

MILLER'S PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR.

PROGRESSION.

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NO. 11.

Spirits of the Augustan Age.

ADDRESS OF SALLUST THE ROMAN HISTORIAN.

Continuation of Claudius' Address on Roman Antiquities.

At 185 Jarolemon street, Brooklyn, early in April, Sallust, the Roman historian, delivered an address, speaking through the Cole medium, on ROMAN ANTIQUITIES being a continuation of the series of addresses of CLAUDIUS APTERUS on that theme.

The Latin Paragraphs were reported by Prof. Henry Kiddle, and the body of the Sallust Address, spoken in the English language, was reported by Mr. Purdy and myself.

Mr. Cole said: Now the spirit is present, and I will describe him:

I see a man about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and, I should judge, would weigh 160 to 170 lbs., full chested, 50 years of age; appears to be a man who has lived well. As remarkable looking a head as you ever saw on a man. Short black hair; the head is wide and very massive; broad, high and square forehead, with veins bulging out side of forehead; small ears. Has a black penetrating eye, thick black shaggy eyebrows. Long and high (prominent) Roman nose. Wide compressed mouth, expressing determination and vigor; very long chin. Smooth face, no beard; neck large; very dark complexion. His costume is simply magnificent; scarlet materials, something between a plush and velvet. A regular robe, girded around the waist, comes to the feet; this robe has alternately leaves of gold and silver. I see flowers worked upon it; fruit, leaves and vines embroidered on the robe. Gold linked chain around his neck, and from it is suspended a dark square, thin substance, on which I see engraved a picture of a god, there is a landscape, and a bridge representing rural life. His feet are dressed in sandals, buckled above the ankles. I see a mantle across his arm, as if he was carrying it.

The Spirit will now speak himself:

Titus staturū mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, profundus, sermone rarus, luxuria contemptor, ira turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus.

Titus was of moderate stature, and of limping gait caused by a fall from his horse; he was of deep thought, reserved in speech, a despiser of luxury, easily moved by anger, eager to possess; and most sagacious in winning over nations.

Animula! vagula, blandula, Hospes, comesque corporis, Quis nunc abhis in loca— Pallidula, rigida, nudula; Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite, Friend and associate of this clay! To what unknown region borne, Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight? No more with wonted humor gay, But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

—BYRON.

[Claudius stated that he intended to say this at a certain point in his previous address; but omitted it, because there was no one present who understood Latin. It was what was said while the funeral procession of Adrian was passing.]—ED.

I have been delegated by your friend Claudius to continue his address on Roman Antiquities; and, though I existed in earth-life at a period anterior to the Christian Era, yet I am in possession of all the facts of which I shall have occasion to speak, as though I lived at a period subsequent to the before-mentioned era. I am simply he who was known among moderns, as Sallust, the historian, and doubtless many scholars of your age are familiar with what few of my writings still remain. In deference to the wishes of scholars, I propose to give you some short Latin sentences; and, though from what literary experience I may have enjoyed, I should be utterly opposed to giving thoughts and ideas in costumes unknown to the general readers, as it can only serve to confuse the sense in his mind of that to which it is attached.

I will now conduct you in retrogression some two thousand years of time, and four thousand miles of space to the Roman Colosseum where Claudius left you in his last address. And as a very prominent event is to be alluded to in the course of my remarks, I shall introduce the following, asking you, gentlemen, to search out the author, and render an accurate and just translation:

Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aqua fons, Et paulum silva super his foret.
—HORACE, Satires. II. 6.

This may be translated:
A garden where near my dwelling there might be a perennial spring, and at a little distance beyond a grove.

Or poetically and freely:
(I often wished I had a farm,
A decent dwelling snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal, running by my door,
Beside a little ancient grove,
(Where at my leisure I might rove).

—FRANCIS.

The addition of the words in parenthesis, in the above, shows the connection of the passage.

My friends, I have lost a day.
Amici, diem peridi.

I will call your attention, if you please, to that colossal statue, which rests upon that system of arches immediately in your front. This is a colossal statue of Nero, and though a hundred and twenty feet in height, is one of the most complete representatives of man, either fashioned in marble or represented on canvas. The muscular developments are so perfectly delineated, that it gives a resemblance of life and strength to the figure. The veins are shown beneath the thin glazing of the marble to represent human flesh. The

expression of the face is so true to life, that one is lost in amazement in regarding it. The physiognomical developments are such, and portrayed in such a manner, that the true character of the man it is intended to represent, are plainly shown. Now, when to these admirable qualities, the flesh colorings are added, you imagine you are confronting a warm, pulsating human being, instead of a cold marble statue; and, if you can realize the fact, it will serve to demonstrate the high degree of art attained by Roman artists.

In your times, if a sculpturer is so fortunate as to give you a mere resemblance of the subject, the world is content. But not so among the Romans. It not only required a resemblance of face and features, but it required also the characteristics of the person shown in the face.

We will now pass on, and ascend the Mons Esquilinus, and before you stands one of the most wonderful structures the world has yet seen. This is the second Palace of Nero, constructed after the conflagration of Rome, A. D. 64.

In order to give you an adequate conception of this magnificent pile, we will enter the main entrance, and find it so vast that Nero's statue, 120 feet in height, can easily pass under the archway. This is covered with gold, and decorated with precious stones. The main hall, in which we are now, is of such superb grandeur, that the eyes become dazzled with the scintillating sparkles emitted by rare gems and precious stones, and make, as you observe, a distinction between rare gems and precious stones, as one relates to jewels, and the other to that of which the gallery and main hall were constructed. There are no fountains whatever in this palace, for they had ceased to be in vogue sometime previous, but what is still more wonderful, they were substituted by a most extraordinary contrivance, which I shall now proceed to explain.

The roof of the main hall represents, as you will please observe, the firmament in motion, as well as in figure, and revolves day and night, emitting at each revolution, every manner of perfume and sweet waters. So extravagant had Nero at last become, that the extracts of rare roses were brought into use, and the clothing of strangers was saturated in a manner that left an indelible impression of the splendor of Nero's palace.

Statues are there without number. Some are of the most beautiful order. That, for instance, of Diana the Huntress, is automatic, and can leave her pedestal, step into the centre of the hall, extend her hand in greeting, and after having thus welcomed you, return again to her pedestal as before. That of Mars, the God of War, was also automatic, and so equipped, that many innocent persons lost their lives at his hands. It was a habit of Nero to invite persons to visit this enclosure of all that was grand and magnificent; and, for the mere sake of satiating his thirst for human blood, would touch a secret spring, when a spear from Mars would be thrust into his body. I think this will be sufficient to exhibit to you the art of Ancient Rome.

We will now ascend, if you please, this broad marble stairway, excessively decorated with gold, and reach one of the galleries. Incredible as it may appear, these galleries are each one of your miles in length, and, so profusely are they ornamented, that the ire of the Roman people was aroused at so much lavish and foolish extravagance.

We find, look which way we will, marble from the different countries then known to Romans; gold, silver and bronzes of every description or kind, and rare gems of the most beautiful order.

If you will turn your eyes to the right, you will see that this enclosure comprehends beautiful gardens, orchards, lakes, and in fine all that could contribute to the beauty and grandeur of the place. Pliny, the Elder, in his history speaks of the Palace of Nero as covering a great portion of Rome. This, of course, is exaggerated to convey the idea of something remarkably great.

We will now proceed to speak of the author of so much splendor. Claudius Domitius Caesar, more commonly known as Nero, was the last of the house proper of the Caesars. Those who succeeded him on the throne obtained the title of Caesar through decrees of the Senate, as the name was considered to honor the position, as it represented so many able and illustrious men. The object of our remarks was born, A. D. 37, commenced his reign 54, and passed away in the year 68. He was therefore in the thirty-second year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. When quite young, this person developed many angular qualities, prominent among which was a propensity for the destruction of human life.

There were so many conspiracies during Nero's time, that a contrivance was brought into use, known as the *sensitive wire*. This traversed and connected with every apartment, being some miles in length, and so sensitive was it, that a conversation held in one room could be distinctly heard in a room far distant; and it was through this means that Nero became aware of the conspiracy of Piso, a slave having confided it to another slave in one of the apartments. Nero, hearing it in his private study, immediately took measures and crushed it. This is somewhat similar to what you term the telephone; but allow me to say, my dear friends, that it is very far in advance of it, as the most ordinary conversation at one point could be distinctly heard at another, though there was no connection whatever between the person speaking and the wire itself, and thus Nero could overhear the conversation of his domestics through a wide removal from him.

He would frequently appear in the arena as a gladiator, and would take a mean advantage of his opponent to slay him. Of course, should the opponent survive Nero, the opponent was sure to be doomed to death, so they generally considered it preferable to die at the hands of an Emperor, rather than through the execution of the law. All the low taverns were nocturnally visited by Nero, where he would carouse and debauch with the most desperate of his subjects; and oftentimes would he appear in the imperial purple, and cause the blush to mantle to the face of the honest citizen as he was led staggering through the streets on his way to the palace.

His name alone protected him, for such veneration was felt for the illustrious house,

that many believed that wrong was perpetrated for the purpose of producing good, and therefore his acts were generally overlooked. So extravagant was he in attire, that he never appeared twice in the same garment, and when he undertook a journey of any distance, many slaves were required to take care of his wardrobe.

Another, and more unheard of extravagance of this man, was the annihilation, if such you may call it, of gold, through chemicals, for his mere amusement; and, at last, the Roman populace becoming nauseated with so much folly and extravagance, held secret meetings, with Nero at their head, for his dethronement, the result of which has just been announced. The conspiracy of Galba, however, succeeded much better; for when he was informed that Nero was aware of the conspiracy, he boldly proclaimed himself Emperor, and he was sustained by the entire Roman Empire. The Senate immediately sentenced Nero to be dragged naked through the streets of Rome and beaten to death; afterward to be hurled from the Tarpeian Rock as the meanest malefactor. This sentence, however, was defeated, as Claudius Domitius Caesar fell by his own hand, and dying requested that his head should not be severed from his body and exposed to the insolence of an infuriated populace, but that his body should be burned on a funeral pile. This request was granted by one of Galba's slaves, and the obsequies of Nero were of the usual character.

When it became generally known that Nero was dead, the joy of the Roman people was unbounded. They immediately procured, and wore through the streets, hats such as were worn by manumitted slaves, intending to express thereby their freedom from a cruel master. At first, the resentment of the people visited itself on the statues, then on the friends of Nero; and many were crushed to death in the most violent and horrible manner (by weights), so that one of the senators and friends of the people exclaimed that, if this continued, they would soon wish for Nero again. To illustrate how soon, or rather how rapidly, public sentiment may be changed, the King of Pavia sent his emissaries to honor and revere the name of Caesar; and immediately thereafter the people crowned with garlands what statues remained, and had not been demolished, and marched in procession through the streets of Rome, selecting from their midst a person resembling Nero, and attired in his royal garments.

We will close this address by stating that, regardless of how great a man may become, the people are yet greater than he.

Can you tell us anything respecting the persecution of the Christians by Nero?

The Christians were persecuted under Nero, and St. Peter and Paul were put to death at his hands—or, rather, by his orders. They were stoned to death, and were thrown from the Tarpeian rock. The friends of Nero, after his fall, were crushed to death, and even boulders were hurled down upon them. St. Peter first suffered, then St. Paul, in the fourth year of Nero's reign, and both in the same year.

Claudius will now say a few words:

My dear friends, I hope you are pleased with what you have received, and also with the spirit who has preceded me; and if you desire his reappearance on a future occasion, he will come again.

SPIRIT POWER MIGHTILY AND GRANDLY MANIFESTED.

Among the Spirits at the Home of the Eddy Mediums.

(Written for the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR.)

Trudge!—trudge!—trudge!—for seven weary miles, in the deep snow from Rutland to Spirit Vale, among the Green Mountains of Vermont. Thus, at eventide, our journey ended at the hospitable mansion of the Eddy family, and a modest, but cordial reception made us feel at home, and to witness a mystery of things quite incomprehensible to mortal and finite minds.

During the seven days of our sojourn, we witnessed varied and manifold evidences of spirit presence, power and ability to hold intercourse in tangible form, under proper conditions. The very air seemed impregnated with spirit essence; there were no restrictions placed upon any one who chose to examine the house from turret to foundation stone, or to explore every nook and closet thereof. The freedom of the house at all times, anywhere and everywhere, was generously accorded to all the guests; and it was a marvel to me, how the medium brothers could place such undisguised confidence in every stranger who entered there.

The spirit sanctum was simply a small room, eight feet long, and four wide. This was located at the end of a long room on the second floor, over the dining-room. Demonstrations began within five minutes of the entrance of William Eddy into that mysterious condenser. Spirit Mrs. Eaton frequently came forth as an introductory advent. They, who heard her peculiar ringing voice, will probably never forget it.

She sometimes gave a lecture of advice, and which was very enjoyable, and pretty much in the same vein of satire, as "Mrs. Caudle's Lecture!" We hope to have the pleasure of a better acquaintance with such a noble spirit in the "Sweet By and By."

Then, too, for the first time, we saw our spirit daughter. She was dressed in white, and as prettily as any little mortal, appearing at a public reception.

Then our dear friend and schoolmate, Andrew Carter, stepped forth boldly and as natural as life, with the old smile wreathing, glorifying his intellectual countenance. I shouted his name—"Yes," he exclaimed: "we passed many happy hours together, and proved a friendship tried and true!"

Then comes a strange and weird character, a female spirit, called the "Witch of the Mountains!" She delivered orations in a loud and effective tone of voice, which lasted fifteen minutes or longer. These were given in sentiment and knowledge of lofty sublimity, far above the mortal scope and intellect. An angel talking to weak and falling man.

We could only listen with bowed head and breathless attention—

"As silence deep, the beauteous seraph broke,
The voice of music ravished as she spoke!"

Friends and relatives come forth in rapid

succession, and are recognized. Kind words and greetings are exchanged with joyous emotion, at this happy experience that the dreadful abyss of death is bridged over, and the loved and the lost are holding sweet communion here.

Capt. Robert Campbell, who was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, stepped proudly forth, dressed in military robes, and held a talk with his brother, who was present at the seance.

Honto, the young spirit Indian squaw or maiden, came to me, touched my coat collar, and extemporized a large, gauzy white shawl; she touched the wall, and, lo! obedient to her will, drapery was created to adorn her symmetrical physique.

There, too, we first made an acquaintance with George Dix; Oracle, Philosopher and "Low Comedian" of that Spirit Band.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"George Jackson Dix!"

"Give me something of your history, if you please?"

He answered:

"I served in the American Navy seven years as an officer; afterwards I was employed on the Steamship President, which sank in mid ocean thirty-five years ago, and all on board perished!"

"Was she struck by lightning?"

"No; she struck an iceberg on a dark and stormy night!"

"Would you like to return to earth-life and live as a mortal again?"

"No; in the spirit state, we are not subject to the laws which govern mortals; we have not the trials, the temptations, the vicissitudes, neither the wants, nor the cares, nor hunger, nor any of the inconveniences which are the lot of human beings."

"How do you materialize a body?"

"Spirits understand the law which governs matter better than mortals do; we know that with the chemical property of about six feet of atmosphere, in conjunction with the magnetic aura of the medium, as well as certain magnetic particles from the audience, we can construct a form, and thus show ourselves visibly."

"What do you use the Cabinet for?"

"Simply as a condenser, nothing more!"

"Do you see God in the spirit-world?"

"No; God is not observable there, any more than in the material world; and we often see, yes daily, spirits coming from earth, hunting up and down to find Jesus Christ. Such ones feel terribly disappointed because they do not find him. We tell them, if they will come with us, we can show them how to communicate with earth friends; but they shake their heads, and with looks of incredulity, laugh at us. So you can learn from this, that we have skeptics among us in the spirit-world."

"Is the moon inhabited, that you know of?"

"Yes; but with an inferior race of beings, compared to mortals."

"Is Jupiter inhabited?"

"Yes; all the planets are inhabited, but Jupiter being an older planet than the Earth, is peopled with a superior race. Each planet, also, has its corresponding spirit-world connected with it."

"Are you governed by time, and limited by space in the spirit-world?"

"No; we have not that which you call time and space; those are conditions subject to the material plane of life. We can discuss the future as the present; we know the events about to happen in your future mortal state; we deem it best for your happiness, not to reveal them to you. As to space and distance, we go by will power; we desire to be in a certain place, and we are there with the speed of thought. As to gaining knowledge, we are not circumscribed by limits, as you are. We have unbounded powers in that direction. Again, your bodies are transparent to spirits, so to speak. We know you, while sitting in our presence, better than you know yourselves. We can read your thoughts. Pause a moment any of you. Now think of something. You, Mr. Powell, just thought of —; you, Mr. Kink, just thought of —; and you, Mr. Campbell, thought of —; and you, Schoolmaster, was thinking what kind of a looking fellow I am in the spirit-world. Ha! ha! ha!"

The gentlemen present, and ladies, too, acknowledged that Spirit George Dix read their thoughts correctly.

I again asked:

"George, how do you know that I am a school teacher?"

"Some of your spirit friends in the room told me; there are about forty spirits here, although invisible to you; your sister Mary is here too, and to-morrow night she will show herself; your old friend, Andrew Carter, introduced me to you when you first came into the house, although you didn't seem to know it. It was me who gave you that shaking, down stairs, while you were looking at the pictures on the wall."

During intervals, George would get up some fun in the shape of a spelling match between himself, the writers and others, and would get the best of us every time. Or he would take one of the party, and give a humorous phrenological description of his head, and thus elicit hearty peals of merriment from all present.

Then anon, splendid specimens of live Indians would come forth, dressed in full costume. Santum, the Chief, was over six feet in height; Wichachee, another chief, almost as stately in bulk and size; and occasionally the lovely young Indian maiden, Mayflower, would put in her appearance, and entertain us with her broken English prattle, or give sweet music by voice and instrument. Like a bird, she would flit about, above, and around us; and, on one occasion, suddenly stopping in one of her musical efforts, she exclaimed: "They want to dance!" before they were aware of what was about to happen, the entire building shook and trembled to the heavy, measured tread of a war party of spirit braves. Up and down they passed, to the low chanting of the song, and so continued for several minutes.

"They are gone!" exclaimed George.

"Yes; I am glad of it, for they frighten me ever so much!" said Mayflower.

"Now we can have some more music. We will now give the 'Storm at Sea!'" said Dix.

The several instruments on the table, with the bell, were seized by invisible hands, and sent out such a concert of sounds that was

truly astonishing to listen to. At times, the musical sounds were terrific, and a body would suppose, that the roof was about to tumble in about our ears. The instruments careened above us with lightning rapidity, and all heads were bent down, in dread of being struck momentarily. Pandemonium reigned supreme! The enforced attention on the part of the audience, was somewhat rewarded, by the uniformity of time, cadence, and precision of harmony exerted by the spirit performers; and although the power in execution, seemed the very wildest in force, yet the weird-like sweetness, at times, fascinated the listener in spell-bound ecstasy. In this grand orchestration, nature was closely initiated in the fury of the storm, the whistle of wind, and the dash of waters; as well as in the faintest sigh of the whispering zephyr in the waving pine tops, or sweet and low, in the dying rhapsody of the Aeolian Harp!

