicians and Chaldeans, and the Freyja of the Scandinavians. In the statues and representations of her she was portrayed with a most perfect form, clothed with a purple mantle, glittering with diamonds. By her side two were Cupids, and round her the three graces, and following her as trainbearer, her beloved and beautiful Adonis. Her chariot was made of ivory finely carved, and beautifully painted and gilded. It was drawn by swans and doves, or swallows."

The Greek name of this goddess Aphrodite means the excitement or agitation of passion; but is derived from the idea of the foaming and seething waters in the whirlpool of a sea-storm. See in

this subject more fully the following articles on Bacchus and Silenus, especially that on Silenus and the Sileni.

The exceptional female type, masculoid, warlike and wise, was Pallas-Athena or Minerva; and the chaste or reserved type was Diana.

Eighth Paper.

THE GOD WEIGHT, BACCHUS.

It is, I think Huxley, who affirms that no system of Mythology has ever so far gone astray from "positive" ideas, as to have furnished itself with a god of weight. I am, I believe now in a situation to prove that this is a mistake; and that Bacchus, who was also called Liber and Dionysos was originally this god. His designation as the god of drinkers, drunkards and drunkenness, and so of wine and the vine as the source of intoxicating drinks, was, I discover a secondary and subsequent characteristic drawn from the relation of ideas between the balancing process involved in the act of weighing, and the balancing process by which a drunkard is enabled to keep his legs. The proofs of the correctness of this assumption are derived in part from the discovery announced and illustrated in the general drift of this entire treatise, to the effect that the super-substrate of the Hindoo-European and Semitic form of Mythology was (and is) the earliest researches of a thoughtful people into science and philosophy, so that the chief gods of those Pantheons are scientific and philosophic principles rather than—were so before they became conformed with the Nature Myths, which they have been supposed to be; and in part a critical linguistic investigation of names and attributes. The first mentioned of these two views, has been gradually unfolded through the whole course of this treatise, either incidentally or by formal statement. The other, more directly connected with the lingual structure of words, and with description, is adduced under the names of the individual gods and goddesses to which in the specific instances it relates.

The titillation or tittle-tattle condition of the drunkard and all that concerns his condition was readily allied in thought with the balancing and vacillating posture of objects undergoing the process of weighing; in which manner the secondary idea arose and finally so completely replaced the primitive idea that it was forgotten. This drunkenness and jollification-idea was again personified, from a reminiscence of the principle of gravity or weight, which was the prior thought—principles and gods being one and the same—and once personified and deified, the various art-nature myths about Bacchus or Dionysos gradually arose at the hands of the poets. Some of them retain, however, suggestions of the primitive idea of weight. For instance, we read that "he found out or invented navigation;" and also, that when a child some Tyrrhenian-mariners found him asleep and carried him into a ship. Bacchus first stupefied them—stopping the ship in such a manner that it was immovable; afterwards he caused winds to spring upon the ship in a sudden, etc. These are reminiscences, doubtless of the first conception of balancing a ship by weights added as ballast; so great an improvement that Bacchus is thus made to share with Neptune the honor of having invented navigation. But at first the stupefied sailors ballasted the ship too heavily, and so sank or stranded the vessel. Afterwards, having gained experience, everything sped bravely.

We come now to the inquiry, what is the origin and meaning of the name Bacchus itself? The answer of this question is a serious philological feat. We must go deeper into word-structure than usual, and so into the science of the subject. *Ba* is identified with *ga*, both meaning *to go*. *Ka* is interchangeable with *ga* as the corresponding light syllable to *ga* as heavy; *ek* is the corresponding guttural or aspirate and nearly equivalent to *k* or *g*. Assigning the representative vowel *a* to these consonants, according to the established usage of Fick and the other high authorities, we obtain the word-form *Ba-ca-cha* in the place of *Bacch(us)*. This is more primitively *Ba-ka-ka*, and as I venture now to suppose, as the still more primitive form, *Gu-ga-ga*. This then is a mere three-fold repetition of the root word syllable *ga*, meaning *to go—go-go-go*; meaning as I again suppose, *-go* (this way) *-go* (that way) *-go*; i. e., swing or see-saw; to signify balance, the same again as in the act of weighing, or otherwise. *Tak* is also equal to *Bak*; and *vacillate* is therefore, in like manner, *va-ka-ka*, or *ga-ga-ga*.

Another of the names of Bacchus was Dionysos, a name of much import, never heretofore adequately expounded. I take it to be a simple worn down form of *Dies-nux* (or *nox*)—*os* or *us*; the Day-night equilibrium or balance in nature, which is extensively expounded in John, James and Jonah, (Jam-non, etc.); in a later form, indeed, mostly confined to the Day and the Night, rather than embracing the more comprehensive and varied antithesis. I have taken also *Juno*, *Ione* and *Io*, to be this same *Dies-nux*, still more thoroughly worn down by the trituration of frequent naming. The change of sex is a matter of slight moment in these matters. The Greeks had still later, of smaller import, the word *nyktemeron*, or *nycthemeron*, for night-day, meaning the twenty-four hours. There was another balance between the two semetres (or six-month periods of the year) which was represented by Proserpine, one of whose names, it is important to remark, was also *Libera*, and she was the sister of Bacchus. *Juno* was day and night, the wife, i. e., the companion of Jupiter *Dies-pater*, the Open Day, or full display of day-light (not originally involving the paternal idea, but the open view—*pater*, to open).