Reader—

"Just think yourself adrift at sea,
The storm is loud, the night is dark,
The ocean roars, and rudely blow
The winds, that toss your foundering Bark."

And then you'll have some faint conception of but a part of the wonderful Spirit Concert.

When all was hushed into silence, I asked George Dix to give some information about the performers.

He said:

"The musical instruments were manipulated by a band of spirits, who were minstrels in the earth-life."

On the last evening of our tarry at Spirit Vale, George remarked, that Mayflower desired to present to a couple of the visitors, a token of her friendship, as a keepsake.

The young maiden, in an audible tone, requested him to obtain some small shells from the sea shore, as she wished to weave them into a bracelet by the aid of pieces of colored ribbon.

For a few moments, the rustling of silk could be heard, as Mayflower fashioned her token of love.

Presently the cheery voice of George was heard, exclaiming:

"Here, child, are the shells which you wanted!"

The work then went on unto completion.

The bracelets on examination by mortal eyes, were really beautiful in design and artistic execution. And yet none could tell, by what mysterious process, the tiny, glittering shells of the ocean were interwoven with the silken fragments.

Now we next hear the voice of George almost in a shout, say:

"Yes, I want to give a present, also, to some of my friends, who are here; to you, Mr. King, and to you, Mr. Powell. You both own farms, and I shall give you something, which you may plant in the spring, if you can only keep them so long. Wait awhile. Mayflower, in my absence, will entertain you all with some music and songs!"

In about ten minutes thereafter, the voice of the ubiquitous George was heard.

"Here, Mr. King, and Mr. Powell, hold out your hands!"

In the hands of these gentlemen, a lot of potatoes were placed; the potatoes were about the size of small marbles; they were fresh and thrifty, and tiny roots with fresh earth were plainly visible. This phenomena of spirit power occurred at nine o'clock of a wintry night of January.

For information sake, I asked Dix where he obtained the shells and the potatoes.

He answered:

"I got the shells on the beach near Newport, and the potatoes, I stole from a garden in Florida. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Oh! you snail-crawling mortals; do you forget that spirits are as electricity to go and to come? I may be in London, and in a moment thereafter, in this place," said George.

At this juncture of affairs, one of our party asked Dix, if he could explain the hand-writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.

"Oh! yes; with pleasure; it was simply a materialized hand, and I will now illustrate it."

As all eyes were directed to a certain spot on the wall, an illumination of the place was observable, and a hand minus the index finger, was seen, and with a photogenic skill, the letters, several in number, were finely traced, and scintillated brilliantly, and were as palpable as sculpture relief.

In conclusion, I will add, that the materializing phenomena through Mr. Wm. Eddy, took place in a partial light. That performed by George Dix, Mayflower, and the Musical Band, was in total darkness, with Horatio Eddy's mediumship.

JNO. OAKLEY.

Following is a communication from Mr. Drake, giving his experiences in reference to "The Double." There is no foundation to build on so enduring as the foundation of facts, in the presence of which mere theories and speculations must "go to the dogs."

BROOKLYN, May 2d, 1881.

BROTHER MILLER:

I read with unusual interest, Dr. James Cooper's article on "The Double" in last CIRCULAR. He says it is asserted by some to be possible, and by others to be impossible, for our spirits to leave our bodies. I know it is possible, and a fact. I have had persons visit me in spirit, who still inhabit their earthly bodies. I have seen them pass through its (seemingly) solid front. On two occasions, I saw my own spirit standing outside of my body, not over two feet away, and I believe that I was in my normal condition. If the unbelieving ones had seen the manifestations that I have, while living with the New Lebanon Shakers, they would doubt no more. As a partially developed Clairvoyant and Psychometrist, I say that I positively know that our spirits can leave our bodies at will, without interfering with the functions of life. The person must arrive at a very superior state or condition in order to do this. I also believe that when our spirits get complete control over the matter it inhabits, it can de-materialize and materialize it at will, as Jesus did, while on earth; but first, we must cease to be sensualists, and become Spiritualists.

Hoping that this subject will be freely discussed in future editions of the CIRCULAR,

I am, your brother,

W. H. DRAKE.

127 High Street.

THE SHELDON
ART MUSEUM,
MIDDLEBURY Vt.

The Ancients and Moderns Meeting in Prospect Park.

PROSPECT PARK IMMORTALIZED IN SONG.

The Grandest of Roman Poets, Speaking to the Modern World, through the Media Instrumentality of Mr. Geo. Cole.

Such has been the advantageous point of observation, from which we have been permitted to view the movements and efforts, made by the Ancients for earth-life recognition, that we rejoice with "an exceeding great joy" at the distinction which the Spirit Author of the PROSPECT PARK POEM has conferred upon us, in selecting the CIRCULAR as the channel of presenting that brilliant poetical production to the public.

It has often been suggested to us, that there was so much of skepticism in the public mind, and so much of uncertainty in the very nature of spirit communications relating to the remote past, that it would be better for our paper and ourselves, did we follow the popular current—the well beaten path—and give less attention to the Ancients, and more to the Moderns. But, as we have uniformly said to our critics, and friendly advisers:

"Our point of observation is better than yours, and you are wholly mistaken in the supposition, that the Ancients, whether of the historic or the pre-historic periods, are unable to identify themselves, or explain the purpose of their visit and restored relations to the earth they once inhabited. Through the materializing process of communication, the Ancients can, and do manifest themselves as readily and as perfectly as do spirits of recent departure; and through Psychometry, the thoughts and purposes of the former can as readily be interpreted as the latter."

But why, the reader may ask, are these thoughts related to the PROSPECT PARK POEM? Most intimately are they related.

Recognizing the fact that there are formidable existing obstacles to their recognition, the Ancients, passing over the intervening centuries, have selected as a method of their introduction to the Moderns a most popular topic—PROSPECT PARK. The Ancients not able to identify themselves! Read the Poem, inspired by the greatest of Latin poets, and then tell us, whether in variety and sublimity of thought—in loftiness of conception—artistic construction of language—in the depth and breadth of its humanitarian sympathies—in its familiarity with historical data, or in the profundity of its philosophical reflections—where is the cotemporary poet, writer or orator, who can equal, in all the excellencies we have named, the PROSPECT PARK Poem, written thro' the Cole Medium, "under the influence of the Muses"? We give only one-half of the Poem in current number—remainder will appear in CIRCULAR No. 12.

PROSPECT PARK.

BY GEO. COLE.

Under Influence of the Muses.

Hortus ubi, tecto vicinus jugis aque fons
Et paulum silve super his foret.

HORACE.

I.

My dear friend Horace as the day looks bright
To Prospect Park suppose we take our flight,
Enjoy the beauties of a cloudless sky,
And note improvements as they catch the eye,
Ah! that new building at the Court House side
No doubt, is Brooklyn's highest, latest pride,
To judge from show and freshness there displayed
Which throws the "Hall" and Court House
In the shade,
A Frenchman built it, I have just been told,
Without regard to classic schools of old,
Whose templed glories, 'mid the wrecks of time,
Are yet unwelcome to this age and clime.
Why sing the fame of Athens, Corinth, Rome,
The genii here have found a better home,
Where they may revel in their youthful gush,
And call up Phidias to behold and blush.

II.

Another structure looms up to the view,
Surpassed by none and equalled by a few;
Brooklyn may boast, and on its massive wall
A legend utters "Brooklyn Music Hall."
Here Arion, presides, and strikes his lyre;
And melting strains of love the soul inspire.
But stay! what sound is that which thrills the air?
A locomotive, un cheval de fer
Down here in Brooklyn, heavens! what a
change,
Atlantic Avenue to itself seems strange;
Now busy people haste as if for life,
And trade and commerce ev'ry where are rife;
Are-nue de Flatbush, as the French would say
To Prospect Park is now the only way;
And this broad ascent to that vernal goal
Renews the vigor of the very soul.
Turn as we may, palatial homes appear—
While distant views dissolve and disappear,
There like a pyramid, active in its form,
A fountain plays, and mist falls in a storm,
The apex crowned with rainbow hue like haze
Where myriad sparkles glitter in a blaze.

III.

Here is the Plaza, with its greenwood bands,
There Forum-like its hero statue stands;
Grand in proportions, solemn in its cast—
Sad memorial of a mournful past.
Lamented Lincoln! thou who vainly sought
To stay those perils, ages past have taught,
Of ruling Empires torn by civil strife,
With clash of arms and cries of widowed wife
Where hate and vengeance take no breath to
pause
And sacred alters perish in the cause;
Brother 'gainst brother, father 'gainst a son,
Victor and vanquished both alike undone,
Mars claimed a victim to appease his wrath,
And dread Nemesis crossed thine honored
path.
Lincoln, as Caesar, by death's fatal hand
Fell—and convulsed a horror-stricken land—
One by a Brutus and one by a Booth,
One for ambition and one for a truth.
This noble statue, though a work of art,
Will cluster 'round it many a saddened heart,
As they the motto of its dead recall—
"Malice for none and Charity for all."

IV.

Come on, friend Horace, we must cross this
way,
A rather rugged walk, one fain would say;
Some flag-stones would be better for the feet,
But here's the Entrance, now prepare to meet,
Such scenes, whose beauties will not fail to
mark,
Deep lines in memory of this Prospect Park;
That cool and winding pathway we will take
Which terminates, they say, at "Lullwood
Lake."
But ere proceeding let us pause and rest,
And this thatched cottage suits the purpose
best
With seats of trees, though here, still seem
alive
With that small terrace o'er that splendid
drive
On which are passing turnouts of the day
From Gig to Clarence in superb array,
Drawn by fine horses, who, with speedy flight
Flash them to view, then flash them out of
sight,
Whose glimmers flash as Borealis' beams
And each new flash—a flash more brilliant
seems.

V.

Here comes Bucephalus with a pounding
prance,
Which makes his rider in the saddle dance;
With white knee breeches, high top-boots of
buff,
Red velvet jacket, skull cap of dark stuff,
Body bent forward, eye glass on the nose,
Elbows a kimbo, this completes the pose.
Of Alexander, fresh from bow-wow school,
Who, for his money, turned him out a fool.
Regard yon mountain in the human shape
His wagon seems it would his weight escape,
It groans and trembles o'er reluctant ground,
While springs ring out a mad metallic sound.
A gem for Lucan were he but alive,
Who, for Pharsalia, could invent a drive—
Instead of serpent stung on Africa's sands,
He could say stuffed by Dieter's best viands
This bloated monster learn-ed is in law,
While Lucan's hero learn-ed was in war.

VI.

But we must hasten, hours grow apace,
To view this Park requires rapid pace;
This path to right will be the line of March,
And here is what they term "Meadow Port
Arch,"
Whose covered causeway 'neath the horse-
stamped ground,
Swells a faint whisper to a hiss like sound;
While voices, pitched in ordinary tones,
Reverberate and thunder on the stones.
As we emerge again to open day,
Sweet scented fields spread out in fine display
Of lawn and hillock, groves of lofty trees
Whose hoary tops o'er look the distant seas;
And leafy foliage ev'rywhere is seen
In fringe like borders 'round the rolling green
"Long Meadow," this is termed, and surely
here
Should be a statue to a Belvidere;
Who, on yon hill, could rest as summer pass-
es,
And dream himself again on Mount Parnas-
sus;
With maids for muses in their gay attire,
And eyes for orbs to set the world on fire.
A beauteous realm of nymphs in bright array
Of galla costumes mingling in croquet,
With ev'ry color, that could fancy please,
Of sash and ribbon waving in the breeze,
While merry laughter from young bounding
hearts,
A happy semblance to the scene imparts.

VII.

On yon green hillock, nestled 'mong the trees,
A floral arbor freights the passing breeze
With many odors from its flowered vines,
While ivy green climbs up and intertwines
With roses red and white, with blue between
Which contrast sweetly on the emerald green;
Here maid and lover bend their happy brows,
And, doubtless, just have pledged love's ten-
der vows.
There, where those peals of mirth and fun re-
sound
Is what they call the "Childrens' Pic-Nic
Ground,"
Where goats and ponies, swings and whirling
gig
Are all employed and never show fatigue;
And happy children, whose unceasing play,
Proclaim their not too frequent holiday.
This is the "Shelter" from the sudden storm,
And rays of sunlight when they are too warm,
A wide piazza long the front extends,
And here are met the more mature friends,
Who, while their children play, the papers
read
And some converse and with the ladies plead
To be excused, that they may have "a smoke,"
But this, alas, their better halves provoke;
Who sharply tell them, such examples here
Would cause the ruin of their Tomies dear;
Then scold away and hiss out, "hateful man,"
Hide their sweet tears behind the palm leaf
fan.
Sorris rules the day and pockets too,
And poor benighted husband must eschew
What little comforts nature here may yield,
That wives their power o'er his sex may wield.
Are all wives angels? Angels do not storm,
Nor nurse a wrath to keep contention warm,
Unknown to angels in their better sphere,
It would be better were more angels here.
Then fallen man descended from a Lord,
To keep the peace would not become a fraud.

VIII.

A mount Olympus now obstructs the view,
Though Jove may not his thunders here re-
new,
To fright poor souls in this fair land of peace,
Nor deem himself again a God of Greece.
But here's a pathway, which by slow degrees
And pleasant ascents and with perfect ease,
And all unconscious, with our thoughts en-
chained,
This lofty summit we have now attained,
And what a view this vernal height commands,
On ev'ry side a scene spreads out, expands
Until, indeed, it meets the closing skies
And there to vision all exhausted dies.
Here at our feet a placid polished Lake,
With Gondoliers, each in the other's wake,
Winds like a serpent in among the trees,
While pleasant laughter floats upon the breeze
Those groups of soldiers marching on that
plane,
Recall the glories of old Rome again;
Though martial strains arise and reach the ear
Their glittering bayonets flash and disappear—
To right and left long trains of cars fly past
To Coney Island and the Ocean vast,
Whose rolling billows roar a welcome song
To each new influx of the gath'ring throng.
There broad and straight the "Ocean Park-
way" runs
To Brighton Beach alive with Brooklyn's
sons;
Who move in masses, are but dimly seen
As flies upon a lightly painted screen.
The Ocean glistens, neath the glowing sun,
As speeding steamers pass out one by one,
To distant climes beyond the surging main,
With those who never may return again.
Those long dark outlines with a cloud-like
look—
Are the Jersey Highlands and Sandy Hook—
The pilgrims farewell to his native land,
The welcome beacon to the storm-tossed band.

IX.

Regard that Eagle, see how wide he spreads
His wings, and hovers just above our heads,
In measured circles, while his piercing eye
Notes ev'ry movement as if to descry
Some latent weakness on which he may feed
And take us captive to his sister breed
It now behooves us not to soar too high,
Or that swift Eagle at our throat may fly,
And strangle hopes that fain would now arise
And sweep the clouds from those deep azure
skies.
All have some failings which betray the mind,
To which, alas, we are too often blind,
And never dream it until truth's bright glare
Reveals as faults those traits we once deemed
fair.
The human mind, though cultured from its
youth
In all the glory, wisdom can give truth,
Is so constructed that the slightest change
Of outward action may life's plans derange.
Thus wreck on wreck of hopes once fondly
pressed
In admiration to a mother's breast,
Lie strewn around the world to teach the fact
That God is God, and man is but his act.
Presumption first, then arrogance at last
Lead man too soon to court the critic's blast
Of pent up passion, then a world's contempt
Ne'er fails to strangle ev'ry new attempt
To teach mankind what is already known,
To try to show what has been better shown.
Therefore, friend Horace, you perceive the
task
A modern takes when he would wish to bask
In stronger sunlight than his muse can stand.
With that swift Eagle, there, so near at hand
To guard good people from life's silly songs,
Reward true merit where it most belongs.
Let us descend to that sweet vernal plane
And seek the beauties of the Park again;
Leave this high summit beautified with skill,
Which justly bears the name of "Lookout
Hill."

X.

Here let us hope our muse may better thrive,
There is a shelter by that lonely "Drive";
Promenade they term it, with its leaf clad
sides,
And o'er its course in quick succession glides
Team after team in almost endless chain,
Who seek the beauties of yon level plane—
"The Carriage Concourse" and "The East
Lake Drive,"
"East Lake" and "Shelters" and at last ar-
rive
To that broad roadway on the Flatbush side,
And there distribute their swift flowing tide.
Yon sylvan bower and that deep alcove,
Some future time will find "A Concert
Grove,"
And those upon the Lake with listning ear,
Soft swells of mellow strains perforce must
hear.
Music, as objects, to the distance lends
Enchantments such as nearness ne'er extends.
Some sweet toned harp whose notes scarce
reach the ear,
Of melt the soul and wake the sleeping tear
Of by-gone days, of love's first fervid dream,
Of plighted troths beneath the moon's pale
beam.
Perhaps some loved one, now of other spheres,
Once swept its chords and chased away life's
tears,
Charmed care and sorrow from anxious heart,
Attuned a life to play a nobler part.
This sylvan recess may some tale unfold
Of love's true courtship in the days of old,
When hearts would seek some such sequestered
spot
To breathe a vow that ne'er could be forgot,
How different now—a dream of but a day,
Then fashion, ruin, each must have their
sway,
'Til mispent youth bring forth its early fruits,
From which the sapling to the tree soon shoots;
Here then we have the cause of social wrecks,
Which strew life's seas with their dark human
specks
'Til all seem loathsome to the sickened view,
When shame fills some, and sadness fills a few
Life's not a failure, nor is life the cause
Of human woes, 'tis violated laws;
An all wise God has framed to govern man
That he may fill some space in His great plan.

XI.

A land-scape here develops to the view,
Whose scenic changes ev'ry sense imbue
With what fair nature can be made to claim
When taste and beauty are the only aim.
Small streams of living water take their course
To larger bodies from their parent source,
Embower'd in shade, through which they
brightly gleam
As silvered pathway in a fairy dream.
And there in front a wall of light hewn stone,
Where broad high steps and balustrades are
shown.
With sculptured vases ranged along the top,
From which the fusa-buds may droop and
drop.
A rose of summer, and perhaps the last,
May here be withered by the chilling blast
Of coming autumn, should it keep its stem,
Then fall as others into sleep with them.

TOM MOORE.

"Thou art, O God, the life and light"
"Of all this wondrous world we see."
"Its glow by day, its smile by night."
"Are but reflections caught from Thee."
"Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,"
"And all things fair and bright are thine."
Thus sang the bard, whose bust before you
stands,
Who swept the harp, while Erin raised her
hands.
In joyful pride, that he, her favored son,
Could charm the world though Erin be undone
His gentle muse wove laurels fresh and green
To deck the brow and crown the Emerald
Queen
With gems whose lustres flash, ascend, ex-
pand,
In rainbow radiance o'er his native land.
That man may see the fairest realm of earth.
Once free, yet strangled almost at her birth;
Enslaved to foes who, through dissensions,
cast
Her at their feet and trampled on the past,
Ah! well may Erin flush with joy and pride,
With Orpheus and his lyre, at her side,
Whispering sweet music, while she bends the
ear
To learn that Thomas Moore is honored here.
Whose gentle spirit seems to breathe and smile
Through this, his image, on the poor exile,
Who fain would linger 'neath his friendly
brow
To dream of home—a home no longer now.
Let ev'ry son of Erin love the fame
Of Thomas Moore, their country's brightest
name,
Who in his greatness ne'er forgot to raise
His thoughts to God, and give Him all the
praise.

XII.

Up these broad steps, and on this terrace stand
From which spread out a flower-garnished land
Where rare exotics bloom on ev'ry side,
From white and purple to the crimson tide,
Here oval mounds are clothed with azure blue,
There others glow with richer ruby hue;

And some are white as for a wedding dressed,
With others deep in carmine tints possessed,
While here and there a variegated bed,
Where all the colors seem to blend and wed
One with the other, 'til their varied hues
The purple softens and the pink subdues.
Until all seem as one harmonious mass
Of waving colors on a sea of glass;
Whose undulations swell—then fall—then rise
As some fair bosoms heave with 'raptured
sighs.
Bright colored shadows o'er this garden glide
In quick succession, and from side to side—
First red—then white—then blue—then pink
—then green—
Then ev'ry hue and shade of tint is seen
Chasing each other in their colored flight,
And all so rapid they in mass unite.
At last, the eye is dazzled with so much light
Of changing colors rushing on the sight.
Stray little rosebuds bask here in the sun,
Close up in glory when the day is done;
Soft falling petals strew with tints the ground
Birds with sweet carols ev'ry where abound.
Smooth dark-paved walks contrast with bor-
ders green,
White pebly paths connect and intervene;
And Marble Fountains dash about their spray
Of silver water, with a fine display
Of golden droppings, as if thus to pay
Its crystal tribute to the charms of day;
While rare perfumes enrich the sunlit air,
And all is bright as Paradise is fair.

XIII.

That fine Pavillon on the view expands,
Where men of ev'ry race may clasp their hands
In new found friendship in this land of peace,
Where former rancors must forever cease.
Here all are one, nor Greek, nor Trojan glares
In vengeful hatred on his foes' affairs;
Nor sanguinary battles lost or won,
Nor fallen Troies burnt and left undone.
The rape of Helen by a Paris here
Could scarce invoke a nation's vengeful tear;
Nor cause that slaughter of the valued life
Ten years gave up for Troy's dreadful strife.
Here all are one, nor class, nor race is known
Distinctive in its rights, but this alone—
That all God's creatures, whose'er they be
Are equal born, and equally as free.
Thus this great nation draws from ev'ry clime
Those stalwart hearts, to whom these truths
sublime,
Freedom from famine and grim wars turmoil,
Which truths have traversed since they first
began
The whole wide world, to teach the rights of
man.
Chinese, Italian, Frank and Africa's son,
English, German, Russian and ev'ry one
Of toil, what'er his clime, or race or name,
To this free land has ever equal claim.
These different races merged in one great mass,
Harmonious, as a whole, will rise and pass.
Into the future, as their offspring wed,
One with the other, until all the dead,
Of many nations, who have sought this shore;
Are long forgotten and the name no more
Shall to the man attach, nor be his ban—
He will be known as but American.

(Concluded in Circular No. 12.)

From an Elder Brother in the Spirit
Land, who was a Graduate of Yale
College, New Haven, to his
Younger Brother on
Earth.

(Continued from Circular No. 10.)

(You must wait a moment, I have exhausted
the magnetic sources of this medium too
much.)
The law called the mediumistic law is so
little comprehended, and man is so limited in
his apprehension of truth, and his under-
standing is so perverted, that it would seem
to us, they misinterpret our means, and dis-
trust many of our mediums, so that our best
efforts are converted into chaotic disorder;
and often we yearn over humanity, and try
to dissuade men from yielding themselves ser-
vants of unrighteousness, and to cause a spirit of
love and justice to have its place in the soil
of their spirits, that these principles may
grow, and bear fruits of love and sympathy,
to the destruction of all noxious weeds that
may find root therein.

And, oh! I would warn you to be cautious
how you give way and be led captive by little
sins or errors, for a little seed may be planted,
that will poison the surrounding atmosphere,
to the destruction of all that is beautiful
in the garden of the soul. I speak figuratively,
but when I speak of destruction, I do not
have any reference to that indestructive part
of man—his God-given soul; but it is that
fruit which growth in the soul, that will be
blighted in its fruition of beauty, and it is only
a matter of time; for when the Great Hus-
bandman of the Spirit, the Father Almighty,
shall come with his pruning knife, and cut off
the useless branches, which are deforming the
spirit, then you will put forth new leaves, and
the fruit will be perfected.

But why procrastinate? Why refuse to
taste of the fruit to-day, and wait until some
great and glorious future shall unfold? I
would say, now is the accepted time; now is
the period when the seed time and harvest
may be enjoyed; and he is unwise who re-
fuses to labor to attain unto the fruition of his
spirit at an early moment, and waits until
some great hereafter to enjoy what he can
enjoy now. And I would have you all learn,
that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you,
and you can enjoy spiritually what are the
legitimate fruits of the spirit to-day. You need
not wait till to-morrow. It is only the sloth-
ful who wait, but the willing and obedient eat
of the fruit of the land. They enjoy peace in
its fullness, and they need not fear evil spirits
from without, when they have no affinity for
them within, and the safest way is to keep
the vessel cleansed from all impurities, and
the pure love of the father will flow like liv-
ing waters in this vessel in the invigorating
of the soil of the spirit, on which the deli-
cious fruits would grow; and the world will
acknowledge, that by your fruits ye are
known; for a good tree cannot bring forth
evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth
good fruit. Covet earnestly the best gifts,
and the Infinite Father of thy Spirit will
breathe upon thee life-giving power to the
subjugation of all enemies, and the harmoni-
zation of all thy faculties, and when we meet
again, you will feel grateful to me for bring-
ing this picture to your mind, that no man
can be led captive by any spirit against his
will. But a man is often led willingly cap-
tive, therefore doth he err, not using the
powers God hath given him to choose his
own, but led by another spirit into the by-
ways of life. You must be an individual
self hood ignoring all control that would bear
upon you the spirit of authority, and as you
have perceived in this series of communica-
tions, I have left you to choose for yourself,
and in your God-given judgment, to choose
what was truth, and what was error.

I have endeavored, as far as lay in my
power, to gently lead you on, step by step,
almost imperceptibly to yourself, to receive
great truths, which, had I stated them at the
commencement, would have startled you, and
you would not have received them patiently,
but having sown my seed with a careful

hand, I feel now I am reaping from the soil
of your spirit some glorious fruit, which you
will, when you come to spirit life, be sur-
prised to see had grown on earthly ground,
for you know not of your own progression;
you cannot perceive your own unfoldings.
But I am reminded, in beholding the
growth of your progressed spirit (and in this
I see an answer to your question), that spirits
do control their earthly brethren for good or
for evil.

And now, I am about to dismiss the sub-
ject from further consideration, not from want
of any ideas to continue it at greater length,
but my control over the medium is becoming
painful. It worries her to communicate fur-
ther at this time.

BROOKLYN SPIRITUAL SOCIETY— ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFI- CERS, &c.

Secretary's Report.

Editor of Psychometric Circular:

Our Brooklyn Spiritual Society met in a
strongly representative body in upper Everett
Hall, on Thursday evening, the 6th inst., and
elected officers and an Executive Committee
for the ensuing year. The event was of more
than ordinary interest for the reason that its
honored President, Charles R. Miller, was ex-
pected to insist upon his expressed wish to re-
tire from the position, and the conviction,
generally shared, that his request should at
this time be granted. Mr. Miller's journalistic
plant, the Psychometric CIRCULAR, has grown
under his hands so rapidly, and has opened up
such an important field for his personal serv-
ices in the cause of Spiritualism at large, that
his friends and co-laborers here had come to
see the propriety, aye necessity of allowing him
to retire from the immediate supervision of the
Society's affairs. To secure a successor
who would not remind us too frequently and
too unpleasantly of the loss sustained in
President Miller's retirement, seemed a diffi-
cult task, and the anxiety was not wholly past
until Thursday evening last, when Mr. H. W.
Benedict, Acting Treasurer for the Society,
consented, and was elected its President.

The meeting seemed equally fortunate in its
canvass, for Vice President, Mr. Fred Haslam,
an active worker, consenting to take the po-
sition. And it was, for the best of reasons,
entirely satisfied and pleased with the accept-
ance of Mr. W. H. Johnson, one of the most
earnest, genial and solid men in the ranks,
when that gentleman was voted the choice of
the Society for its Treasurer. Mr. S. W. Rus-
sell was unanimously appointed Secretary.

The dominating sentiment of the meeting
was one which prompted to greater individual
efforts, a more equal and reasonable division
of labor, and under this inspiration the fol-
lowing named members were appointed an
Executive Committee for the ensuing year:
Messrs. J. R. Brown, Prof. A. T. Dean, S. D.
Haines, Jacob David, J. S. Martin, S. D.
Greene, W. J. Beard, R. W. Thompson, C. J.
Warren, David Taylor, B. F. French; and
Capt. Berry, Brown, Haines, P. J. Hussey,
Martin, David, Brett, Furlong and Reeves.
Of this Executive Committee, subdivided
as the actual needs of the Society suggest, and
all and each working with the energy and self-
sacrifice of which the retiring President gives
such notable example, very much is expected.
The meeting deemed it dutiful and proper
to put upon record the feeling so generally en-
tertained for Mr. Miller, and at the request of
Mr. Benedict, Mr. Brown prepared and read
the following:

Resolved, That this meeting—representing the Brook-
lyn Spiritualists' Society—desires to give expression to
the feelings of respect, admiration and regard which
its members cherish for their retiring President, Mr.
Charles R. Miller, who for the past five years has so
ably and faithfully performed the duties of his office,
and with great zeal and fearlessness championed the
cause of Spiritualism in Brooklyn. And we do hereby
unite in tendering to him our thanks for his arduous
labors and uniform courtesy, while we express the hope
and feel the assurance that the Society will continue to
receive his invaluable aid in furtherance of all its im-
portant interests and concerns.

S. W. R., Rec. Sec.

Brooklyn Society, Lyceum and Confer- ence Meetings.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Society have found
a most capable Secretary in the person of Mr.
S. W. Russell. We copy from the *Banner of
Light*, a portion of his report of the Society,
Lyceum and Conference meetings:

On motion it was ordered that the foregoing
resolution be suitably engrossed and presented
to Mr. Miller; also that copies be sent for pub-
lication to the *Banner of Light* and the *PSY-
CHOMETRIC CIRCULAR*.

Saturday Evening Conference—In the ab-
sence of Chairman David, the Conference Sat-
urday evening was presided over by Presi-
dent Benedict, and proved the pleasant and
profitable convocation for which these even-
ings have become so famous locally. Ex-
President Miller made the opening address,
the prelude to a discourse suggested by a
glance backward over five years of continuous
service as President of the Brooklyn Spiritual
Society. Brief and pungent addresses were
made by Dr. Weeks, of New York, Mr. Duff
and Mrs. Dr. Cooley, of Brooklyn, the last
named speaker throwing a whole lap full of
poetical boquets after the form of Mr. Miller
retreating from the President's chair.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—to those
who have a love for children and are happy to
see them coming under influences which in-
spire them with high ideals of life, and
strengthen them for all its arduous struggles,
there is no other place in Brooklyn in which
to pass a pleasant hour on Sunday morning
than in the Progressive Lyceum. Under the
conductors of Mr. Bowen and Mrs. Beck-
with, guardian, the Lyceum in Brooklyn is
becoming a school which every spiritually-
minded parent must find a heart and purpose
to aid as soon as they make themselves thor-
oughly acquainted with it. One very pleas-
ant feature lately introduced in the exercises
are brief exhortations, and reading of attrac-
tive anecdotes by Prof. Dean—one of those
goodly men who "keep their best affections
young," and a worker who throws the strong,
sweet influence of his gentle spirit into every
quarter of our spiritual vineyard without re-
serve. A pic-nic session in Prospect Park is
earnestly talked of for the last Sunday in May.

Mrs. Hyzer's Discourses—The very large
audiences that heard Mrs. Hyzer yesterday
must have been impressed with the thought
that in her recent visit to border-land, when
we were quite uncertain about her return at
all, she gathered up an unusually large num-
ber of pearls to bring back and scatter among
us. Her theme last evening was, "The Gent
Nazarene; His Place in History, and His Re-
lation to Us"—a picture of dazzling beauty,
masterpiece of masterpieces, from the inspired
brain of a priestess who bears, perhaps, the
purest, the brightest flame to our common
alter of Spiritualism.

The Opponents of Psychometry.

Whatever views or scientific discoveries I may present the public, are open to criticism, and I would cheerfully meet all intelligent and gentlemanly discussion of the matters involved. As for that, which is quite ungentlemanly self respect would forbid my making any response. I have a decided objection however, to being editorially assailed and then refused the common justice of being heard in my defense. I must therefore, appeal to the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR, to publish my response to the attack of the Religio Philosophic Journal, as its editor, Mr. Bundy, has refused to permit a reply in his own columns, the reason for which will be sufficiently obvious to the reader of my reply. As the Editor has retained my manuscript, that which I send you from my imperfect draft, may be imperfect, but not essentially different from the rejected article.

The controversy arises from the fact that Mr. Bundy under the mistaken idea, that Spiritualism would be benefitted by totally crushing mediums accused of deception has attempted to crush Mrs. Stewart, of Terre Haute, regardless of the fact that many of the finest materializations ever known have occurred through her agency. As the verity of some of her materializations was sustained by numerous psychometric descriptions, based on pictures of the materialized spirits, Mr. B., has assailed these pictures, assailed Psychometry, and assailed myself in a very coarse manner, without producing a particle of evidence directly bearing on the question. My reply to this attack was retained and suppressed. I therefore send it to the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR, a journal, which practices no such unfairness, and which does not stoop to coarse personalities. The reply is as follows:

PSYCHOMETRY DEFENDED.

To the Editor of the R. P. Journal:

As you have given three columns to a vigorous and satirical attempt to impeach my statements (with about as much courtesy as the "blustering lawyer" shows to an inconvenient witness), I trust you have sufficient self-reliance and confidence in the truth of your position, not to hesitate in giving me a single column, or more to reply to your very ingenious, but not very fair criticism.

Without reciprocating your ridicule (for it seems to be the exclusive privilege of the editorial host to satirize his guests), I would appeal dispassionately to the facts, which you so skillfully involve in a cloud of dust and buffoonery.

You refer to certain fraudulent pictures, especially those palmed upon Mr. Edwards, and detected by that sagacious friend, Mrs. Saxon, as if that matter had any relevancy whatever. I have never defended any fraudulent pictures, or believed in their truth, and although not so merciless in denunciation, I claim to be at least as skillful as yourself in the detection of frauds. It is about thirty years since I brought upon myself some vigorous denunciation by exposing frauds which were eagerly accepted by Spiritualists in Cincinnati, and if I chose I could mention at this time certain flaws of fraud in certain mediumship which, with all your sharpness, you have failed to detect.

But it is not my policy, and it is not in accordance with religious principle, to resist fraud by lashing the mediums, whose very mediumistic constitution renders them liable to error. Mediums should be treated as our children, and protected from misleading influences—shielded from temptation and obsession.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see."

is the language of the "Universal Prayer," and it is a virtuous sentiment, but should not be allowed to interfere with the demands of philanthropic justice—indictive justice should not come into the sphere of Spiritualism; it belongs to the old Church and the old style of thought, which religious spiritualism supercedes. If, then, I am silent in reference to any frauds, it does not prove that I am unconscious of their existence. If I have not endorsed or seen, or mentioned in any way, the fraudulent pictures given to Mr. Edwards, concerning which there was no such testimony as concerning the pictures given to Judge Lawrence, it was surely unfair and unwarranted in you to say that I could have endorsed them. It is the reverse of truth. When the photographic copy of an engraving was issued by Mrs. Stewart as a picture of Jesus, I recognized it as a copy of an engraving among my friends, and not as a picture of a materialization.

In your entire three columns you have merely evaded the question at issue by referring to totally irrelevant facts, by ridiculing Dr. Buchanan, and by giving your gratuitous opinion that he would endorse a fraudulent picture, without the slightest evidence that he has ever done so. Such discussions are not arguments, but coarse personalities.

Your only apparent attempt to meet the question and sustain your accusation that I have endorsed Psychometrically, fraudulent pictures, was in your claim that you "could give the inside history of the pictures of Jesus, and Mary, his mother, and other ancient spirits, but it is unnecessary." That would really have been pertinent, but that you failed to do, and substituted your unfriendly and unwarranted hypothesis that Dr. Buchanan would do something silly if he had the opportunity. Such an evasion is equivalent to a confession that your position is indefensible.

The only picture of Jesus which has been circulated from Terre Haute was a copy of an engraving which was recognized as such by every one whose practical sagacity was not swamped in credulity. There is no inside history to that, for its history is well known.

The imperfect tin-type taken from the spirit form, was a failure, and was never published, for it was almost invisible. That failure was sent to me, and was recognized as a picture from a spirit form. You have no inside history of that. And as to the photograph of Mary, the statuesque picture, I repeat that there is sufficient evidence in the testimony of Judge Lawrence and others, to establish its genuineness in a court of law, which testimony you have not met. If you ever attempt to refute it, I shall be ready to weigh the evidence fairly. At the present time there is no evidence in my knowledge which is sufficient to impeach its genuineness, and I do not believe you have such evidence. I accept your course as a confession that you have not.

Judge Lawrence testifies that he saw the pictures taken; that he placed his hand on the foot of the spirit form; that it is a faithful picture of the spirit form, even to the exact appearance of the tambourine under her

feet, which crackled as she stood upon it. It was still further confirmed by critical examination and comparison with the picture when the spirit subsequently materialized in the same attitude and costume. No further testimony is necessary. But the testimony is superabundant, for other spirits who came at the same seances, including Judge Lawrence's wife, who repeatedly appeared, walked out of the cabinet and talked with her husband, testified, most emphatically, to the genuineness of this materialization of the Madonna, and the truth of her picture.