The name *liber*, in its feminine variant *libra*, means balance, or a balance. We have it in the English words: *equi-libri-um*, *equi-libri-ate*, etc. *Libra* is the name of the constellation *balance*, or the *scales*, among the signs of the zodiac. True it means also *free*, as in the Latin *liber* free and *libertas*, English *liberty*; and also a book, as Latin *liber*, a book, English *lib-ary*, etc. The connecting link of meaning among these three meanings is that of Separation or Division. The inner part of the bark of a tree is also called *liber*, as that which is pulled, stripped off, or separated. Successive strippings off, as of the coverings of an onion, yield thin, leaf-like products, whence also *leaf* and

leave are of the same origin, and all go back to *c-leave*, (by loss of the *c* or *k* sound) with its double meaning, of separating, and the counter idea of adhering and resisting cleavage, by cleaving. Separated into two parts, which are still not separated. The alliance here is close with that of the balance, rated, but remain allied as parts of one stem.

II.

SILENUS (OR SEILENUS) AND THE SILENI.

Another of the tittle-tattle and drunken gods, the special type of jollity, was Silenus. He was the constant companion of Bacchus, and the oldest and most famous of the Satyrs, and from him the older Satyrs were generally called Sileni. The name is, etymologically, closely allied with that of the Syrens, and has a musical association from the more original idea of the piping and blowing of the winds. Silenus himself is, I find, no other than the Sea-storm, with its waves elevated in the air, where, unable to sustain themselves, they swerve and oscillate, and tumble and fall like a drunkard, from his unsteady balance upon his faithless legs; while at the same time the dancing monster is accompanied as if by the music of the whistling, howling and piping blasts of the wind. As a God, he was represented with a wreath of vine-tendrils on his head, and a drinking-cup or wine-skin in his hand, and in a state of intoxication to such an extent that he had to be held up by two Satyrs. He was a short, round-bellied, hairy old man with a bald head.

The tossing of the unsteady sea, when the gigantic waves are lifted, and jostle each other, and plunge down again, and prolong themselves like huge legs outward towards the regions of calm, seething and foaming as they go, was the wild scene which is here poetically personified as a jolly old man, dancing and falling while piped for and aided by fitting companions in the vast debauch. It is now clear why Aphrodite or Venus, the impersonation of agitation, excitement, and wild passionate desire, should have been fabled to have been born from the foam and spume around the legs of this intoxicated dancer of the great deep. Aphrodite means foam and fame; whence secondarily excitement and agitation of erotic passion or desire. Silenus is said to have been the inventor of the flute, another allusion to the whistling of the wind. He was also an inspired prophet, an idea which must have arisen from his unstable, uncertain character, yes and no, "pattering in a double sense," like the oracles. When dead drunk, and hence asleep, he was in the power of mortals; that is to say, after the storm has subsided the sailors become again masters of the situation.

Letter from Submit C. Loomis.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

I thank and bless you for ten copies of your unparalleled paper, and I will send them where I think they will do the most good, in this great struggle for truth against priestcraft and falsehood, binding the souls of humanity—who still hug their chains—with shackles of ignorance and superstition; and even busy, in spirit life, in trying to perpetuate falsehood. I have sent away all my papers, that is, MIND AND MATTER and the *Bonnie*, and I know that they have been illuminations to those who have read them. I do know that opponents of Spiritualism are the most powerful on the unseen side, as spirits are capable of personating any individual spirit that will best substantiate their deception in the minds of mediums.

A lady friend, to whom I send your paper every week, writes me: "I think MIND AND MATTER an excellent expounder of our faith; and the messages from those ancient spirits are very interesting; so is that Katie King case. Our spirit enemies seem bent on ruin and destruction to our cause, and Mr. Roberts takes up the cudgels most bravely, and our mediums have found an able defender at last." To all of which I say amen, and pray that truth shall triumph soon, for I know it will eventually.

I am surprised at Dr. Buchanan's definition of Spiritualism. Instead of being vague, it is positive; and instead of being merely "intellectual," it is purity, goodness, love—the life of universal nature. The great immortal magnet of all worlds rolling in space, which draws all sounds to God through the operation of eternal law. And whatever is opposed to this great and beautiful truth is falsehood, and must fail, however much it is worshipped by the world.

I know you will thank Bro. Bliss for me for the magnetized paper and hymn book—both valuable and highly appreciated. I have given and sent the paper to nineteen persons—some a thousand miles away from here; and six cases, where they have tried it, are relieved and four cured, and the rest have not been heard from.

I think what you say of Jennie Leys is true, and it is a pity such a wonderful instrument should be used against the truth. But our spirit friends are equal to the task. If they want her she will be undeceived. Excuse me for taking so much of your valuable time. I hope the prediction of materialization will be fulfilled in your city.

Ever yours for truth,

S. C. LOOMIS.

The Samuel Bowles Pamphlet—Chas. E. Watkins—
Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 12, 1880.

This little book, "Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life," has made a great commotion in this city, the home of the late Mr. Bowles. The city papers have all noticed it but the *Republican*. Mr. Bowles' old paper. The edition is going off rapidly. It has been out but a week, yet nearly one thousand copies have been disposed of. The news dealers in this city and all up and down the Connecticut Valley are supplied with copies. Every one speaks of its excellent moral tone, and many are buying it to circulate as a missionary tract. Charles E. Watkins, the noted independent slate-writer, has located at 149 State street, and is quite busy with his patrons. Bro. Peebles made us a flying visit on his way to Williamette the other day, looking fresh and vigorous as ever. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing made many new friends while here in October. She gave some one hundred and twenty-five sittings in Springfield. There is a general inquiry as to when she will return again, and especially as the Bowles pamphlet has made her so widely known in this vicinity. The publishers of this little work offer a liberal discount to societies that may want fifty or one hundred copies. All can obtain the work of MIND AND MATTER, or of the Star Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

(2) See Max Müller on the root *Mar*; *Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 331.
(3) Vanicek, p. 56.