There is no spiritual picture produced in this country more authentic than this very picture, for recognizing which you assail me with course ridicule, and moreover if there were no evidence from Terre Haute as to its production, its verity is sufficiently established by Psychometry—for on more than fifty different occasions—Psychometers, without seeing or knowing anything of it, have recognized in it the beautiful character and spiritual power of the Mother of Jesus.

The testimony of Psychometry is known to be reliable by all who are sufficiently acquainted with it. If you distrust it, it is simply because, you know so little of it, and prefer to dogmatize without being instructed.

Psychometry has a wider range than the telescope of Galileo, and you are publishing its most marvelous illustrations weekly from the pen of Prof. Denton, without any protest or attempt at ridicule.

Skeptics in the time of Galileo, denied his discoveries, and affirmed that the celestial appearances were an illusion produced in the telescope itself. Skeptics to-day repeat in their ignorance the same kind of charges, but the science advances in its destined course, and all will learn in time, as its students know to-day, that it is the revealer of mundane and super-mundane science and history, in illustrating which truth my able friend Prof. Denton has secured for himself a conspicuous place in the history of American scientific discovery.

Prof. Denton and myself would certainly deserve to be classed among half crazy enthusiasts, if there was the slightest propriety or truth in your reference to Psychometry as a "hobby," a "hybrid," "his nag," "his Rosinante," "a purely subjective creation," a "scrawny, ill-formed, obstinate beast," a "style of slang which you think sufficiently respectable for the columns of a so-called religious and philosophical journal."

I suppose this buffoonery was simply your playful way of letting me know that it was not safe to differ from yourself in a matter of science—however little you may know about it. The laborious cultivators of progressive sciences, may learn from your editorials that when the young American neophyte vaults into the editorial chair, he becomes at once the supreme arbiter of all science and philosophy to whom we must take off our hats or be pelted with odorous epithets.

If Spiritualism is to assume the character of a science, its newspapers should discard all personality, buffoonery and scurrility—treating the subject in the rational and dispassionate manner, common to all truly scientific journals.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

1 LIVINGSTON PLACE, NEW YORK.

P. S.—In addition to the foregoing somewhat personal attack, the R. P. Journal displayed its abundance of misinformation and carelessness of assertion by stating that a professorship of magnetic therapeutics had been established in the United States Medical College of New York, and that this was a wonderful step in advance, as no other medical college had ever done anything like it. This statement I corrected, and the journal published the major part of my communication.

The truth is that the introduction of magnetic therapeutics into medical schools, was accomplished by myself alone against considerable opposition. I taught it in 1846, when we founded the parent school of American Eclecticism at Cincinnati, and have been teaching it as a portion of Anthropology including the Psychometric diagnosis of disease since 1877, in the Eclectic Medical College of New York. The Faculty of the U. S. Medical College as a body are not friendly to spiritualism, and know very little of Magnetic Therapeutics—they have not yet taught anything of that character, and they know nothing of Sarcognomy, which is the scientific basis of Magnetic Therapeutics. If they are willing to be counted nominally in behalf of a cause they have not befriended, it shows the growing popularity of that cause.

Spirit Communications through the Medial Instrumentality of Mr. George Cole.

The three following communications were spoken through the Cole Medium, the first in December last, and the two latter in January following. The Spirit messages were reported by us, as the words were spoken by the medium.

Judge Vanderbilt.

Here is a very tall man, very singular looking. Almost a round face, gray eyes and smooth face. Though young in appearance he has gray hair cut close, and he has a deliberate way of talking; his voice was not sonorous, tended to a female voice. I should think from what I see about the man that he was a lawyer. I see papers, packages, &c. This man has been dead but a few years, but out of business. I see a dead 1850, and another paper 1857—1860—1865—last paper is like a statement dated 1866; this is the last paper that there is.

Now the spirit speaks, he says:

I appear before you this evening for the purpose of revisiting old scenes again. It may lead to my identification in your mind by stating that I was a member of the largest law firm in Brooklyn in its time. One member of the firm became a member of Congress, and minister to Europe, another member of the firm became a Justice of the Court of Appeals. I myself was County Judge, and was said to have been the youngest County Judge ever elected to that position.

In my latter days I was an invalid, and this was brought about by a prostration of the nervous system, and caused by the accumulation of troubles and disappointments. But of course you will understand that I left my enfeebled body with you, and I am here in the pristine vigor of manly health.

Now I would say this, should you need council and advice you have but to think of JOHN VANDERBILT, and I will so impress your mind without the aid of a medium, that you will act right in every respect, and make no legal mistakes whatever. There is one condition necessary, however, and that condition is that you will always think what is best to be done, and, at that period, I will impress your mind, so that you will know what it will be best to do, and that do without fear.

JOHN VANDERBILT.

Louis the 14th.

This is a man of medium height, long curly hair, and crimson velvet breeches, buckled at the knee, gold stripes down each either side. He wears a long crimson velvet coat, with long lapels to pockets trimmed

with gold lace; vest of white material, you may call it white velvet, and it is heavily embroidered with—

He wears shoes with large gold buckles. I see diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and one large red stone name I do not know. He wears a white cloth about his neck, passing through a ring heavily set with diamonds.

As I see this man, I take him to be about 50 years old; he has dark eyes and hair; long curly hair, very heavy sealed ring on forefinger of left hand—on that ring is a picture of a lily. An intelligent face not large; not a high forehead, but somewhat broad—broad for the rest of the face. Under his left arm he has a three-cornered hat, having gold all around.

He will speak in the first person:

I am Louis 14th, of France, who was known during lifetime as Louis the Great, named so, not so much for military achievements as for the prosperous and happy condition to which I brought the French people during my memorable reign. I would not have you suppose from this, that I have come here this evening to sound my own praise, but I have made the statement simply to establish my identity. I, of course, take no praise to myself in those regards, but was simply the creature of circumstances, over which I had no earthly control.

Now for the matter in hand. During my life time, there was a prisoner of state confined in the shadow of death, and it was said that his only fault was his strong resemblance to myself. It has been asserted that this prisoner was my own brother, and on this point historians have differed. Now, my very good friend, since your interesting journal is to have a circulation among the descendants of the people I have ruled, I would, through you, once for all, set this matter at rest. The person confined, as above stated, was not only not a brother, but not even a Frenchman. He was an Italian by birth, and belonged to a society of regicides, who held their meetings at Florence, Italy. This party of the Iron Mask (for I may as well name it so now, in order that the minds of your readers may be made familiar with his character) was apprehended in Paris, in the act of plotting the destruction of my life. He was immediately conveyed to the prison heretofore named, and which was our prison of state, and there an iron mask was placed on him, so that visitors would not see the features of one, who endeavored to deprive them of a man, that they not only revered as a sovereign, but loved as a friend. I think I can safely say this, for I have frequently mingled with the people of France, have been recognized by them, have equalized ourselves together, and enjoyed each other's society to the fullest extent.

It has, also, been said that my court was a corrupt one, but, my best friends do not forget that my court drew the treasures of the past, through the Dark Ages fostered them, encouraged my people to familiarize themselves with them; and really recommended the arts, the sciences, the literature, and, in fact, all those harmonizing influences and elements, which go to constitute a polite and refined people—recommended at a point where they ceased at the fall of the Roman Empire.

It was my especial injunction to men of learning around me, particularly the priests under the direction of my cardinal, to disseminate among all classes of people, the knowledge we drew from the past. I say all of this, not merely because it is a matter of fact, but in vindication of the court that has been falsely named by historians, the "Corrupt Court of Louis the Great."

A few words more, and I have done. Continue in your work of bringing the truths of Spiritualism before the public, and particularly before the masses, and you will succeed beyond anything you may be able to conceive of. And for this reason, that people would rather believe that their friends, who have gone before are not burning in unquenchable fire, that they will not be subjected to eternal torture, but on the contrary, when life's work is done, and the pangs of death strike down the mortal frame, they will then meet on this beautiful shore, the loved ones who stand ready to greet them. On this shore there is no night, the very ether in which we exist is luminous and appears a part of ourselves, so that our joys on this shore blend as it were with all the surroundings.

[Something more was said, but our manuscript is blurred and obscure, and we omit a lengthy paragraph.]—Ep.

I will now bid you a very good evening.

LOUIS.

Napoleon III.

Now we have a party here who is about five feet eight inches in height. Brown hair, cut close, heavy brown mustache, comes out straight as if waxed; grey eyes, and prominent Roman nose. High forehead, oblong face, and has a long body, and limbs—rather short for the body. He wears a blue frock-coat, with a red and gold collar. He has on his left breast something like a Maltese cross, in a ——— and ribbons, and the cross is all set with very fine jewels—diamonds.

He wears red pantaloons, gold cord on the side; carries in his left hand a red cap, with straight peak, and the crown of the cap is small in proportion to the rim. Very dressy looking cap. He wears white kid gloves.

This man is both a soldier and statesman, but more of a statesman than soldier, by reason of his having no sword. He carries a roll of paper in his hand. The heading of this paper is ITALY. He will explain it in his

COMMUNICATION.

The paper that I hold in my hand refers to Italy, that is to say: The people and policy by which I won the battle of Solferino remains to-day as it was twenty years ago. I wish to say by this, that I was the cause of the destruction of the power of the Pope Pius IX. This is all that I wish to say in French for the present. I would like better to communicate in English, because you can better understand me. (The preceding paragraph was spoken first in the French language and then repeated in English.) C. R. M.

To set all doubt at rest, I am Napoleon III, and my purpose here this evening is to add my testimony to that of the many who have preceded me. In our family, (both in earth-life and spirit-land) what you term Spiritualism is not only believed in, but fostered and nurtured. If you will consult the history of my life, you will find that, during my confinement at Hamme, I made utterances, which procured me the reputation of being insane. I was found, on several occasions to hold converse with people unseen by jailors. At first this led to the belief that I was in correspondence with outside conspirators, who made their way there, in some manner unknown to the keeper of the prison. This had the effect of having a watch on me that I knew nothing of, and, in course of time, it became spread over Europe, that, through confinement I had lost my mind, and was talking to myself in a manner that those in watch upon me could not understand.

Who think you, these were? Do you imagine that he who afterward became Emperor of the French, could so far have lost his mind, as to talk only for the sake of hearing his own voice? No, my good friends, one of these with whom I spoke was my uncle, Napoleon I. There were others, and many others, but one name is sufficient. It was through his council, and direction that I obtained my

liberty, and followed a line of policy, which seated me on the throne of an Empire unequalled in modern times. Our family did name this "destiny." You term it "spirit influence."

One more thought and I have done. I was told during life by a gypsy in Bois de Boulogne while riding there with my family, that my son, who sat beside me, would never live to rule France. On the following day I sent out couriers, and, with the rest of her band, they were captured and brought to the Palace of the Tuileries. In questioning the woman upon the prophecy she made, and which caused me great anxiety, she told me, her information came from spirits of another world. This, I did not fully believe at the time, but my son who is now with me, testifies to the accuracy of the statement.

I give you these statements of facts to encourage you in your noble work, and with every hope for your happiness and success, I bid you adieu!

NAPOLEON III.

THE DOUBLE.

Communications Called Out by Dr. Cooper's Article.

BROTHER MILLER:

I send this experiment and experience of mine to comply with the request made in a communication in CIRCULAR No. 10, from James Cooper, M. D., Bellefontaine, Ohio., in which he says:

I am in hopes to call out similar experiences now on the subject, "Can, or does the Spirit ever leave the body," under discussion.

About four years ago, Spiritual meetings were held regularly on Sundays, in Eagle Hall, Boston, and were participated in by several mediums, they giving tests from the platform, conspicuous among them was Mrs. M. J. Folsom, who clairvoyantly saw me in Eagle Hall, gave a minute description of me and my name. At that time, I was in Somerville, two miles and more away, sitting in the Universalist Church. I will simply state the facts as they occurred.

Previous to this, much had been said in the papers about J. Frank Baxter, somewhere in N. H., if I remember rightly; in giving tests from the platform he had given a description of a colored man and his name, that afterward proved to be in the form, much was said about fraud, &c.

I thought to myself, isn't it possible for persons in the form, under proper conditions, to make themselves seen at a distance from the body, at least by a clairvoyant?

I determined to test the matter when a favorable opportunity presented itself.

I was in the habit of attending the meetings in Eagle Hall, with a lady friend at the time I refer to.

On this particular Sunday, I left her and said, I will go to Somerville and see some friends; she went to Eagle Hall, as usual.

On my way to Somerville, I met a friend, she asked me to go to church with her, I went, took a seat in the body of the house, while she took a seat with the choir. While the choir were singing, I looked up at the clock and saw it was fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock.

This thought came to me: this is just about the time Mrs. Folsom is giving tests in Eagle Hall. I then thought I will try and go to Eagle Hall and see if I can be recognized by her. The music was sweet, and on it I seemed to float out, and for a time I was unconscious of anything in or about the church; when the music ceased I came to myself again. I got interested in the sermon and thought no more about it; after services were over, I returned to the city, and on my way up Washington street, I met the friend I had left about three hours before, and she says, are you alive? Yes, why not. I was badly frightened in the hall when Mrs. Folsom was giving tests. She said "there is a man standing here, then she gave a minute description of you. He says his name is Frank Howard, I thought some accident had befallen you, and you had passed over."

I was coming to see if I could learn of you, now this experiment made it satisfactory to my mind, that individuals can, under certain conditions, will themselves into the presence of others at a distance from the body.

I am glad this questions has been brought before the public; it is one I am deeply interested in, and hope it will not be allowed to rest until it has been thoroughly discussed.

FRANK HOWARD.

Salado, Bell Co. Texas.

SPENCER, MASS., May 8th, 1881.

BROTHER MILLER:

I have just read Dr. James Cooper's communication to your CIRCULAR respecting what is called the Double. And as he is hoping that it may call out similar experiences, I thought I would send to you one of mine.

THE DOUBLE.

In the year of 1864, I was living in the town of Brookfield, Worcester County, Mass., and as in the case of Dr. Cooper, I was in bed asleep at the time; sometime in the night I was out of my earthly body, I saw my body on the bed, and at the same time, my spirit was standing at the foot of my earthly body looking at it. But the real me was a spirit outside of my earthly frame. I saw it laying on the bed, and I was conscious outside of it. As I was thinking of it, I saw my spirit sister who past over the river when she was twelve years and six months old; she was dressed in pure white, she was at the time on the outside of the house, and motioned to me to come to her. As I did so, she went to my mother's bed, and with her right hand gave three raps on the bed. It was not long after this that my mother was taken sick and came very near passing over, but she is on this side to-day.

I would say that I was born a medium, for I saw and heard strange things before the Rochester manifestations, and, therefore, have been a spiritualist all my life.

Fraternally yours,

AMASA HARRINGTON.

I do love the CIRCULAR.

AMSDEN, WINDSOR, CO., VERMONT, }
May 6th, 1881. }

BROTHER MILLER:

The CIRCULAR came to hand freighted with a whole cargo of good things. No truer words were spoken than the utterance of Mrs. Hyzer. Psychometry is the highest known force. I was much, very much interested in the article by Dr. James Cooper, on "The Double," as I had an experience of that kind, last night.

I received a letter from Maine saying, "dear friend, don't let the CIRCULAR go to the press without an article from your pen, as we know the incidents you speak of are not woven from fancy."

I think were it not for such and a strong impelling power and that I love to write, I should never give an article to the public. The suggestions by Warren Boynton's guides "Give plenty of room to rabid dogs," is worthy of notice.

Respectfully,
MRS. S. A. JESMER.

The Influence of Spirit Control upon the Daily Life of Mediums.

[A Spirit Communication written for the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR through the medial instrumentality of Mrs. V. J. Dillon.]

It is scarcely possible for one subject to the control of a highly developed order of spirit intelligences to live, other than a conscientious and earnest life. So attractive must become the sphere of thought, so beautiful the guiding love and watchfulness of the guardian band, that both lives must become interblended as it were, the one giving of its bounty, the other seeking for that, which companionship with the good must make a necessity of its existence.

Do we not find in earth life the blending of this same companionship, the emulating of good and elevating thoughts, the quick and ready response to those aspirations we find in our intercourse with those who lead us by their superior and elevating influence? How we strive to reach up to their altitude of thought and life. Oh! this boon of love, this privilege that brings us within the pale of God's divinity, this it is that shows us we are a part of his great soulful being, his measureless benevolence.

Small and cramped must be the soul that finds not happiness in sympathy with either brother or sister, in their struggle to reach up higher, to aim at goodness, and not be content, unless that highest pinnacle be attained.

We often pause in our life work of impressing our thoughts upon those susceptible to this form of influence, and dwell with loving tenderness upon the struggling spirit, seeking to emancipate itself, that it may soar with us to those realms of which we can say so much.

Poor tired humanity, beating against the bars of its prison house, some gilded with the false glitter of artificial life, others sodden and cold, dark with the gloom of error, yet all dear to us as well as to the Great and Holy Father of all men.

We pity, we fain would break the fetters, and let all soar beyond into infinitude, but the power is not ours. The wish to do, the heartfelt endeavor to relieve humanity is alone ours; farther than that, we have no power, and must abide with patience and unswerving endeavor, until in His own time, the fetters are broken, and the spirit, like the free bird, takes it course up and beyond, away from all that held it back. So do we stand with love and patience, by the side of those through whom we wish to give words of truth, that may benefit all to whom they come. So do we come in nearness to sister or brother, whom we see able and willing to aid us in the performance of this good and noble work.

There are many who possess the gift of spirit utterances; there are many who possess the gift of spirit impression, and to all such, we say, neglect not your gifts, but pray to the Father that they may grow and expand, that you may become strong in your gift, bringing enlightenment where it is needed, thus making your own lives brighter, your own faith stronger, your life-work more complete. None can be the companion of angels, without becoming like them in endeavor, in aspiration, in self-immolation.

Why was it the gentle Nazarene never faltered; why was it he was able to give utterance to the beautiful and ennobling truths he did; because he was led by a band of strong and highly developed spirit influence who never left him; ever at his side they sustained, and by their power was he led, and in his martyrdom they stood beside him, giving him the power to bear all the suffering of his death upon the cross. Think of this, my sisters and brothers; never let your courage fail; never let your spirit falter, be steadfast and true, with unwavering faith in your spirit guides, tread the path of martyrdom, if needs be, that you may reach those heights where your greeting will be "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

February 13th, 1881.

MRS. V. J. DILLON.

THE CIRCULAR WELCOMED IN CALIFORNIA.

COLUMBIA, CAL., May 11th, 1881.

MR. C. R. MILLER:

Dear Friend.—I inclose one dollar, &c. I very much wish I had some extra back copies of CIRCULAR to send to persons who are mediums for the Ancient Spirits. I don't think you fully understand the importance of the work you are doing with your paper. I intend to take the ART CIRCULAR (Gallery of Spirit Art). I have long been told of the time coming, and I know you are opening the most important door—your paper will soon be taken by those who have taken the —, and that paper will seem like milk and water to a multitude, who have grown up to understand your paper, and that science of all sciences, Psychometry.

There has been given to me a constitution for a Group Home. It seems to be wise, and I am told that the first Group Home will be established in Los Angeles County, California. I do wish you would subject this writing to Mrs. Decker, and see what Psychometry says to it.

Kindly and Truly Yours,

ELIZA JANE HALL.

Condemnation of Restrictive and Hostile Legislation Against Healing Mediums.

At the annual meeting of the Electric Medical Society of the State of New York, recently held at the State Capital, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Electric Medical Society of the State of New York, deprecates and disavows the legislation and attempts in this and other States to procure enactments to regulate the practice of medicine as partial and one-sided in purpose, opposed to the spirit and letter of the Federal Constitution, anti-republican in principle, without any warrant whatever in any public necessity beyond the gratification of a medical faction, and as degrading the art and practice of healing from a laudable and scientific profession to the low level of a trade union combination.

The advocates of restrictive and persecuting legislation, against our healing mediums, is sternly rebuked by this action of the Electric Medical Society of the State of New York. The Electric Medical Society embraces many of the most learned and skillful physicians (of all schools of practice) in the State. They declare that this restrictive legislation is unconstitutional, anti-republican, and degrading to the medical profession. All honor to the ELECTRICISTS for their timely warning against the efforts of the Old School doctors to make a monopoly of medical practice, by discriminating legislation, against their more successful competitors and rivals.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., MAY 15, 1881.

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CHAS. R. MILLER,.....EDITOR.

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The three first columns of editorial matter on this page, were prepared for CIRCULAR No. 10, but were unavoidably excluded from that issue to make room for the Anniversary Exercises of the Brooklyn Spiritual Society.

Psychometry and the Harmonial Philosophers.

The Harmonial Philosophy is a distinct school of thought, which has grown up with Spiritualism attaching itself so firmly to it that many of its disciples have regarded it as the outgrowth or ultimate, to which the Spiritual Phenomena was to be held in subordination. So enamored was Mr. A. J. Davis with the idea of subordinating Spiritualism to the Harmonial Philosophy, or rather so dominating was his conviction that limitations should be placed on Spirit Manifestation, that, some three or four years since, he came out as the champion of the Harmonial Philosophy as a distinct school of thought, which its advocate and author regarded as so much superior to Spiritualism that a "new departure"—a secession from the Spiritual ranks—was deemed necessary, that the former by contrast, and independent association, might compete with, and supercede the latter.

Contemporary, or nearly so, with Mr. Davis' "New Departure" movement, Psychometry obtruded itself upon public attention, making most important, and most unequivocal declarations in favor of the genuineness of certain spirit manifestations, (which the Harmonial Philosophers had discredited,) and pronouncing against Mr. Davis' theories of limitations upon spirit manifestations. This was conspicuously the case in reference to the psychometric "readings" which we had caused to be published, completely vindicating the Terre Haute mediums—Mrs. Stewart and Miss Morgan—and the Philadelphia medium, Alfred James.

Mr. Davis' answer to the complete vindication, which Psychometry gave to these mediums, was that it was "Diabolical Spiritualism." Though there was neither truth or relevancy in the Davis' answer, yet as Psychometry (through a dozen of its best instruments) antagonized the theories of the Harmonial Philosophers, assailed them in the very citadel of their power—*anti-phenomenalism*—they were bound to make the best possible defence. Mr. D. being a ready and experienced controversialist, we do him the credit of believing that his "Diabolical Spiritualism," argument irrelevant, and inconsequential as it was, was the very best answer that he could give, or that the case admitted of.

Not only in the special cases named—Mrs. Stewart, Miss Morgan and Mr. James—did Psychometry vindicate the mediums, and rebuke their assailants, but the important disclosures that are coming through the psychometric interpretation of spirit-writing, antagonizes—cut up root and branch—the antiphenomenal theories of the Harmonial Philosophers, leaving Spiritualism not only unharmed, but rather strengthened than weakened, by Mr. Davis' "New Departure" or secession movement.

The Circular's Relations to and with its Correspondents.

All communications that may appear in CIRCULAR, with the signatures of the writers, they alone are responsible for. As a journalist, no less than as a man, we hold ourselves bound by a paramount obligation to the cause of Truth, and, as Truth is many sided, and can only live in the atmosphere of free and fearless inquiry, we shall, on all questions of public concern, give place and a hearing, not only to affirmation, but to negation; not only to assertion and assent, but to questioning and dissent.

THE MIND AND MATTER SCHOOL OF THOUGHT—ITS SELF IMPOSED LIMITATIONS.

(A State of Belligerency, as declared by Gen. Roberts between Mind and Matter and Circular.)

The climax of discontent with the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR on the part of our Philadelphia contemporary, seems to have been reached, for in its issue of April 9th, Gen. Roberts assumes that "an issue is unavoidable." Speaking of us, *Mind and Matter* says: "It is no pleasant thing to have to speak harshly or unkindly of one who we would so much, like to honor and respect, but duty, and not desire is the order of the day to us." Well Bro. Roberts, we don't insist upon your speaking "harshly" or "unkindly" of us, nor, on the other hand, do we object to your doing so, if a sense of duty, or a sense of anything else, leads you in that direction.

What think our readers, is the CIRCULAR's latest offence against the "peace and dignity" of *Mind and Matter*? We are not accused of using harsh or unkind language—we have never robbed a hen roost—we are always careful not to step on other peoples toes—what then is our offense, in consequence of which Gen. Roberts declares that a state of belligerency exists between *Mind and Matter* and CIRCULAR? We will allow Gen. R. to state his own grievances:

"We cannot overlook the prominence which he gives in his last issue of the *Circular*, to the slanderous misrepresentations of Mrs. Cora A. Syme, in relation to herself and Mr. Alfred James. Under the pretence that she was competent to explain the phenomena of spirit materialization, Mrs. Syme has joined Mr. Miller, Wm. R. Tice and Col. John C. Bundy, in seeking to destroy the usefulness of Mr. James as a medium, and ourselves as the editor of a Spiritual journal."

We doubt whether, in a single paragraph, the qualities of audacity, impertinence and assumption, ever made a more conspicuous or more discreditable display of themselves. "We cannot," says his high mightiness, "overlook the prominence which he gives in his last issue of the *Circular*" to a communication from Mrs. Cora A. Syme. In other words, Gen. Roberts assumes the prerogatives and the editorial censorship and management of the CIRCULAR as well as his own paper. Stand on your own ground, Gen. Roberts, and we shall never interfere with your rights as an independent editor, nor will we allow you to interfere with ours.

Verily "On what meat does this, our Caesar feed," that he dare come between us and our correspondents, dictating the exclusion of this or that communication? So far as the Syme communication is concerned, and our unpardonable offence in publishing the same our readers know that it was a candid and intelligent discussion of purely public matters, only referring to individuals as they were related to the topics of public concern that the writer was discussing.

Mind and Matter accuses our Philadelphia correspondent of writing "under the pretence that she was competent to explain the phenomena of spirit materialization." It is unnecessary for us to say to those who have read Mrs. Syme's communication, which appeared in CIRCULAR, No. 9, that there is nothing in it to warrant the mean insinuation that our correspondent is a pretender, or that she is assuming a competency she does not possess in writing on the subject of "Spirit Materialization." Neither in the communication in question, or in any of Mrs. Syme's writings, have we seen any evidence that this brilliant and able writer belongs to that school of controversialists (of which *Mind and Matter* is the most conspicuous representative), the chief distinctions of which are their sublime disregard of facts—their dogmatic and assumptive tone towards opponents, and their reckless disregard of the rights of those entertaining opposing views. As to Mrs. Syme's right to speak, on the subject of materialization, without first asking Gen. Roberts' permission, and whether or not she is "competent to explain the phenomena of spirit materialization," the public will soon have the opportunity to judge, as a most important article from her pen will appear in CIRCULAR, No. 11, on the subject of "Alfred James' Mediumship, and the Materializing Phenomena as related to that Medium."

In giving a place in the CIRCULAR to Mrs. Syme's communication, we acted as all independent and honest editors should act. Our motto is FREE SPEECH AND A FREE PRESS. We will allow both sides, and all sides, of every contested question to be discussed in our columns; and we will allow no man—not even the belligerent editor of *Mind and Matter*—to dictate to us what topics shall be discussed. All that we demand of our correspondents is, that they shall bring to the discussion of the topics about which they write, a good degree of intelligence, and that they shall not transcend the courtesies of debate.

Our Philadelphia contemporary knows, as well as we do, that correspondents who write under their own signatures, are alone responsible for their communications; and only by those who recognise the editorial position to be that of a petty dictatorship, will the editor be held responsible for the views of his correspondents.

Gen. Roberts' statement that we have joined Mrs. Syme, or any one else, "in seeking to destroy the usefulness of Mr. James as a medium and ourselves as the Editor of a Spiritual journal," would be too ludicrous for comment, were it not for the persistent and reckless perversions of truth, which accompany the statement.

Having many purposes in common with *Mind and Matter*, and desiring "to live in peace with all men, especially those of the household of faith," we wrote an article, designed for the March number of the CIRCULAR, under the heading which we retain for

this article, deprecating the controversy, especially the personal phases of it, to which the warrior editor of *Mind and Matter* is, on frequent occasions, inviting us. Since, however, the appearance of the article of April 9th, we have somewhat changed our views of the proper relations between the CIRCULAR, and its assailant and traducer. Through correspondents in different portions of the country we are informed that *Mind and Matter's* persistent misrepresentations of the CIRCULAR and its position, are creating wrong and injurious impressions, which, we now see, that justice to the cause we advocate, no less than our own self-respect, demand that we should correct.

We, therefore, recognize the fact that a state of belligerency exists, by the act of the editor of *Mind and Matter*, between that journal and the CIRCULAR. We, also, give notice that we claim for ourselves, and will concede to our opponent belligerent rights, which are well summarized in the declaration: "ENEMIES IN WAR, IN PEACE FRIENDS."

Psychometrization of the Manuscript Copy of the Prospect Park Poem.

We have never known Psychometry to fail, when its powers were tested, by and through a superior Psychometrist.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. E. Mills (431 Graham Avenue), before the Phoenix Hall Conference, and in the presence of a large audience, psychometrized the manuscript copy (folded so that no writing could be seen) of the PROSPECT PARK POEM, written by the Cole medium.

Mrs. Mill's Psychometrization of the Prospect Park Poem.

"Oh! how deep in thought I go. What depth of thought? I am to have a scene. This was given by a spirit through a mortal. So many spirits are gathered around this. I don't know why, but I feel a diffidence. Now I have presented to my view such beautiful scenery, a group of islands, mountains, hills. I see a stream of water; hills and valleys, they are so beautiful."

"This comes to this sphere through a medium. There are four distinct nationalities. I cannot interpret the language. It has been repeated in the English through the medium. Oh! with what force I am swayed? That is all I get."

Nothing could be more accurate than this "reading" of Mrs. Mills. The diversified surface and scenery of Prospect Park is admirably described by "hills, mountains, valleys, islands and streams of water." The spiritual source of the poem is recognized and stated. The language, which Mrs. Mills "could not interpret" is the Latin, which, as she truly states, "has been repeated in the English through the medium."

Spiritualists, to the Rescue.

We have just received the following telegraphic announcement to the New York Herald from England:

"LONDON, April 12, 1881.

"The jury in the case of Mrs. Susan Willis Fletcher, the pretended Spiritualist, after being absent an hour and a half, returned with a verdict of guilty. The judge sentenced Mrs. Fletcher to twelve months imprisonment, with hard labor."

Our feelings do not admit of expression in words at this damnable outrage on justice, law and common sense. It would not have been possible, even among the most savage and barbarous pagans. Yet, in London, the metropolis of Christian civilization, there are judges and juries who are so lost to all sense of honest manhood, as to become the persecutors of an innocent and unoffending woman, upon the testimony of such depraved cattle as were used by the prosecution as witnesses against her. That conviction is no dishonor to Mrs. Fletcher, but it is dishonor to the British nation that nothing but the prompt release of this noble, fearless and faithful medium can wipe out. Let Spiritualists everywhere send to us for blank petitions to Queen Victoria, to be circulated and signed by all lovers of justice, protesting against the persecution of Mrs. Fletcher, and asking for her full and unequalled release. Let no time be lost; act at once.—*Mind and Matter*.

We are wholly in accord with *Mind and Matter* in its demands for justice for Mrs. Fletcher, now under sentence of "twelve months imprisonment, with hard labor," for no other offence than the exercise of her mediomistic gifts. And, while the British Executive, is being appealed to, for the reversal of this iniquitous sentence against Mrs. Fletcher, let the President of the United States be petitioned, asking that through our minister in London the inquiry be set on foot to ascertain the extent to which the rights of American citizens, temporarily residing in Great Britain, are imperiled by Mrs. Fletcher's imprisonment.

The treatment of Dr. Slade, some three or four years ago by the British authorities, followed up, as it now is by a similar, though somewhat more aggravated outrage upon Mrs. Fletcher, demands, on the part of Spiritualists a vigilant watchfulness and oversight for the protection of all, who, like Mrs. Fletcher, are assailed and persecuted for the exercise of their natural, inalienable and God-given rights.

The Junction of Three Forces—Spiritualistic Advance.

So important are the Anniversary Proceedings of the BROOKLYN SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, that, not only do we surrender to them the requisite space in our regular edition, No. 10; but, for local distribution, we have issued an EXTRA.

Though the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR was called into existence for a specific purpose, we shall not overlook or ignore our obligations to the cause of Spiritualism, as that cause is represented by the Spiritual Societies of this and neighboring cities.

The Spiritualistic advance, resulting from an aroused, and a more enlightened public opinion, (and now foreshadowed and inevitable), can only be sustained by the junction of the three forces, Mediumship and the Spirit Circle, the Press and the Rostrum. How grandly these forces have met and blended, will be seen and realized by all who read the Brooklyn Society's Thirty-third Anniversary Celebration.

What I Would Do.

[The following article from the pen of WARREN BOYNTON (written under spirit control) appeared in CIRCULAR No. 9, but by especial request of a correspondent who wishes to have Bro. Boynton's article accompany another article in No. 11, we cheerfully respond to our correspondents request to reproduce "WHAT I WOULD DO." More and more are we becoming impressed, with the reliability and importance of WARREN BOYNTON'S communications.]—Ed.

I would uncap the fountain of being in human hearts, making the sources of God-life visible. Where now are only jets and small streams of divine love, I would with the mantle of faith, a potential power, break the hitherto obdurate rock, and let the full fountain of sweet waters flow to the satisfying of every ardent longing thirsty souls. The cords of superstition that have hitherto held humanity from the full freedom of their God-given rights, I would snap asunder, and emancipate every soul. The beautiful and lovely countenance of the Goddess of Hope should be changed to the full fruition of positive realities. Immortality, with all its possibilities, should become the motor to all spiritual advancement, with all mortal and immortal entities. I would hold the entering wedge, and apply ponderous blows to the rending and separation of the soul from all ties ecclesiastical, that have ever been formulated, and bound upon the free soul of mankind; and leave the soul to assume and have its God given freedom. I would weave divine threads in the warp of every life, that shall present images of Father God—in Mother Nature—reflecting the divine linaments of God-hood in every spiritual being.

That mankind may discover their origin and ultimate, and be charmed into a higher and holier manhood, I would apply a compound lever, to the errors and inconsistencies of humanity, that shall raise the bed rock and jostle the foundations of all error, producing an everlasting overthrow of all perversions of truth, and idiosyncracies of human character, bringing the best, and most useful, uppermost. I would sever every charm that bind the conscience of mankind, and melt its every link, that their mind may be put to useful service of humanity. I would break every galling yoke from off the necks of the toilers of earth, and use its substance to warm and lighten dark, shivering, oppressed human souls. I would render a thing of the past, a horrid dream; the inquisition, an utter desolation, render harmless every Autodafe, and burn every rack, or implement of torture that diabolical superstitious ignorance ever invented. I would release every woman from sensual and legal bondage; open wide the door of human rights, placing her in every respect upon the same platform and footing as man. I would open the Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdoms of Earth to all mankind; so that the warm golden light of love should illuminate every soul. I would brush away all the cobwebs of doubts arising from previous erroneous calculation, from every orb of seeing, that they may behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon and among the sons and daughters of men. I would build a fire upon every hilltop, and in every vale, that shall lighten and warm into a higher life and holier love, every human soul. I would cause the white celestial dome of purity to hover over, and soothe its love notes in every ear. I would glean every field of past harvests, and prepare every grain, for the nourishment of hungry souls. That they that do hunger for righteousness, shall be filled with a satisfying portion forever.

WARREN BOYNTON

A Friendly Voice from the Mountains of East Tennessee.

We gladly give place and prominence to portions of a letter recently written by Mr W. S. Sizer. Mr. S. is extensively engaged in business pursuits in East Tennessee, and is an old and valued friend of ours. Thirty years (and more) ago, young Sizer, then a young man, not out of his teens, was an acquaintance and neighbor of ours at Toledo, Ohio, when we were the editor of the *Republican and Commercial*—the former, the name of our weekly, and the latter of our daily. On many occasions, were we indebted to young Sizer for market and commercial reports. Our papers—the *Toledo Republican*, and the *Daily Commercial*—had their circulation mainly in Northwestern Ohio, Southern Michigan, and Northern Indiana; and there are doubtless some—we hope ere long there may be many—among our former patrons and friends, who will renew the pleasant relations that formerly existed between us.

Mr. Sizer says: "I am doing all I can for your CIRCULAR, and hope that I have been able to send you some subscribers—have sent every copy I have received to one and another whom I thought would be interested in reading. It will be unnecessary for me to tell you that I am very much pleased with the CIRCULAR, and shall be glad to pay the additional price for a semi-monthly paper. * * *

"I have not written half what I wanted to, as just after I commenced this, I was called away to the mines, where our foreman was instantly killed by the fall of a rock. This has so unsettled me that I cannot write as I want to. I want to say that everyone should read the address of Scipio Africanus, for although, if any one doubts the origin of the communication, they cannot but own to the vital truths it contains."

Spirit Art.

There is no aspect of Spiritualism so discreditable to Spiritualists, as their strange neglect of Spirit Art, and the inadequate encouragement that has been extended to Spirit Artists. Despite all obstacles, the Spirit world is developing new mediums for these peerless and triumphant manifestations of spirit power. On this subject, we have important information to submit to the public, which we are reserving for our forthcoming *Gallery of Spirit Art*.

GRAND MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER—THE MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA.

William Eglinton.

To the Editor of the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR:

On the evening of Tuesday, April 19th, a circle was formed at the residence of Mr. C. D. Lakey, for a seance with Mr. W. Eglinton. The circle consisted of ten persons, including the undersigned, who sat around a large dining table, with hands joined upon the table, upon which had been placed two quite large and heavy musical boxes, and a small zither. After a short time had elapsed, the medium requested Mr. Lakey to write on a piece of paper the name of any person with whom he desired to communicate. Then taking off his coat, and baring both arms, he asked Mr. L. on which arm he desired the name to appear; and this being indicated, he ignited the paper and allowed it to burn away. Then taking the charred remains, he compressed them for a few seconds in both hands, and rubbed them upon his left arm, from which soon appeared in a plain, bold hand: "I am here, Carl." The name which Mr. Lakey had written was "Carl Lakey," being that of a brother quite recently deceased; and the above writing, so singularly executed, not only resembled the hand-writing of the deceased, but appeared on the arm selected by Mr. L., and upon the precise spot which he had mentally dictated.

The gas was then turned off, leaving the circle in total darkness; and in a few minutes voices were heard, apparently from different persons, as was indicated by the tones and other characteristics. Greetings and remarks were made to the circle, and then the music boxes were wound up by invisible hands, with considerable force, and commenced to play, sometimes singly, sometimes together; and what was most remarkable, they played as requested by the sitters, and stopped as directed, although it was afterwards found impossible to stop the playing of one of the boxes, the check having been broken. These heavy boxes were moved about the table with almost alarming force, and one of them was carried away from the table and returned; while the zither was borne about in the air, and all the time played upon by unseen fingers.

These interesting phenomena had scarcely ceased, when Mr. Eglinton was lifted up bodily, and as it seemed, horizontally, above the table, by the power of the invisibles; seeming to be carried to the ceiling, as the gentleman who sat next to him, in order to retain hold of his hand, was obliged to mount the table, and even then could scarcely do so; while some of the sitters, at the other side of the table, felt Mr. E.'s feet and legs as he was borne up. After this remarkable levitation, the medium was let down rapidly but gently.

This was followed by an exhibition of spirit lights, and by the voices, through which we were promised materialization, while the medium remained in the circle. The variety in the voices was very marked, indicating decided differences of personality. The lights continued, until from one of them there emerged a striking male figure, draped in white, and bearing in his two hands, which were clasped in front, a peculiarly brilliant light, from which was thrown upon his face and part of the form, a phosphorescent glare, rendering the features quite distinct, as it moved toward different parts of the circle, rising and sinking, at times fading into darkness, and then bursting forth again with great distinctness. The figure was apparently that of an Arab, with swarthy face and black beard, and head-dress of white drapery. At one time it rose almost to the ceiling, its robes trailing on the table, and then sank, seeming to pass through the table.

This was followed by another figure, that of a female, carrying in the same manner, as if for illumination, a brilliant cross. Both these figures presented a phantasmal appearance, although they suggested, in the distinctness of their outlines, a substantial reality. The phenomenon was most interesting and beautiful. The medium appeared during the whole time to be in a condition of complete trance, as we could hear his heavy breathing. The circle was then addressed by the direct voice, as follows: "We do not wish to exhaust our medium; and, therefore, we shall be obliged to say to you, good-night! We trust you realize the purpose of these manifestations. We come to show you that we still live, and to lift you up from your world to ours. Good-night; and God bless you all!"

On the two succeeding evenings, the same circle had sittings with Mr. Eglinton, and were favored with many most excellent test manifestations—both physical and mental—all serving to show conclusively the genuineness and strength of Mr. E.'s mediumship. Certainly, for direct writing, levitation, and the peculiar phase of materialization, I have above described, his wonderful gifts as a medium are unquestionably superior, and deserve careful attention.

No candid mind that observed the phenomena closely, and reasoned upon them candidly and rationally, could escape a conviction of their supra-human origin, and of the fact that they emanated from intelligencies possessing power, benevolence, and a most earnest purpose in the labors they are performing.

New York, April 20th, 1881.

HENRY KIDDLE.

Spirit Communications.

We desire the CIRCULAR's readers to understand that we bear the same relations to all Spirit communications that have appeared, (and that may hereafter, from time to time, appear,) that we do to communications from mortals. In giving publicity and a hearing to Spirit Intelligences, we neither assent or dissent to their statements, or to the views they may advocate. Spirit communications, like those from mundane sources, must stand on their own merits. We have been, and shall continue to be particular to state, under what circumstances the Spirit communications are given, thus leaving their merits or demerits to be judged of and determined—accepted or rejected—by the reader.

COMMUNICATION FROM MRS. CORA A. SYME.

Narrative of Events Preceding and Accompanying Alfred James' Development as a Materializing Medium.
Ancient Spirits and Mighty Spiritual Forces which have Centralized Around the James Circle.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT—A FAITHFUL HISTORIAN AND A GRAPHIC AND BRILLIANT WRITER.

In September of last year (1877), there occurred a severe persecution of mediums, in Philadelphia, in the form of an attack made upon the most advanced phase of Spiritualism yet presented, Materialization. This attack was made by its arch enemy, the Christian Church, both Catholic and Protestant, through the emissaries of the Catholic Order of Jesuits, and the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association. In fact it was generally called here, the great Church Persecution.

THE PERSECUTION AND TRIAL OF THE BLISS MEDIUMS.

This persecution was in the form of a general raid upon all the Materializing Mediums at once; suddenly overwhelming them with a volley of false charges of fraud and deception of the most heinous kind, but without a particle of foundation in truth, as it afterwards appeared, as they could not prove them, even in a (so-called) Court of Justice. These scandalously false charges against the mediums, were furnished by the public press, from one end of the country to the other, and culminated in the "Bliss Trial," September 27th, 1877, where the amount of bribery and perjury resorted to, to convict and silence the mediums was indeed dreadful. Yet, with it all, after two trials, the jury disagreeing in the first one, they were honorably acquitted; on the ground that there was no cause of action against them. They had violated no law, committed no offense, as there could be found no proof that they had practiced any deception. And we know that false accusations against any one, without proof, and with malicious intent, forms no just charge against them, and only proves that their accusers are the frauds and falsifiers, and not their victims.

EFFORTS TO STAMP OUT MATERIALIZATION.

While this was going on, the materializing mediums were slandered and vilified with impunity on every hand, and their seances were broken up throughout the city in consequence. Mr. Bliss was cast into prison because of some catch in the law, requiring an enormous amount of bail, which the court refused to take when found, because the person offering it, Mr. Jonathan Roberts, was not a resident of the city. And Mrs. Bliss, the principal materializer in the city, was sick, and overwhelmed with trouble, and had before her the fear of being sent to prison also, as she steadfastly maintained her innocence and defended the truth. Firmly refusing the bribes of money, patronage, favor, and acquittal by the court, which were repeatedly offered her, if only she would deny the truth, and acknowledge herself a fraud. The attitude of the public mind too, was at this time most resolutely hostile to the whole Spiritual movement, but especially as to the materializing phase of it. The determination being openly expressed, to stamp out materialization, and drive the spirits back, as they were approaching too near the earth, in fact, re-entering it bodily, and with the avowed intention of teaching the people of earth the higher truths of spirit life; as well as how things are conducted in the spirit-world with such success; and how we mortals could bring this earth into order, beauty, harmony, and happiness, if only we would allow them to come in person, and instruct us how to do it. But this is exactly what the priesthood of all sects, is violently opposed to, as it would at once remove them from office, ruin their business profits, and deliver the people from their power and authority, when their occupation and fat salaries would be gone for good. A consummation most devoutly to be wished by us, but by them most dreaded.

ORGANIZED EFFORTS IN DEFENCE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

At this juncture, a few faithful believers in all phases of the Spiritual movement, who understood the case thoroughly, and were not to be put down, in this free land, either by the churchmen, or the authorities, determined to band together for mutual protection; to assist the mediums, in their present undeserved sufferings; to save the cause in this city, as far as in their power, by openly combating the authorities, in their unjust course. And, by leaguizing themselves with the angels, to assist them in rescuing mankind from the powers (ignorant minds), and teaching them instead the higher truths of life and heaven.

So on the 28th of October, 1877, about a dozen persons organized themselves into a society called the "Immortality Demonstrators," to be supported, if possible, by monthly subscriptions, for the purpose of protecting those mediums they already had, and of forming a school for the development of new ones of all phases, but more especially that of materialization. They wished to give the spirits an opportunity of practising without opposition, in private sittings, for the purpose of bringing out their new, wonderful, and beautiful revelations, and occasionally publishing to the world, such things as they received, and knew to be true and valuable to the world's best interests. And to sustain such declarations before the world, and the courts of law, if necessary, with the power of the whole society. Besides which, they intended to hold open weekly meetings, when the public would be invited to participate, admitted by tickets, either free, or at a nominal price, on the express basis of "Good order, good behavior, good intentions."

"A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS," OR DEVELOPING CIRCLE.

They commenced operations by retaking and refitting "Circle Hall," No. 403 Vine Street, which the enemies of Spiritualism had tried so hard to have closed up. And as Mrs. Bliss had succeeded in obtaining bail (though her husband had not), she recommenced her seances there, which were held three times a week all winter, with great success, and good attendance, the spirits coming out, if possible, more numerous, and more distinctly than ever before. They also opened a "School of the Prophets," or Developing Circle, to be held twice a week, for the bringing forward of more mediums, especially of the materializing phase, and to assist spirits in their great work, of bringing both worlds, the material and spiritual, together by opening a highway through the belt, or zone of darkness, formed of a mass of dark spirits, and evil thoughts and feelings which entirely surround the earth, and separate the inhabitants of earth from the higher spirit intelligences. They wanted

to open a door for these spirit teachers to come in person, and instruct mortals in their own better modes of conducting life in the spirit-world. And to teach them how to reorganize the earth upon an improved basis of justice, love, harmony, love, and wisdom; instead of injustice, selfishness, cruelty, and oppression, which would soon change the present earthly Pandemonium into an earthly Paradise; also, they wished to assist those dark spirits who were willing to learn a better way of life; as dark spirits are obliged to return to earth, and state from where they left it, in their efforts to improve, and reach higher conditions. Besides, they desired to give all well disposed spirits an opportunity to materialize themselves, and re-enact their former histories and experiences. But more especially so, the wisest and best of the leaders of mankind in former ages, who might thus establish their identity, and thereby prove themselves entitled to instruct, as well as conduct the affairs of mankind to-day. And in all this, to demonstrate to the world beyond peradventure, "The Immortality of Man."

MR. ALFRED JAMES' DEVELOPMENT AS A TRANCE AND MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

The first success they met with, was a fine development of Clairvoyance, when they had for some two months, from three to five clairvoyants, all seeing spirits, spirit scenery, and emblems, at once. The meetings were at this time particularly brilliant, entertaining and instructive. Mr. James, together with another gentleman, and a lady, were illumined to a remarkable degree. And the beautiful historic characters, scenes, costumes and instructions they presented, can never be forgotten, forming a fitting prelude to that which was to come.

In about two months, I think, Mr. James commenced to be entranced by a high order of spirits, who delivered a series of instructing conversations, or short addresses of surprising variety, beauty and power. The spirits giving these appeared to be the great, good, brave and wise, as well as illustrious and philosophic of all countries and ages; combined with many private characters of less distinction, but all appearing to be actuated by the best intentions towards mankind. Altogether forming a historic and biographic gallery of remarkable extent, variety and characteristic identity. These entranced instructions, still continue to be given, and from thence we have derived the principal part of the programme, which is being now unrolled by the spirit-world.

Meantime, as this was going forward, we continued to try for Materialization. Several persons sat in the cabinet to ascertain if they possessed the power. And several did possess it, and would have come out as Materializers, had not unfavorable circumstances prevented it at the time; but only we hope for the present, and to be successfully revived in the future. But one lady was especially anxious to be developed, and very persevering; and we were sitting regularly with her, when Mr. James was developed instead of her; accidentally, too, as it appeared, although he had had some little practice on a former occasion. Several times when the lady came out of the cabinet, we prevailed on Mr. James to go in for a few moments, to see what would come of it. But he was not at all inclined to it, being satisfied with the trance phase, and shrinking from the terrible abuse, slander and persecutions, which are heaped upon the poor Materializing mediums of the present day. So it was with great reluctance he consented to enter the cabinet at all, his Indian guide, also, being opposed to his becoming a Materializer. However, with all this reluctance and opposition, he had not been in the cabinet but a few times, when one evening, about the 1st of July last, I was called up to the curtain, not knowing why, when to my surprise and delight, the curtain was drawn aside, and there stood before me, the beautiful apparition of a lady dressed in snowy gossamer robes, with fleecy veil confined about the head, with a wreath of white roses. The spirit was that of the Greek lady, Ianthia, a priestess of the Temple of Isis or Ceres in Athens, I believe, some 2000 years ago. The next spirit that appeared, was that of Abdel Cadar, the tall commanding male spirit, which you saw arrayed in flowing white robes, and artistic turban, with white ostrich plume. Two others appeared with remarkable distinctness, making four on the first occasion, but owing to the excitement of the occasion, they were not impressed upon my mind, and I cannot recall them, but it is of no consequence.

BANDS OF ORIENTAL SPIRITS CENTRALIZING AROUND THE JAMES' CIRCLE.

Since then, I should suppose, from ten to fifteen female spirits have presented themselves, and from forty to forty-five male spirits, belonging to the Oriental Band, together with several moderns, who have been recognized by visitors at the circles. These I have seen myself, during the five months the circles have been in progress. They are of all ages, ranging from seventeen to sixty-eight years, and of almost all sizes, from the smallest men and women, to almost the largest, and of almost all countries, complexions, climes and eras, going back as far as 3000 years at least. Nearly every country having been represented, both ancient and modern, and quite a number of languages spoken, of which the medium was entirely ignorant. These Oriental Bands composed mostly of Asiatics, ancient and modern, ranging from those of to-day, to those of 2000 years ago. They call themselves "The Immortality Demonstrators," from whom no doubt, we received our name by impression, although we did not know it, at the time we organized. The teachings of these spirits are so fine, I think them worthy of being recorded, as they are of the highest order of morality and wisdom. Sublime passages from the books of the ancient religions being quoted; and maxims and precepts given, breathing a warm love for humanity, and a kindly charity for all, which cannot be surpassed by anything seen at the present day.

SPIRITUALISM BETTER UNDERSTOOD BY THE ANCIENTS THAN THE MODERNS.

They tell us that the subject of Spiritualism, Spirituality, or the spiritual nature in man, as well as that of the open inter-communion between the two worlds, and between embodied and disembodied human beings, was as well known, if not better in their day and country (Asia), than with us in America at the present time. They say we have no idea of the extent to which this science of Spirituality was understood, and what perfection it attained in ancient times, under the names of Magic, Necromancy, Alchemy, Astrology, Cabalism, Occultism, Metempsychosis, Reincarnation, &c., names, very numerous, but all signifying about the same thing, namely, the Spiritual Nature in Man; the Occult, or Hidden Powers in Man; the Science of Life; the Science of Spirit; the Philosophy of Soul. And this spiritual power of human nature, they say, has always formed the basis of every religion, however low in the scale of development; at least, while in its primeval condition or naturalness, and before it became

corrupted by the crafty and ignorant interpolation of man.

They also say, that Materialization is a matter of pure science, being only Spiritual Chemistry, and a continuation of Material Chemistry. Chemistry being but the condensation of invisible original elements into visible forms; and the re-solution of invisible forms into their invisible elements again; which may with strict propriety be called Materialization and De-materialization. Spirits also say, that their control over matter is wonderfully extended beyond that of man; inasmuch, that what would be impossible or miraculous to man, would be very easy to them, if only we supply them with the requisite conditions, so incomparably superior are spirit-chemists to the most skillful we have on earth. And that Materialization, and its kindred branches of science, are but the demonstration and evidence of the truth of all the philosophic teachings and lectures given by spirits through mediums, since the re-opening of the last great spiritual era, 30 years ago; and that it has come as naturally and inevitably, in the progress of events, as good follows evil, or as day follows night. Much of this wisdom, they say, has been known to the priests of all ages, but has been kept hidden from the people, lest, if they got possession of it, they would no longer allow the priests and rulers to tyrannize over them; as then the great mystery of the future would be solved at once, and the divine right of all masters, whether kings or priests, would be gone forever. So they have been always kept in the most profound ignorance of all sublime spiritual truths, and fed with frightful hobgoblin stories, and absurd superstitious follies instead.

TEACHINGS OF THE ORIENTAL SPIRITS.

They also teach us, that in a search of a 1000 years, they have not been able to find any such personage, in the spirit world, as answers to the description of Jesus Christ, as taught in the Christian Church, or portrayed in the New Testament, or embodied in the ecclesiastical Trinity. And they think, the biography of Jesus that we have, must have been a fancy sketch, founded upon the life and perhaps tragic death, of some wise and good man, of whom there were many in those days; probably, too, an excellent physical and spiritual medium, who might have been easily persecuted to death, by the artful priests, and be- sought people, for the grand spiritual and moral truths he taught, and demonstrated; seeing that plenty of such mediums, have been so treated since and are being so treated to-day. That the whole story, in fine, may be dismissed as a historic romance, or poetic biography, of some such ancient and persecuted Medium. And further they say, that no such beings or persons can be found, or heard of, in spirit-life, as either of the two first persons of the Trinity, Father or Son. But that the third party, the Holy Spirit, or Eternal Life, can be found on every hand, breathing, moving, and animating all things everywhere. And this Eternal Life, they say, will carry us forward beyond, and outside of the earth's atmosphere and influence; when we can migrate at will, to other planets, and solar systems. Each time living over a separate lifetime, embracing all the experiences of that planet or system, comprising an eternity of blissful perignation. This we have had mostly, from old Braminical, and Buddhist priests of the ancient temples, who had great difficulty in reaching the earth; not only from the distance of their position, but from the difficulty of penetrating the strata of dark spirits surrounding it.

And at the risk of appearing somewhat prolix, I will add a few more of their teachings that now occur to me, as I consider the testimony of such learned and ancient spirits, very valuable, standing there before us as they do, reincarnated in mortal form for the moment.

DARK ZONE AROUND THE EARTH.

They further say, then, that there is a dark zone or strata, composed of evil, ignorant, spirits, together with a cloud of dark thoughts and feelings, entirely surrounding the earth, to a depth, averaging from 6, to 26 miles in thickness; and varying over different countries, according to their relative degrees of enlightenment. This strata is much thinner now than formerly, having been worn away considerably by the efforts of spirits and reformers, within the last 30 years, since the opening of the Spiritual Era. This zone of darkness, it is the purpose of spirits to completely tunnel through, thereby opening a broad highway between the two worlds, which are now divided comparatively; so that when the barrier between the spiritual and material life is broken down, legions of angels may come and go at will, without further obstruction. They tell us, that the three great spheres of life going outward from the earth, may with propriety be called Pandemonium, Purgatory, and Paradise. 1. The dreadful condition of things at present prevailing on the earth's surface, being, indeed, Pandemonium, and the cause of all the troubles afterwards. 2. The Atmospheric Spirit World, where souls are purged or purified from earthly evil, and instructed in heavenly good, may, with propriety, be called the "mid region" of the Greeks, or Purgatory. 3. While the blissful realms, outside and beyond the earth's atmosphere, may par excellence be called by the beautiful name of Paradise.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT AN IMMORAL DOCTRINE.

On the subject of "Vicarious Atonement," they say, there is no forgiveness of sins, in that sense, in the spirit-world. But every one must atone for their own sins; that is, take the unavoidable consequences of their deeds. The natural consequences of good deeds, being good results or rewards; and of evil deeds, painful consequences or punishments. And that we must pay our honest debts, large or small, no less, and no more, without escape or substitution. And that the lowest and blackest hells, we shall ever see, are those to be found here on earth; those lying beyond it being but a continuance of the same. Consequently, when we have settled all accounts contracted here, we are released from all further accountability. And as earth is the hell from whence all others spring, this is the place to apply the specific remedy, "Love and Wisdom," for when this one is closed up forever, there will be none afterwards forthcoming.

TROUBLE WITH IGNORANT AND UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS.

It is also proper to mention here, the fact that we have had a good deal of trouble in our circles with evil spirits, or dark and undeveloped minds. Especially those of Catholic priests, who are exerting their utmost power to sustain the doomed and falling church on earth, by preventing the glorious truths of spirit-life being given to the world by good spirits. Their object being to keep the church up, by keeping the people down, and to enable their clerical brethren on earth to rule over and rob the people, by living on their labor without work. So from two to six of these opposing spirits forcibly intrude themselves into the cabinet, with the good spirits, and in the latter part of the seance, when the magnetism and emanations from the

circle are nearly exhausted, (or the power is getting weak, as they call it, and when the friendly spirits have no strength remaining to prevent it,) they absorb the emanations remaining, and embody themselves with them; and standing back, out of sight, either break to pieces the friendly spirits, or tear off their clothing, when they try to show themselves, and prevent their doing so. And if they can possibly get the chance, they throw the medium out of the cabinet with great violence, and by so doing, break up the circle long before it should be concluded.

Baron Liebig informs us that there is a band of these Catholic priests, thousands strong, in this city alone, as their headquarters, who are engaged in the evil work of preventing the Materialization of good spirits, and their entrance into the world as teachers and saviours of mankind. This band, he says, is divided into divisions, under three formidable leaders, Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits; Torquemada, the first Master of the Spanish Inquisition, and Francis Xavier, a French priest of great renown and malignancy. These, together with many more spirits, of the same character, have got almost complete control over the dark minds of the majority of mankind, and with such leadership, what quarter can be expected, either of justice or mercy?

MRS. SYME RECOMMENDS THE FORMATION OF DEVELOPING CIRCLES.

And in conclusion, permit me, to suggest the desirableness of having such schools of development, founded in each city and town (in New York and Brooklyn it could easily be done), to develop their own supply of mediums (or good spirits) may come to them bodily, and teach them a higher science, philosophy, morality, and religion than the world has yet seen. And, also, that small private circles be formed, for the purpose of awakening to consciousness, and instructing the vast multitudes of undeveloped spirits, who hover around the earth in millions; and sending them out as missionaries to assist their fellow sufferers. I am engaged in such a work at present, and have nearly completed it. Two of us alone, sending out five hundred spirit-workers, to operate upon the dark zone above described. That we may perchance, do something towards "cleaning out these sulphur pits," which men have dug, and strive to close the gates of hell which men themselves have opened. And at the same time, do all we can to open the gates of heaven forever more to all mankind.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11, 1878.

CORA A. SYME.

Addendum.—One thought more occurs to me, as of sufficient importance to be mentioned, as people are continually stumbling over it. It is the difficulty of comprehending how spirits who have been gone so many years, and to such distances, can return again to earth. But spirits tell us that they never lose the power to return to their "native planet," for a good and sufficient purpose, no matter how long they may have been absent, or how far away they may have wandered.

(From the N. Y. Daily Sun, May 2d.)

AN INFIDEL ON INFIDELS.

Col. Bob Ingersoll's New Lecture in the Academy of Music.

AGAIN DRAWING A LARGE AUDIENCE—HIS DEFINITION OF INFIDELITY, OF AN INFIDEL, AND OF AN ORTHODOX MAN—HIS TRIBUTE TO PAINE.

Colonel Robert F. Ingersoll, of Illinois, delivered last evening, in the Academy of Music, his new lecture, "The Great Infidels." Every chair in the house was occupied, and hundreds of extra seats were placed in the orchestra and on the stage. Many persons who could not find seats stood during the two hours and ten minutes that Col. Ingersoll spoke. The audience was in sympathy with the speaker, and laughter and applause were frequent. Often, when he had raised one hand above the other to accompany the beginning of a new sentence with one of his characteristic gestures, the prolonged applause kept him waiting with upraised hand. He betrayed at times in his voice and facial expression much of the art of the comedian, and at other times he held his audience in breathless attention with vivid word pictures. The lecture would occupy, if reported in full, about a page of *The Sun*.

"There is nothing grander in this world," said Col. Ingersoll, in beginning his lecture, "than to rescue from the leprosy of slander a great and splendid name, and nothing nobler than to benefit our benefactors. The infidels of one age have been the aureoled saints of the next. The destroyers of the old have always been the creators of the new. There are decay and growth in the intellectual world as in the material. History shows that political rights have been preserved by traitors, and intellectual rights by infidels. To attack the King was treason; to dispute the priest was blasphemy. The sword and the cross have always been allies. The throne and the altar were twins—vultures hatched from the same egg. James I. said, 'No church, no crown; no tyrant in heaven, no tyrant on earth.' Every monarchy that has disgraced the world, every despotism that has covered the cheeks of men with tears has been copied after the despotism of hell. The king owned the body, and the priest owned the soul. One lived on taxes, and the other on alms. One was a robber; the other a beggar. The king ruled by force; the priest by fears, and both by both force and fear. The king said to the people, 'God clothed you in rags, and housed you in hovels, and He put me in robes and gave me a palace—such is the justice of God.' The priest said to the people, 'God made you ignorant, and He made me learned and wise; obey me or God will punish you here and hereafter, forever—such is the mercy of God.'"

"Infidels," Col. Ingersoll continued, "are the intellectual discoverers. It is they who have sailed the unknown sea and discovered the isles and continents in the vast realms of thought. What would the world have been had infidels never existed? What the infidel is in religion, the inventor is in mechanics. The infidel is the man who has discovered a fact, and is not afraid to tell about it. There has been for many thousand years a prevalent idea that in some way you can prove whether the theories advanced or defended by a man

were right, by showing what kind of a man he was. It makes no difference what was the character of the man who made the first multiplication table. When you find a result, it makes no difference who discovered it. Neither is a statement by a great man necessarily true. A pebble surrounded by diamonds is a common stone. Not all the martyrs of history are sufficient to establish the fact that any doctrine is true. Martyrdom, as a rule, establishes only the sincerity of the martyr.

"These Christians," the lecturer said, "cannot see how any man can die serenely without clinging to Christ. According to theology, God has always punished the dying who did not happen to believe in him. As long as men did nothing but make their fellow men wretched! God is represented as maintaining the strictest and most heartless neutrality; but when some honest man, some great and tender soul, expressed a doubt as to the truth of the Jewish Scriptures, or prayed to the wrong God, or to the right God under the wrong name, then the real God is represented as leaping like a wounded tiger upon the dying man, to tear his wretched soul. There is no account in the literature of this world of the innocent having been shielded by God. It is made to appear that God has no time to prevent crime, no time to protect the good and the pure; that he is too busy numbering hairs and watching sparrows. He is too busy watching the professors of colleges, who begin to doubt the geology of Moses, or the astronomy of Joshua."

Of the fathers and early councils of the church, Col. Ingersoll said: "If it had not been for these councils we might have been without a Trinity to this day. While one of them was engaged in determining a great question, millions and billions of men were swept into hell." The lecturer said that Christianity is responsible for what he styled the current falsehoods as to the dying moments of infidels like the Emperor Julian, Spinoza, Voltaire, Diderot, David Hume, and Thomas Paine. He said Christians forgot that Christ was an infidel, and added, "I like him because he was an infidel; I like him because he had sense enough to see that the old Jewish religion was not true."

Col. Ingersoll denied that there was any truth in the story that the Emperor Julian tried to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and that therefore God came out and destroyed the workmen. It would have been much more sensible," he said, "for God to have destroyed Julian and frightened the workmen." The lecturer spoke of Giordano Bruno, an infidel of 1550, as "a man who changed his mind because he had a mind; a man who would not believe that you could make the Trinity out of dough, or bake God in an oven as you would a biscuit, or that you could devour the Creator as you would a piece of bread. Yet," he continued, "the men who believe that when a man strikes you on one cheek you should turn the other, tried to kill this man. But the fires of martyrdom never destroyed one truth, and all the churches of the world have never made one lie true. When science began to show that the Church was wrong, and that the earth is not flat, then the Church began to say, 'I did not say it was flat, but that it was kinder round.'"

The lecturer told a story of an old Fortyniner who, when told that God made the world in six days, pointed to a desolate mountain and asked, "Don't you think God could have put in another day to advantage right here?"

Col. Ingersoll next gave a sketch of the life, times, and work of Voltaire, who, he said, did more for human liberty than any other man that ever lived. Speaking of Diderot, the infidel of 1813, he said that if there had been no infidels there would have been no libraries. He averred that whoever, in any country where the Church had power, endeavored to increase the sum of human knowledge, has been considered an enemy of social order. He declared that to Diderot, Helvetius, D'Holback, and men like them, the world was indebted for liberty and progress. Incidentally, Col. Ingersoll spoke of the condition of Ireland as due to the superstition of her people. He said, "If only Daniel O'Connell had been an infidel!"

The lecturer spoke contemptuously of the mental aspect of Christianity, saying: "No body has got the deadwood on Heaven, except the man who knows nothing while he is here." In the course of his remarks on David Hume, the infidel of 1711, Col. Ingersoll said that Scotch Presbyterianism was the worst form of religion that was ever produced. "The Scotch Kirk," he said, "had all the faults of the Church of Rome, without a redeeming virtue." He said Spinoza was a genuine republican, who believed in absolute liberty of thought, speech, and worship. Among the infidels of later times, Col. Ingersoll spoke of Paine, Franklin, and Jefferson as the men who gave us a Constitution without a God in it, and who were the first men to put Jehovah out of politics. To each of these men he gave special eulogy, and he even hinted that Paine had been unjustly treated by Washington. He wanted his audience to remember that Thomas Paine was the first man who wrote the words "United States of America." Paine, he said, was the man who suggested the Federal Constitution—a grand, splendid, brave man, with some faults and many virtues. The lecturer said that all the clergymen, ministers, priests, and bishops that ever lived, from the day of Pentecost down to the last election, had not done as much for human liberty as Thomas Paine.

Col. Ingersoll defined an infidel as "a man that has had a new idea absolutely," and an orthodox man as "a man who is petrified in his head; who is through; who is walking around an intellectual corpse, to save the funeral expenses of his soul." He said that infidels have been the generous spirits of the unworthy past; the victims on the battlefields of thought; the men who have made the world fit to live in. "Without them," he said, "the human brain would be as empty as the churches will be soon. Why," he asked, "should we believe that honest men have a fearful death, while those who believe in slavery, polygamy, and all sorts of crime, like the murderer on the scaffold, look smilingly around, and beg us to be evangelized?" He said it was a joy to him to see "the brand of inferiority on the orthodox brain," and to see that among the advanced thinkers of to-day are men like Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Renan, Spencer, Heckel, and Helmholtz.

Why is it that Col. Ingersoll takes the lead of all contemporary platform speakers, in his ability to draw, and interest audiences? This significant fact is not solely due to Ingersoll's oratorical powers, and to his wit, humor and attractiveness as a public speaker. We attribute the "infidel" orator's ability to command and interest audiences to the fact: That, in the popular uprising against Old Theology, in regard to which Ingersoll is, in the popular estimation, the most powerful, the most effective and the most uncompromising of opponents of the Credal Dogmatists.

Psychometric View of Sophy Perovsky and the Czar of Russia—Prophecy of the Death of D'Israeli and Alexander.

To the Editor of the PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR: I send you herewith a Psychometric sketch of Sophy Perovsky (sometimes written Sophy Perovsky), by Mrs. C. H. Decker, which is as graphic and true as the descriptions generally of that celebrated Psychometer.

Mrs. Decker is too closely occupied to find time to read the newspapers, and her description of the condition of things in Russia, in connection with the assassination of the Czar, was derived from Psychometric impression, which was so strong in the feeling aroused by the awful social condition of Russia, and the horrible catastrophe as to interrupt the description of character.

Sophy Perovsky is a remarkable heroine, and her name will long inspire the Russians in their struggle for liberty.

A correspondent from St. Petersburg, says:

"Sophy Perovsky, 27 years old, served for ten years in the ranks of the revolutionists. At first she, together with her comrades, dedicated her powers to raising the intellectual, moral, and economical level of the peasantry. The despotic policy of the late Czar stood, an insurmountable obstacle, in their peaceful way. To remove that obstacle at any cost was the course that suggested itself to the party. She rejoiced that, twice in her life, she had waved her handkerchief for the destruction of the Czar. To some mean insinuations of the Attorney General she replied that she would not condescend to answer. She said that the prosecutor was ignorant of the fact that work like that of the conspirators transform men and women; those who had come in contact with them know well that their moral character was above suspicion. Her last words were a demand for death, which she said she deserved as much as any of her comrades. This demand was granted, to the horror of the Russian people. Sophy was the only woman ever hanged in the city of St. Petersburg."

That Miss Perovsky was a leader in a forlorn hope, a martyr in a patriotic conspiracy, is shown in the character of her co-conspirators. They were not Nihilistic enemies of religion, peace and order, but brave Republicans willing to die to save their country, and entitled to the sympathy of Americans, who believe that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

"Andrew Jellabyll, 30 years old, was a typical conspirator. The son of a peasant, he had nevertheless received an excellent education. He had successfully passed the classical gymnasium and entered the law department of the Odessa University. He has been regarded by his professors as one of the most talented students. For three years he studied the law; one year more and a brilliant career would open before him. But he preferred the life of a revolutionist to that of a government functionary. In 1872 he was expelled from the university; he had already become a red hot Nihilist. For ten years he was in the midst of the strongest revolutionary current. He embraced conspiracy as a profession, he enjoyed his life to the utmost, and was proud of his achievements. Now and then he changed his place of action, his name, his role, and his appearance. Being a son of the people, he would be contented with nothing short of the people's government. In his belief he said: 'I was baptized in the Orthodox religion, but I deny orthodoxy, though I embrace in substance Christ's teaching, which has had a powerful influence on my moral nature. I recognize the truth and justice of Christ's teaching, and solemnly declare that faith without works is indeed dead, and that every true Christian must struggle for truth and for the rights of the oppressed and weak ones, and if necessary must suffer and die for them. This is my creed.' To a question about his residence and occupation he answered: 'I used to live in that place where I could best serve our cause according to the orders of the Executive Committee. I have worked for the liberation of the people. That is the one cause which I have served for many years with all my soul.'

Nicholas Rysakoff, 19 years old, was a religious boy and a diligent student in the St. Petersburg School of Mines. He declared on his trial that regicide was the only means of saving the country. 'The socialist,' he said, 'carries his right in the barrel of his pistol, and I used that right according to my conscience and according to the demands of my soul and heart. Regicide, he said, would bring about the end of terrorism, would inaugurate the era of peaceful social propaganda, and would prevent a dreadful agrarian uprising of the peasantry that otherwise would inundate the country with innocent blood.'

Who are the Romanoffs that have ruled Russia, that Americans should feel any regret for the death of one of that family condemned by Russian patriots? They are themselves a family of regicides. A Russian paper recently said:

"Their history is a history of regicide. Sophia, the daughter of Czar Alexis, while Regent of the Empire, attempted to kill her little brother Peter, who afterward became Peter the Great. Peter the Great marred his fame by allowing his son and heir apparent, Alexis, to be murdered in prison. Anna, the niece, of Peter the Great, killed the Emperor Peter II., the grandson of Peter the Great, and thus snatched the imperial crown. Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, assassinated the Emperor Ivan IV., and made herself Empress. Catherine II., poisoned her husband, the Emperor, Peter III., in order to become Empress. Moreover she ordered the murder of the wife of her son and heir apparent, Paul. She was suspected of urging her husband to take the imperial sceptre from his mother. Paul I. was assassinated by titled conspirators, one of whom was his own son, Alexander I., called afterward the Benign. Apropos, I must tell you that Alexander I. and Nicholas I., the uncle and the father of the late Czar, committed suicide. Of course most of our people have forgotten the dark deeds of their Czsars, and it was very foolish to remind them that the Romanoffs have for centuries given their subjects practical lessons in regicide."

It was to free the people and break the power of the Romanoffs that Sophy Perovsky gave her life; it was as Jellabyll said: "to suffer and die for the oppressed." With these remarks I introduce Mrs. Decker's Psychometric description of

SOPHY PEROVSKY. "This has recently passed away. It was sudden—the spirit was suddenly severed from the body—in a sudden and startling manner.

"It impresses me with a grand and forcible character, a character that commanded and commands a great amount of respect, reverence and devotion.

"There is great strength of character, there is intellectual capacity here, sufficient to make a writer, a scholarly vein is recognized.

"I think this is a woman! There is so much of the womanly grace and gentleness combined with the strength which made it at first difficult to distinguish the sex.

"She is benevolent, she had some marked eccentricities, she had great independence of character, paid very little attention to rules of etiquette and forms of society, she governed those things instead of being governed. She seems a public benefactor, and drew around her a class of dependents. She never withdrew from the people but was identified with all the needs or necessities of the human race. She instituted new methods of benevolence. She brings me into public affairs before the world, nothing close or timid, always ready to be called on.

"She was in some way falsely accused. It is probable she was executed, for some revolutionary movement by a secret organization and plot, something like the case of Mrs. Surratt, but it was not her.

"She was a patriotic character, her feelings were very intense, and her sympathies. So much so that her mind was agonized at the sufferings of society. Her soul was pleading to some earthly power for relief. She is not as a spirit yet relieved of that feeling.

"I see an array of initiatory display, and a sort of mock display of sorrow. There is a great deal of murder here—great consternation—an uprising and a show of grief, but most of it is mockery.

"There is much here that is overwhelming—so much intolerance, subjection and slavery—and there is now this very day (May 14), resting over that portion of the planet where these things occurred a pall destined to hang a long time before reconciliation and peace will appear—a slumbering volcanic vein, underlying the surface. I tell you this is the woman that was concerned in the death of the Czar.

"She looks back without one regret, although she took her place in the spirit world unprepared, without the assurance that she would awaken to the scenes enacted here, she feels that she would aid her spiritual progress to remain here and see the end of the revolution begun.

"I feel the impression of the whole scene—the shock of the Czar, and the resignation to her fate. She would inspire her countrymen not to surrender their conviction. They are in the right. The principles of justice prevail with her, not revenge. She impresses me that it is only following out the great law of destiny.

"I go off into her sphere through the people, her friends. A great company of spirits are with her—an army who are instilling their spirits in the people. She is a heroic woman. She will not make much progress in the spirit world, till the cause she has espoused is successful. The success is remote, and many lives are to be destroyed.

"The present Czar is watched with a jealous eye, and lives seem insignificant to the people, and at the first token of his power to oppress the people, and follow in the wake of his ancestor, he will be in danger of the same fate. He is menaced now.

"There is such a power—so much unrest—such a power from the spirit-world, instilling the minds with the injustice and wrong, they are smothering a terrible secret in their nature, and at any evidence of tyranny from him, it will burst forth. It depends on his own acts whether he lives through his reign.

"She will, with her spirit army, and her intuitive nature, extend not only over her own, but other countries—they embrace philanthropists from many countries. Gen. Lafayette comes to my mind. He is interested with her. I know he is. As the army extends to other countries, they will go to the philanthropic of other nations, and ask co-operation. The spirit's desire to have this question adjusted as to Russia.

Since this interesting description was given, the newspapers have published in New York the last speech of Sophy Perovsky, which throws much light on her character, and illustrates the truth of Mrs. Decker's description.

"On the trial of Sophy Perovsky, the Russian woman of noble family recently hanged in St. Petersburg as a regicide, when leave was finally given her to speak in her own behalf, she said:

"In 1869, being then 16 years old, and having gone through the usual school studies, I fitted myself for a teacher. In 1870 I taught a village school. I soon found out that the Government by its system of despotic interference with the affairs of the peasantry was putting insurmountable obstacles in the way of their normal, intellectual, moral, and economical development. In 1871 I was forced to leave the school, and I joined the revolutionary party. Since then I have served the cause. Several times I was arrested and tried for taking part in the revolutionary propaganda. In 1878, without any trial, but by administrative order, I was transported to the province of Olonetz. I escaped, dropped my name, and procured false passes. My part in the Moscow explosion of 1879 is known to the Court. Since June 1880, I have been living in St. Petersburg with a woman whose name I don't want to give here. Geliaboff came to live in my rooms, and by order of the Executive Committee we began preparations for the event of March 13. Being an agent of the committee, I knew everything about the means resorted to, I was charged with the duty of finding out where and when the Czar could be met with. In the morning of March 13, I brought two bombs into the rooms of Hessa Helfman. But whence the bombs were brought and how many persons were charged with the duty of throwing them I don't choose to say. I drew the map in order to show the station appointed for each of my comrades, and it was I to whom the bomb throwers had to look for directions on the place of action. I made signs with my handkerchief, and they moved and acted according to our agreement. I had no bomb myself, for we had not enough of them for all of us. I stood on the other side of the Catherine Canal and observed the effect of both explosions. That is all I want to say of the practical part which I took in the revolutionary movement.

"As to the motives that induced me to join the revolutionary party, I can say this: The principal task of our party is to awaken in the people a consciousness that they have the right and power to govern themselves. To solve this problem our party hoped to gradually raise the intellectual and moral level of the people, to improve their economical condition, and so to develop this consciousness of their civil rights; and therefore the members of the party settled among the peasantry in different capacities and carried on a peaceful social propaganda. But the Government by a series of severe repressive measures,

made our peaceful work impossible. Then our party, after a long hesitation, was forced to undertake a political struggle against the Government, as the chief obstacle in our way. Once on the political arena, we could not help adopting the terrorist policy. Our relentless persecution of the late Czar was, on one side, an answer to his relentless persecution of our party, and on the other it was the result of our conviction that he would never change his ruinous internal policy. I admit that I am a member of the party of *Narodnaia Volia* (the Will of the People), and am an agent of the Executive Committee. The party of *Narodnaia Volia* is far from having a desire to impose on the public and on the people at large any institutions whatever, or any form of government; it has only a deep conviction that by and by the people and society will adopt its social ideas and will realize them. I consider it my duty to say a few words for some of my comrades. Hessa Helfman, being in charge of the conspirators' rooms, was connected with the party of *Narodnaia Volia*, but she had no knowledge of or part in the terrorist acts. Mikhailoff, too, had no part in these acts, took no share in the preparations for the event of March 13, and was not among those who were charged with the duty of throwing the bombs; in short he had no part whatever in the event of March 13. "Many, very many accusations have been heaped upon us by the Prosecutor. As regards the practical part of those accusations, I will not say a word; I have admitted all of them. But I do most solemnly protest against his accusing me and my comrades of immorality, cruelty, and contempt of public opinion. I am sure that those who know our life and the conditions under which we have had to act will not throw a stone at us—will not accuse us of immorality or of cruelty. And now for my single and last request: I do not ask mercy, but I demand that in dealing with me no favor shall be shown because of my sex."

Now we may ask, what was the true character of the Czar, whose terrible oppression and cruelty made his death necessary? It would require many columns to give the readers any adequate idea of the pervading tyranny, corruption and cruelty in Russia, which have driven a loyal and sovereign-loving people to desperation. A good ruler would have been adored by the Russian people, but Alexander was a stern inflexible tyrant.

On the 26th of December, 1879, I had a Psychometric description of the Czar Alexander by Mrs. Decker, which I here present. The reader will observe that she predicts not only his death, but that of D'Israeli sixteen months in advance of the events. The two years of her prophecy have not yet expired.

PSYCHOMETRIC DESCRIPTION OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER BY MRS. C. H. DECKER, DEC. 26, 1879.

"I get a living influence. I feel a person endowed with a good share of common sense, and great ability in directing. He knows how to direct a body of men—that's his forte. There is a flush of business about him.

"He is not altogether popular. He is in a position of directing by authority, and he is under direction by others. He is engaged in publishing something—something like journalism. [This refers to the Imperial messages and orders.]

"He is easily read by those who are near him. He lives in style; but the exterior of the building is not so stylish as its interior. " (Why is he unpopular?) He is so self-willed and extreme. It is not a character that I would admire. He has an intense love of self—is very opinionated. He is gifted, has learning, and has looked into deep subjects. Does he not have women under his control? I see them—but he is not popular with women, except so far as they desire to get benefits from him. He is obeyed from fear of his power.

" (Is he interested in the public welfare?) Yes, if he could have his own way. He does not adopt other people's views.

" (Has his unpopularity ever brought on trouble?) Yes, he has been in danger of personal violence from his enemies. He is careless as to wounding others—not at all sympathetic.

" (What does he think of Democratic institutions?) He is rather favorable to them. That is one of his extremes. (This explains Alexander's action in freeing the serfs.) He likes to see industry going on, and is industrious himself, but he likes to have his own system in everything. He is bull-headed in many respects. He cares more for the country's prosperity than for the comfort of the people. (His whole reign illustrates that.) He likes to take the reins over everything, and supervise it.

" (What is the climate of his country?) Generally temperate, but in certain winter months, very cold.

" (What are his sentiments as to war?) He would go to war rather than give in. He makes no concessions of territory, or anything—he is a great stickler for his rights, and would not mind the loss of life.

" (This is Alexander, of Russia; is he inclined to war?) He is getting tired of national contests, and would like peace, but feels that war is inevitable, though he does not wish it. He would like to settle international difficulties, but he anticipates war as inevitable, especially with Germany, and among his counselors talks that way.

(Although the course of events dissipated the war cloud between Russia and Germany, their national jealousy is intense, and I feel quite sure Mrs. Decker interpreted correctly the sentiments of Alexander in 1879.)

" (What does he think of India?) He regards the British as usurpers, and would like to disturb them. He has been trying to do it. [Of this the British found evidence in Afghanistan.] He expects the co-operation of France and Italy. He is revolving war in his mind. It seems possible it may be averted, but he expects it. He is a man that goes to extremes. He will certainly be killed—assassinated."

(Mrs. D. then stated the consequences if a war should occur. It would be unfortunate for Germany, and for England, but as peace was preserved, I omit this.)

"Many of the great men of Europe will be lost in the next two years—notably D'Israeli and Garibaldi—and Spain will also send her quota of prominent men to the spirit world."

A month subsequent to this, I had a Psychometric description of King William of Germany, by a good Psychometer, who stated that he had apprehensions of internal dissensions and of war with Russia, though he did not apprehend it so strongly as Alexander, and was apprehensive of the hostility of Italy which might form an alliance with France and Russia. Bismarck was described at the same time, as looking with some apprehension to

the hostility of neighboring states, but relying on his diplomatic ability to control the situation.

I am well assured that Psychometry would be a powerful aid in the comprehension of international relations, in the guidance of diplomacy, and in elucidating the problems of statesmanship, as well as the mysteries of human character and motives.

JAMES RODES BUCHANAN. P. S.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune gives so interesting an account of Sophy Perovsky, that I cannot refrain from adding his striking remarks in justice to that extraordinary woman.

"It would have been good policy to have made a hostage of that extraordinary heroine, who is already regarded, it appears, as a martyr by the discontented classes in Russia, high and low. Her posthumous influence and prestige are said to be immense. Although political assassination is not a crime that tempts French men and women, admiration is expressed everywhere for Sophy Perovsky, of whom the pretty Viscountess de Rainneville, a leader of fashion in the Orleanist part of the Faubourg St. Germain, was a first cousin. The uncle of Sophy was also the first tutor of the present Czar, and an intimate friend of Muravieff. It is whispered, too, in Madame de Rainneville's drawing room, that the Nihilist heroine was a natural daughter of Alexander II. Be this as it may, she would not have joined in her sixteenth year the Nihilists, and set out from a luxurious home on a self-imposed mission, had it not been that General Mouravieff was 'the butcher of Poland.' Her hand was destined by her parents to Constantine, the General's son. Sophy recoiled from the marriage. A teacher beloved by her was a Polish lady, who had seen the Warsaw atrocities which Mouravieff perpetrated. Mlle. Perovsky at that time had eyes of sapphire, golden hair, and a complexion of such delicacy that a rose petal only afforded a standard of comparison for it. She had a naïve innocent wondering expression in her young face, which confirmed the suspicion of her unwedded relationship to the Czar. Her schoolfellows called her bébé when she was quite a big girl. Her forehead was vast almost to deformity, and the mouth beautifully and firmly modelled, though somewhat 'rose-bud.' She was at the head of her class always at school, but from generosity refused to compete for prizes.

A STRANGE CAREER.

Her parents, when she came home, pressed her to become the wife of the promising young official whom they had destined for her husband. She refused. They continued to press. Then she disappeared, taking no money but her own small savings with her. Letters were occasionally received. They were sent in some mysterious way and stated that she was well and happy. As she was a girl of slender form, and apparently delicate organization, it never occurred to them that she had embraced a life of the most fearful hardship. They imagined that she had run away with some married man who was keeping her hidden. She was not. This beautiful young creature was braving every ill to which poverty-stricken humanity is liable, to instil Socialist doctrines into the minds of peasants and working folks. She worked with her hands for subsistence, choosing the tasks which were most likely to bring her into contact with those socially lowest and most burdened with misery. Her propaganda was arduous, for she was a low voiced, timid girl, and of hesitating speech when many listened to her. The news fell like a thunderbolt five years ago that she was arrested by the police under the charge of heading a Socialistic and Democratic propaganda in the southeastern provinces. The country of the Volga which she went to stir up has a mercurial population of gypsies, Jews, Tartars and hybrids. She chose the Volga, because ideas are more rapidly communicated along the courses of rivers than elsewhere. A river brings with it commercial stir and is a great instrument of exchange. Sophy was treated with fearful harshness, but offered pardon if she would reveal the secret of the Nihilist organization, which did not then aim at regicide. She kept a close mouth. For twenty-four months she was in a cell in the prison on the north bank of the Neva, and was almost frozen to death in winter. At the end of that period she stood her trial, and was banished to a town on the White Sea. When she escaped and got to St. Petersburg, she fell in with Hartmann, of whom she became the intimate associate, but not the mistress. They lived together for a few years. Sophy was supposed to be a washer-woman and he a mechanic. What an extraordinary career hers was!

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Tribune states that she kissed in the dock her fellow convicts, and with quiet cheerfulness told them to rejoice. He was told by Baranoff, the Prefect of Police, not to telegraph this detail, which he has sent by letter. Another forbidden detail was a statement made by Michaeloff, to the effect that he had invented a balloon susceptible of being directed, and that unless the Czar gave a constitution it would be used against him. The Voltaire St. Petersburg correspondent, compare Sophy for beauty, aristocratic elegance of form, and for candor, to Rosalind and Viola. Yet she could be secretive, and her ruses in evading the police were endless. The account given by Figaro's correspondent of the manner in which her slender little feet danced in the air when the executioners strung her up to the gallows has excited the greatest horror in Paris. That extraordinary artist, "Alceste," has taken his dance of death of Sophy's feet for the theme of an article, the most weird, grim, striking, extraordinary and, for Czarism, ominous, that I remember ever reading. Poe might have written in the same strain if he had to treat the same grim subject.

It is worthy of note that M. Emile de Girardin has, in his journal, deserted his Imperial Russian friends. His maxim is to lead public opinion by following it. The National compares the effect on European opinion of Sophy Perovsky's death to the emotion caused in the United States by John Brown's execution. This view has been adopted by Victor Hugo.

Life's Harvest Time.

It is not a line life's harvest time, when gray hairs come to tell us the reaper is near and that life's toils will soon be o'er.

The golden harvest of life is ever ready waiting for us to act as reapers, and garner home every royal opportunity to so enlighten and extend our knowledge that death, the messenger of light, should be hailed with gladness, feeling that our work is well done, and our harvest gathered as perfect as possible, entering into the joys of the other life amid that joyous acclaim:

"Well done thou good and faithful servant enter into the joys of thy Lord."

S. L. MECCRACKEN, Des Moines.

[FOR PSYCHOMETRIC CIRCULAR.]

Thirty-Third Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Thirty-three fleeting years have silently gone, And the light of the spirit shines steadily on, Since the first tiny raps with intelligence came To startle the world from its lethargic dream, In vain have weak mortals, the tide sought to stay, As well could they darken the sun at noon-day, The stone has been rolled from the tomb of the past, And a host of immortals, are marshalled at last.

A beautiful change has come over our dream, In the few fleeting years that have since intervened, The river of death has been spanned with a bow, On which our dear loved ones can pass to and fro, And millions rejoice, that their friends are not dead, Though tears of affection, were over them shed, The dear forms were laid in their silent abode, While the spirit 'twas said, "had returned to its God."

Had gone to that "bourne," and could never return, For the Messenger Death, was relentless and stern, But the Clarion notes, have been sounded afar, Not dead! but arisen, the gates are ajar, The grim Monster Death, has been robbed of its sting, The grave, of its victory no more shall sing, For loving hands, strew the dark pathway with flowers, And welcome us home, to their evergreen bowers.

Sad mourner so desolate, writhing in pain, Rejoice, thy lone spirit, must catch the refrain, Not dead! nor departed so far from your side, The ties of affection, death cannot divide, As well might the planets, revolving in space, Lose the power of attraction, that holds them in place, Or a puny arm, force back the incoming tide, Or calm the wild billows, as onward they glide.

O'er ocean's broad waves, on the Isle's of the sea, Immortals are planting the Spiritual Tree, May its wide spreading branches, be ever a shield, And with its bright leaves, may the nations be healed, The soul of humanity quickly is stirred, Wherever the sweet song of freedom is heard, Let us battle oppression, and dare to be free, Ere we sing the glad song of the great jubilee.

MRS. F. E. ROGERS. STERLING, Ill., March 31st, 1881.

The Object of Spirit Return—Spirit Communications to the Mt. Lebanon Shakers.

MOUNT LEBANON, APRIL, 1881. ESTEEMED FRIEND MILLER:

When those ancient spirits who visited Terre Haute were questioned why they came, their uniform answer was, to convince mortals that we can return to earth. Certain corollaries may be drawn from this by people who are convinced that such is the fact. First, that the history of the earth-lives of those spirits is not a myth. Second, that they still live and act, and retain some interest in human affairs. Third, inasmuch as the human spirit when fulfilling the true purpose of its destiny upholds continually and increases in wisdom, said spirits must have knowledge to communicate that will be for our profit to understand. But they can communicate no more nor better than the desires that are awakened and conditions prepared to receive. But evidently the first step is to convince people that they can come and communicate.

All people cannot be convinced at once, nor all convinced by the same means. Some being prepared in advance of others, receive according to their awakened aspirations, and advanced preparation and unfoldment. Between thirty-seven and forty four years ago, many ancient spirits visited our mediums and assemblies for worship, Queen Esther, Ahazuerus, Abraham, Sarah, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Noah, Adam, Eve, Seth and many of the Hebrew prophets. At least we received messages purporting to be given by them, some of which were recorded. There were also written lengthy communications, evidently designed to circulate beyond the limits of our societies, whenever in the providence of God, any considerable number of people should be convinced that those ancient spirits could return and communicate with mortals.

I propose to copy for publication in the CIRCULAR, portions of those writings, if acceptable to the Editor. Though some of the teachings may be received by only a few, there is much in them that will be useful to all who are honestly seeking a knowledge of the nature of the soul, and the laws of spiritual progress.

Fraternally thine, A. G. HOLLISTER.

ESPIONAGE OF THE MAILS.—The recent appearance of Anthony Comstock at Albany, for the purpose of getting a bill through the Legislature authorizing him to search houses without a warrant, brings to mind the fact that this same man is now exercising an authority of a most obnoxious character. We refer to his espionage over the mails. A scrutiny of mail matter was insisted on many years ago, when Amos Kendall was Postmaster General, in the interest of the slaveholders, who wished to exclude from the mails all abolition or anti-slavery publications. The old man, eloquent John Quincy Adams, was then in Congress, and never did that illustrious man protest against any outrage more strenuously than he did against this. If the mails may be overhauled on one pretext, they may be on another. Anthony Comstock is an autocratic national spy, with subordinates to aid him in the detestable work of sifting the matter which shall be allowed to pass through the public mails. The British people would not quietly submit to such a state of things for a single week.—N. Y. Sun, March 22.

Not alone in one, but in many homes in Brooklyn, family reunions are taking place—fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, once thought to be dead, are returning to their old homes, coming in materialized form, and with a love and affection all the more intense by the years of residence in the land of spirits—in "the many mansions" of "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We are speaking of what "we do know, and testifying to that we have seen." There is not a family in Brooklyn where "the loved and lost" will not return, if proper earthly conditions are furnished for the blessed reunion, all we have to do is to make favorable conditions for the return of the absent ones.

